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Magazine

FEBRUARY

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THE CRIME OF HOLLYWOOD

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Motion Picture

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Publisher*

FEBRUARY
1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLI, No.

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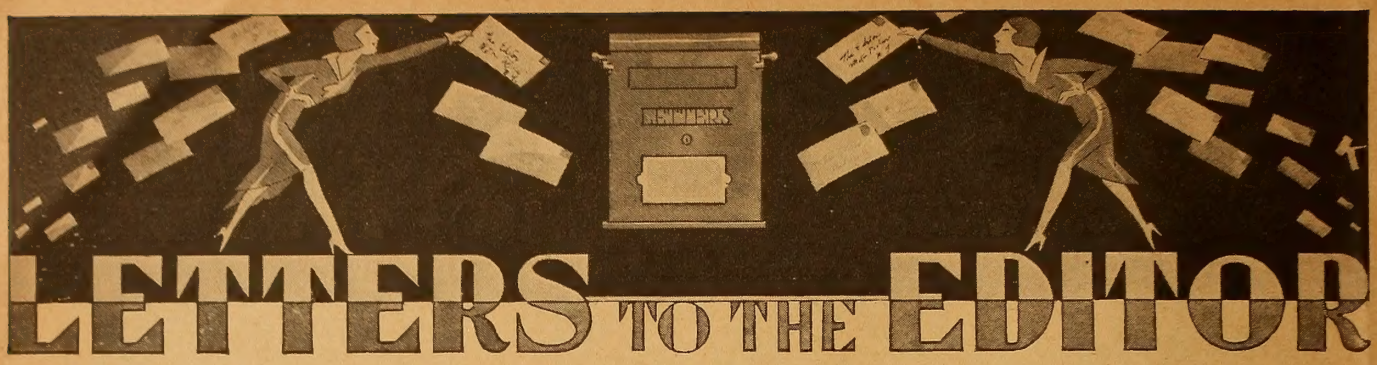
Cover Design of Gloria Swanson Painted By MARLAND STONE

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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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$20.00 Letter

Present Censorship an Obstacle

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Why is it that most of the immortal masterpieces of literature are barred from the screen by the imbecility of these self-constituted guardians of the public morals, popularly known as movie censors.

Those who criticize the movies as being mushy, devitalized things lacking in power, force, originality, are shooting at the wrong victim, although the motion-picture producers might be gibed at for lacking the intestinal investiture to fight back.

They might, at least, demand that the censors be men and women qualified by taste, by understanding, by education and experience, and be put through an examination to prove their fitness for the job, instead of being merely political hangers-on, usually cloaked with dignity.

Imagine our culture and entertainment being in the hands of such perverted minds as to make it impossible to film some of the works of Shaw, Anatole France, Voltaire, Zola, and many of the other great masters of literature and thought.

They are not barred from the stage. They are readily accessible as books. Most of them are compulsory reading in our institutions of education, hidebound as they are.

But in the movies! Horrors, no!

In the movies we have no sex. Our emotions must always be angelical. We must do our emoting as 14-year-olds, and everybody must live happily ever afterwards. No one can hold malice or call names. Even the villain cannot be cruel. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" cannot be filmed. Everybody must do right by our little Nell. *Mrs. Joseph Karr.*

$10.00 Letter

No More Alibis

FORT WORTH, TEX.—No longer can the movie industry lisp coyly that it is still in its infancy. When it began to talk, maturity was thrust upon it.

In the silent picture era, producers declared frequently that the works of the great dramatists were not adapted to screen purposes because their greatness lay in the power of their text, rather than in their opportunities for acting. And it was hard to think of George Bernard Shaw and the Bard of Avon being limited to pantomime.

The talkies, however, have brought the heritage of the world's greatest writings to the screen. I am wondering if the producers will take advantage of this wealth, or if they will admit frankly that they are afraid to present art, lest they lose a few dollars. For the sake of the pocket-book they must continue to pander to the tastes of those who view the screen only as a medium of relaxation, but I hope they will remember that there exists a fairly large number of persons who long for something besides gangsters, football, and blushing brides. *W. W.*

$5.00 Letter

Back to the Old Love

ALBERT LEA, MINN.—I hope Charlie Chaplin's SILENCE in motion pictures is successful so as to show the producers that "Silents" are what we want.

It has been a wonderful experience to hear our favorite players of the legitimate and screen speak to us in their dramatic way and we wouldn't have foregone this pleasure for anything at present in mind—but—how much of it we lose when a ripple of applause or laughter goes through the audience, and the Screen Speaker—being in a way an automaton—keeps right on talking. We have to "shake ourselves up" quite a bit sometimes to regain the thread of the subject in hand and you have a feeling you have missed something good while showing appreciation of something gone before.

How restful and soothing to get your favorite seat in the theater, sit there and drink in ALL that is said and done in the greatest art in the world—PANTOMIME. Let us get back to our First Love with an added boost and praise. *Johanna Wendel.*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, Five Dollars and several One Dollar prizes for letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$1.00 Letters

More "Holidays"

DUNCANNON, PA.—After being handed a long series of dizzy headaches such as "Gold Diggers," "Hollywood Revue," etc., *ad nauseam*, the finished richness of a picture like "Holiday" acts as a salve. It is witty but not silly; and sophisticated but not artificial.

The plot contains all the novelty of suspense and surprise. Due perhaps to the utter sincerity of the theme and its uncommon philosophy, Mary Astor's somewhat cloying sweetness fails to carry the sympathies of the audience. Who would have dreamed, when the delectable Mary, as *Julia*, brings *Johnny* home, that her fascination could be excelled by that of her elder sister armed with advice and wise cracks! What could be more unexpected than the way in which the sarcastic spinster becomes a woman of allurement and the only one in the world for *Johnny!* Ann Harding, with her haunting voice and appealing smile, runs the whole gamut of dramatic self-expression in this unforgettable rôle.

Throughout the picture, well-seasoned humor is nicely browned to suit the ticklish palate of taste. The church scene, when the younger sister in loud whispers breaks the news to Father, is a little masterpiece. The whimsical nothings of Edward Everett Horton are worth hearing frequently.

Let us have more "Holidays," please.

Jean Gray Allen.

A Tribute

LANSDOWNE, PENNA.—I pay tribute to the imagination, sincerity and intelligence which form the recipe for two recent motion picture releases: "Monte Carlo," and "Her Man." And I give bouquets to these up and coming stars: Jeanette MacDonald and Helen Twelvetrees—to Jeanette for the delicacy and subtleness of her comedy and the happy-hearted joyousness of her characterization of the countess; to Helen for the sweet humanity of her portrait of the girl who preserved her goodness in spite of everything.

What actresses they are! Neither of these productions cost $4,000,000 but they contain more good entertainment value than most of the stupendous presentations which turn out to be utterly stupid. *L. W., Jr.*

Something's Wrong Somewhere

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Having lived in Los Angeles for twenty years, an ardent pic-

(*Continued on page 120*)



MARRIED LOVE

Or ILLICIT

Which— DOES THE MODERN GIRL PREFER?

SAFETY in marriage or daring adventures in stolen love? What is the real truth about this modern generation's attitude toward the once sacred convention of marriage? "ILLICIT" tells, frankly and fearlessly, the true-to-life story of one girl's amazing adventures in the dangerous business of *experimenting* with love.

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The Hot Spot

Of The Month

Gloria Takes Off Her Title--And Awaits An Anticlimax

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

GLORIA SWANSON is thirty-one years old. In that comparatively brief space of time, she has lived as intensely as most women live in a lifetime. She has been married and divorced three times. She has been a mother. She has been a failure and a success. Rich and poor. She has even learned what it is like to die.

One wonders how she will fill the rest of her years, so that they will not seem like an anticlimax.

Introspection, perhaps. Self-analysis. Once she told an interviewer: "I analyzed myself long before it became the fashion. I have been married three times — my first marriage was at sixteen—and if I had not analyzed myself I should have gone mad. I have found that emotion is the most important thing in life."

She and Wallace Beery met first at the Essanay studio in Chicago. Gloria was sixteen. She worked in slapstick comedies, taking funny falls and chasing comedy cops. When the studio closed, the company came to California, and Wally and Gloria both got work on the Sennett lot. Her salary was seventy-five a week, and his was a hundred and twenty-five.



When Gloria Swanson returned from France, the wife of the glamourous Marquis de la Falaise, she said, "This is the highest spot of my life. Everything after this will be an anticlimax"

The Wealthy Beerys

THEY thought themselves incredibly wealthy when they were married. Old inhabitants still talk about the high-seated yellow car that they drove rakishly down Hollywood Boulevard in the days when the Boulevard was a country street and few movie stars could afford cars. Wally wore black goggles and a linen duster, Gloria a long blue veil, which floated on the breeze as they spun along at the breathless speed of twenty miles an hour.

Wallace Beery still talks—a bit wistfully—of those days. "We were too young," he says regretfully. "We might have made a go of it later. We *ought* to have made a go of it." He speaks of Gloria still with pride—and with something else. Those who know him well say that he has never quite stopped being in love with her.

This marriage lasted two years. There was not even a headline in the newspapers when it came to grief at last in the divorce court. Neither of them was famous enough to be interesting to the public. Wally got the divorce, charging desertion, money troubles and one thing further. He claimed that Gloria did not want to have any children.

This was 1918. In 1919 Gloria married Herbert Somborn, a wealthy Pasadenan, and an executive at Paramount studios. Within a year, their daughter was born. The name of Swanson was just beginning to attract attention in those days, in sumptuous De Mille dramas in which she wore backless evening gowns with trains. Famous Players, realizing that here they had a great star in the making, soon after the birth of her baby, sent Gloria on a tour of Europe under the wing of Madam Elinor Glyn—to acquire polish, it is said.

Polished. Gloria returned to new triumphs. When, in 1921, her second divorce suit was heard, she reaped the doubtful reward of fame by seeing her troubles flaunted in newspaper headlines. Again it was her husband who asked for the divorce on the grounds of desertion. "She felt," Somborn added, in effect, "that marriage was hampering her career. And she put her career above her home and husband."

Once more Gloria was free. For four years she kept her freedom, though rumor often linked her name romantically with some Hollywood sheik. At this time Pola Negri brought her exotic and smoldering loveliness to the same studio lot. In private life Pola was a lady of title, Countess Dombroski, and the publicity office saw to it that American fans learned this interesting fact at the earliest possible moment. Between the imported and exotic Pola and the domestic and exotic Gloria, a certain tension existed from the first, and there seems little doubt that Pola's title rankled.

The Conquering Heroine

WHETHER there was any connection between this fact and what happened is a matter of conjecture. But in 1925 Gloria went to Paris to make "Madame Sans Gene," was

(*Continued on page 106*)



He thought: "You're a nice girl—too bad you are not as dainty as you look."

Yet, to be polite,

He said: "I really must be going. I have some letters to write."

How a warm room and "B.O." (Body Odor) cost her another admirer

LAST NIGHT when they skated together in the park, she had seemed so attractive. But here in the close, warm room her charm completely vanished.

She felt his coolness. The same old story. Why did she always attract men—but never hold them? It had happened so often.

But not now! Today she makes friends and keeps them. For she discovered her fault and the simple way to correct it. Let her tell you how.

• • •

"I could have cried when my uncle, who is a physician, warned me in an indirect way about 'B.O.'—*body odor*. For I *thought* I had been so careful.

"But, as he explained, our pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—as much as a quart daily. We're so used to this familiar odor that we don't notice it in ourselves. But others do!

"Now I always wash and bathe with Lifebuoy—and I love it! Lifebuoy makes me feel so gloriously fresh and clean—so *safe*. Its rich, creamy, antiseptic lather purifies pores—banishes every trace of 'B.O.'"

New complexion beauty

Lifebuoy's gentle searching lather clears away all impurities from the pores—freshens dull skins—makes complexions glow with clear, healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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By MARION MARTONE

Amos 'n' Andy—last release *Check and Double Check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Stampede*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—last release *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Paid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *Johnny on the Spot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—recently completed *The Queen's Husband*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Many A Slip*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *Trilby*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—last release *The Lash*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Many A Slip*—Universal Studios—Universal City, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—last release *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blane, Sally—playing in *Anybody's Girl*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—recently completed *The Great Meadow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Strictly Dishonorable*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Johnny On the Spot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Mr. Lemon of Orange*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Madame Julie*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *The Confessions of a Co-ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *The Tenderfoot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—recently completed *The Great Meadow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *Kept Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Stolen Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—recently completed *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Right to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *Playboy of Paris*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Mr. Lemon of Orange*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—recently completed *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Another Man's Wife*—Paramount Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collier, William Jr.—recently completed *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Collyer, June—recently completed *Charley's Aunt*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—recently completed *Devil to Pay*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Children of the Streets*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Coogan, Jackie—recently completed *Tom Sawyer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Fighting Caravans*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Anybody's Girl*—Columbia Pictures Studio—1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—last release *Tol'able David*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—recently completed *Fighting Caravans*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *The Bachelor Father*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—recently completed *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Mr. Lemon of Orange*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunn, Irene—recently completed *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Little Caesar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Squadrons*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Forbes, Ralph—playing in *The Bachelor Father*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Graves, Ralph—playing in *Dirigible*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—last release *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—playing in *Millie*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Halliday, John—playing in *Once A Sinner*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *The Spy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)



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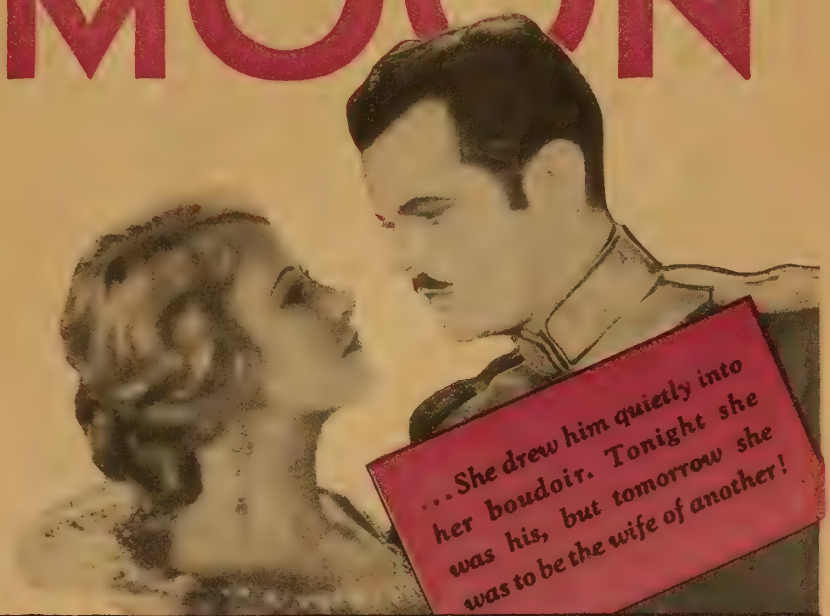
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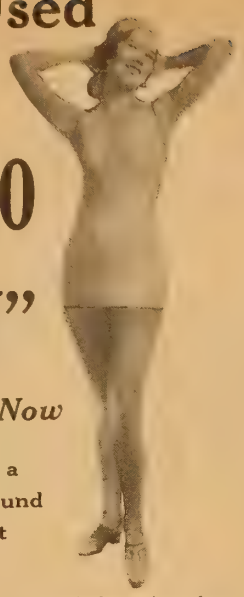
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



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* * * * * * *

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12 for Two Dollars

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The Answer Man

Motion Pictures Publication, Inc.
1501 Broadway New York City

In The Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Stolen Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Holt, Jack—playing in *Dirigible*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios—Culver City, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Min and Bill*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keith, Ian—recently completed *The Sin Ship*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kerry, Norman—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *Squadrons*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Laye, Evelyn—recently completed *One Heavenly Night*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Dixie—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Assorted Nuts*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Gwen—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Red Hot Sinners*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—last release *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loder, John—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loder, Lotti—recently completed *Sit Tight*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *All Women Are Bad*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lugosi, Bela—playing in *Dracula*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Right to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Following Her Destiny*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *All Women Are Bad*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Once A Sinner*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—recently completed *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *Dracula*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Another Man's Wife*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts.. Astoria, L. I.
Maris, Mona—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McCoy, Tim—playing in *Heroes of the Flame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolph—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moorehead, Natalie—playing in *Dance, Fools, Dance* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—last release *The Bat Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—recently completed *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Norton, Barry—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Johnny On the Spot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave, Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *The Hot Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—recently completed *Their Mad Moment*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—last release *Big Money*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rennie, James—recently completed *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—recently completed *Along Came Youth*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rollins, David—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Another Man's Wife*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—recently completed *The Queen's Husband*—Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Skinner, Otis—last release *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Anybody's Girl*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—*Following Her Destiny*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—last release *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—recently completed *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *The Behavior of Mrs. Crane*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Millie*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—playing in *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Resurrection*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—recently completed *Tol'able David*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wayne, John—playing in *Girls Demand Excitement*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Marjorie—recently completed *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiting, Jack—recently completed *Man of the Sky*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *The Last Parade*—Columbia Pictures Studio—1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *Stampede*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Big Business Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

OUR DICK!

—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol.*

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

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MARY ASTOR
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FRED KOHLER
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Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1—**Can you name the film star sisters who have had more than** their share of financial trouble of late?

• ● •

2—**Which female star holds the highest insurance on her life?** What is the amount?

• ● •

3—**Can you name the** actor and actress who received the "Merit Awards" of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the year's best performances?

• ● •

4—**Do you know who** the movie star Miki Kuchi is?

• ● •

5—**Can you name three** of her former lovers who will be mentioned if Pola Negri goes through with her promise to write a book called "My Confessions"?



Autrey

Give Myrna Loy a chaise longue and a leopard skin, and she's happy—for they disprove that old saying, "There's no rest for the wicked." The little girl is now menacing Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"

• ● •

6—**What statement regarding Rudolph Valentino, made during** the court battle between executor of his estate and the dead star's relatives, shocked millions of fans?

• ● •

7—**Why has John Miljan been called a "chissler" of late?**

• ● •

8—**Who is Daisy Devoe and why was she mentioned in news-**paper stories recently?

• ● •

9—**Who is the girl who went from stenographer to movie queen** and then to high society?

10—**Can you name the two movie stars who are recuperating** in the same sanitarium in Arizona?

• ● •

11—**Why has Dolores Del Rio temporarily deserted the films?**

• ● •

12—**Do you know the** two people in Hollywood who hold the longest engagement record?

• ● •

13—**Who is Robert** Allen and why was he brought to Hollywood?

• ● •

14—**Who is the girl** with whom Lew Ayres is being seen these days?

• ● •

15—**Do you know who** Mae Clark, stage and screen star, is planning to marry some time next spring?

• ● •

16—**Are you able to give the name of the actor who once said** he was in the movies for only one reason? What's the reason?

• ● •

17—**Can you name the filmdom leader who was recently** married?

• ● •

18—**Who are the two movie actresses who decided to try the** stage and failed?

• ● •

19—**Who is the player that has proved that plump girls are still** wanted on the screen?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 15)

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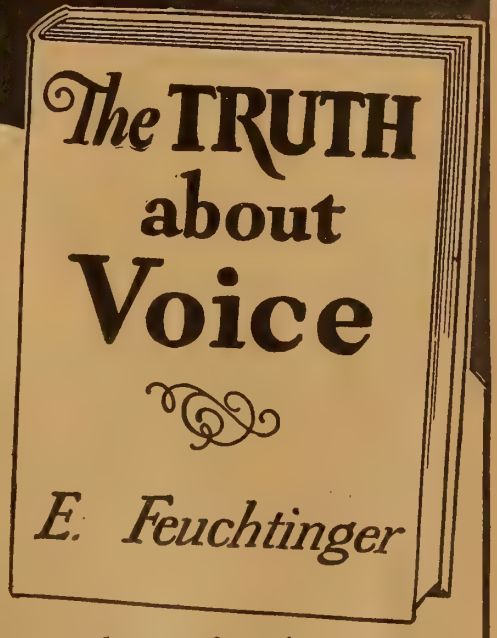
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The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By ROBERT FENDER

FABLE—Once there was a movie showing a fight between an unarmed hero and a villain who had a knife in which no close-ups appeared of the knife slowly slipping from the bested villain's hand, just before the knock-out punch.

• • •

It's a crying shame that **Edwina Booth,** blonde beauty of the film, has to wait so long before seeing herself on the screen. Especially since she traveled all the way to Africa and endured all those bites from the dreaded Tsetse fly; bites, like as not, that won't even show up in the picture.

• • •

"Trader Horn," the picture being made from a story by **Wear-Ever's** African agent, is *still* being made. That's the trouble, as **"Ingagi's"** sponsors would tell you, with using real animals in an animal picture. And risking attacks of jungle fever.

• • •

Remember the ten (or was it forty?) college boys who were selected by First National two or three years ago to give Hollywood and the films a break? Now they're all back in their rightful place, selling bonds. And Hollywood, brave little town, is carrying on as best it can.

• • •

Helen Wills turned up the other day to show Hollywood a few new tennis tricks. Practically every star who boasts a tennis costume turned out for the gal. **Richard Dix** sat way up high, with some feminine gasp on his left. **Charles Chaplin** had a box down front. Instead of applauding, he grins. Something beautiful sat at his right. Nor did she let a mere tennis match interfere with her beauty preparations. The gel simply walked off with the day's non-stop nose-dabbing singles.

• • •

Dapper **George Fitzmaurice** is directing **Ronald Colman's** latest. I dropped in on them yesterday. And never have I heard so much bawling-out as **George** dished out to his troupe. But did he scold **Ronald?** If memory serves, no.

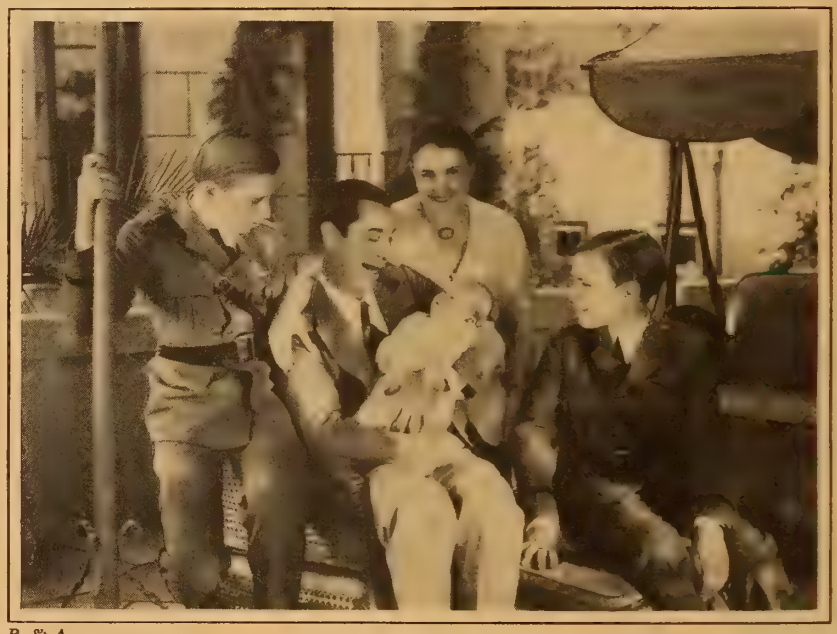
• • •

What always brings a tired smile to this face is to witness the naughty way visitors act when they visit Hollywood. This being the sin belt, they evidently say to themselves: "We should get hey-hey!" Our night clubs and apartment houses are thus filled with respectable middle-aged and slightly fat folks from cow-towns all over the country who labor mightily at this business of light vice. I was guest at such a sorry function the other night. And it was none other than a movie actress, **Lola Lane,** I think, who requested, via taps on the floor above, that the party pipe down.

• • •

To own a Ford is fast becoming a badge of distinction here. But you'll know you've *really* arrived when **Marie Dressler** asks you out to her house for waffles. The man on your right will probably be **Charles Chaplin.**

• • •



P. & A.

If Joe E. Brown can't make his own daughter laugh, it's because she hasn't her eyes open yet. For Mary Elizabeth Ann has just arrived. Besides Joe, Mrs. Brown and the boys, Joe E., Jr., and Don, hope she will like Hollywood

Maybe it's economy or maybe they prefer their own gin, but it's a fact that many of the stars are now making their own laughing-waters in preference to buying it in bottles. There's a drug store, I'm told (of course I'm told, don't be silly) where any day one may see his favorite star making a deal in, I think the word is, alcohol. It's ten dollars a gallon and you save thirty or so dollars on five gallons.

• • •

And unless **Al Jolson** has already thought of it, we want to offer him, absolutely without cost, a title for his next sing-ema: **OFFICIAL MOTHER O' MINE.**

• • •

Have they started night auto racing in your town, too? What a swell movie could be built around the sport! Without half trying, we can see the big moment in which the heavy turns out the lights just as Our Boy is making the crucial curve. (Say you saw it in **Motion Picture!**)

• • •

Gloria Swanson is listed as holding the highest life insurance in these parts. It comes to $2,000,000. Give a guy a dime for a cup a coffee, Miss?

• • •

One of our rowdy honky-tonk shows announces their star dancer as the "Queen of Quiver." The boy who wrote that has a future awaiting him somewhere—we forget just where.

• • •

Memo *re* **Clara Bow** gambling activities: We don't want to appear to be snivelly but are we honestly expected to believe that

(*Continued on page 00*)



CHARLEY'S AUNT

featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

THEATRE

You'll **LAUGH** as you never **LAUGHED** before





FROM BRAZIL-WHERE THE NUTS COME FROM!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

"Every girl wants a nice skin!"

. . . MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

. . . the Lovely bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson



With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young *Mrs. Alexander Hamilton*, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débutantes

In her flower-filled paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis . . . in winter it's skating or some other sport . . . and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely!

"Everyone's skin needs something to tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin without a protecting foundation," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes powder last *much* longer.

"I am always faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that, no matter how crowded your engagement book is, you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:



DURING THE DAY—first, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.



SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. They come in Parisian peach color and pure white.



THIRD—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it wherever you powder, neck, arms, shoulders . . . Marvelously effective to keep hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.



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Hurrell

The first star brave enough to break that old Hollywood commandment, "Thou shalt not interrupt thy career to have children," Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. King Vidor) proves that her absence has destroyed none of our illusions. She is still a young girl in "The Great Meadow"



Of John Boles the story is told that two officials, watching a preview of "Resurrection," waxed so enthusiastic that one exclaimed, "Even John Boles acts!" It's a good story, but slightly tardy. The talented John had a *chance* to act (and did) in "One Heavenly Night"



Youth may fade and fame may languish, but not in Mary Pickford's life. The "Biograph Girl" and first of all the stars is still very much a girl and still very much in fashion. She now is that happy coquette named *Kiki* whom Norma Talmadge silently made famous



Zerrener

Usually pictured as sweetly smiling—a girl that no normal hero would willingly forget—Mary Brian now looks like a new person. And a new person she is. As the daughter of "The Royal Family," she looks as if she is destined to escape the stereotyped sweetheart rôles



E. R. Richee

The ear is uncovered with cause as well as effect, for Kay Francis wonders if she heard aright—and stardom *is* knocking at her door. Certainly, she wasn't expecting it so soon. But then, she has been so busy that she hasn't had time to think of what would be coming next



Fred Archer

Recent recipient of death threats from a would-be racketeer, Ben Lyon concludes it must be obvious that he has left the lean years behind him—and, though once the town's most colorful bachelor, is thriving as a husband. He has some good scenes with Bebe in "Ex-Mistress"



Preston Duncan

Widowed by the tragic death of Kenneth Hawks, the director, Mary Astor tried to remember that "the show must go on," faltered through two pictures, broke down. Then came a sudden change. "Holiday" gave her a new, dramatic lease on life. "The Royal Bed" is now renewing it



John Miehle

Cheerful? Chester Morris has learned how to be. He was so neglected, after making "Alibi," that he was about to start back to New York—when along came the breaks, now culminating in his being featured alone in "The Bat Whispers." Everything else about the picture is a mystery

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

February, 1931

LAURENCE REID
Editor-In-Chief

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Publisher

Talking Pictures—

WITH her screen future described as "a question" by Samuel Goldwyn, Norma Talmadge is recipient of the month's worst news. Her dark eyes have shone in vain in the talkies. The critics have been uniformly kind, but the public has shown little curiosity in "the new Norma." The box office, which brought stardom, now seems intent on taking it away.

• • •

NORMA will be the first of the "famous five" to go. Doug and Mary tottered after "The Taming of the Shrew," but Doug is trying again with "Reaching for the Moon," and Mary with "Kiki" (in a rôle, incidentally, that Norma once made famous). Chaplin, silent, has all his old glamour in "City Lights." Gloria Swanson, alone of the five, has found new glory in the talkies.

• • •

CHAPLIN, the supreme pantomimist of them all, is peculiarly ageless. But Doug and Mary both must feel that the time in which they can give the old illusions is limited. And even Gloria must sometimes wonder, in the watches of the night, where she will be five years from now.

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FOR Youth will not be denied. The competition of the Douglas Fairbanks, Jrs., the Nancy Carrolls, the Constance Bennetts, the Lew Ayres' is too formidable long to be offset. To replace Norma, Goldwyn already is seeking a young girl, preferably American, who can be developed into a dramatic sensation. It is safe to say that she will be found. Necessity is the mother of discoveries.

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SPEAKING of dramatic sensations reminds us of Marlene Dietrich, who, the press-agents tell us, threatens the supremacy of the great Garbo herself. We hesitate to agree—without disclaiming her abilities, which are considerable and undeniable. For Greta is as young as the newcomer. Both are twenty-four. And Greta is at the top, while Marlene is only beginning.

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IN the excitement of Marlene's arrival, the début of another star, meriting equal attention, went almost unnoticed. We are thinking of Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals." The sexy title undoubtedly kept many from seeing the picture (which was interesting, if not sensational)—and the good-looking girl from the Metropolitan Opera who has more vitality, more intelligence, more sheer talent than ten ordinary screen stars of the "idol" variety.

• • •

AND in case you never thought Will Rogers was any great shakes as an actor, whatever he may have been as a wisecracking philosopher, you had—or have—a surprise coming to you in "Lightnin'." He gets our vote for the best performance of the month. We didn't think he had it in him.

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THE kidnapping business isn't so good in Hollywood. Not since Harold Lloyd received threats involving his two children. The racketeers made the mistake of picking a victim who knew his advance publicity.

• • •

CLARA BOW, it now is reported, may soon be making her pictures in the East. Western newspaper editors, who know that Clara's name in a headline will sell any paper, print everything and anything they hear about her. They heard, for instance, that Mr. Capone had called on her. Without investigation, extras were rushed through the presses. New York's tabloids, it appears, would seem mild in comparison. Verily, no one has such troubles as the troublous Clara.

Magnificent



When The Film Their Money, Must Still

BY MARQUIS

Grant Withers, who used to do considerable walking, may not have Hollywood's longest contract, but he does have one of the longest cars—an Auburn with a 173-inch wheelbase (above)

AH, hearken, and maybe you will shed a tear or two. There's another and a darker side to those rows of magnificent mansions setting in palm-strewn gardens. They say millions of dollars in gold trickle daily through the banks on Hollywood Boulevard. But all is not sunshine, even if the Chamber of Commerce does say Old Sol gets around to business three hundred and sixty days in the year.

There is poverty in Hollywood. We've finally gone and blurted out the shameful fact. Now give three big sniffles for poor, old Hollywood.

Oh, yes, it's true. We have our poor. There are people who are worse than poor. They are millions of dollars in debt. They can't pay for their last ermine coat and Rolls-Royce. But a Hollywood pauper is a little different, you understand, from a New York or a Kalamazoo pauper. In most cities, a pauper creeps in and out of bread lines. He lives in garrets and his clothes have become the merest rags and tatters. It's different in the capital city of Filmania. There is something almost magnificent in being a pauper in Hollywood. You can be poor with such a regal air, and, really, the hovels of these paupers are terribly nice. Some of them are in beautiful Beverly Hills, and they have swimming-pools with hot and cold running water.

People are always so sympathetic with the Hollywood paupers, too. Perhaps the really rich people are just a little jealous. Somehow or other the poor bankrupts get all the attention.

The Show Must Go On

"LOOK, there goes Lottie Gumdrop," and someone seizes your arm. "She's just filed bankruptcy papers. She hasn't worked in months. She owes her dressmaker fifteen thousand dollars.

"Isn't it marvelous how prosperous she looks? And isn't she smart to keep the Rolls? Appearances are so important, you know."

Of course, there is a sort of rumble of discontented tradesmen in the background. They'd like Lottie Gumdrop to fork over some cash. Poor peasants, no one pays them the slightest attention. They are just inconsiderate, and have none of the finer sensibilities.

Everyone is determined to keep the road smooth for the magnificent paupers of Hollywood—they toil not, neither do they sin, er-ah, spin.



Ball

Gloria Swanson (above), who realizes what appearances can do, has a luxurious wardrobe. Moreover, though not rich, she never wears an evening dress but twice, and then not in the same city

PAUPERS

Famous Lose The Show Go On

BUSBY



Screen players who aren't as busy as they once were can't expect to get anywhere with cheap cars. Julia Faye, who used to be seen in De Mille pictures, sports a Lincoln (above)

Now there is Gloria Swanson—the erstwhile Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudraye. You'd think Gloria owned the Standard Oil Company, with Pittsburgh Steel and American Can thrown in just for bon-bon money. Her life is almost unbelievably lavish. It reminds you of those good, old days around the French court. Caviar and chocolate ice cream for breakfast every day. Yum, yum!

Gloria lives in a sixteen-room house in the very grandest part of Beverly Hills. You can't even empty the garbage on that street without wearing a diamond tiara. She has three expensive foreign automobiles. She has ten servants. She has a cook for her house, and a cook for her dressing-room at the studio. She has two hundred and twenty-five pairs of shoes, and more dresses than she can total offhand. She never wears an evening dress but twice, and then not in the same city.

This star isn't rich by any means. In fact, her friends say that the flashing, remarkable La Belle Swanson has not dug herself out completely from the financial morass into which she sank several years ago. But she keeps up the show. Swanson can fight her way back with all the trappings of royalty. But Swanson in a Ford, with a sixteen-dollar suit, wouldn't get by the studio gates.

Gloria is one of the most magnificent of the Hollywood poor folk.

And who will ever forget Charles Ray? The night before Charles became a bankrupt he gave a party that deserved a chapter to itself in the history of Hollywood. Never had there been such a soirée. Stanford White would have had to sit up nights to figure out a better one. Nero would have given his fiddle to have been host. It was that lavish. There were two orchestras. As one jazz tune died away, another orchestra took up the refrain. There were the most expensive foods. There were luxurious surprises in entertainment. The greatest stars of the time danced the night away. Then came the dawn. The party was over. Charles Ray, the idol of millions, was a pauper, but he had given one swell "bust." He had gone out in a blaze of glory. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*



When Charles Ray (left) received the bad news that he was a pauper, he made one last grand gesture. He gave a party, the like of which was never seen before and has not been equalled since

Even the calmly beautiful Ruth Chatterton knew how important it was to keep her head up, to appear proud and successful, although the end of everything seemed at hand.

Arriving Without Money

THIS is a story that has never been told before. It comes from one of Ruth's lifelong friends, and it was related through no sense of casual gossip. The friend cited it as an example of conquering against almost inconceivable odds.

Ruth Chatterton was practically bankrupt before she signed her contract with Paramount. Life seemed as bleak as a winter on the Russian steppes. Ruth looked across a dreary, unpromising vista of empty years. Bad plays, one after the other, had finished her career on the New York stage. She had quarreled and was separated at the time from Ralph Forbes. No money. No place to turn. Too proud to borrow, anyway.

However, Ruth Chatterton was a wise woman. She lived at the newest and most fashionable apartment-hotel

near Hollywood. Poor she might be, but she would be a magnificent pauper, and no one would know. No one has known. For right after that Emil Jannings wanted her for his picture, "Sins of the Fathers." Then came talking pictures, and the name of Ruth Chatterton now flashes on the theater marquees of the English-speaking world. Millions crowd into the cinema temples to see her. She has fought for her destiny, and won.

Not Walking the Streets

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, he of the handsome biceps and profile that left the Gibson girls with a temperature of 210, recently had to be subsidized for a time. Just until he could get back on his feet, you know.

"Ah, yes," he told a reporter, sadly. "I'm broke now, and once I earned several millions."

Just as the reporter prepared to shed a few tears of sympathy, Bushman raised his hand. A sleek, expensive limousine pulled up to the curb. The ex-great Francis X. sank back into the seat with a sigh of content.

"Home," he murmured.

And the reporter, who wasn't broke, grumbled enviously as he climbed into his broken-down Ford and drove away.

The stock market hit Richard Dix such a wallop that he pledged his salary for several years to come to keep from being completely wiped out. At one time Richard confessed that he had only a few hundred dollars in cash to his name. Dick will have to worry along on a shoestring until his fortunes are recouped, but apparently the prospect of lean years ahead does not worry him much. He drives a beautiful Packard to work, and when he goes out beau-ing in the evening there is a shining Cadillac limousine. We might mention his two homes, too. He still has his beautiful ranch house as well as an elaborate menage in the city.





Al Jolson moaned when the stock market crashed, and then rushed out and bought his wife the Mercedes he is driving above. And when the market hit Richard Dix, he still kept both of his homes, one of which is seen below

Hollywood's Free Lunchers

SPEAKING of those bread lines that they have in many cities, food is handed out to the magnificent paupers of Hollywood at the Embassy Club, the Roosevelt and the Brown Derby. It isn't supposed to be charity, not if anyone drives up in an ambulance and asks you. Just take a good glance at the check. A plain, back-alley-variety pauper could live for a week on the price of an appetizer alone. Maybe the poor but not downhearted bankrupt wonders how he can pay his bill when it comes around at the end of the month. He doesn't worry much. He lets the café worry. Every fashionable beanery in Hollywood has a fancy collection of rubber checks with famous autographs attached.

One impecunious actor hit upon a novel scheme to fool his Hollywood friends. Thursday night is servants' night out in the movie town. The whole colony flocks to one or two expensive and smart cafés for dinner. The down-and-out actor "flocked," too, and complained loudly about the nuisance of eating out. It was the only night in the week he frequented that café. The rest of the time he had sinkers and coffee in his two-by-four apartment.

Hi, ho, and a couple of hums, that's the way it goes in this land where things are never what they seem. Al Jolson let out an awful yell when the stock market went on that toboggan party. You had the dreadful thought that Al had lost his last quavering "Mammy" to some Wall Street Bear, or is it Bull?

Solid Little Comforts

SO, poor old Al Jolson, probably going hungry, bought wifey Ruby Keeler a Mercedes—just about the biggest gas chariot ever seen in these parts. It was twenty-two feet from stem to stern, and it cost twenty-one and a half thousand dollars. It cost that before Al put in the radio attachment with loudspeakers.

Eddie Dowling was another lad to buy an ultra-expensive car when he expected to spend the cold winter of the stock flurries motoring around in a neat but not gaudy Ford. Eddie just thought a big car would cheer him up, even if he couldn't afford it. Maybe it did. Probably it would cheer up the New York poor if they could only have a Mercedes or two.

Lila Lee knew how important an appearance was when she staged her return to pictures. There were weeks and weeks when it seemed that no one wanted her. Even Lila was almost convinced that she could never come back, but she stuck to it. Once she borrowed money to buy a beautiful evening dress for a smart party. A beautiful girl, without any money, but with a gown as striking as any in the room. It worked. Lila got a job soon after that, and, finally, more jobs than she could possibly take.

What's a Million or So?

AND the free and easy way in which money is mentioned in Hollywood—well, it's just as easy to get your tongue around a million as a hundred. People who haven't a plugged sou speak of fabulous sums in the most nonchalant manner. When a Hollywood actor starts a lawsuit, he does a good job of it. He sues for enough to buy the Chrysler building with Central Park as grounds around it. The person who gets sued is usually flattered. It looks nice in the papers, and there's nothing to worry about. You can't get blood out of a turnip.

So it goes on the Gold Coast. Don't get your soul all yellow with envy when you see Lottie Gumdrop in the latest Patou model. Her modiste would like to collect the bill. When you see Jack Virile, the favorite of a year ago, riding down the Boulevard in his Rolls, don't mutter into your long, gray beard, "pretty soft for that guy." Jack is on the way to borrow some money for gas. The chauffeur can wait another week. He's waited six now. Hollywood is full of paupers—magnificent paupers in silks and satins.

Be You Ever So Poor, Look Wealthy

In Gaga Disguise

BY CHARLES GRAYSON



THE Gorilla Talks! I mean, boys and girls, that that furry creature, who in "Ingagi" caused the epidermis to start perambulating up and down our spines, can converse. Even as you and I. And perhaps sometimes better.

For the ape-like gent to whom the young lady was (perhaps not unwillingly) sacrificed in that now-famous film hoax, proves to be none other than the well-known screen colony figure of Charlie Gemora—sculptor, artist, human being.

"Ingagi" has been withdrawn from circulation. But its memory goes marching on. Hair-raising, scalp-lifting, nerve-tingling, it was the first real old shocking blood-stream thriller issued for so long that both Hollywood and the nation at large seized upon it with an avidness that bagged its canny producers a cool two million dollars during its brief career.

They made only a couple of mistakes, those bright young men. One was in attempting to pass their sensational sex melodrama off as authentic. The other was in hiring so fairly prominent an actor as Arthur Clayton for the rôle of the dread huntsman. And thereby added the straws that broke their racket's back.

But the most interesting figure of this, the supreme cinematic joke of the decade, was not Clayton, nor the producers, nor even the plump ladies from Central Avenue, Los Angeles, who supposedly were the intimates of the ape-men. The colorful individual of the whole monstrous affair is a small, neat, charming young man who for some time has been impressing Hollywood with an unquestioned ability in the arts.

Several years ago, a Spanish-American boy drifted into the film city, drawn by the lure that seems to attract half the youth of Christendom. Charlie Gemora was no actor, but here he believed that he might find a market for his flair for sculpture, and his general knack for portraiture in such mediums as oils, crayon, pencil and greasepaint.

He soon caught on at the studios, and you have viewed his modeling in a number of spectacles. He was with Douglas Fairbanks for a considerable period, working on the decoration of the huge sets required by the star, then at the height of his career, for his more elaborate and fanciful *operas*. Elsewhere, Gemora also was responsible for the massive idols in Warners' "Noah's Ark," and the titanic amount of scroll-work and *bas relief* that characterized the buildings in Universal's "Phantom of the Opera."

In other words, recognition for his talent was getting around. His name was known in the movie town as that of a sincere and capable craftsman, and he might have continued indefinitely in the field of sculpture had not it been for the chance that directed him to help Percy Westmore one day, in the making of "The Gorilla" (silent version).

Westmore, perhaps Hollywood's most accomplished make-up artist, was having trouble. The menace of the story under production was the animal from which the play took its name, and as it was patently impossible to use a real beast, Westmore was worrying along, trying to fashion a costume in which an actor would be able to appear as a sufficiently terrifying imitation. Gemora happened along, was fascinated by the problem—and before the disguise was finished, had "gone gorilla."

Evolution: Gemora's first conception of a gorilla (directly above) has evolved, with years of study, into the suit he wears to-day (top)

Avocation Becomes Vocation

WE all have hobbies. First editions and flowers. Liquor and ladies. Horses and houses and hair-furniture. Charlie Gemora's became gorillas. For some reason, and don't

(*Continued on page 113*)

When Charles Gemora Finally Talked, The Gorilla Proved Human



It's like old times, seeing two screen lovers drifting and dreaming. But heaven only knows where they found the canoe. The last one seen hereabouts crashed over a high waterfall, just as the heroine, alas, was saved. And canoes aren't used for romance any more—except in real life. What are Claudia Dell and Walter Pidgeon thinking of? Forgetting they're in Hollywood?

Where They Eat . . . and WHY

A Short Menu History Of Hollywood

By HALE HORTON

IF it weren't for the cafés, Hollywood history would be dull and stupid at best. For more business—both legitimate and monkey—is done over a Hollywood luncheon, dinner or supper table than on any of the studio lots.

It's while gambling with French or Italian menus that contracts are consummated, stories discussed, careers shattered and separations turned into divorces. When you see a demure little actress intently eyeing *Crab Ravigotte* at eighty cents a square inch, the chances are that she is trying to figure out some foolproof excuse for ridding herself of friend husband, who has severely disappointed her by earning only five hundred a week.

And more than one Hollywood feud has burst into flame over a lamb chop. Was it not at the Brown Derby that Jim Tully proved his manhood by smacking John Gilbert's chin? While at a little restaurant around the corner Vivian Duncan's brother quenched his thirst for revenge on the unfortunate Mr. Lease. And no one who was present will ever forget the satisfaction with which Hollywood smacked its lips, that night up at the Montmarte, when Texas Guinan was boo'd off the floor.



An autograph fan waylays Lola Lane and Dorothy Christy outside the Brown Derby, which, at this writing, is where the best acts in town are being presented

The Montmarte now is closed. Those in the know claim there simply wasn't scandal enough to make it pay. "And unless something happens over at the Hi-Hat pretty soon," Herb Somborn, the owner, complains, "I'm going to change its name to the Opera Hat so it won't be so hard to fold up!" One gathers that a Hollywood restaurant is only as popular as the gossip it spreads, which in the average case is plenty. If you yearn to know who's who in the up-to-the-minute engagement situation, just stagger around to a few of the Hollywood cafés and you can't possibly miss. And if you're lucky enough to catch a young matron, or its equivalent, with that first, faint, fluttering blush on her otherwise pale cheeks, you can bet your maiden aunt that the gal is on a fresh rendezvous and that with the passing of another week she'll be divorced and engaged again, or vice versa.

Even Stars Must Eat

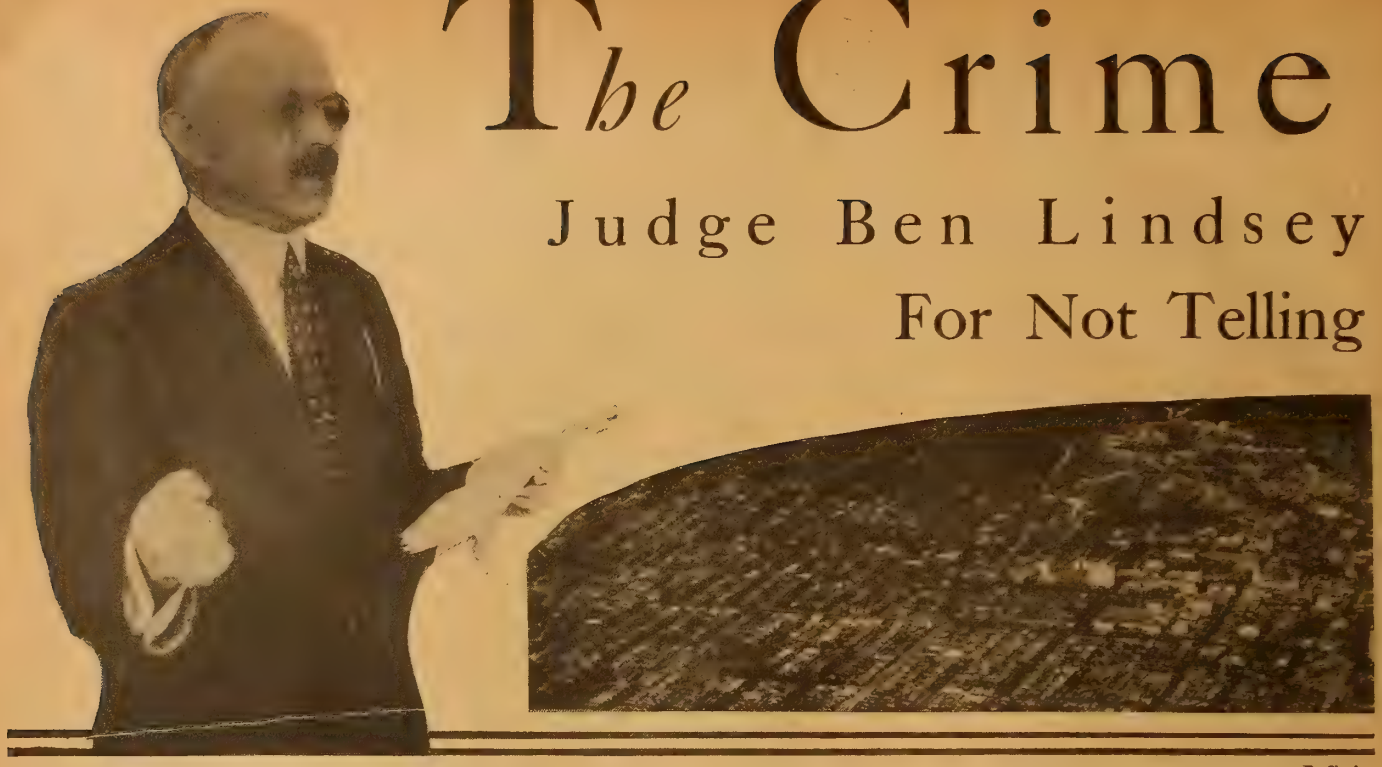
SO far as the stars are concerned, eating is simply an excuse for being on parade and enacting the little tragedies and comedies that so color their already color-blind lives. If one fails to appear regularly in public, how can one start rumors and scandals and things like that? Obviously difficult. "Publicity!" is the cry—even though the cost be a row, two reputations and a twelve-dollar check. And it makes no difference whether you catch your scrambled *œufs* at the Derby, frisk a lobster at the Hi-Hat, or worry a bone at the Embassy Club, you'll find Hollywood gobbling-prices make the Eiffel Tower sink to the level of a gopher hill. Which is one reason why our lesser luminaries are forced to squeeze their pennies for a month in advance before risking all on one big splash, apparently trusting that God and a kindly producer will hand them a contract based on their ability to translate a menu. Laugh if you like, but contracts have been caught in this manner more often than not.

So much had been related relative to the "goings on" in our

(*Continued on page 110*)

The Crime

Judge Ben Lindsey For Not Telling



P. & A.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

THE crime of Hollywood, says Judge Ben Lindsey who knows a thing or two—or three—about crime, is that it lies to children about life. It teaches them that virtue is always rewarded with a kiss in the last reel, that vice is always punished, that blondes who start as shop girls always finish with a sable coat and a millionaire.

"The truth won't hurt anybody," says Ben Lindsey. "The truth about the ugly things of Life won't hurt a child. Show them murder as it really is, or adultery without the glamour; put it in its true place, its right perspective, and it won't hurt children. But the movies teach them lies about Life and turn them out into a world very different from the one they believe in.

"The average motion picture of to-day is a direct insult to the intelligence of the people who pay their money to see it! Fairy tales in sophisticated finery, they treat with the facts of life as though audiences were composed of men and women—and children—who still believe that the stork brings babies and that to let them in on the fact that it doesn't, would be to place dangerous knowledge in their hands!"

Thus, in his usual trenchant fashion, does Judge Ben Lindsey, jurist extraordinary, iconoclast and fearless crusader for moral and legal reform, indict the movies.

Anything But the Truth

"MOTION picture producers are afraid of Truth. The stage and literature dare reflect Life as it is, but the movies still insist that there is a Santa Claus and persist in trying to cram that fact down the public throat. Makers of motion pictures sadly underestimate the mental capacity of their audiences.



If the camera had shown life as it is, Judge Lindsey claims, Philippe De Lacy would never have recognized Ruth Chatterton as his mother in "Sarah and Son" (left)

"Their product, it would seem, is produced for morons, rather than the normal, thinking and intelligent men and women who form the great bulk of their patronage. We cannot place the entire blame on the shoulders of the censors. In the first place, realism and truth do not mean lewdness and filth; and in the second, it is the attitude of the producers, in assuming the two to be synonymous, that has been largely responsible for the establishment of that censorship!"

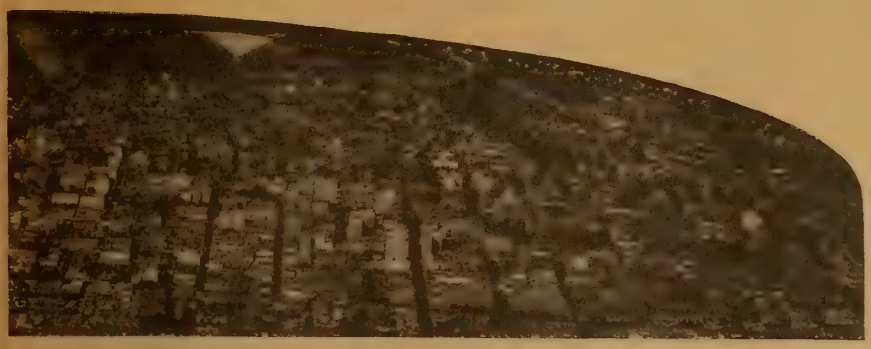
We were lingering, the Judge and I, over our coffee in the dining-room of the Ambassador. For an hour he had amazed me with the knowledge of the vital problems of life and the deep understanding of the human heart and mind that his conversation revealed. A few minutes earlier, in speaking of some of the reforms he advocated, he had said,

"Betterment of the race can

of Hollywood

Indicts Picture Producers

The Truth





Judge Lindsey, famous for his humanity and his defense of modern youth, looks over the film city and broadcasts a belief that it is afraid of the truth

come only through enlightenment. People seldom wilfully get into trouble, but more often bring disaster on themselves through their lack of understanding of the problems that confront them. Little can be done by dealing with the individual. Mass education is the answer, and mass education is possible to any great degree only through the two great mediums which reach into every nook and corner of this country: the press and the motion picture. Both, no doubt, do a great deal along these lines, but the motion picture, which could be the greatest factor in moral education the world has ever known, has, through stupidity and cupidity, greatly neglected its opportunity!"

"But, Judge Lindsey," I protested, "the production of motion pictures is a business, an industry—third, I believe, in magnitude. Surely you could not expect them to sacrifice the business profit to which they are entitled, in order to lend themselves to the spreading of propaganda?"

"For the movies to try to preach or to attempt obvious propaganda," said the Judge, "would be for them to accomplish even less than they do at present. They attempt entirely too much moralizing as it is. Education, as I refer to it, does not mean the attempt to force opinions or doctrines upon people. Much more can be accomplished by plain presentation of Truth and allowing people to form their own behaviorism from what they see. Strange as it may seem, however, such a course on the part of motion picture producers would not injure them financially.

"If they faced the truth, gave the public realism instead of hokum and presented intelligent entertainment, the box office would take care of itself. The motion picture is primarily a form of entertainment, but so far it has entertained only by an appeal to the emotions. That is why people grow tired of them. Emotionalism cannot be long sustained. Let them more nearly reflect life and its actual problems; let them produce pictures which appeal to the intelligence as well as to the emotions and people will not only come to see them but will keep on coming!"

Judge Lindsey leaned across the table, his eyes glowing with the fire of crusading as he warmed to his subject. Enemies he has, aplenty, but the most rabid opponent of his would not deny his sincerity.

"A fact is a fact, no matter how unpleasant it may be," he continued. "Deplorable conditions do exist, but certainly they may be remedied more quickly by admitting them than by ignoring them and side-stepping the issue. Let the movies quit feeding youth on platitudes. Youth to-day knows more of life than did the grandparents of a generation ago. Motion pictures teach that honesty is the best policy. No doubt it is, but on every hand youth sees that platitude refuted. He sees crooks in high office, he sees thieves honored and respected. Motion pictures teach that the wages of sin are death. Youth laughs at such pap. Youth has evidence that the wages of sin, under existing conditions, depend upon which gang you belong to, how smart your lawyer is, and whom you know among the higher ups.

"Motion picture producers pose as guardians of the public morals,

(*Continued on page 100*)



The box office—which Judge Lindsey says influences producers to falsify and exaggerate life. He contends that truth would not hurt the box office

Makin' Talkie



Richee

Like Garbo? In looks, perhaps—and in being a siren in her first American picture, "Morocco." Unlike Garbo, in being an immediate sensation, Marlene (pronounced Marlainah) Dietrich has Hollywood excited. Will she do it again in "Dishonored"?

HENRI noticed: We are impressed with the sagacious observation of the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, otherwise known as "Hank," on the occasion of his recent divorce. "I have noticed," remarked the Marquis, "that Hollywood does not seem a good place for happy marriages."

• • •

THE words he used: Was it a gallant gesture of international good will or just chance that Henri's note, in which he declined to return to Gloria and which was offered in court as Exhibit A, was written on stationery bearing the engraved admonition, "See America First"?

• • •

LONG-DISTANCE conversation: A Hollywood writer, traveling to New York recently, met King Vidor's secretary in the dressing-room of the Limited. "Are you a good conversationalist?" the secretary inquired graciously. Surprised, the writer asked why she wanted to know. "Well," explained the secretary, "I want to get off at the next stop if possible, but I can't unless Mr. Vidor has found somebody to talk to by then. You see, he has to have a listener, so I come along till he finds one—and the last trip I went clear to Omaha before I could get away!"



Hurrell

If it's a crime to be close to the Big Money, then Anita Page is guilty of grand larceny. The little girl is now rehearsing "The Easiest Way" to be talked about

• • •

NICE boy, too: Sooner or later, it gets them all. In this case, sooner. When the French fliers visited Hollywood recently, Carl Laemmle entertained them at a luncheon to which all Universal players were invited. They say that when Lew Ayres received his invitation, he conceded, "I guess I can drop in for ten minutes or so. I suppose they just want to see me."

• • •

OBITUARY: And now old Numa, the movie lion that has chased so many generations of serial queens and bathing beauties, has passed to his reward. If there is such a thing as a safe lion, wild Numa was safe. "The only difficulty we ever had with him," said a mourning director, "was to keep him from climbing up into actors' laps and kissing them!"



Alexander

elyn Laye, who has been loved by London and New York, ds in "One Heavenly Night" that being loved by John ve (it's his middle name) Boles is something else again

WHAT'S in a name? [illegible] alentino's [illegible] man, is letting many of the sheik's secrets out of the bag. He admits that the "art collection" of the dead actor, for which ninety-six thousand dollars was paid by a palpitant public at auction was *in reality* worth about sixteen thousand dollars. And still they try to squeeze gold from the magic name "Valentino!" Now, under the spectacular title of "A Voice from the Dead," Rudie's one and only attempt at making a voice recording is being sold, despite the fact that the record was thought so bad at the time it was made that it was forgotten.

• • •

FAME: This morning's newspaper gave us a good laugh . . . when we read the divorce complaint of the lady whose husband runs the Calneva resort recently featured in the newspapers. "My husband," complained the lady in effect, "tells me that I am not good enough for him now that his name has been associated with movie stars like Clara Bow . . ."

So even suing Clara makes one famous!

• • •

HOLLYWOOD'S revenge: A few months ago two smart youths, whose genius Hollywood had failed to recognize, published a book poking fun at members of the film colony and exposing their little weaknesses to ridicule. As soon as this book appeared, the youthful authors departed for New York to escape the wrath of those they had burlesqued. The book has already earned for them a pretty fortune. And here is the irony of Fate: The authors are said to be half-dead of homesickness for Hollywood!

• • •

THE czar's jewels: The annual dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences brought forth the usual rhetoric. Among the gems offered to the world was Will Hays's deathless thought, "Genius finds in its own heart the timber with which to build a ladder to the skies." At another point, dvanced to the edge of the platform and, throwing his arms wide, said yearningly, "All that I have I give unto you." At which the graceless press, sitting below the salt, burst into riotous applause.

• • •

THRILLS: When Uncle Carl Laemmle was called up to be presented with the prize for the Most Distinguished Picture of the Year ("All Quiet"), his eyes filled with tears. He admitted that he was more thrilled than he had ever been in his life except on one occasion—when he became a grandfather. Norma Shearer, presented with the statuette for the best woman star's performance ("The Divorcée"), immediately afterward confessed blushingly that *she* had been thrilled as much on only one other occasion—but she wasn't a *grand* mother . . .

• • •

MIX-UP: And now Tom Mix is mysteriously ill. Mysteriously—because there seems so much disagreement about what is the matter. The doctors say he is suffering from the effect of falling off his horse several years ago. Tom himself says he is suffering from injuries received some time back, when he fell out of his automobile.

• • •

SHEIK "thief": Recently José Crespo, the new Spanish sheik, arrived at a party two hours late and gasping apologies. "I am *so* sorree," he explained with a dazzling smile, "but I have been all evening in jail!" It appeared that José left his expensive sports roadster at a garage to have it overhauled. The garage owner gave him an ignition key and promised to have a Ford waiting in front of Metro Studios for him to use as a substitute until his car was ready. Coming out of the studio lot late that afternoon, José found a Ford sedan parked in front and tried his key. It didn't fit. A little farther down the block stood a Ford coupé. Jose tried his key in *that* without success. He was just climbing into a Ford runabout across the street when a



Early American love in an early American setting: "Fighting Caravans," Gary Cooper and Lily Damita eve tually reach California—and a great background for roman

policeman, who had been watching him, arrested him as an a thief . . .

• • •

DOUBLE tragedy: The recent attempt at suicide of the girl who was once Pola Negri's double emphasizes again the strangeness of this strangest of all industries. As beautiful as Pola, this girl, Gladys White, stood close to the fantastic success that movie stars win, and yet knew herself hopelessly denied a chance of it because of her very resemblance to Pola. One Negri, *one* Garbo, one Pickford is enough for the industry. To Pola, wealth, fame, a titled marriage, a chateau in France, a view of the world. To Gladys White, her double, a job in a cheap lunch-room washing greasy crockery, then the loss of even that . . .despair . . . poison . . .

• • •

FAMILY pride: The Hollywood honeymooners had been at a party and the head of the house had undoubtedly hoisted his glass too many times. A former admirer of the bride offered to help her get her treasure safely home. As he helped his tottering rival into the house and upstairs to his room, he reflected how embarrassed and broken-hearted the bride must be and even wondered whether she did not regret her mistake in choice of husband now. But when he went downstairs, ready to condole with her, she gave him a proud smile, "Isn't he just too *cute* when he's drunk?" she beamed.

• • •

THE colorful Mr. Hughes: We have just heard that among the other events with which Mr. Howard Hughes, of "Hell's Angels" fame, has crowded his twenty-four years are an early marriage and a divorce. Now that he shows symptoms of

[redacted] sorts of picturesque anecdotes are being told of him. Commenting on his appearance at the Embassy with a celebrated screen beauty, a diner remarked, "I hear he is rather deaf." "So much the better," murmured the cynic, "because she is certainly dumb."

• • •

IS she or is she not?: And, by the way, what's this about Jean Harlow, publicized as an Eastern society heiress? Someone passing her on Hollywood Boulevard not so long ago addressed her as "Harline Carpenter" and she answered! If she turns out to be a local high-school girl, we have made up our mind never to believe anything again.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD'S gifts to Broadway: They say that Jack Oakie may soon be lending his wisecracks and infectious grin to the "Follies" on Broadway. The Union of stage and screen gets closer every day. Now it's RKO that has begun to buy up legitimate theaters, to give their screen stars the benefit of stage training and to try out plays before they are turned into talkies.

• • •

LOCAL boy makes good American money: Maurice Chevalier returned to France with one million good American dollars, fruits of two years' work in Hollywood, to find his home-town popularity a bit faded. Parisians resent his affluence. Maurice thereupon was quoted as making some cracks about "these Americans who think only of work-work-work." In Paris he apparently can't be anything *but* a playboy. In Hollywood, he is anything else but. He is almost as good a citizen as Conrad Nagel.

Here, There And Everywhere



Archer

Claudia Dell, who surprised Hollywood by not acting like a Follies girl (as which she became famous), is bearing up nobly with "Fifty Million Frenchmen." They can't be wrong if they prefer a blonde with Claudia's obvious attractions

WHAT Every Girl Should Know: It was a Fox carpenter talking. "I've been on location with most of 'em," said he. "Some of these dames may be famous, but they're tough. But there's two little stars that are all right . . . Lois Moran and Janet Gaynor. They're real ladies. *They wear underclo'es—*" he added, somewhat startlingly, in explanation.

• • •

THE reason: "He's just too grand for words!" cried the flapper, gazing at the screen lover whose voice threatened to put him out of the talkies.

• • •

SPEAKING of embarrassing moments: Reginald Denny, who for years had kept secret the fact that he had sung seventeen leads with the Banmann Opera Company in England and India, as well as the *Prince Danilo* rôle in "The Merry Widow," signed to appear opposite Jeannette MacDonald in the Fox-Movietone film, "Stolen Thunder." He learned that it was a story of a burglar and a prima donna and that the burglar merely "thinks he can sing"!



Dyar

Speaking of Frenchmen, they wronged Maurice Chevalier on his recent return to Paris. They accused him of losing his playboyishness, and being seriously American

• • •

ONE last smile: You have read many splendid things about Milton Sills since he passed through the eternal gates. But the wonderful regard of the husband who loved so devotedly, so tenderly, was revealed to but few, in his last moments. A terrible convulsion seized him, marking the approaching demise. Turning to his sobbing, agonized wife, he managed to say: "Oh, I am sorry to have you see me like this." And he managed a smile.

• • •

UP on the heights: "Yes, my dear," said Ethel Barrymore's daughter, "I guess it's true that I'm a star at last. Why, Uncle John met me to-day and spoke to me just as though I were his equal!" John seems to do the unexpected even in his own family circle. He even named his daughter partly after Ethel—which surprised Ethel.

(*Continued on page 95*)

With Those Who Talk And Play

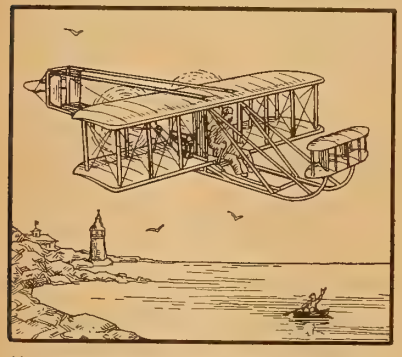
10 MORE TO GO

$5,000 In Cash Prizes

HERE ARE THE FINAL TEN PICTURES

NOW that real blustery winter weather has settled down to do its worst and you feel the need for indoor recreation and entertainment —something to while away the time—you can spend your time most enjoyably and profitably completing the suggestions for the Motion Picture Title Game.

There is still plenty of time. Early starters have no advantage over you even if you haven't started yet. You have until Midnight, February 28, 1931,—two full months—a title a day is the only way. You start —we finish—YOU SEND IN THE TITLES—WE SEND OUT THE CHECKS!



41. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



42. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



43. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

First Forty Pictures Free!

If you have missed the first forty pictures and decide now that you are going to **Play the Game**, you may have them free—just send us a postcard request. You'll have them back by return mail, with all the rules, which are simple and easy to understand.

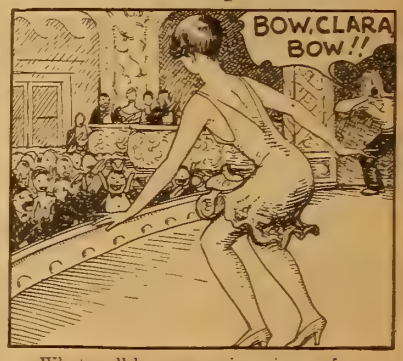
Or, better yet, you can get a Picture and Answer Book and an Official Reference Book free with a new or renewal subscription for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. (See coupon at the right—Offer No. 1.)

The Picture and Answer Book has all fifty pictures with six numbered spaces opposite each picture in which to write your title suggestion, also many Hints and Helps and Answers to Questions that will aid you in submitting a winning set of answers. This is a most convenient method of submitting answers and is recommended to all Title Game Players, but it is not a requirement that answers be submitted in the Picture and Answer Book.



44. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

This is a Sample Picture



What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

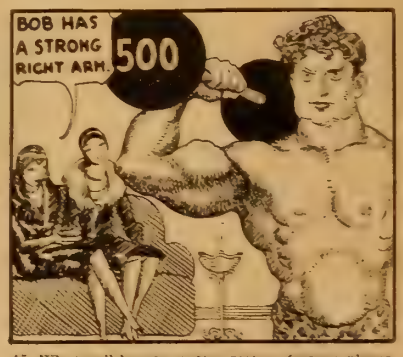
The sample picture above shows a picture of a stage, with the audience applauding, the actress standing as if made of stone. From the wings the prompter calls "Bow, Clara, bow!" In selecting a title for this picture, it is obvious that it represents "Clara Bow," the well-known and popular beauty of the silver screen.

This shows how answers may be selected. The important point to be remembered, however, is that all parts of the picture should be studied to determine the title which best fits the picture as a whole.

Title Game Is Interesting

This game is interesting and intriguing but not baffling—it is not intended to be. It is just hard enough to be interesting and to challenge your wits, test your powers of observation, and tickle your fancy. It is a game for intelligent people. Knowledge of the names of feature players or productions is not necessary or a requirement.

You are interested in Players and Productions. By referring to the ten illustrations on these two pages and consulting the Reference Book, you can easily find appropriate titles to fit the pictures. Just a little thought, a little study, a little patience—and there you are. The rewards we are offering will justify your concentrated effort.



45. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

You Have Until February 28, 1931, To Send In Your Suggestions

You Play---We Pay

In the Motion Picture Title Game

SCHEDULE of AWARDS

FIRST CASH AWARD
$1,500.00

SECOND CASH AWARD
$1,000.00

THIRD CASH AWARD
$500.00

Fourth Cash Award	$250.00
Fifth Cash Award	125.00
Sixth Cash Award	100.00
Seventh Cash Award	75.00
Eighth to Twelfth Cash Award $50.00 each	250.00
Thirteenth to Twentieth Cash Award—$25.00 each	200.00
Twenty-first to Seventieth Cash Award—$10.00 each	500.00
Seventy-first to One Hundred and Twentieth Cash Award—$5.00 each	250.00
One Hundred and Twenty-first to Three Hundred and Seventieth Cash Award—$1.00 each	250.00
	$5,000.00

370 Cash Prizes

ieone will be $1,500.00 richer, ne $1,000.00, someone $500.00 so on until 370 cash prizes nting to a total of $5,000.00 been distributed to readers of Motion Picture Magazine.

Do Not Doubt Us Or Yourself

Do not let doubt in your ability or our intention to award these cash prizes deter you. 370 readers somewhere who have confidence in themselves and in us are going to be happier and richer—why not you?

There are now no titles for the pictures. After all the title suggestions are in, the Judges will decide, from the titles submitted by all the contestants, which are the "best" titles, and then decide what 370 contestants sent in the greatest number of best titles and award the prizes. Announcement of winners will be made as soon as possible after February 28. No favoritism can or will be shown any contestant. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit alone. No one can know now or until all title suggestions are received just what titles the Judges will decide are the best titles. No employee or member of the family of an employee of Motion Picture Publications can participate or win any of the awards.

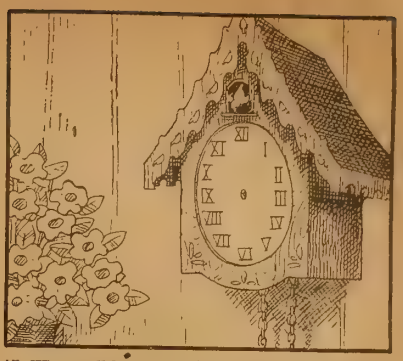
WE REPEAT: You have plenty of time and with the Picture and Answer Book and the Official Reference Book before you, your chances in the next two months are just as good as anybody's. Start today—You Play—We Pay.

The Reference Book Will Refresh Your Memory

The Official Reference Book contains 2387 titles of motion picture feature productions and players. By referring to the Reference Book, participants will know immediately if certain names may be used. If they do not appear in the Reference Book, they will not be considered.

Participants are not required to purchase a Reference Book, as copies are on file for free inspection at the office of Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or at any Public Library (a copy will be sent without charge on receipt of a request from the Librarian of any Public Library).

No doubt you will find it much more convenient to have a copy of your own so that you may refer to it as titles suggest themselves to you. If so, use the coupon below.



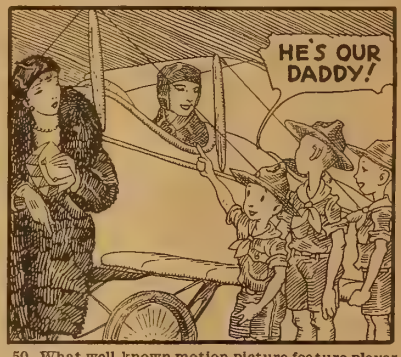
47. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



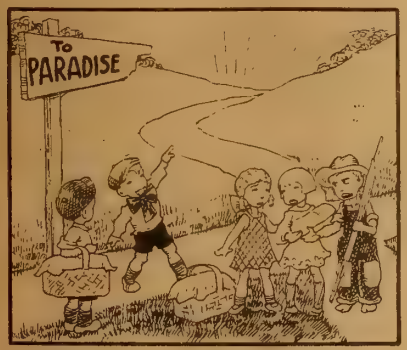
48. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



49. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



50 What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



46. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

Editor, MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME MP-F
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is ☐ New ☐ Renewal

Offer No. 1 ☐ $2.00 enter my subscription for Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me a Picture and Answer Book, and an Official Reference Book.

Offer No. 2 ☐ $1.00 enter my subscription for Motion Picture Magazine for six months and send me a copy of the Picture and Answer Book; OR, an Official Reference Book.

Offer No. 3 ☐ 25 cents send me a copy of the Official Reference Book.

Offer No. 4 ☐ 25 cents send me a copy of the Picture and Answer Book.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Backwash

By Gladys Hall

Illustration By Shellhase



Then she began to scream things at him. He tried to listen. Evidently, she was in some sort of hideous earnest, not playing a scene . . . . . .

"YOUR wife is dead, sir," said Billings. He forgot his habitual composure. The words blurted out. He removed his master's hat and stick. He added, humanely, "Oh, sir. . ." Billings had been fond of Mrs. Wilmerding.

Jon Wilmerding seemed almost not to hear. He had a passion for repression under certain circumstances.

Then he passed on into the living-room and wept. He wept horribly. He wept as a man weeps who weeps scarcely. He wept bitterly and drily and finally.

So, she was dead. It occurred to him that he hadn't asked how. The shock had numbed him. One usually asks questions, rushes about. She had been well when he had left the house in the morning. She couldn't have suffered long. So the fact was everything. She had been alive. She was now dead. It was a shudderingly cold fact. Dead. *Dead.* Dead—and beyond. Dead, the chaste and exquisite.

Her mouth, he thought now, had always been an embalmed blossom. A pale immortelle. Once he had dreamed of it flowering strangely. But it never had. Now, of course, it never would.

Well, at least he had succeeded. Succeeded in keeping the backwash of the world away, the backwash of Hollywood, with its tin trumperies, and painful confusions. He had protected her from all things—even from himself. He had a moment's horrible regret that he had. Suppose—suppose he had now some warm and perfumed memories of her? Pungent and burning. Something with which to warm the chill that was creeping over him. Suppose that she had cared as Sumatra had cared—what then?

Then he sorrowed for his profanation. She had been a statue. She had wanted to be inviolate. Smooth and cold and white.

Well, he had succeeded. She had lived here in his house as enniched as a saint, as cloistered as a nun. Not so much as the hem of her garment had he soiled or permitted to be soiled. He hoped that she understood things better now. Many things. Which brought him to Sumatra.

He didn't love Sumatra. All the love of his life was congealed in his veins by the woman who, being dead, could never liberate it. Sumatra was the perfect voluptuary. Sumatra was the flame that fed him when he was very cold. *Famous for her portrayals of the other woman*, she had been the Other Woman in his baffled life.

He had a sudden horrible thought and his brow sweated. Sumatra—suppose she should hear of the death, come to the funeral, come into the house, into the very room, get close to, even touch the beautiful immortal? Suppose he should be cheated at the very end, have his thin chill triumph taken from him? She didn't have perfect taste, Sumatra, save, perhaps, in the matter of caresses.

Jon Wilmerding rose stiffly. He stole out of the house. After he had given Sumatra to understand that she must not come near, he would return. He would weep. He would ask questions. He would conform. It would make Billings feel more comfortable.

Sumatra lived in a garish, Spanish house. Palm trees and tropical growth gave it an air of unreality. Tourists parked in front of Sumatra's house, picked petals from her flowers. *"Famous for her portrayals of The Other Woman"*. . . Sumatra cared about her flamboyant name. She cared about shells. Baroque boudoirs. Mauve limousines. Crowds staring at her. Unimportant matters, since we all fit into shells of the same dimension.

Sumatra was in, he learned, and would see him. She had had no call from the studio that morning.

When the maid opened the door of Sumatra's boudoir, the usual commingling of scent and incense did not greet him.

"Is your mistress ill?" he asked, and did not wait for a reply.

He found Sumatra, a quenched ribbon of flame, prone upon her chaise longue. She looked, he thought, a fright. She had none of her warm golden color. Color that had reminded him of a tawny leopardess. She was gray. She was haggard. She had been weeping, too. Not as she wept when she was doing one of her big scenes. Not as she wept when she wished to be seductive.

When she saw him, she waved her hands in grotesque circles.

He approached her. "I am sorry," he said, "I am sorry that you are so sorry. I didn't know you had heard. Thank you."

Her sobs grew hysterical. Loud and sniffy. He felt annoyed.

Then she began to scream things at him. He tried to listen. Evidently, she was in some sort of hideous earnest.

"I—I—don't you *know?*" she was screeching. "What have you been doing? Where have you been? Your wife—the mauve limousine you gave me—it was all over in a second—I—I didn't hurt her—my God, my God, it's awful!"

Before he fainted, Jon Wilmerding knew.

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF SHORT, SHORT STORIES BASED ON MATERIAL ALREADY PUBLISHED IN MOTION PICTURE



Still smiling, despite the tabloids, despite the critics, Clara Bow is a real trouper. Her perseverance has—in the words of her new picture—"No Limit".

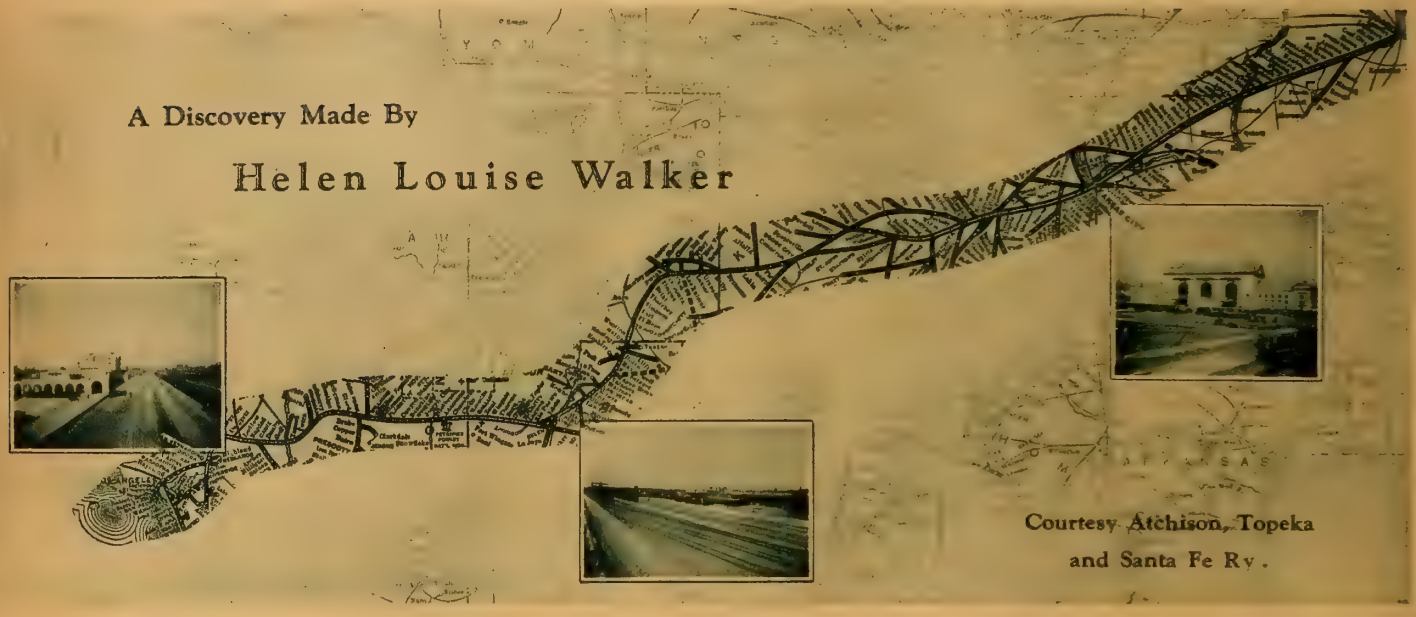
Exclusive portrait by Russell Ball

There's No Such

And The Farther Away One Goes, The Less Real It Seems

A Discovery Made By

Helen Louise Walker



Courtesy Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Ry.

I HAVE recently made a surprising discovery. Hollywood doesn't exist. There is no such place and it is no use for you to try to argue with me about it. It is an entirely imaginary community and somebody just dreamed it, after eating lobster, or invented it while he had a fever or something.

This conviction came to me as I was traveling away from what I had trustingly imagined was an actual city—a place in which I had been living and which I had come rather to take for granted. I was on my way to New York.

First, of course, there was the station at Los Angeles. The building through which Hollywood does its arriving and departing.

The thousands of believing youngsters on their way to conquer Filmdom. Susie Schwartz, lately of Skoggs Center, Missouri, whose friends have all told her that she looks like Clara Bow. She is bound for the Studio Club. Eddie Boggle, who has deserted the counter of a gents' furnishing emporium in Minnesota, changed his name to Edwardo Lombardi, and is now arriving with three dollars and forty-six cents in his pocket to plunge into the race for Fame and Fortune.

Literary personages from New York, with three-months' contracts, noses poised for superior sniffs, rehearsing sneers to be sneered at the first sight of the producer who is paying them more money than they ever heard of before. Also, these same personages on their way home, after three months, the sneers having become chronic, polishing their typewriters to tell the world about those clods—the makers of motion pictures.

The Beginning and the End

POTENTIAL stars. Potential suicides. Potential directors, fortune-tellers, stunt men, bootleggers and inmates of insane asylums.

You go to bed at San Bernardino (left), secure in the knowledge that Hollywood does exist. At Albuquerque (center), the next night, you still don't doubt. But by the time the *Chief* reaches Kansas City (right) you are no longer sure

Here press-agents stage elaborate welcomes to actresses, returning from here and there. Brass bands, speeches, newsreels, orchids, yawning reporters, hoping for Scotch. They seldom have brass bands when people leave. And a good many people do leave. . . .

Anyhow, it was the Santa Fe station at Los Angeles and all Hollywood has passed through it. Better writers than I have written pieces about it, philosophizing.

On the observation platform where I stood to wave to the group who shouted facetious advice about how a girl should behave in the Great, Wicked City, a small boy jumped up and down. "Goody! Goody!" he cried, in high glee. "We don't have to see Daddy for two more whole days!" His plump mother beamed and patted his cheek.

Movie children never say things like that. They are taught, at a tender age, to love their mothers and daddies—at least in public.

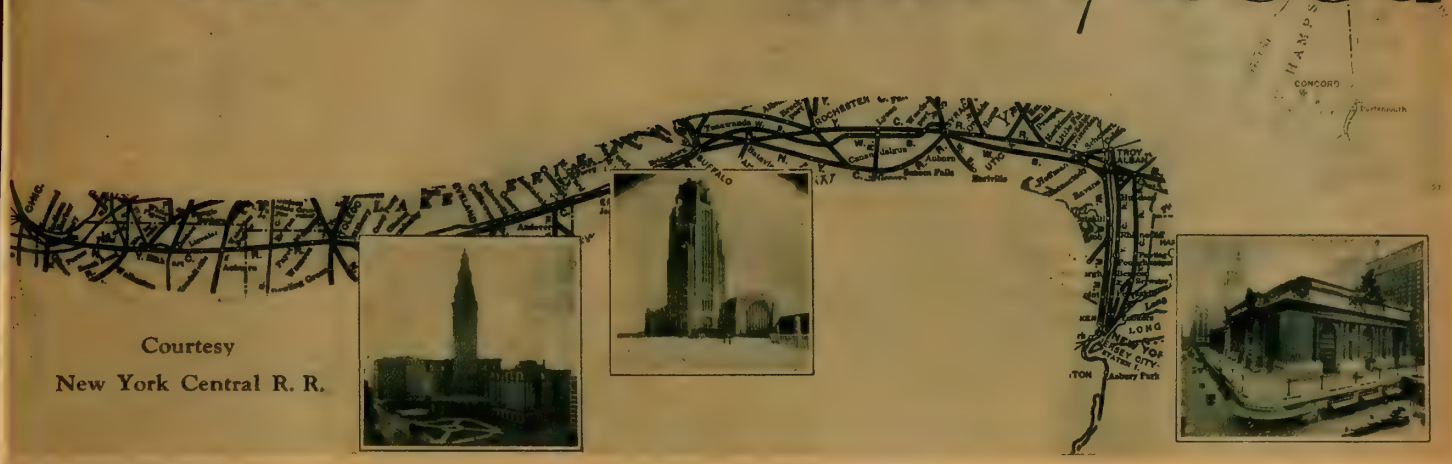
Inside the Pullman, the conductor viewed my portable typewriter with disfavor and me with suspicion. He informed me that I might write in the Club Car if I wished. I thanked him. "You're from Hollywood, aren't you?" he inquired. That explained the suspicion.

I curled up in my berth with a Los Angeles newspaper that had a "streamer" two inches high across the top, proclaiming the latest developments in the latest little peccadillo of the irrepressible Miss So-and-So. Routine Coast news. There was also a New York *Times*, whose small, polite headlines informed the reader about the wheat situation in Russia. Not a single actor was mentioned on the front page. Could it be that the *Times*' readers didn't *care* . . . ?

The "Chief" was across the desert by morning . . . Near Seligman. . . .

At lunch, I came face to face

Place As Hollywood



Courtesy
New York Central R. R.

with a prominent motion picture director. He looked frightened. Later, his secretary approached me and told me that she had had to come part way with him because he was "so nervous he just couldn't face traveling without someone to talk to him!"

At Winslow, he scuttled up and down the platform, sending telegrams and prattling about "locations." Indian squaws, with brown papooses on their backs, squatted on the pavement. Almost as authentic as the ones on the RKO lot for "Cimarron." Hollywood was still with us.

That afternoon I met a song-writer. He was very much pleased with life in general. It seemed that the company to which he had been under contract had closed its music department in Hollywood and had bought the contracts of the people working there. He had accepted the check offered for the nine months left to him—and the following day had received a wire from his New York agent, informing him that he had arranged a three-year contract with the same company's Eastern studio—at one-third more salary. And there was a clause that permitted him to do a New York musical show on the side.

There had been, he admitted, quite a little ado about it when the Powers discovered what had occurred. "*Such* a business-like organization!" he commented, happily. Jobs of responsible parties were no doubt hanging in the balance. Oh, well! The picture business . . .

Nine o'clock . . . Albuquerque . . . Still Spanish architecture. . . .

I was only one day away from Hollywood. . . .

Movie Stars' Homes

LA JUNTA . . . Breakfast . . . And the last of the mountains. . . .

In Kansas, a dust storm was raging. Did you ever *see* a dust storm in Kansas? I peered through the billowing yellow clouds at the drab, bare little towns sliding past. I wondered where Olathe was—Buddy Rogers' "home town." Square, gray, frame buildings, shaken by tearing winds, obscured in clouds of sand. Tiny and lonely on that flat, colorless prairie. . . .

I considered Buddy's new Beverly Hills home. And it was just here that I began to feel some doubts about Hollywood! I contemplated Buddy's fan mail, his salary, his age and his relative mental development—his boyish bewilderment at the things he had acquired merely by smiling. And I looked at Kansas.

I saw a tired woman, driving a scrawny horse, hitched to a lop-sided buggy. Children hung out to wave at the *Chief*, thundering past. And I remembered the sprightly, newly-divorced couple in Hollywood who were planning a party to which everyone must come with his or her ex-spouse. I began to feel very confused about things.

Emporia, the town William Allen White made famous . . . "First call for dinner." . . .

It was dark at Kansas City. Nine o'clock of another day. There was bustle and a sense of factories and shipments of grain and cattle. Slaughter houses. . . .

Joan Crawford came from there! The lithe dancer. The playgirl who brightened Hollywood night clubs for so long. The subdued, carefully demure young wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Presiding over his home. A firmly established star in pictures. A symbol of glamour to millions of picture-goers, suggesting nothing more crass than gardenias and furs. . . .

Kansas City was Joan's *home!*

Different Worlds

EARLY morning, and the trip half-over. . . .

The clatter of Chicago. Smoke. Gray clouds. The cold wind from the Lake. Are people really lying on the warm sand at Malibu, wailing about what pictures are doing to them? Br-rr-r! Does it matter what pictures do to them?

The morning whirls by . . . I do a little shopping, in tall buildings, in streets that are canyons. . . .

And then the *Century*. Hurtling across the country because business men must not lose a moment. The little ticket that assures you of a rebate in case the train is late. An hour costs so much. . . .

South Bend . . . Wonder what Notre Dame will do to U. S. C. next year? . . .

Toledo . . . "Dinnah is suhved in the dining cah fawwud." . .

In the diner, two brisk, gray-haired men across from me discussed the state of the rubber industry. Clipped sentences in voices of authority. Even their laughter was efficient, being accomplished in the briefest possible chuckles. They spoke in large figures—almost as large as the figures in the motion picture industry.

I wondered if either of their organizations had ever fired an employee and hired him almost simultaneously at a third-of-his-salary advance—by mistake! I wondered what they would think of such a dido. I wondered if the rubber industry ever tossed away a half-million dollars on one, carelessly managed project—and then stopped putting ice in the office coolers by way of economizing.

I wondered if either had ever been "too nervous" to travel on a train without someone to talk to him.

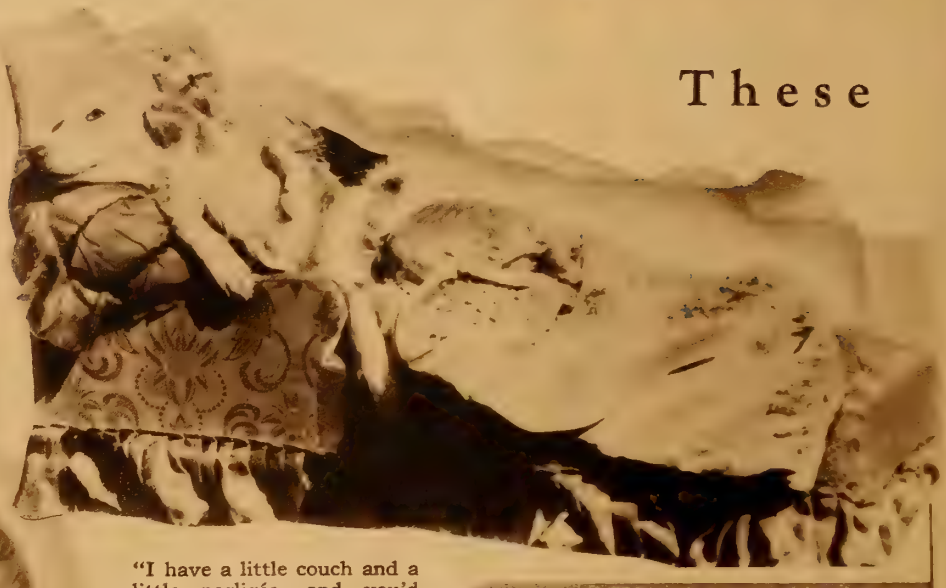
(*Continued on page 103*)

Nine p. m. again, and you're in Cleveland (left). In the night, you skirt Buffalo (center). There is nothing to make you think there is actually a place like Hollywood. When the *Century* reaches Grand Central (right) you know there can't be

STARS WITH

These





"I have a little couch and a little negligée, and you'd think I'd get a little snoozing done—but no! Men won't let me rest. . . . And the love they make—how sad it is! . . . I'm just another Garbo," moans M-G-M's *Collie* (above)



"Just a weary woman of the world, all dressed up, with no place to go except Paris. . . . Gay dogs don't make good husbands, I've learned, and I'm through fighting. . . . I'm the kind of divorcée Norma Shearer was," sighs M-G-M's *Oscar* (above)



"Never fear, my little white dove. . . . I'm a well-bred fellow, uncouth though I may look. . . . And I shall never harm you, providing you have a strong ear for music. . . . For I'm like Lawrence Tibbett," boasts M-G-M's *General* (right)



"I'm not so dumb as I look, even if I don't know how to handle a gun. . . . And if I don't always obey orders, that only proves some more that I'm a veteran comedian like Buster Keaton," opines *Buster*, M-G-M's barbed-wire terrier (above)

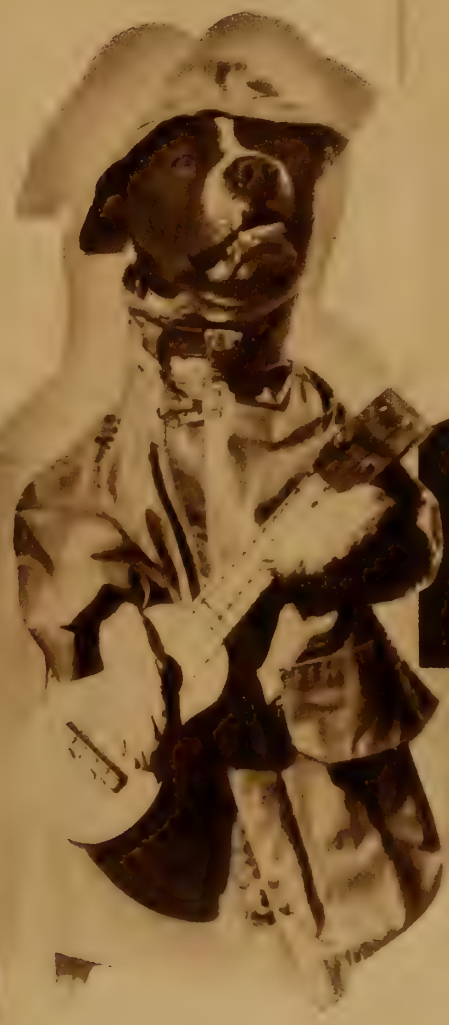
Hound Effects

Movie-Mad Dogs Are Getting Personal

'Way over at the right, in the plug hat and soup-and-fish, is the closest thing to Slim Summerville in the dog wor'd. His name is *Pete,* and like M-G-M's canine comedians, he became famous in two-reel howls. He is Our Gang's dog



"Put me in a big dog house, did they? . . . Kicked me when I was down, did they? . . . Won't give me enough to eat or a decent place to sleep, eh? . . . All right, I'll show 'em I'm another Chester Morris," growls M-G-M's *Toughy* (above)



"Awful weather we've been having. . . . Not fit for a dog. . . . But I'm laughing at clouds. . . . Like Cliff Edwards, I got me a slicker and a uke, and there hasn't been a rainy day since," chuckles M-G-M's *Bill* (above)





"It's just an old Spanish costume, but it fits me. . . . And it makes me look like a Sevillian soldier of fortune. . . . In fact, it makes me look like Ramon Novarro in 'Call of the Flesh,' " admits M-G-M's *Big Boy* (right)

CHEVALIER:



Richee

A MILLION dollars in two short, spectacular years. His name a household word. His face, his accent, his gestures familiar to millions of people he will never know or even see.

No question, Maurice Chevalier is one of those bright-starred individuals destined for fame. Fame—with its rewards and stares, its applause and warm smiles and heavy money. And its miseries. . . .

Even as a child he might have foreseen that his own land was to bestow this dazzling lexicon upon him. For hadn't the great Mistinguette patted the round baby-face of the boy-entertainer and told him that one day France would call him darling?

And years later, crouching nervously in an overcrowded projection-room, he must have realized what acclaim was to be his in America, when he saw that his radiant personality flashed from the screen even more effectively than from the stage.

Two assurances that his peculiar talent was traced with the hall-mark of genius. Mistinguette's encouragement meant the start of a career; that was certain. But the second information—that he had screen possibilities—did not that as truthfully foreshadow the end of happiness? And would not Chevalier, the man, if he had known in advance what grief the films were to bring him along with the rest, have fled from them with as much haste as characterized the return of the boy-Maurice to the paternal roof—almost hysterical with the heartening words of the queen of the Paris music halls?

What Price Good Fortune?

YET ambitious young men are not customarily given to weighing the future agonies of a bright moment, any more than are chubby, ecstatic children—and thus it is that to-day we find Chevalier, at his peak, scanning his bank balance of American dollars and wondering if the total is great enough for him to disregard that ominous sound emanating from his own country.

That sound very much like a hiss.

By Charles Grayson

The Man Without A Country

He Owes Allegiance To Two, And Feels At Home In Neither

For a curious turn has come into the affairs of the star who even in his teens was convulsing the French public with songs like "Valentine," that rollicking ditty that begins:

"Mon per', c'est pas du boniment,
Travaillait dans le bâtiment . . ."

He has learned that the sugar-coated lozenge of fame may have a bitter center. That there can be a reverse to the medal of immense applause.

The whole trouble is sprung from the intensely insular patriotism of the French. Their racial pride and feeling that France is for Frenchmen, and *vice versa*. The French do not appreciate having one of their popular heroes desert them for a foreign country, even though in so doing he may win for himself *beaucoup* of those American dollars for which the citizenry of La Belle Republique manage to express both scorn and desire.

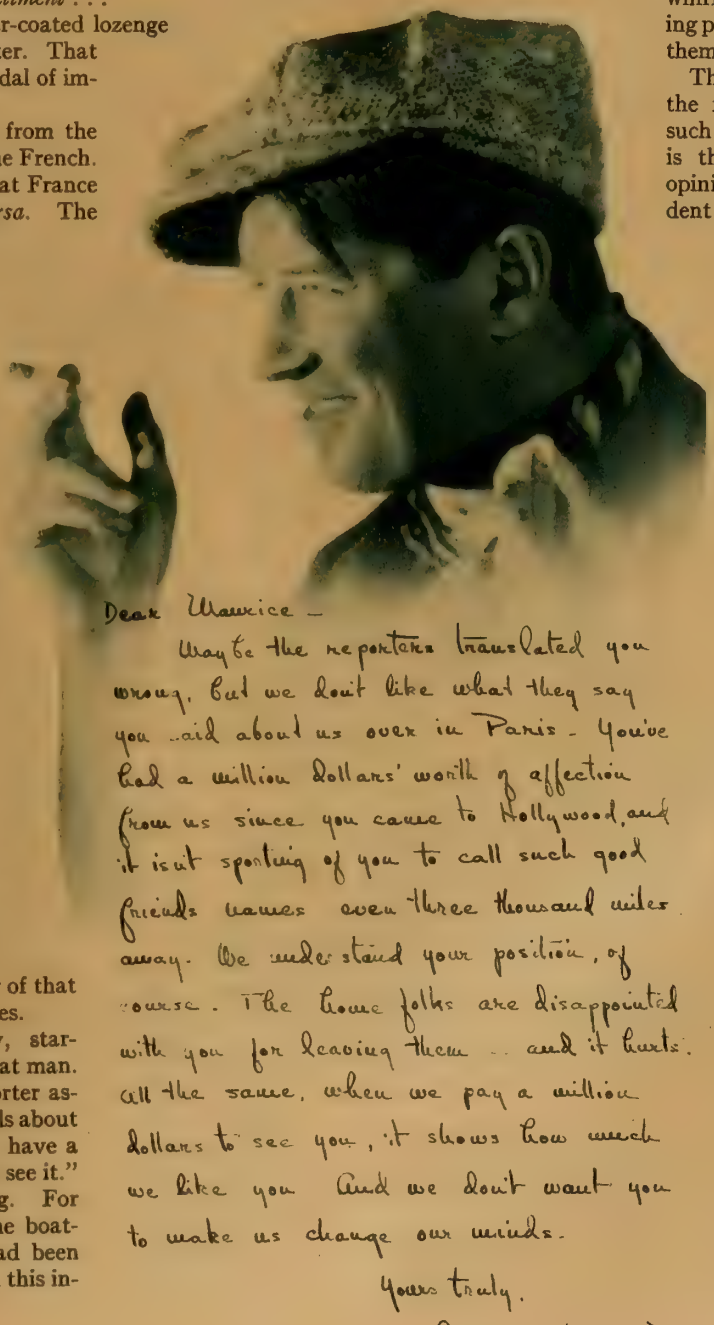
Storm Warnings

IN Paris, prior to Chevalier's recent return, I caught ominous whispers of the storm which, upon his arrival, was to break over the head of the wandering Maurice. Despite the fact that his picture, "The Big Pond," was daily filling the huge new Paramount Theater, the most sumptuous cinematic edifice on the whole Continent, there appeared to be a well-defined body of opinion that Chevalier had in some mysterious way played a shoddy trick upon his countrymen by removing his electric presence from their ken in favor of that of the mad American millionaires.

Then came the great day, star-marked by the return of the great man. "And all Paris," a cynical reporter assured me, "no matter how it feels about him privately, will turn out to have a look at the prodigal. Come and see it."

It was a sight worth seeing. For hours before the arrival of the boat-train, the Gare St. Lazarre had been packed by "all Paris," which in this instance proved to be largely feminine. *Filles de joie, grisettes*, clerks, wives, shopgirls, *cocottes*, grandmothers, models, women of fashion, servants, stenographers, *demimondaines*—all in a fantastic whirl of color and flowers and clashing perfumes. All prepared to indulge themselves in an orgy of star-gazing.

There was a certain significance in the fact that the crowd contained such a small percentage of men. It is the men who form the formal opinions in France, and it was evident that Chevalier's absence had done much to win him the disapproval of the masculine element. Even my cynical reporter friend was impressed by the injustice of the situation in which the returning song-and-dance man presently would find himself.



Bought By American Gold

"THEY don't recognize the fact that, in his shoes, each one of them would jump at the chance he got," he said indignantly. "They simply stick to the silly idea that Chevalier, in going to Hollywood to make pictures, has been bought body and soul by American gold!"

The train arrived, and amid a tremendous clamor of welcome Chevalier was back to the scene of his first great success — Paris. At once it was apparent that there was some basis for the fear of the French that their idol would be changed. Chevalier smiled. He bowed. He waved his hands and made all the friendly gestures. But not with the tremendous spontaneity and zest with which they had been accustomed to see him

(*Continued on page 96*)

Unwritten . . . .

CHAPTERS

The Story Of The Girl Who Was (And Still Is) Ronald Colman's Wife

By

Rosalind Shaffer



When Ronald Colman (right) married Thelma Raye (above), she was an English musical-comedy star and he was comparatively unknown. She abandoned her career, and they nearly starved. Then success came Ronald's way—and they parted

MANY feminine fans, who see Ronald Colman on the screen in the romantic rôles that accord so well with his dark handsomeness, his obvious good-breeding and his convincing, but restrained ardor, sigh and feel that the world would be well lost for such a lover. Few know that ten years ago a beautiful and wealthy woman, successful in her career on the British musical-comedy stage, felt and acted on that same belief. That it did not prove to be so is perhaps more the fault of an unkind fate than of any personal failure on the part of either.

Ronald Colman is loved or cordially hated by more women in Hollywood than any other man. The "hate," as you may guess, has been engendered by the suave, polite air with which he is able to turn off the overtures of girls who are too silly to realize that a man likes to do his own pursuing, and that, furthermore, Ronald Colman is married.

When Ronald Colman first came to Hollywood, he played a leading role with Constance Talmadge as his first assignment. A casual visitor on the set could imagine from what went on that the effervescent Connie was making a great play for the handsome, dark young man, then personally unknown to Hollywood. His first successes, "The White Sister" and "Romola," had then been made, but this was his first work at the West Coast studios. During the making of "Her Sister from Paris," Constance could not have him away from her. And when she was making the scene where she did the song-and-dance number on the stage on the set—to be sure that she got his undivided attention—Constance had him sit in the prop theater-box and hold her make-up bag for her.

"The Most Eligible Bachelor"

BETWEEN shots, she would dash over to get a dab of powder and a bit of personal attention from Ronald. He carried it off with perfect poise, preserving just the right amount of friendliness and camaraderie, so that not even a gossip-column writer could unearth a bit of sentiment in his handling of the situation.

At that time, local writers not "in the know" were describing Ronald as "the most attractive and eligible bachelor in Hollywood." Not that he ever at any time represented himself as a bachelor; he simply said nothing. Then out of a clear sky, early in 1925, came Mrs. Ronald Colman, nettled by the stories about her "most eligible bachelor" husband. Mrs. Colman, who had been residing abroad since her husband's coming to Hollywood, was visiting a sister in Terre Haute, Indiana, when she received a letter from him, asking her to come to Hollywood to discuss their future plans. Newspaper reporters got wind of her presence in town.

Mrs. Colman tried ineffectually to see her husband personally for some weeks after her arrival, but his plans must have undergone a change, for she was able to see only his attorneys. Mrs. Colman filed suit for separate maintenance and a division of community property. Colman quietly slipped out of town to avoid reporters.

That there was a Mrs. Colman was a subject for surprised discussion; many were the hearts that were heavy that night. People wondered what she was like. But they saw nothing of her, as she lived very quietly in a tiny apartment, visited only with old friends, and would see no interviewers. During this

(Continued on page 92)



Schoenbaum

It isn't often that a mannikin meets a girl like Constance Bennett—and when he does, what is he but a plaything in her hands? Particularly, if he is a leading mannikin. Each time she plays with one, he shows how big a star she is. It's a sad state of affairs . . . . . .



The Story

By

Reginald Taviner

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pennyworth of plot;
Four-and-twenty fingers,
Baked in a pot;
And when the pot was opened
The plot began to stew,
Oh, what a lot of polyglot,
To serve to me and you.
—*Omar Goose.*



As the professor wrote it, the story was laid in the Arctic wastes, and was all about brotherly love (top). But that would never do. So a dirigible was put in (far left) and what a party they were going to have (left center)!

LIKE the famous kidney pills, every picture tells a story—or it should. But behind the story that every motion picture tells, there is another, and quite a different story. And this story, for obvious reasons, is not so often told.

Behind the figures who move and talk on the screen for an hour or so there are hundreds, often thousands, of other figures who work sometimes for months to put them there, but these others movie audiences neither see nor hear. Ah, if they only could!

Frequently, the things *they* do and the things *they* say in the making are at least as entertaining as anything they could possibly put in the pictures they make.

As, for instance, with "The Storm."

On the stage "The Storm" was a hit play, largely because of its spectacular forest fire. But when it came to making the picture, difficulties arose—difficulties that called for a Front Office huddle.

"How are we going to shoot a forest fire in the middle of the winter?" the Production Manager wanted to know. "How are we going to shoot a forest fire, anyhow?"

"Why did we buy the play, then?" the Business Manager demanded. "What's the good of a forest fire picture without a forest fire?"

But the General Manager solved the problem with a single wave of his hand.

"Don't get all upset, boys," he soothed them. "I've got an idea. There's a lot of snow up in the mountains and a lot of salt in the prop-room—let's make it a blizzard instead!"

Miracles Will Happen

AND so they did. Leaping flames were deftly transposed into falling snow, and everybody was as happy as Mother Hubbard would have been if she had actually *found* a bone in her cupboard.

"The Storm" is only one solitary instance of the everyday miracles that Hollywood performs. Loaves and fishes are not even up the same alley with forest fires and blizzards. And it would have been just as easy to make it a typhoon or a waterspout—or maybe a flood.

Behind almost every picture there is a sequence of such miracles; a sequence which begins the instant somebody incubates an idea for a picture, and ends only with the finished film. So it might be interesting to take a peek into the pot while the plot is stewing; to follow a typical movie from script to screen and find out just what happens, and why.

Now, "The Priceless Passion" might have come from any one of a thousand sources. It might have been a novel, a play, a magazine story, or an entry in the dummy scenario contest often conducted for studio advertising purposes. Conceivably, it might have come from another studio by the grapevine route. Some contract writers do market stories under phoney names.

It might have come from the East Side of New York, the

Doesn't Matter

Between Script And Screen, Strange Things Happen To "The Priceless Passion"

West End of London, or the middle of Shanghai. A scenario is the only really universal language there is—but as it happened, "The Priceless Passion" actually was dashed off by a college professor in his spare time.

(He wanted to earn a few thousand dollars extra, so instead of taking subscriptions to the Pomeranian Relief, he devoted an entire evening to a scenario, using a *nom de plume*, of course.)

Ordinarily, being an "original"—an unpublished story from nobody in particular—"The Priceless Passion" would have remained distinctly priceless. That is to say, it would have been kept on the ice for a month or so and then sent back with a letter to "study our pictures as shown in your own home town theaters." But the professor's brain-child escaped that melancholy fate.

The professor, being absent-mindedly true to type, had forgotten to send any stamps with his scenario. And while the mailboy was wondering whether to send it back collect or throw it in the incinerator, the scenario editor happened by.

And the sock that Dempsey gave Tunney for the long count was nothing to the wallop that landed between the scenario editor's eyes as they chanced to fall upon the professor's first page.

"What a wow of a title!" he ejaculated to himself. "I can see it in the lights: 'Rosie Glow in The Priceless Passion'—that 'ud pack 'em in like Scotchmen at a free lunch!"

Eventually, it did. But the things that happened to "The Divorcée" in the making were as nothing to the things that were to happen to "The Priceless Passion." But they were not to happen, as in the case of the Norma Shearer picture, because of ecclesiastical decree. Czar Will would never hear of "The Priceless Passion" until it hit the screen.

Heating Up the Action

HOWEVER, "The Priceless Passion" was a good story, too. Only, as the scenario editor glanced over the manuscript, he saw that the professor hadn't picked on the same kind of passion as he would have done. But then, the brotherly-love theme could easily be changed to something much more colorful and much less platonic.

The bleak wastes of Baffin Land, which the

(*Continued on page 94*)





The boys implored her (far left) to be a South Sea Maiden just once more (as at left), but the girl said "No" and meant it. So she had evening gowns and marble staircases (as below)



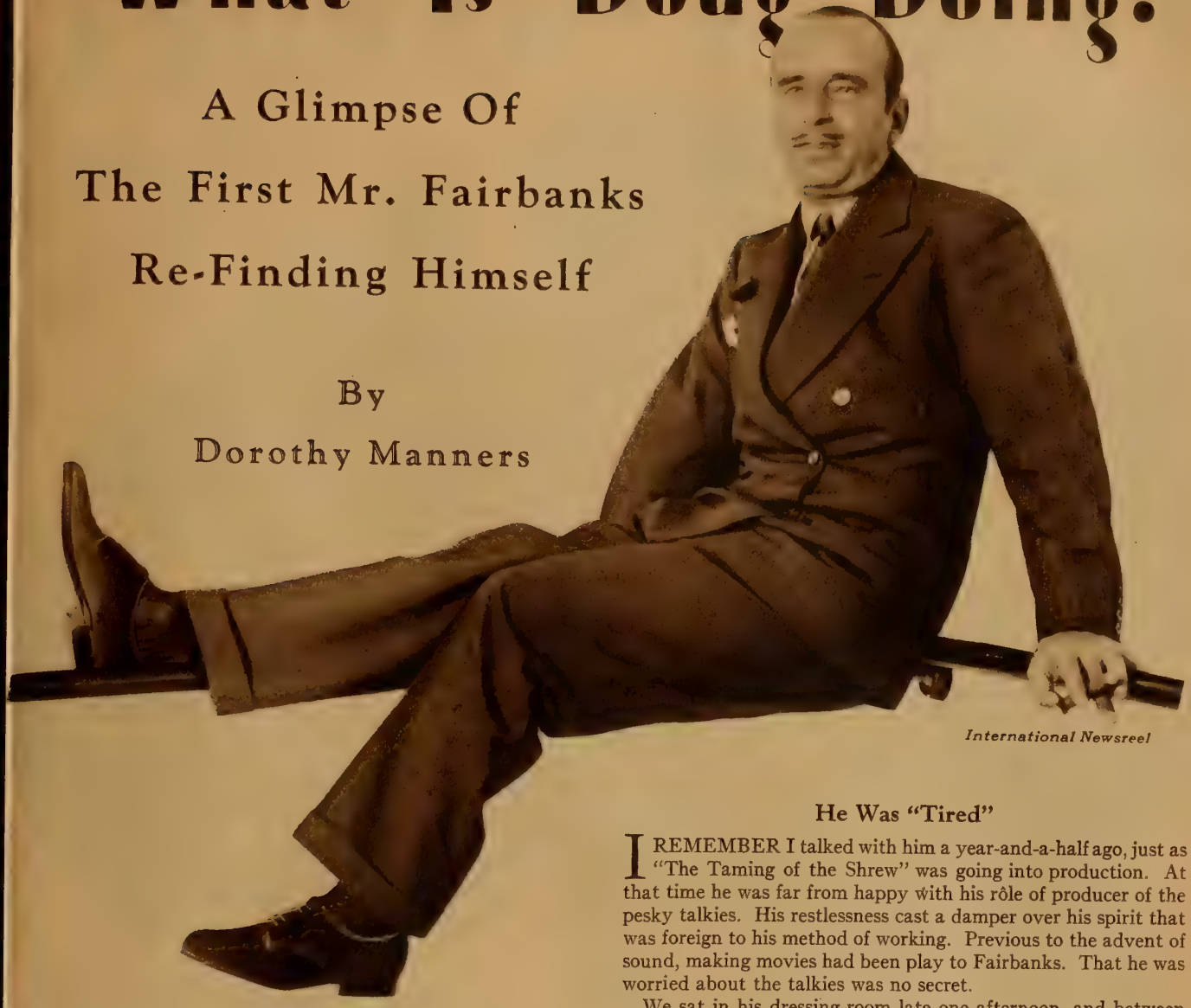
Fryer

A new view of the famous back that Universal gazed at early last summer, and wondered if the lady meant that she was also leaving the screen. Laura La Plante vacationed—and wondered, herself. But she turns to work again in Pathé's "Lonely Wives"

What Is Doug Doing?

A Glimpse Of The First Mr. Fairbanks Re-Finding Himself

By Dorothy Manners



International Newsreel

WELL, he is having the time of his life! In a "blazer" coat of orange and black that really blazes, the original Mr. Fairbanks is hurtling talkie problems and kissing his finger-tips to Ol' Man Blues.

To the tune of eight thousand dollars per day, he is once more reaching for the movie moon. (For his services in Irving Berlin's first production, "Reaching for the Moon," he receives three hundred thousand dollars.)

Has no production worries, no cutting-room grief, or directorial headaches! No fretting over possible box-office returns, or over discouraging criticisms such as marked his previous talkie venture with Mary Pickford, "The Taming of the Shrew."

Douglas Fairbanks is coming back in this new medium as he originally came to Hollywood, lo, those many years ago. An actor, an athlete and a blithe spirit.

When he came bounding onto the "royal-suite" set, like the Doug of former days, he looked younger than his son. He *is* younger. Young Doug still carries the problems of the world on his shoulders in youthful melancholia. Fairbanks has shed them all.

In this valley that lies between Ann Harding's hilltop home and Malibu, a happy man is a rarity. To all outward appearances, our old friend, Douglas I, is such a man.

He Was "Tired"

I REMEMBER I talked with him a year-and-a-half ago, just as "The Taming of the Shrew" was going into production. At that time he was far from happy with his rôle of producer of the pesky talkies. His restlessness cast a damper over his spirit that was foreign to his method of working. Previous to the advent of sound, making movies had been play to Fairbanks. That he was worried about the talkies was no secret.

We sat in his dressing-room late one afternoon, and between O-K'ng various sets, tests and casting choices, he talked rather yearningly of a contemplated trip to Europe when he would be free of all this "bother." He spoke of making pictures as an "obligation" to his associates, Mary, Schenck and Chaplin. He consumed one cup of black tea after another and smoked endless cigarettes. He insisted that he was "tired," that he was naturally a lazy fellow and that he looked forward to the time when his attention could be devoted to travel and play. It didn't need a crystal-gazer to see that Doug was "fed up."

The reception of "The Taming of the Shrew" was nothing to revive his spirits in things pertaining to mechanical sound pictures. Both he and Mary realized it was a sad mistake, and Doug's worry changed into a lethargic indifference to anything pertaining to the talkies. It was even said that he was definitely through with a career, and would carry out his intentions of travel and loafing.

His restlessness drove him to his much-discussed trip to Europe for the golf tournament, the first time in the ten years of their married life he had been separated from Mary Pickford. Whether or not he would ever again appear on the screen was a most moot question—probably as moot to Fairbanks as anyone else.

And then came the startling announcement, one week after his return to Hollywood, that Douglas Fairbanks would co-star with Bebe Daniels in a musical talkie, "Reaching for the Moon," in

(*Continued on page 90*)

THERE OUGHT

What Theater Away Is A
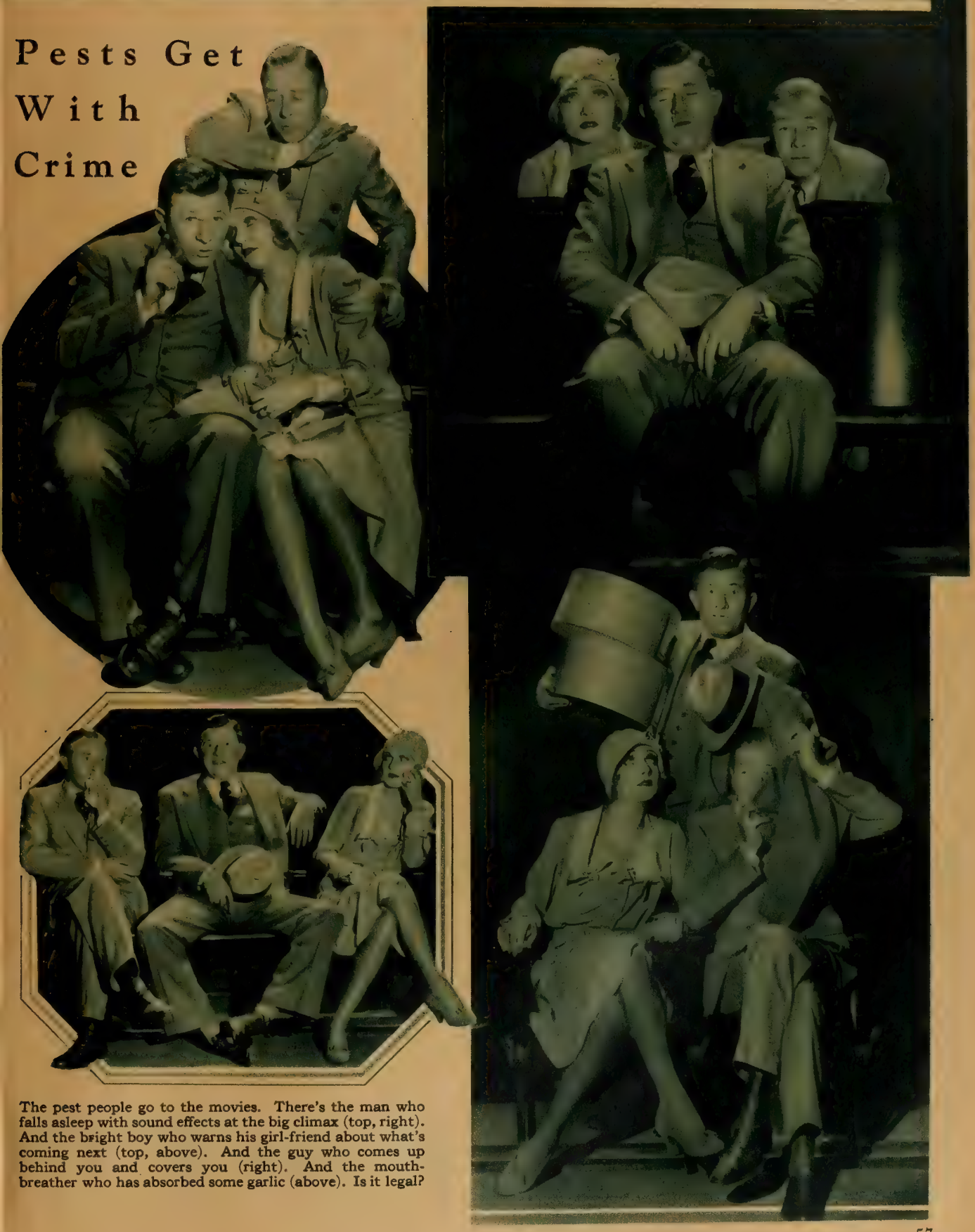








Did you (like Stuart Erwin) ever sit behind a duo (like Carole Lombard and Skeets Gallagher) who already know the theme song (top, left)? Or have your feet mutilated by a dope who creeps in late (top, above)? Or sit next a young mother with a creepy offspring (left)? Or directly behind a brace of candy-munchers (above)? And still not kill?

Portraits especially posed by Dyar for Motion Picture

To Be A Law

Pests Get With Crime



The pest people go to the movies. There's the man who falls asleep with sound effects at the big climax (top, right). And the bright boy who warns his girl-friend about what's coming next (top, above). And the guy who comes up behind you and covers you (right). And the mouth-breather who has absorbed some garlic (above). Is it legal?

Janet Tells The Truth

Non-Talkative Miss Gaynor Corrects Some False Impressions

By Nancy Pryor


Autrey

THE truth about Janet is very simple. It might have been told long ago Many misunderstandings concerning her could have been cleared and various rumors set right from the start, had anyone bothered to ask *Janet* about her private affairs. But Hollywood doesn't do business that way — particularly, the other fellow's business.

Ever since her break with the Fox Company, months ago, she has been the target of more constant gossip than either Clara Bow or Greta Garbo. What wasn't known was guessed—and what *wasn't* guessed!

Her young husband, Lydell Peck, was nominated as the root of the studio trouble for the whispered reason that he wanted to supervise her pictures.

With amazing naïveté even reliable publications romanced her name with Charlie Farrell's and separated her from Lydell with a gesture.

When it looked as though she were not going to become reconciled with the studio, it was said that she was professionally "dead" and that Maureen O'Sullivan was being groomed to take her place. That Janet and Maureen were not the best of friends was freely hinted. But why go on? You've heard and read most of them.

Hurt and Puzzled

THERE is something so little and childish and excitable about Janet that it leads you to wonder why they didn't "pick on someone their own size" with all the flying insinuations. Clara Bow can stand the gaff. Greta Garbo can look out for herself, too. But Janet—well, Janet has been hurt and puzzled. During those long, sun-baked days at the beach she lay on her very small brown back and thought over many things about funny old Hollywood.

"It hasn't been half as hard on me, though," she insists in that little-girl voice of hers, "as it has on Lydell. His hands were tied. He just had to take it and like it—only he didn't like it!"

I've never been able to figure out how anything so little as Janet could hold such a big spark of genius and enough courage to see it through. There's something so childish about her. There are freckles across her nose; and when she eats, the little bit of lip rouge she uses wears off, revealing a very pink and child-like mouth in its natural contour. You always want to slip your arm around her shoulder and say, "There. Everything is going to be all right." . . . And then Janet speaks and acts with such clarity and purpose you're all confused about that arm business.

"I suppose all this silly talk started when we were first married," she went on. "I suppose we should have done what all other 'happily' married couples seem to do in Hollywood—think up a couple of nicknames for ourselves and tell everybody how happy we are. That seems to be the only sort of love Hollywood will understand or accept. But we didn't talk about ourselves—we made the mistake of figuring we could be in love privately.

Why She Says So Little

"BESIDES, I'm superstitious about talking of things that really mean something to me. I'm afraid of bragging about happiness. It's too illusive. I've read too many of these 'We're-going-to-be-happy-forever-and-ever-and-ever' stories that are followed by quick divorces, to be impressed by them. Who

(*Continued on page 98*)

About Janet

The Picture Parade

Lightnin'

ACE PICTURE WITH WILL ROGERS: Those who remember Frank Bacon as the lovable, shiftless *Lightnin' Bill Jones*, will find a quite different characterization as Will Rogers conceives the rôle. Yet the part is tailor-made for Rogers, affording him his best opportunities so far in talkies. Certainly it is his most legitimate performance.

"Lightnin'" is in many ways better material for the screen than it was for the stage. Under the sympathetic handling of Director Henry King, all the poignantly human touches are retained and the humor is emphasized by the typical Rogers' additions. New importance has also been given the Calivada Hotel locale on the boundary line of California and Nevada.

The story revolves around this hotel, a favorite with prospective divorcées, and *Bill's* efforts to keep his wife from selling it. For his trouble, he lands in Reno himself, where he defends himself gloriously.

While the picture is dominated by the central character, the supporting cast has been intelligently chosen. Louise Dresser is ideal as the energetic wife of the procrastinating *Lightnin'*. The love interest is pleasantly achieved by Joel McCrea and Helen Cohan, daughter of George M., who makes her screen début in this. Others outstanding are Luke Cosgrove, Jason Robards and Goodee Montgomery.





The Bat Whispers

OLD-FASHIONED CREEPY THRILLER: This is your one-time friend, "The Bat," disguised in a modern dress called Magnifilm. There are slamming doors, creaking windows, exciting chases up and down long staircases and all the usual ingredients of a thriller directed by Roland West, with emphasis on effective and artistic camera angles. This helps the suspense.

The story deals with the efforts to discover the identity of *The Bat*, a killer who has invaded a house where a fortune is hidden, terrorizing its inmates.

Chester Morris, in a high collar, a mustache and a pallid makeup romps in and out of scenes in a rôle much different from any he has had. You probably won't like him as well here. There are some grand comedy moments, contributed principally by Maude Eburne as a hysterical maid and Spencer Charters as a solidly dumb caretaker. However, it is Grace Hampton as the dignified aunt, who won't be frightened from her home by any number of spooks, who takes the acting honors. William Bakewell and Una Merkel are the young romance.

"The Bat Whispers" is effective mystery melodrama. Most people will enjoy it, even if they have seen it before in one form or another.

New Moon

GRAND OPERA VOICES MAKE IT GOOD: A light opera score sung by grand opera voices is the treat that is in store for you in "New Moon." Romberg's haunting melodies are given added significance by the matchless renditions of Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore.

Filmusicals have not proved overly popular in the theaters recently, a condition, I believe, due not so much to an aversion to the medium of the singing screen as to a protest to the quality of its songs. The fate of "New Moon" at the box-office should be interesting to watch in support of this contention as its plot is subordinate to its music. The locale for film purposes has been changed to Russia and the menace attributed to the Riffs. The action is typically light opera, concerning as it does the love of a soldier for a princess and their subsequent romance.

Tibbett has gained in authority since his début in "Rogue Song." The lack of a feminine voice opposite, so definitely felt in that picture, is ably supplied in this by Grace Moore. Likewise admirable are Adolphe Menjou and Roland Young.

Artificial as the plot is, there is nothing artificial about the performances of Tibbett and Miss Moore. Their acting, like their singing, has a spontaneity that gives their rôles the breath of life.



Here They Are - - Advance And Authentic



Fair Warning

OBVIOUS WESTERN HAS ITS MOMENTS: Here is the third of a series of noisy Westerns featuring George O'Brien. This sort of thing could go on forever—and probably will—with a change here and there in names, faces and locales. You either don't like Westerns or you do, and, if you do, one is generally just as good as another.

Authored by Max Brand, who for years has been verbably roaming the wide open spaces, the plot allows George O'Brien to turn killer for cause, shooting three villains with one hand while he wins the girl with the other. By way of incident, he also captures a wild horse. The title is derived from the code of the West—give "Fair Warning" before killing your man. Girls and horses, however, may be taken by surprise.

George O'Brien turns in his customary likable performance and a new heroine of considerable promise is discerned in Louise Huntington. She is doubtless worthy of less routine assignments. Mitchell Harris acts all over the place as a snarling villain of the old school.



Oh, For A Man

PLEASING TALKIE NEATLY ACTED: This picture, which has Jeanette MacDonald and Reginald Denny in the leading rôles, is not a big picture by any means but it has many, many laughs and is more than a trifle sexy.

The story is about an opera star, Miss MacDonald, who falls for a second story man, Denny, when he tries to rob her bedroom. She then decides to make a singer of him. They depart for Italy where Denny becomes bored with the society life and leaves suddenly for his Third Avenue friends. The opera singer tries to forget by going on a concert tour, but later in New York she is once again surprised by finding her husband breaking into her room. She asks him to stay for a bit—which he does—and longer.

Miss MacDonald, as the singer, displays more ability in acting than she has in any previous picture. Denny's comedy is superb. Alison Skipworth, as the maid, is extremely good.

The talkie is pleasing in that it has only one song number regardless of the fact it concerns an opera star.



The Modern Wife

TRIANGLE STORY SAVED BY ACTING: "The Modern Wife" is another story of the well-known triangle. The picture is outstanding in only one respect, the performances are very good. The plot, itself, lacks motivation and moves slowly throughout. Conrad Nagel as the husband and Genevieve Tobin as the wife play their parts in a most realistic manner. If it were not for their work, the picture would for the most part fall flat.

The rôle of the modern wife, who thinks nothing of her home or husband until he turns caveman and slaps her down, gives Miss Tobin a widely varied range of emotions and Conrad Nagel is good as the husband who endures his wife's whims, until she becomes a mother.

Hobart Henley, who directed the picture, could, however, have speeded it up considerably in several places. It has too much dialogue.

Monroe Owsley and Ilka Chase give good performances and carry lesser parts well.



Widow From Chicago

COMMONPLACE STORY GETS NOWHERE: Marking Alice White's final bow to the public under the First National banner, it becomes even harder than usual to give this little girl the proverbial hand. For, any way you look at it, "Widow from Chicago" is just what the title implies—another gangster picture. Naturally, inconsistencies abound.

Alice's brother is bumped off by the mob led by Edward G. Robinson. Swearing revenge, Alice finds a way to join the gang by impersonating the wife of Neil Hamilton, whom she supposes to be dead. When Hamilton reappears on the scene, she enlists his aid and they continue to pose as man and wife. Finally Alice tricks her brother's murderer into confessing and —what do you think—it turns out she is secretly connected with the police.

All of this is hopelessly commonplace in treatment, lacking even a semblance of suspense. Humor is also deplorably at a minimum. You are conscious of having seen and heard the whole affair a dozen times before.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



Paid

EXTREMELY WELL DONE—WORTH SEEING: Persons of authority in Hollywood are saying that Joan Crawford is one day destined to be the screen's greatest dramatic actress. The dancing, gay and glittering Joan can probe deeper than sequins and modern generation sins—and does in "Paid," the new name for that old favorite, "Within the Law."

As the theatrically famous *Mary Turner*, Joan gives a sustained, moving and convincing portrayal. From beginning to end she is bitter and determined and bruised. The lines, of course, are inclined to be melodramatic. The characters, with the exception of Marie Prevost's delightful jazz baby, take themselves with unrelieved seriousness. There isn't much humor. But then, there aren't any situations that call for humor.

Robert Armstrong is *Joe Garson* and a memorable one. The new young man, Kent Douglas is *Bob Gilder*. Personally, we didn't care for him as an opposite to Joan.



Tol'able David

DON'T MISS TALKIE OF FAMOUS SILENT: If for nothing else "Tol'able David" is an outstanding picture because of Richard Cromwell's performance. This youthful actor who makes his film début in this Columbia special will be a contender for stardom in a very short time. His first performance on the screen will awaken envy in the hearts of much more experienced players.

The talkie version of "Tol'able David," which Richard Barthelmess made famous in silent form some years ago, is even more powerful than before, because of its fine dialogue. Noah Beery handles the villainous rôle in fine manner, and Joan Peers as the feminine lead is most appealing. But the work of Richard Cromwell as the boy *David* is the greatest reason for seeing this film. One even forgets the almost inevitable comparison of his work with that of Barthelmess, which is the height of praise for a screen revival.

The story of the mountain lad who wanted to grow up again becomes great drama, with his performance.



The Great Meadow

SUPERLATIVE FILM—HEARTILY RECOMMENDED: If you see this picture, as we did, on the new wide film, you will be amazed at its breath-taking beauty. It has to do with still another band of those hardy pioneers who crossed the country in search of a more perfect land and the outdoor shots, especially as seen on the new dimension film, are superbly beautiful.

"The Great Meadow," however, has much more than rare photography to recommend it. Besides Eleanor Boardman, more beautiful than ever, you will find John Mack Brown, Gavin Gordon, Lucille La Verne, Helen Jerome Eddy and others comprising a strong, well-balanced cast.

No crossing-the-plains picture would be complete without the menace of redskins. And we're here to say that the Indians in this film will cause you no little trouble. No sooner have the settlers brushed off one attack and settled down to corn-husking than the Blackfeet are again upon them.

"The Great Meadow" is heartily recommended.



Sin Takes A Holiday

SEE THIS BY ALL MEANS: Sure-fire in its appeal, "Sin Takes a Holiday" is a sophisticated treatment of the Cinderella theme. Charm, even wit, is reflected in the cleverness of its presentation.

The story concerns an unattractive stenographer in love with her employer. Faced with an impending entanglement with another woman, the employer suggests a loveless marriage. The girl accepts, realizing he is only seeking nominal security, and sails for Europe upon the night of her wedding. En route she meets a man of the world who instructs her in social amenities. Acquiring a Continental polish, she returns to pit the two men against each other and win the love of her husband.

Intelligence predominates the picture. The plain steno emerges as the gorgeously gowned Constance Bennett. Kenneth McKenna and Basil Rathbone give two sterling performances as husband and lover. Rita LaRoy is excellent as the entangling influence. See this, by all means.

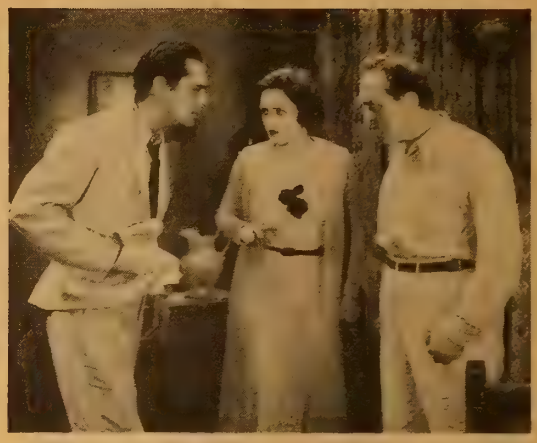
You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



Min And Bill

DON'T MISS THIS ONE—IT'S GREAT: Min and Bill places the final stamp of triumphant stardom on Marie Dressler. The pen of Frances Marion, the direction of George Hill and the great living of the character by Marie Dressler combine to make a screen epic. This is, entirely, a slice of human life.

Wallace Beery makes *Bill* a thing of flesh and blood. Dorothy Jordon makes a lovable Nancy. The setting is perfect in its unrelieved sordidness. No least concession is made to the Box Office. The sequence at the end where *Nancy* might have seen *Min* and staged a typical movie "scene" is *not there.* And the final fade-out on Marie Dressler where she shows in her bruised and slowly brightening face the lovely triumph of her life-long hope wrung tears from a profoundly touched premier audience. Here is more than entertainment. Here is *EXPERIENCE.* Here is *MIN*, grim, grotesque, gallant, sodden and sublimely sacrificial. No matter where you are, no matter what you are doing—*meet MIN and BILL.*



The Sin Ship

A LIVELY TIME IS HAD BY ALL: The first directorial effort of Louis Wolheim does not get off to a very auspicious start, but once the rat of melodrama is forced out into the open, a lively time is had by all. The central idea bears a faint resemblance to others we seem to remember out of the past—i.e., crooks masquerading as disciples of goodness and light. Both Ian Keith and Mary Astor give fitting performances in these rôles. Wolheim's trouping also is of the first order, but scarcely of the class which distinguished his work in "All Quiet." It would grieve us to see Louis go down the chute which has swallowed so many other players with a yen to direct.

Wanted by the police, Keith and Miss Astor assume the guise of a minister and his wife on the way to the tropics. They ship aboard the vessel of the very hard Wolheim. The latter's rejuvenation is rather abruptly brought about when he learns that there is one woman, in the person of Miss Astor, who can say no.



See America Thirst

TOO LONG, BUT MOSTLY AMUSING: Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville team up to poke some swell fun at gangsters and gangster pictures. Their efforts, for the most part, are highly successful. This picture, though, like other full-length team comedies, has more than its share of dull, stupid moments.

A lot of credit is due the man or woman who designed the sets for "See America Thirst." Here you will see *Al Spumone's* lavish gangster headquarters, not as they are, possibly, but as they are popularly imagined to be, with dozens of armed flunkies bowing in all directions. The fun starts when Spumone's outfit mistakes Langdon for a famous killer. He is taken in and afforded every luxury as a prologue to doing an especially big job of killing. How he gets out of it and manages to set one gang against the other is highly amusing.

Perhaps we have an especial weakness for Harry but we think anything in which he has a part (even "See America Thirst") is pretty darned good.



Cohens And Kellys In Africa

FAIR LAUGHS: TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT: Practically no excuse is necessary to provide the *Cohens* and the *Kellys* with a plot formula to continue their adventures. This time they set off for Africa seeking ivory keys for their piano business. Amusing enough are the experiences on the long trek into the dark Continent and their capture and escape from the cannibals. But the high light of laughter is reached by the game in which *Cohen* and *Kelly* master the intricacies of African miniature golf.

Unfortunately, the picture does not end there, another sequence having been tacked on. The wives of the partners are abducted by a desert sheik and in search of them *Cohen* and *Kelly* wander through some unfunny harem scenes.

George Sidney and Charles Murray contribute their usual performances as the bickering *Cohen* and *Kelly* and again their wives are played by Vera Gordon and Kate Price. All in all, the African sequel is among the most entertaining of the series.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



Sea Legs

OAKIE PICTURE FOR THE OAKIE MINDED: Well, it seems Jack Oakie is a young pug who is shanghaied by the navy of some mythical republic. Come complications and a pie-throwing mélange (that worked well in Clara's "True to the Navy," remember?) and a song about how it must be illegal, it's so nice.

Lillian Roth and Jack break out with the ditty, fully accompanied, while standing on the deck of a battleship. Although they are apparently miles from the nearest French horn, there is no lack of orchestral support. Just where they hid the musicians is hard to say.

Anyway, it's all good clean fun with Jack as refreshing as ever. Who cares what happens or why it shouldn't as long as the young Oakie man is on hand? Lillian Roth didn't have much to do this time but she made that little look good. And Eugene Pallette managed to snag more than his share of laughs.

An all-Oakie picture for the all-Oakie minded.



Charley's Aunt

TALKIE VERSION IS A NIFTY: This hilarious classic has been revived, tricked out with sound and an excellent cast, and romps home as one of the funniest comedies of the season. For years patrons of the so-called legitimate theater were delighted with the antics of that mad relative. Subsequently it was filmed with Syd Chaplin in the title rôle.

The old piece bids fair to do equally well by Charlie Ruggles, who has been decorating a number of recent films with a thoroughly engaging presence. With the added advantage of being able to speak his lines, Ruggles' performance eclipses Chaplin's in a perfect demonstration of the manner in which the sound productions have it over the silents.

The Christies have a big winner in this one, and no small measure of the success is due to the direction of Al Christie himself. Thus with an aggregation of sure-fire situations, a veteran director, and one of the funniest men now gracing the theatrical life to carry the burden of the story, there doesn't seem a chance of "Charley's Aunt" failing to please.



Hook, Line And Sinker

IT'S WILD BUT IT'S FUNNY: If you like your comedy couched in impossible situations and exaggerated dialogue, you'll enjoy this number. The farce about two insurance salesmen who get all tangled up in a gang war while promoting a bankrupt hotel, is more than a little mad. It's wild. But it's wildly funny.

Brought to Hollywood to play their original rôles in "Rio Rita," Wheeler and Woolsey have been making faces at the cameras for about a year now without breaking any house records or keeping the Lloyd ménage awake nights worrying. Their handicap, it now appears, has been the fault of their vehicles. All the things their former pictures have lacked, from story to support, are packed into "Hook, Line and Sinker."

Dorothy Lee, Jobyna Howland, Ralf Harolde, Natalie Moorhead, Hugh Herbert and George Marion not only aid the comedians in their antics but contribute a large share of laughs themselves.



Ex-Flame

OLD TIMER NOT UP TO THE MARK: Masquerading under the somewhat sexy, box-office title of "Ex-Flame," our old friend of barn-storming days, "East Lynne," makes its bow to the talking screen. An attempt has been made to modernize the dialogue, an attempt clumsy enough to be rather laughable at times. The adaptation is so liberal as to suggest the influence on the script of both "Madame X" and "Interference."

In this version of "East Lynne" (another version is now being filmed by Fox, starring Ann Harding), Marian Nixon plays the wife and Neil Hamilton the husband. In the abruptness of the introduction of the wife's jealousy some sympathy is lost. And the scandal that finally leads to divorce will seem downright absurd to present-day audiences. As a tear jerker this is obviously a museum piece in such inadept form.

As for the title, it looks as though it is now up to Laurel and Hardy to film "Ex-Baby" and thereby end the reign of "Ex's" on the screen.

• Can A Man

Conrad Nagel Says That The Wise Man Never Tries To Be

By GLADYS HALL



Hurrell

CAN a man be free? Can any individual claim absolute freedom? Do as he pleases, regardless of chains and fetters, human ties, responsibilities, obligations?

Conrad, the Conciliator, is a constitutional peace-maker.

He is at peace with the old traditions.

He claims that no man can be free. Not any man. It isn't possible. Nor does all the talking or even the doing make it so.

"To cite a simple example," said Conrad, "a man might fancy driving sixty miles an hour along Hollywood Boulevard—if you can call that being free. He might start to do so. And then the officers stationed there for just such persons would get him. What would his freedom avail him then? What good all his talk, protests, defense of his rights? Just as there are visible and very corporate officers stationed along highways, so there are invisible officers stationed along invisible byways. Sooner or later we answer to some law. Sooner or later we submit to some system. Whether we do it peacefully or militantly is of no particular consequence.



"There is more strength in peace than in war—and there is more intelligence.

Why Fight Futilely?

"WE may not like it because we are links in a chain, rather small parts of a whole. We may resent it, and if we have the time and the misplaced energy, we may fight against it? What of that? We *are* links in a chain at the end, just as we were in the beginning. And be a link ever so powerful, it is not so powerful as millions of other links combined against it. There are immutable laws in matters of this sort. It seems to me to be a puerile argument. No argument at all.

"A philosophy of life is far more potent than a revolt against life. It gets you more. We can mold certain conditions to our liking and we can learn to like conditions we cannot change. We can avert many things and we can create many other things. Reason and practicability are mighty instruments.

"I believe that the world is an infinitely better place than it was ten, fifteen or twenty years ago. The basis of humanity is good. The heart of humanity is idealistic. The mere fact that two such great and beneficent *ideas* as Woman Suffrage and Prohibition could have come into being in this great country proves that fact. Man may not always be able to consummate his ideals, but the upward-pointing level is there. Eventually a deed will follow a dream.

"A man's best weapon in life is not a sword, but the outstretched hand.

"Another weapon—for want of a better word—is a just and exact estimate of one's self. Probably those who cry out for individual freedom lack just that. It is essential wisdom to know

(*Continued on page 105*)

BE FREE?

Charles Bickford Claims That He Is . . . . . "Ninety Per Cent."



Bull



By GLADYS HALL

CAN a man be free? Can any individual claim absolute freedom? Do as he pleases, regardless of chains and fetters, human ties, responsibilities, obligations?

Bickford, the bellicose, is a constitutional combatant.

He is at war with the old bogies.

He claims that a man can be free, should be free, *is* free.

He claims that he is free. Ninety per cent. free. The ten per cent. concession was wrung from him, hard and reluctant.

He has two contracts, the professional one of his work, the personal one of his marriage. Against the broadsword of his own ego, they are so much scrap paper.

One thing in life is sacred and one only—the right to happiness.

Life must be thrilling, exciting, adventurous, stimulating—or it is a drab, contemptible thing. Meaningless.

This lusty, virile man with the startling red hair, the sultry blue eyes, the (doubtless) hair on his chest, the brawn, the defiances claims that he has the inalienable right to live as he pleases, where he pleases, and with whom he pleases.

He has no patience with the revered theory that man is but a part of a whole, a link in a chain, and that the chain must be served. He believes that the link is all-important of itself. The chain be damned. Let it take care of itself. Weakness and futility are too bad and should be spared by strength as much as possible, but not to the undermining of strength.

Obligations? What Are They?

HE is a rebel, rude when he wants to be, brutally outspoken at all times, in all places and to all people, an iconoclast, a smasher of the old traditions.

If he is married—and he is—he owes his wife and his children (there are two) the material comforts and luxuries he can afford. Right there his obligation ceases.

If he falls in love with another woman—and then another—and he has—and will again—that, too, is his inalienable right.

Marriage is neither a sacrament nor a contract. It is a compromise to another point of view.

He can give and should give material things to those he has agreed to care for and protect. Of himself he can give only that which is given freely and without volition or coercion.

He is as fiercely loyal to the transient love of two weeks as to the partner of many years.

If he cannot give love, he can give a limousine.

He can also give the truth. And does. He counts it contemptible to do otherwise. Drastic, he is. Deceitful, he is not. He believes a broken heart is healthier for a woman than a sickly lie. All Nature is cruel and man is a part of Nature. No more and no less. The Terrible Meek do not inherit his portion of the earth.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Lost--*And* Found--





The Newest For Vanishing Is--Foreign

BY CHARLES

LADIES are writing anxious letters to Barry Norton these days, asking in all shades of ink from violet to red, and in all varieties of spelling and handwriting, "What has become of you?"

"No one has asked, yet, whether I am dead, but they all agree I have disappeared," says Mr. Norton. "Some of them believe I am seriously ill, and send their sympathy. Others ask if I am out of pictures, and tell me I should come back. Still others ask me whether I am conscientiously opposed to talking pictures, or have lost my voice. However, they are all kind enough to say they hope I won't stay out of pictures permanently.

"But the fact is I am not out at all. I have not been sick. I have not even been on a vacation. My correspondents are probably astonished when they learn that I have been very active in pictures this year. The reason my friends have missed me is very simple: my recent work has been in Spanish pictures.

"I have greatly enjoyed this work in my native language, but I hope before long to appear in English, as well as Spanish, pictures. I shall be glad when my friends in America are seeing me again. I feel that I have missed them as much as they have missed me."

Barry Norton is still making love at the old stand, though the girl in his arms nowadays may have a name that sounds like a guitar or a new tango: for example, Carmen Guerrero.

An Idol Not Idle

AND Barry Norton is only one of those who have disappeared for an interval from the English films, not because they have been idle, but because they have been intensely active in some other language. You may have wondered what has become of Antonio Moreno. It will surprise his American fans to learn that 1930 was a busy year for him. From January to September he made seven pictures. But only two of these were in English. The other five were versions in his native Spanish. All the Spanish lands have taken proud interest in the Castilian boy who won such distinctions in glamourous Hollywood. That racial enthusiasm has been recognized, and he has been sent forth in film after film to welcoming audiences in the Hispanic lands.



Chester Morris bids farewell to warden Lewis Stone in "The Big House" (top right), but the Spanish nations see José Crespo with Juan De Homs, in "El Presidio" (top left)



There is only one Cyril Maude, but there were several *Grumpys*. At left, you see the original Cyril Maude version. And, at far *left*, Ernesto Vilches playing the same rôle in Spanish in "Cascarrabias"





Right, Nina Quartero tries to vamp redcoat Robert Elliott in "Men of the North." Far right, Lillian Savin tries to do the same thing to Jules Faucourt in "Monsieur Le Fox," the French version

In Hollywood

Explanation
Favorites
Versions

CAMERON





Then there is blonde Pauline Garon, who disappeared from the American screen, but not from Hollywood. She is working in French comedies.

Vilma Banky, spoken of as "out of pictures," and often the subject of rumors of a return to pictures, made an entire picture at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios that her American admirers will never see. The fact is explained by the title, "Die Sehnsucht Jeder Frau" ("The Desire of Every Woman"). This was the German version of Sidney Howard's play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made in English as "A Lady to Love." In the cast also was a young actor not often seen nowadays in English-language films—another of the valuable Lost Legion of Hollywood—Joseph Schildkraut.

The public now has another possible solution, when puzzled at the temporary eclipse of any star. He or she may be taking a long vacation, or having an appendicitis operation, or—perhaps be busily making a talking picture in a foreign language.

Garbo Talks—And Talks

THE American admirers of Greta Garbo follow her career closely. But few of them know all that she has done. Her first talking picture, they will agree, was "Anna Christie" in English. Her second, they may tell you, was "Romance." Wrong! Her second was "Anna Christie" in German. The remainder of the cast in the German version was entirely different, but the same Greta appeared in both. And still she was not done.



Spanish fans, at "The Cat Creeps," are not being thrilled by the scene between Helen Twelvetrees and Lawrence Grant (far right), but by that between Lupita Tovar and Andre De Segurola (right)



Claudette Colbert and Adolphe Menjou were not seen by American fans in "L'Enigmatique M. Parkes" (top right), in which they had the rôles Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook had in "Slightly Scarlet" (top left)

Two sequences of the same play were completed in Swedish, with Charles Bickford and George Marion. Their Swedish speech was a screen illusion. They were drilled in phonetic pronunciation of the words, so that their lips would show the proper formations. The final sound records were made by two Swedish actors, so that apparently Bickford and Marion were as Swedish as the star. Foreign versions of "Romance" delayed her third English picture, "Inspiration."

Ramon Novarro completed "The Call of the Flesh" in English. The last bit of work was done. Then Ramon Novarro disappeared. He began to make "The Call of the Flesh" anew, with Conchita Montenegro and a Spanish title, "Sevilla De Mis Amores" (Seville of My Loves).

France and her people want their Maurice Chevalier, even as the Spanish countries claim their share of Novarro. Together Claudette Colbert, who was also in

(Continued on page 117)



Buster Keaton had to make two pictures out of one, with two different heroines. At left, with Sally Eilers, in "Dough Boys;" at far left, with Conchita Montenegro in "De Frente Marchen," the Spanish version

Dramatizing

How Dorothy Well On A

Courtesy The



The draped turquoise blue moiré evening gown, above, with shoulder spray of deeper blue velvet flowers, is priced at $16.50. The evening dress, left, of white net dotted with gold may be had for $15.00 and the white rabbit wrap for $25.00



The brown silk dress with lace collar below cost $15.00 and the brown felt hat $5.00





Dorothy looks charming above in the $15.00 gown of black velvet with sleeves of silver brocade. $7.50 is what she paid for the large black velvet hat



This is a smart gown of black soft taffeta, dotted with gold. It has a fitted hip yoke from which the skirt falls in graceful lines. Miss Christy bought this reasonably at $15.00

The balloon sleeves with eyelet insert are the chief attractions of this flame red silk dress for street wear which costs $15.00. The cloche hat of black velvet cost only $5.00

L
old st
dav

The Styles

Christy Dresses Small Budget

May Store, Hollywood



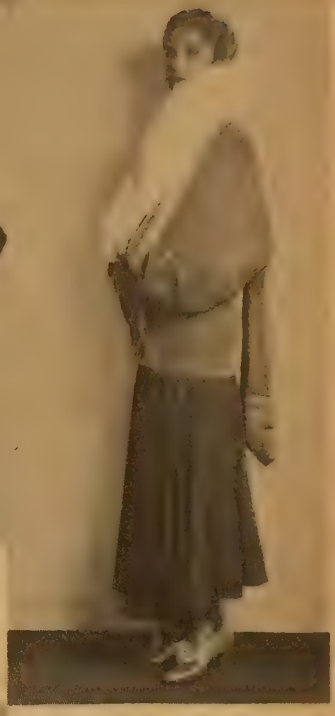
The smart dinner gown shown above cost Dorothy only $15.00. It is made of black chiffon flowered with silver and has a large black velvet bow on the shoulder



This red dress is made of wool lace, which is very popular this season. It is ornamented with a bow and belt of velvet. Cost $15.00. The brown and red twisted jersey hat was $5.00



The sleeves of the black satin frock above have a stripe of turquoise blue. It cost $15.00 and the black felt hat, trimmed with blue cost $7.50. The luxurious looking green velvet evening wrap with white rabbit fur collar at the right cost $25.00



The black silk dress below has a bolero effect back revealing a lace underblouse



Dorothy is quite pleased with this long clinging black chiffon gown with the short sleeves which are so popular, for Sunday nights. It cost her $15.00



THE SEVEN DEADLY

— VI —

By

DOROTHY

MANNERS



Duncan

When Camilla Horn (above and left) arrived from Germany to play opposite John Barrymore, she was a sensation. At the first hint that she was not living up to expectations, she was neglected

HOLLYWOOD can forgive, and has forgiven, most sins of man and philosophy. She has condoned the weak in flesh and spirit and courageously defended them against the gibes of the world. For these, she has shelter and protection and pity and understanding.

But there is one sin unforgivable to Hollywood—the sin of Failure!

Its penalty is oblivion. Its Swan-Song, despair. On the altars of the Great God Success, only this is blasphemy. Only failure is ignoble.

There is constant and ever-present preparation to stave off the cruelty of its coming. The fear of it lurks behind the most casual Hollywood thought and phrase:

"If my contract is not renewed" . . . is prayer.

"I shall retire before my time of fame is up" . . . is futile preparation against a day feared in the coming.

"I am considering a personal appearance tour" . . . is pitiful excuse.

The oldest fear of the profession is the dimming of the light of success. Yea, verily, do they trim the spotlight, for by contrast to its encircling warmth, it is lonelier and darker with its failing.

Greta's Self-Defense

THEY say that even the great Garbo is not immune. She broods over the legend of success that has engulfed her even above her deepest expectations, and muses on the caprice of the world that accepts her as Goddess. She shrugs. She is indifferent. This very indifference intrigues the slaves even more, because she is Goddess. But those who know her best say she is not unmindful of this *Frankenstein* image of herself.

To a close friend, she is quoted as saying: "They are goot to me now. Garbo can do no wrong. But someday I slip—maybe yust one bad picture and then they say bad things—and forget me." Well, it won't be so hard for her as some of the others. She has had long preparation in indifference. She has not gathered the things of fame too closely to her heart.



Bulloch

I remember little Camilla Horn, three or four days after she arrived in Hollywood from Germany. She did not speak much English, but her eyes were feverish with the excitement and hurrah in which she was centered. Publicity pictures, stories, gown-fittings, reporters—all the hubbub that goes with the glare of the spotlight. "A New Screen Sensation," read the headlines of the dramatic pages of syndicated newspapers over the country. "Will she take Garbo's place?" they asked.

She was sought after for social affairs and the gossips cheerfully linked her name with that of a powerful and influential motion picture executive. She was sitting on top of the Hollywood world.

She made two pictures, I believe. One was with John Barrymore. I don't know when it first began to get around that Camilla Horn wasn't quite liv-

SINS OF HOLLYWOOD

The Unforgivable Sin Of Failure



Hommel

The story of Camilla Horn might be repeated with the name of Olga Baclanova (above and right) substituted, except that she still is in Hollywood. The talkies have taken a heavy toll of "sensations"

ing up to expectations for her. Perhaps it was with the advent of talking pictures.

Before she left Hollywood, I often saw her alone on Hollywood Boulevard, walking slowly and inconspicuously with a little felt hat pulled down over her eyes. She had moved from her expensive hotel. No longer were popular hostesses of Hollywood seeking her out for their guest lists. The famous executive was lending his attention to another young lady, another "young sensation of the screen."

Once I stopped her and we talked a moment.

"I don't understan'," was the gist of what she said.

When she left for Germany, no reporters were at the train to bid her godspeed with sensational headlines. I don't know whether Camilla ever understood that she had violated the first creed of Hollywood—she had not made the grade.



Rowley

This same story might be repeated, substituting the names of Ruth Taylor . . . Betty Bronson . . . Dorothy Burgess . . . Olga Baclanova . . . many others. But perhaps they understand.

An Unwelcome Friend

THERE is still one girl who doesn't, however.

She started on the old Vitagraph lot, long years ago, with another girl, and they were closest companions. Together they became successful in their profession and for several years their popularity was about equal. Then the first girl began to slip. The second rode on to greater and more glamourous stardom. Before that dizzy ascent was complete, she had touched the top peak of fame and celebrity.

For a while her former friend, the girl who had not kept up, visited her old pal and made an effort to keep up the friendship. She liked to talk with her about this funny business of rising—and slipping—and the funny part Fate played in the arrangement. Then one day the glamourous lady of her girlhood friendship told her a few truths: She said:

"I really think it would be best, dear, if we didn't see so much of each other. I think it makes you unhappy and blue to come here—" indicating the elaborate sweep of rooms which was her home,"—and keeps you discontented and restless."

A truth which she neglected to add, but which was perfectly clear to her amazed friend, was that the depression was all on the part of the gilded lady. It depressed her to have the spectacle of failure so constantly in the foreground of her success. Now the girlhood friends of the old Vitagraph lot merely nod to one another when they accidentally meet in Hollywood.

Even Kings Are Betrayed

NOT many years ago, John Gilbert was undisputed monarch of the movie kingdom. Jauntily he wore his

(*Continued on page 101*)



"Don't Mind Me, Children-- I'm Only Your Father"

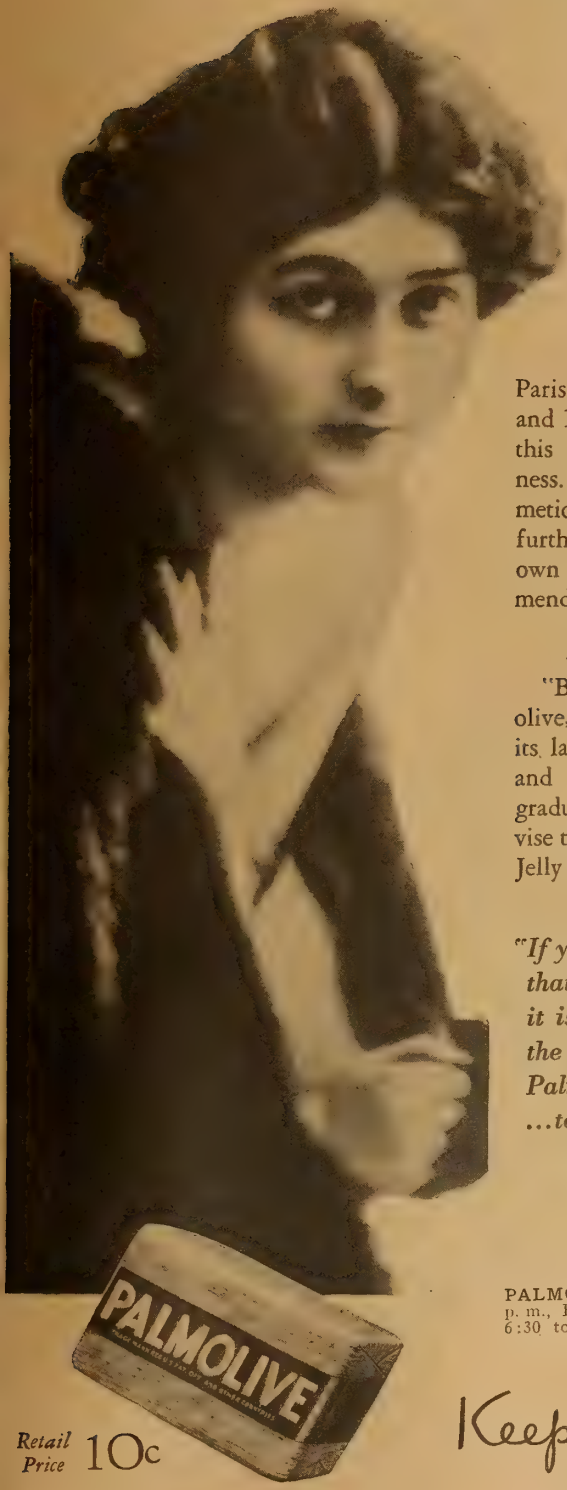
"Papa won't spank," says Alan Hale, one actor who has a home life, "—if you learn your ABCDEFG's". (top, left) "—and don't cry over unspilled milk" (top, center) "—and tell me where you hid that chalk" (top, right) "—and keep your ears off the ground" (lower left) "—and don't run away and leave me" (lower center) "—and pray that mama will soon be home" (lower right)

Portraits posed exclusively by Russell Ball

In 64 cities of France alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI *of Paris*

tells why she advises Palmolive



YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap . . . because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

Mme. Cavalieri's advice

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive," says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onctueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it ...to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri



YOUTH *is precious! Keep it! Keep every outward sign of it. Begin with that schoolgirl complexion. Lovely Parisiennes have a smooth, creamy complexion that is fostered by the use of the oils of olive and palm as embodied in Palmolive Soap.*

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"Don't Grow Old



JOHN BOLES, Universal,' whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap for just 10¢

Youth

"John Boles warns you

Learn the complexion secret 98% of the screen stars know

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!

"One of the most alluring women I know is . . . But it wouldn't be fair to tell! No one would ever guess—and she's admired wherever she goes.

"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

How amazingly the famous stars keep youth! Every woman should learn their complexion secret!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

Actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin . . . Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

Order several cakes and begin today this gentle care for *your* skin. Keep priceless youth—indefinitely!

LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of this white, fragrant soap: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin like velvet."





EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Smooth, clear skin is a woman's greatest charm. Lux Toilet Soap leaves mine fresh and even-textured."

LUX TOILET SOAP..10¢

Samson *of* Hollywood

John Wayne Needed A Haircut And Became Famous



By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

HOW one young man let his hair grow long before he became a movie star, instead of after, is the surprising story of John Wayne. John is the new Western hero, latest exponent of the rugged type that Gary Cooper made famous.

His first part was the lead in "The Big Trail," and there's no use saying that he can't act, because he doesn't even have pretensions.

"I knew there was no use trying to act," he said, "because I didn't know a thing about it. But I figured that if they liked me as I am—just being natural—I'd get along all right."

John was born in Iowa. When he was a child, they moved West into the desert for his father's health, and there he learned to ride Western ponies—the first step toward being a good movie actor.

Next they moved to Glendale, just a few miles from Hollywood, and there he grew up and went to school. After one year at the University of Southern California he applied to the college employment bureau for a summer job, and was sent to the property department of the Fox Studio.

He went back there the next summer, and by that time had grown so interested in the film business that, after two and a half years in college, he decided to stay at Fox—with the secret hope, of course, of some day becoming a director. It never occurred to him that he might be an actor, so he took no precautions against it, and the thing happened when he was completely off his guard. It just slipped up on him, when he wasn't looking.

One afternoon, when he had been working night and day on "Born Reckless," and hadn't been able to get a haircut for weeks, he was walking across the lot when he met a friend of his with Raoul Walsh, the director. He was introduced, and Walsh looked him over carefully, noticed his height and his rangy build, his manly, open countenance, and particularly the fringe of dark hair that hung over his collar. He asked John to call at his office the next morning.

John was innocently pleased, but not excited. He knew Walsh had just been intrusted with a few of the Fox millions and was casting for his huge pioneer spectacle, "The Big Trail," but that had nothing to do with him. He was going to a fraternity banquet that night, and his only thought was to get to the barber's.

He was just going into the shop when his friend caught him.

"Hey! Come out of there!" he shouted. "Whatever you do, *don't have your hair cut* till you see Mr. Walsh tomorrow."

That was the first inkling John had of what it was all about. He didn't go into the barber shop that night—and he hasn't had a haircut since. What greater success story can the industry offer?

The usual suspense, mystery, and hocus-pocus followed his first visit to Mr. Walsh. Without being at all let in on the secret and at what he considered the risk of losing his job in the property department, he was told to go out and practise knife throwing every day. He was given all sorts of screen tests. He was tested for looks, he was tested for voice, for costume, and for presence of mind. They made him make up his own

(Continued on page 112)

"Colgate's is by far the best cleanser"

says

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.

Fellow A. A. A. S.; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry"; Pioneer Worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



Go to an eminent consulting chemist, an authority on scientific research, for convincing proof that *Colgate's cleans teeth better.* Such an authority is Jerome Alexander of New York. Let his tests—his scientific experiments—convince you as they convinced him.

Jerome Alexander made impartial, exhaustive studies of the cleansing action of well-known dentifrices. Colgate's was undeniably more effective. Why?

Because Colgate's gets down into the tiny crevices where decay begins. Because its penetrative foam brings to the surface food particles that are never reached by sluggish toothpastes. Because—in Jerome Alexander's own words—"It penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble."

Jerome Alexander's research agrees with the finding of such noted authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of Sciences, Catholic University of America; Dr. Allen Rogers, head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute; and others of equal fame who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion. Can you, in choosing your dentifrice, fail to be impressed by this array of scientific proof that Colgate's is the ideal cleanser? Take the safe course with your teeth—when you brush them with Colgate's, you can be sure that they're *really clean.*

Jerome Alexander

says:

"I found that Colgate's exhibits the lowest surface-tension. Because of this, Colgate's penetrates into the tooth fissures, flooding away impurities which cause trouble. Therefore, Colgate's is by far the best cleanser."

Jerome Alexander

25¢



The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-977 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Noted Doctors HOLD

BRING THRILLING PROOF OF SIMPLE

612 Women . . . for 30 days . . . given "Half-Face" Treatment with leading Soaps, Creams and Lotions . . . under direct supervision of well-known Dermatologists in 14 cities

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES SUBMITTED HERE FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

Last September, 612 women . . . of all ages . . . with all types of complexions . . . accepted an invitation from 15 of America's most distinguished skin specialists.

They consented to act as "subjects" in a scientific probe of the question, *"Which is the best of all daily skin cleansers and beautifiers?"*

Every day, for thirty consecutive days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively.

Daily, each patient's complexion was examined by the physician or his assistant. At the end of thirty days, all "case histories" were reviewed by one of New York's most eminent dermatologists. His final report gives dramatic proof of the marked superiority of Woodbury's . . . for cleansing and beautifying the skin.

In 271 cases of faulty complexion, the Woodbury side showed radiant improvement over the other.

Acne was benefitted in 106 cases. Excessively oily conditions were improved in 115 cases. Dry, scaly skin in eighty-one cases. Blackhead conditions, in one hundred and three cases.

Even in many instances where the skin was already naturally clear and smooth, Woodbury's brought still lovelier tone and texture. In case after case, the evidence was built up . . . that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

Science simply confirmed what millions of women already know—that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap, that it is a complete and incomparable beauty treatment in soap form.

For *your* complexion's sake, try Woodbury's. Continue your usual cleansing method on one side of your face, if you wish. But every night for a month use warm water and Woodbury's on the other. And, as the days go by, watch the Woodbury side improve, with clearer color, finer pores, smoother texture.

If Woodbury's cost a dollar a cake . . . instead of only 25c . . . it would still be the most economical . . . and surest way to skin loveliness.

Start this scientific beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, or send coupon for generous sample.



CASE NO. 425 . . . Hollywood, California. Outdoor Girl. Age 22. Nervous temperament. Excessive sun exposure had made complexion dry and scaly. At the end of test, Woodbury-treated side of face showed normal lubrication. Skin firm and smooth, with natural moisture and bloom.



CASE NO. 217 . . . Baltimore, Maryland, Clubwoman. Age 30. Excessively oily skin. Half an hour after applying powder, it would turn to gummy paste because of copious flow of oil. At the end of 30-day test, the pores on Woodbury side of her face were reduced perceptibly. Oiliness disappeared.



"PATCH TEST" REVEALS GENTLE ACTION OF WOODBURY'S. If any ingredient of the soap doesn't agree with the skin, irritation shows promptly when test is made. Patch test given to these 612 women showed Woodbury's non-irritating.

NATION-WIDE *Beauty Clinic*

WAY TO SKIN-LOVELINESS . . .



New York Group Making "Half-Face" Test—72 New York girls took test under supervision of a New York dermatologist. Among these were 10 girls from the U. S. Rubber Co. Similar tests were made with groups in 13 other cities.

A STATEMENT FROM WALTER J. HIGHMAN, M. D.
(Former Chairman of American Society of Dermatologists)

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of the fifteen dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional reputations and as outstanding physicians in their chosen fields."

(Signed) Walter J. Highman M.D.



MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
902 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.
Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet.
I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Coarse pores ☐
Dry skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Blackheads ☐
Sallow skin ☐ Pimples ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

This is the second of Mack Sennett's "Brevities"—short comedies in color. They are the most welcome relief yet to eyes sore from gazing at dull shorts. Sennett has evolved his own color process and uses it to such effect in this series that his clever slapstick looks true to life. Andy Clyde, in this one, is a semi-invalid from listening to a radio singer. With his daughter, he goes vacationing for his health, only to run into said crooner and have his difficulties, trying to make his daughter realize he is sick and tired. (Sennett-Educational)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

An offshoot of the "Believe-It-Or-Not" school of thought, this series by John Hix seems to us an improvement upon even the ingenious Ripley. In color, you are shown the oddities that make a globe-trotter's life worth living. The latest edition (No. 4) reveals such diverse curiosities as a hermit's paradise in the Hollywood hills (of all places); a huge animal mausoleum in Los Angeles; an angleworm farm; a Japanese hypnotist; and the methods French fliers first used to bring down enemy planes. An entertaining lecture keeps up with the camera. (Universal)





HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG

We have never heard a preview audience laugh at a comedy short as they howled at this Mack Sennett satire. If you have ever been tortured by a brave hero who bursts into song when about to do things, this is what you've been aching to see. Harry Cribbon, a big man in a small town, goes off to war, and a three-piece band goes right along with him, even twenty miles behind the enemy lines—for Harry never knows when he'll want to sing. You'll rock in your seat every time he does and gasp for breath in between times. (Sennett-Educational)

THE HAPPY HOTTENTOTS

A real novelty—a glimpse of backstage life that will give you a good laugh, instead of the usual pain. Unhappy Joe Frisco and Bobby Callahan are two ham song-and-dance men who land in a tanktown theater, where they have to go out front whenever called. They are called so often that when they fall into bed that night, they also fall into a coma. The boarding house catches fire; they fail to hear the alarm. A fireman bawls out their names. Still asleep, they jump out of bed, grab their hats and canes, and go into their act. (Vitaphone Varieties)





DIVORCED SWEETHEARTS

For the third time in one month, Mack Sennett clicks with a novel comedy. This is an experiment in sophisticated humor, with a minimum of slapstick—designed for that "new public" the experts claim the talkies brought to the movies. A reasonably happy young wife is persuaded by her aunt to divorce her equally happy husband so that she can marry a titled foreigner. Almost immediately, she repents—but her ex-husband (innocently, of course) keeps getting into compromising situations that make her wonder. A good cast plus good lines. (Sennett-Educational)

HELPING GRANDMA

Our Gang on the loose again, this time depending more on situations than on antics for their laughs—and getting them. Grandma is a mild old lady who owns a small-town grocery, wanted by a chain-store rival at a low price, and they set about aiding her. While she is out, they run the store and, with one amusing trick after another, send the price sky-high. The faces of the Gang may change but Hal Roach apparently has an inexhaustible supply of youngsters whose sense of humor is inexhaustible. Their mischief is a feature on any program. (M-G-M)





THE HOOSEGOW

Slapstick pure and simple, but if you don't laugh yourself silly, you must have lockjaw. Laurel and Hardy find themselves in what resembles a jail—that is, until they have been there a while. They are the two dumbest prisoners that ever walked into a cell together. The result is a continual succession of riotous episodes and the wrecking of both discipline and prison. The climax is an inspection tour by the governor, and Laurel's innocently cooking some rice in the radiator of the governor's car. An antidote for any prison picture—and a Satire on all of them. (M-G-M)

THE DOGWAY MELODY

As obvious from the title, this new effort of M-G-M's canine comics is a take-off on "The Broadway Melody." In addition, "The Hollywood Revue" comes in for some kidding, and the whole thing is one long howl. The dogs again are ridiculously human, and their voices, this time, are particularly provocative. There are a number of high spots, among them a "Singing in the Rain" number. You will get a laugh out of the imitation of Cliff Edwards and, if you have a good memory, you will recognize the voice as that of Cliff himself. A sure-fire hit. (M-G-M)



A Confidential Talk with one of HOLLYWOOD'S leading DERMATOLOGISTS



Interview by Janet Parker, authoress of "The Index to Loveliness." Arranged through courtesy of Constance Bennett, beautiful star of Pathé's new picture "Sin Takes a Holiday." Constance Bennett has a splendid complexion of the youthful type. Presented here with Doctor's permission.

"YOU ask me what I can prescribe for your readers that will keep their complexions lovely! I'll tell you! Warn them to avoid skin dryness.

"What hours under the blinding, blazing lights do in Hollywood . . . steam-heated homes, fatless diets, super-sheltered lives do in Nebraska and New York.

"They sap the skin of its natural moisture and age it long before its time.

"The same care that protects my patients and their million-dollar complexions will combat aging skin equally well for other women.

"I insist that they use quick-melting creams. Woodbury's Cold Cream melts at skin temperature . . . its wonder-working oils quench thirsty pores, even as they clean.

"In addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream is eminently safe to use. It is the carefully compounded prescription of a highly ethical skin beauty laboratory.

"It might be written to one of my own prescriptions, so perfectly does it follow the accepted formulas and practice of dermatology."

You can get the Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams (an exquisite powder base) recommended by this Hollywood dermatologist, in 50¢ jars and 25¢ tubes at drug stores and toilet goods counters.



THE THREE NEWEST WOODBURY SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . for removing dust, powder, make-up and grime. With Woodbury's Tissue Cream, an effective home facial treatment. 75¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . is a rich emollient cream. Especially good for dry skin and as a preventive of wrinkles. $1.00 a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . to be used with and after Woodbury's Cold Cream, or with Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams. Tonic, stimulating, gently astringent. 75¢ a bottle.

• • •

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

John H. Woodbury, Inc.,
6302 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

For the enclosed 10¢, please send me trial set of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Woodbury's SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS

© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Abraham Lincoln—A film that will be shown as long as the celluloid lasts. An epic picture, with an epic portrayal by Walter Huston (U. A.).

Africa Speaks—Through the jungle with gun, camera and sound effects. A travelogue with thrills (Col.).

Along Came Youth—Charles Rogers comes along as a romantic (but non-musical) comedian in a trivial story about two young Yankees stranded in England. Stuart Erwin is a picture-stealing pal (Par.).

The Bad Man—Walter Huston as a gay caballero who comes to a sad end. The most amusing adventures a border bandit ever had in Hollywood (F. N.).

Big Money—Eddie Quillan, who is short on luck, gets involved with a gang of gamblers. The result is a sprightly adventure in wisecracks (Pathé).

The Big Trail—The pioneers move slowly westward against a background of magnificent scenery (Fox).

Billy, the Kid—The notorious killer of the plains turns out to be a sentimental fellow, but John Mack Brown manages to make him interesting (M-G-M).

The Boudoir Diplomat—A mildly amusing comedy of foreign love affairs, in which Ian Keith is not so clever as Betty Compson and Mary Duncan (Univ.).

Bright Lights—An all-color version of how to go from darkest Africa to brightest Broadway. It proves (1) that Dorothy Mackaill is pretty and (2) that she can dance (F. N.).

Brothers—Twin brothers, separated in infancy, grow up in opposite strata of society, eventually meet. Old-style melodrama, enriched by the performance of Bert Lytell in a dual rôle (Col.)

Captain Thunder—Victor Varconi tolerably entertaining as a bad man with good instincts (W. B.).

The Cat Creeps—The creepy stage hit, "The Cat and the Canary," made into a talkie "thriller," with Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman and Jean Hersholt almost mystifying you (Univ.)

Check and Double Check—Amos 'n' Andy in person, living up to their radio reputations (RKO).

College Lovers—The football team loves and loses Marian Nixon, but not until after they have won the big game. Not so painful as you might suppose (F. N.).

The Costello Case—Tom Moore is seen again as an Irish cop, who solves a murder mystery in old-fashioned movie style (Sono-Art).

The Dancers—Lois Moran goes modern-youthish, while Phillips Holmes is remaining true, though being pursued by dancer Mae Clarke. Slow and unconvincing (Fox).

Danger Lights—A railroad thriller with sound effects, well done by Louis Wolheim and Robert Armstrong (RKO).

Derelict—George Bancroft as a captain and then a mate, in bitter rivalry with William Boyd, who is first a mate and then a captain. Good melodrama, climaxed by a realistic tempest (Par.).



Nancy Carroll, helped by Fredric March, makes "Laughter" an unusual picture, and again proves dramatic



New York in 1980—as pictured in "Just Imagine," the most original effort the talkies have yet produced

A **Devil with Women**—Victor McLaglen again reveals the weakness of the stronger sex, but this time the dialogue somewhat spoils the fun (Fox).

The Doorway to Hell—The gangster picture that you don't want to miss. Lew Ayres and Company convince you that this is the underworld (W. B.).

Du Barry, Woman of Passion—Norma Talmadge as the courtesan who lost her head. Old-fashioned drama, but Norma is interesting (U. A.).

East Is West—Little Oriental gal, Lupe Velez, is loved by white boy, Lew Ayres. Melodramatic romance, whose ending you will guess (Univ.).

Father's Son—Everyday home life becomes dramatic in the capable hands of Lewis Stone, Irene Rich and Leon Janney (F. N.)

Feet First—Harold Lloyd in a highly acrobatic and amusing comedy about a shoe clerk who craves adventure—and gets it. High-class hilarity (Par.).

Follow Thru—Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll somewhat wasted in a musical comedy about golf, in which Jack Haley and Zelma O'Neal are amusing (Par.).

For the Love of Lil—The humorous side of young married life, pleasantly enacted by Elliot Nugent and Sally Starr (Col.).

The Girl of the Golden West—Ann Harding proves that she can redeem any picture—even a Western built along orthodox lines (F. N.).

Going Wild—A musical comedy about aviation, with Joe E. Brown likely to amuse you (F. N.).

The Gorilla—Half a mystery "thriller," half a burlesque, with Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon a pair of dumb detectives. Replete with trap doors, clutching hands, and shrieks—if you like them (F. N.).

Half Shot at Sunrise—Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler in and out of the A. E. F. You will find it funny (RKO).

Heads Up—Charles Rogers as a naval cadet who catches some rum runners. It's supposed to be a comic musical, but—(Par.).

Hell's Angels—A four-million-dollar aviation story. The story is mediocre; the aviation is thrilling. Ben Lyon, James Hall and Jean Harlow help it along (Caddo—U. A.).

Her Man—A polite version of "Frankie and Johnnie," the old bar-room ballad, but Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez and Phillips Holmes give it a powerful punch (Pathé).

Her Wedding Night—Clara Bow prevents Charles Ruggles and Skeets Gallagher from stealing another picture. A bedroom farce with familiar situations, but new dialogue (Par.).

The Hot Heiress—A bored society deb (Ona Munson) falls in love with a riveter (Ben Lyon). Just another picture (F. N.).

Illicit—A girl has the theory that marriage hinders true love, has an "illicit" affair until scandal threatens, marries, and then all but loses her husband. Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie do well by an adult story (W. B.).

Just Imagine—A prophecy of life in 1980, and the most original musical talkie yet to come out of Hollywood. Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, El Brendel and Marjorie White are the fortunate principals (Fox).

Just Like Heaven—Romance in the Paris slums. Reminiscent of "Seventh Heaven," but good entertainment, with a great performance by sixteen-year-old Anita Louise as the heroine (Tiffany).

Kismet—Otis Skinner again is the wily beggar who is fated to go from rags to riches, and back again, all in a day. Slow, but colorful (F. N.).

A Lady's Morals—You might not suspect it from the title, but this is the life story of Jenny Lind. And an interesting tale it is, with Grace Moore, late of the operatic stage, in her talkie début (M-G-M).

A Lady Surrenders—Conrad Nagel marries Genevieve Tobin before he is completely divorced from Rose Hobart. One of the ladies, after much, much adult dialogue, finally surrenders him (Univ.).

The Lady Who Dared—Billie Dove dares to have an affair with Conway Tearle, when husband Sidney Blackmer neglects her. Fortunately, Billie is easy to watch (F. N.).

The Lash—A slow-moving romance of old California, with Richard Barthelmess a Robin Hood sort of outlaw. Previewed as "Adios" (F. N.).

Laughter—Musician Fredric March finally convinces showgirl Nancy Carroll, who married a millionaire, that she is not happy with money and power, and needs Paris and poverty and laughter. Strong and human, with brilliant acting and dialogue (Par.).

Leathernecking—The marines are amusing once more, this time in the South Seas. Ken Murray, Ned Sparks, Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda and Lilyan Tashman all have a good time in this opus (RKO).

The Life of the Party—The cyclonic Winnie Lightner on the loose in Havana, disguised as a widow. There is but one song, and no dances, despite the title (W. B.).

Liliom—Charles Farrell as a selfish weakling who repents too late of never having returned the love of Rose Hobart. A slow, but fascinating fantasy of life and after-life (Fox).

The Lottery Bride—Jeanette MacDonald as the singing beauty of a boatload of women destined for unknown husbands in the Far North, where men are men and appreciate good music. A colorful operetta (U. A.).

Madame Satan—Cecil de Mille gives a new angle to the old triangle theme, by climaxing it with a masked ball on a zeppelin. Reginald Denny, Kay Johnson and Lillian Roth are the principals this time (M-G-M).

Man to Man—An appealing and dramatic story of a sensitive youth (Phillips Holmes) who cannot forget that his father (Grant Mitchell) has been a convict. Previewed as "Barber John's Boy" (W. B.).

Maybe It's Love—College life, according to Hollywood. It's comic (because of Joe E. Brown); it's romantic (because of Joan Bennett); and there's a football team (the All-American boys) (W. B.).

(Continued on page 102)



Lew Ayres and Robert Elliott in "The Doorway to Hell," a realistic and tense venture into the underworld

THE NEW STYLES ARE A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN BEAUTY







THE NEW STYLES
as worn by
LAURA LA PLANTE
Beautiful Universal Star

THE American girl developed today's standards of beauty: the rounded slimness of glowing health. And the new styles—from trim, revealing sports togs to clinging evening gowns—are a tribute to that beauty!

Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

But unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

THIS DANGER may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"KEEP HEALTHY WHILE YOU ARE DIETING TO REDUCE."

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce" contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. B-2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Red-Headed Sunshine

Ol' Man Fate Has Been A Pal To Jack Whiting

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK



JACK WHITING is one of those lucky boys whom life seems to have been made for—simply because he loves everything life offers. Whether he's playing the rôle of husband, or golfer, or tap-dancer, or stepfather, it's always heaven to Jack Whiting.

You could be a glad-boy, too, if you had his beautiful willingness to co-operate with everything Fate plans for him. By bending to the will of destiny, and cheerfully accepting everything that was put in his way, he has already achieved the glory of being step-father-in-law to Joan Crawford.

In the first place, he looks right for the part. He has red hair and freckles, and everyone knows that a person born with red hair and freckles will be good-natured, unaffected, lucky in love, and free from worry.

Consequently, things have been swell for Jack right from the beginning. He is the son of a Philadelphia physician, who wanted Jack to adopt the same profession. So, with the idea of ultimately becoming a doctor, Jack went to the University of Pennsylvania, but there Personality stepped in and spoiled his father's plans. Jack found himself one of the most popular men on the campus, in spite of all he could do. Naturally, he was sought after for college theatricals, and proved to be gifted as an actor, dancer, and song-writer. He made amends to his father for his flagging interest in medicine by putting on shows for the benefit of the hospital. Whether at school or during vacations, he was always engaged in stage-craft of some kind.

The Novel Mr. Ziegfeld

THAT was the beginning of the charmed life of Mr. Whiting. His little group produced a show called "Why Not?" with Jack in the leading rôle. And would you believe it, it was so good that Florenz Ziegfeld actually came down from New York to see it, just as he has done so often in novels.

Not only that. As in the scenarios, he proceeded to tell Jack that if he ever wanted to go on the stage in New York, there would be a place for him in the Follies.

And when Jack, having dutifully received his diploma, went to New York, Ziegfeld did actually make good his promise, in a particularly handsome manner. He featured him in the Follies.

Here the story falters for a moment, and one almost loses faith. For our hero was a flop. He was too inexperienced to survive with such expert competition.

But Jack, with his pliant nature, was not discouraged. He felt it was all for the best in the best of all possible worlds. He knew that he ought to start at the bottom like everybody else, and add hard experience to his natural talents.

So he took a singing and dancing job in the chorus of a musical show, and it is at this point that his optimism seems to have

(Continued on page 115)

BEAUTY that Holds You Spellbound IS YOURS

With the Magic of Hollywood's Make-Up Secret



FAY WRAY, Paramount, says, "Color harmony in make-up is as essential as the fashions of today."

Almost breathless ...with your eyes fastened on the screen ...you, and millions of "yous" have felt that indescribable thrill envelop you when the ravishing beauty of a Nancy Carroll, a Mary Brian, a Jean Arthur is flashed on the motion picture screen. And perhaps you've remarked ..."How could any girl be so alluringly beautiful?"

And now...how would you like to gaze entranced into your very own mirror... and get that self same thrill from a vision of loveliness, a new beauty, alluring and fascinating...and realize that the charming reflection is actually you, yourself.

Almost too good to be true...yet you can experience this thrill almost for the asking.

The secret is a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. It is based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up among the stars and in the studios.



LILLIAN ROTH, Paramount, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, approving the correct color harmony shade in face powder.

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, will reveal the secret to you . . . free



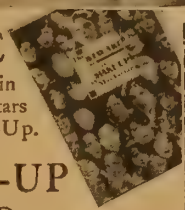
"In twenty odd years in motion pictures, we have discovered the miracles of make-up which every woman should know," says Max Factor. "Individuality and personality are just as important as beauty, and to achieve them I discovered a new idea in make-up. Cosmetics must be in color harmony to blend not only with individual colorings, but also to harmonize in the make-up ensemble. I created colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other make-up requisites to living types of matchless beauty... like Laura La Plante, Lupe Velez, Dorothy Mackaill... blonde, brunette, redhead ... and their variations! Brownette, too, and their changes in complexion hue ...a perfect color harmony in make-up for each."

No other cosmetics in the world are created in this amazing way... and none other will bring you such amazing beauty. For... remember that all the famous stars of Hollywood in all the big motion picture studios, including Technicolor, use Max Factor's.

Discover Hollywood's Make-Up secret Now. Send to Max Factor for your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. Permit Hollywood's make-up genius to chart your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up just for you ... your powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials to blend magically together to emphasize every bit of beauty, of charm, of allure. Then look in your mirror and see a new beauty that holds you spellbound ... experience this thrill of a lifetime.

MARY BRIAN and RICHARD ARLEN in a scene from
"ONLY SAPS WORK"
Paramount's All-Talking Comedy Feature. Make-Up by Max Factor.

MARY BRIAN writes: "The naturalness of lovely beauty is the reward of Make-Up in Color Harmony for the individual type."



... FREE

This amazing book in which 60 famous stars write about Make-Up.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" ... HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

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MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-2-34

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

THE ANSWER MAN



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over nineteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City



MARY LOU—Ramon Novarro's picture "The Singer of Seville" was released as "Call of the Flesh." The "King's Guard" of thirty stalwart six footers used by Lowell Sherman in "The Royal Bed" was, in reality, a King's Guard, composed entirely of former English officers, none of whom was less than a major. One of these men, Frederick Coppins, is a holder of the British Victoria Cross, England's highest military award. He won it for routing 17 machine-gun nests and capturing 24 prisoners singlehanded.

RENA R.—They aren't tenting tonight on the old camp ground—they're putting. Chester Morris was born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902. His first leading stage rôle on Broadway was in a short-lived play called "Thunder." After appearing in another unsuccessful piece, he played in stock for two seasons in Mount Vernon and Providence, R. I. He returned to New York to do a play for Edgar Selwyn, "The Exciters," at the Times Square Theater. George M. Cohan sent him out on the road with the "So This Is London" company. Then came a season's work with his family in a one act playlet "All the Horrors of Home," written by his father. Later played in "The Home Towners," "Yellow," "Crime," "Whispering Friends," "The Copperhead" and "Turn To the Right." He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes, married to Suzanne Kilborn, they have two children, a son Brooks and a daughter who was born on Oct. 17, 1930.



L. T.—Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. Dorothy Mackaill, Hull, England, in 1903. She is five feet tall, weighs 114 pounds, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Warner Baxter, Columbus, Ohio, Mar. 29, 1892, five feet eleven inches tall, 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Winifred Bryson. Alice White in Paterson, N. J., about twenty years ago, five feet two, about 100 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her most recent picture released was "Sweethearts on Parade."

LUPE VELEZ FAN—Business may have turned the corner all right, but it seems to have got into a blind alley. The studio grounds proper are known as "the Lot." A locale, is away from the studio used for making scenes. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909. She is five feet one, weighs 105 pounds, and has black hair and eyes. Real name Villalabos, she was a Wampas star of 1928. First picture "The Gaucho" was released in Nov. 1927. Her name is pronounced Lu-pay, Velez, Ve like the ve in veteran, Lez. Playing in "Resurrection," Universal Studios.



M. B. P.—A Communist is the only fellow without money who spends his time in riotous living. Gwen Lee was born in Hastings, Nebr., Nov. 12, 1905. Educated at Brownell Hall, Omaha, a girl's finishing school. In 1919 she appeared in a dance revue on the Omaha stage, but that was her only stage experience previous to her screen début. She later secured a position as a model. While taking part in a fashion show at a Los Angeles hotel, Director Bell saw and gave her a small part in "Lady of the Night," which was released in Mar. 1925. She is five feet seven, weighs 135 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes, real name Le Pinski and her latest production is "Inspiration." Raymond Hackett played the rôle of the brother in "Our Blushing Brides."

IRENE RAE—Another thing this country needs is a good five-cent phone booth. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentine, June 16, 1905. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has black hair and dark brown eyes. Latest picture is "Dishonored," starring Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. Norman Kerry, who hasn't appeared on the screen for quite some time, is also in the cast. John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Frank Albertson and David Rollins have the leading rôles in "Neck and Neck." Fox Studios.



HELEN CLARK—Dorothy Lee hails from Los Angeles, California, she has reddish brown hair and dark brown eyes. Married to James Fidler and her latest flicker is "Hook, Line and Sinker." Robert Woolsey was born in Oakland, Cal., Aug. 14, 1889, he is five feet five and a half, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, married to Mignone Reed. Richard Dix always selects his own cowboy or out-of-door costumes, such as that he is now wearing in "Cimarron."

A READER—How's Baltimore these days? William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo. Before achieving fame on the screen he was well known on the stage. He appeared in many dramatic productions on the New York stage and played for about four years in stock companies in Pittsburgh, Portland, Oregon, Buffalo, Northampton and Boston. He is six feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Has a son William David, about five years old. Appearing in "Ladies Man," Paramount Studios.



JEANNE—John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907. Educated in the George Washington Grammar School of Keokuk, Iowa, Lancaster Grammar school in Lancaster, Cal., later in Glendale High School and from there he entered University of Southern California in Los Angeles. In his freshman year he played football with the "Trojans" and was first string on the varsity team the following year as guard when he sustained a broken ankle in a game which kept him out for the entire season. In his junior year he left college, and secured a position as prop boy and it was while propping on "Born Reckless" that Raoul Walsh decided to give him the rôle of *Breck Coleman* in "The Big Trail." He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 198 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray eyes. After making a few personal appearances he will play the leading male rôle in "Neck and Neck," Fox Studios.

PEGGY—It's nice to spend the cold winter evenings in a nice, warm home, especially when the snow is beating against the windows and the radio is howling next door. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Has brown hair and blue eyes. His full name is Frank J. Cooper. He attended the Grinnel College in Iowa. His ambition was to become a commercial artist. Worked for the Helena newspapers as a cartoonist. Played in pictures as an extra for a year before his big opportunity came. He is still a bachelor and is appearing in "Fighting Caravans."



K. L.—Phillips Holmes is the son of Taylor Holmes of stage and screen fame. He was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909. Has blond hair, blue eyes, and is an American; he received his early education in Grand Rapids and then in New York, spent five years at Trinity College, England, and also in Paris, France. Entered Princeton a little over three years ago. It was there that Director Tuttle selected the exteriors for Buddy Rogers picture "Varsity." His first day on the campus he ran across Holmes, persuaded him to take a "screen test" and two days later cast him for a rôle in the production.



LUCILLE—Your favorite Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1894. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Real name is Ernest Brimmer and he's not married or engaged. Richard attended the University of Minnesota for a year, but left to take a position in a bank. He soon tired of this and tried his hand in an architect's office. While working there he attended an evening high school for dramatic actors, which led him to getting a job with a local stock company. Later in Los Angeles he became leading man for the Morosco Stock Company. First picture was "The Bonded Woman," starring Betty Compson, and was released in 1922.



ROSE—Here's a new wow! Marlene Dietrich who resembles Greta Garbo and plays opposite Gary Cooper in "Morocco." You Garbo fans are bound to like her. Miss Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, two days after Christmas. Went to private school at Weimar where she studied violin, singing, and mastered French and English. Later she entered a musical comedy in Berlin to train for the concert stage. Also played the lead in three German films that were released in this country. The most recent being "The Blue Angel" opposite Emil Jannings. Her second Paramount picture will be "Dishonored." Victor McLaglen, Norman Kerry, Barry Norton and Warner Oland also in the cast. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has naturally curly, red-gold hair and blue eyes.

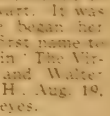
BOB STEELE FAN—Bob was born in Portland, Oregon, Jan. 23, 1906. As the son of Robert North Bradbury, for fifteen years associated with the production of pictures, Bob has been trained since childhood in the athletic outdoor activities which he finds so useful in the series of youth and adventure pictures in which he has been appearing. In addition, Bob has the blood of the stage in his veins, for both his father and mother were well-known on the legitimate stage when he was a youngster. For two years, he occupied the position of life-guard along the Southern California beaches. His first picture was in a series of outdoor pictures called "The Adventures of Bob and Bill." He is six feet tall, with blue eyes and brown hair. His favorite hobbies are horseback, swimming and golf.



KAY E.—Norman Foster, the husband of Claudette Colbert, plays opposite Clara Bow in "No Limit." Dixie Lee and Stuart Erwin also in the cast. Joan Crawford's next will be "Dance, Fools, Dance." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Do you know that Stuart Holmes is a marvelous sculptor? Ford Sterling is an art photographer and circus clown? Francis X. Bushman is a breeder of Great Danes? Carmel Myers is a lyrist and composer? Louis Wolheim and Paul Bern are college professors? Well! it's true.

HAZEL M.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904, five feet one, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and light blue eyes. Married to Irving Thalberg since Oct. 6, 1927. Son Irving, Jr., was born on Aug. 24, 1930. She is of English descent and her latest picture is "Strangers May Kiss." Receives her fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. You refer to Norma and Conrad Nagel in "The Waning Sex." Marion Davies was born in New York City, Jan. 3, 1900. Yes, she has a sister. Robert Montgomery, Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904, that's his real name and he's married to Elizabeth Allen. Chester Morris' latest production is "The Bat Whispers." Una Merkel plays opposite.

A. E. YOUNG—Kay Francis made her début in the theatrical world at the age of sixteen as an author. She was a school girl then at the Cathedral School of St. Mary in Garden City, N. Y. In her scrap-book she has the program of the junior class play, "You Never Can Tell." Authorship is credited to Katherine Francis and Katherine Stewart. It was presented June 14, 1921. When she began her professional career, she shortened her first name to Kay. Kenneth MacKenna who played in "The Virtuous Sin," starring Miss Francis and Walter Huston was born in Canterbury, N. H., Aug. 19, 1899, he has light brown hair and blue eyes.



LIBERTY—Lila Lee's real moniker is Gussie Appel. Billie Dove, Lillian Rich, Anita Page, Pomares, Alice White, Alma White, Joan Crawford, Lucille Le Sueur, Nancy Carroll, Anne Lahiff, Sue Carol, Evelyn Lederer, Nick Stuart, Nicholas Pratza, Lupe Velez, Villalabos, Kay Francis, Katherine Francis, Fifi Dorsay, Yvonne Lussrer, Marjorie White, Marjorie Gathers, Loretta Young, Gretchen Young, Marilyn Miller, Mary Lynn Reynolds, Dixie Lee, Wilma Wyatt.

(Continued on page 107)

Doctors Show

Talkie Stars

How To End COLDS in a Few Hours

THE quickest way to get rid of a cold is no longer mere guesswork in Hollywood! For colds not only make stars feel miserable, but there's still another risk. Expensive sound films may be spoiled by hoarseness or an untimely cough or sneeze.

At the first sign of a cold, leading stars are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral. It has been certified by leading doctors as the best of different remedies tested. Such stars as Robert Montgomery, Betty Compson, Marion Nixon, June Collyer, Glenn Tryon, Alec Francis, Robert Armstrong, Roland Drew, Alice White, James Gleason and scores of others have found how pleasant Pectoral is to take—how quickly it ends a miserable cold.



ROBT. MONTGOMERY
starring in
"The Big House",
"Our Blushing Brides",
"Inspiration",
"Love in the Rough",
"War Nurses".

Robert Montgomery Among Many Stars Who Use This Pleasant Way to End Colds

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, for example, had a severe cold which made him feel too miserable to work. Hoarseness impaired his voice. Then he started taking a spoonful of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes so that his cold would be relieved in time to resume work at the studio next day.

"The quick relief from Ayer's Pectoral was certainly remarkable", said Mr. Montgomery. "Almost immediately my cold began to disappear. By night, I was a great deal better and the next morning I awoke with the welcome freedom from congestion. In just a day or so Ayer's Pectoral licked the cold completely and I was able to resume work without needless loss of time."



JUNE COLLYER
starring in
"Extravagance",
"Mlle. Modiste",
"Three Sisters",
"Toast of the Legion",
"Charlie's Aunt".



BETTY COMPSON
Starring in "Children of the Streets", "Czar of Broadway", "His Woman", "The Spoilers".

Marion Nixon Avoids Spoiling Sound Film by Ending Her Cold Almost Overnight

MARION NIXON is still another who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds are ended by a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral.

"My director was frantic", says Miss Nixon, "when I arrived at the studio with a terrible cold, which had started in my head and spread down into my chest. I was simply too hoarse to work. It was very clear that unless I could end the cold quickly there would either be expensive delay or the risk of coughing or sneezing while the photoplay was being recorded.

"Within a few minutes after I was given a pleasant spoonful of Ayer's Pectoral, I was relieved by its comforting, healing warmth. That night, I was able to enjoy refreshing sleep, which had been impossible the night before. The next morning I felt a great deal better and by afternoon my voice cleared up so that I could continue making the picture. In just a day or so, all the disagreeable symptons of my cold had disappeared entirely."



MARION NIXON
starring in
"Scarlet Pages",
"The Singing Fool",
"College Lover",
"Courage",
"General Crack".



ALEC FRANCIS
starring in
"Feet First",
"Outward Bound",
"Captain Applejack",
"Case of Sergeant Grischa".

Ayer's Pectoral was certified by a group of hospital physicians as the best of different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds. It is pleasant to take and gives the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety. Pectoral is now featured by all leading druggists.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Give Them Something Different

An actor plays a part—makes a hit in it and he's never seen in any other kind of part. He's stamped as a type and try as he may to convince the producers that he can play something else — he's never given the chance.



What a riot it would cause among the fans to see Marie Dressler as the quiet, sedate mother; Belle Bennett as the slap-stick comedienne; Chester Morris as the romantic lover; Conrad Nagel as the polished Menace; Marion Davies as the vampire wrecking homes and Lilyan Tashman as the unsophisticated school-girl. I wonder if some of them wouldn't like something different to do and not stay a type all the time.

Even the genius Chaplin has announced his desire to play Napoleon.

Lulu Nethaway, Wahoo, Nebr.

There's A Resemblance

Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith, both splendid actresses, have failed to make any great success in the talkies. I have always wanted to see them in the same picture as mother and daughter, for they bear a striking resemblance to each other. With this natural asset, and their individual abilities it would only take the right kind of story to bring them back to the popularity with movie fans which they deserve.



Dorothy Wheeler Smith, Chicago, Ill.

Would Walk A Mile for Norma

Evidently S. M. Longhurst of Neenah, Wis., has not seen Great Garbo in "Romance." I am sure S. M. will change her mind about Greta just as I did when she sees it. Perhaps the part that converted me will convert S. M. too. It is the saying in the picture that goes like this: "May the roses blossom in your heart until I come to gather them again."

I do not care for Bessie Love nor Janet Gaynor, but would walk a mile to see Norma Shearer.

Myriam Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wants Fatty Back



I'm tired of legs, of dancing, revues, of world events and daily news. I'm tired of mystery and plays of history. I'm tired of drama and artistic clamor, but give me back the fat boy for he was a joy. He's been punished enough. I mean Fatty Arbuckle. He's no worse than the rest and is an excellent comedian.

Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.

I would like to see Clara Bow in something hot and peppy to live up to the notoriety and the publicity they give her and her pictures.

Harry S., Hollywood, Cal.

Won't Someone Put Him Wise?

Who was it that took Jack Oakie from his job washing dishes? Somebody ought to wake Jack up to the fact that he isn't the only person in this world. Recently I read he erected a sign on his house advertising his presence. Won't somebody bring him down to earth?



H. S., Hollywood, Cal.

Eyebrows May Be Her Secret



We are so tired of pretty girls and masculine idols with cleft chins and out-size shoulders. Give us more of the home folks. Beryl Mercer, for instance. I'll bet she can make cookies and rock babies. Her waist was just made to tie an apron around it and she does not snake along in good approved dancing school style when she walks. She goes on a cross between a trot and a trudge. You just know when her bunion hurts—not all the time mind you, but she eases up on it when she sits down after a long day's work.

I wonder if the secret of her success is because she kept her eyebrows. A time will come when women will realize that nature put those eyebrows there to match the eyes and face. Most movie actresses pluck and shape theirs until for the life of us we can't tell what they are trying to register. That high round arch would ruin the most intelligent face. So please pass a law that Beryl Mercer can't touch her eyebrows.

Mrs. H. B. K., San Antonio, Tex.

Come On Out, Greta



What is the big idea of Greta Garbo playing "hide and seek?" If she has a good reason for hiding, why doesn't she come out and say so and cut out the foolishness? I read where she is planning to return to her native home where she can be herself. Why doesn't she try that here? Is it because she hates this Grand old U. S. A. and all its people? It looks as if she is biting the hand that is feeding her. I think she is a poor sport. The least she could do is come out and act like she appreciates the patronage and popularity that the American people have extended to her.

Jack Taylor, Kansas City, Mo.

Let the Wedding Bells Ring



Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian make a handsome pair and I'd like to see them take the road of life together. I hope I don't read any more slams about Buddy and Mary. They don't deserve them.

Angie G., Puente, Cal.

More of Mary

Where does D. E. L. get the idea that Mary Brian is just occupying space in the movies? I think Miss Brian is the finest actress we have on the screen today. She outshines them all when it comes to acting. Let's have more of her.

Paul L. P., Hazerstraw, N. Y.

A Knock for Joan

I think knocks have been handed to everybody but the right person. I mean Joan Crawford. Kindly tell her to take that sick look off her face. She looks like a dying calf in a hailstorm. If she don't look out her eyes will pop out of her head.

"Red," Chicago, Ill.

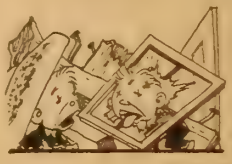
Craves Crazy College Films



On with the college talkies. And let them be the merry, merry mad-cap ones. Gay girls, adolescent wise-cracking boys up to darnfool initiations, pranks and practical jokes. We know it isn't real, but who cares? When we see a crazy college picture, we are carefree kids, we laugh, make whoopee, hey! hey!, go places, live plenty and love co-edly. Through the whole mixup we feel we are doing the things we have always wanted to do but didn't have the nerve. What if the plot is a secondary matter? That's as it should be and the less plot, the better, if the dialogue, songs and "gags" have snap, pep and kick.

Pat Crossman, Jacksonville, Fla.

A Plea for Clever Comedies



Please consider this letter a plea for some clever sophisticated comedies with good dialogue instead of having the house cave in on the actors.

Mary Biddle, Los Angeles, Cal.

Connie Too Sophisticated

Why does Constance Bennett always have to play such sophisticated parts in her pictures? She's just a young girl and it seems to me she always has a part that would be more suitable for a woman than a young girl. Come on, Connie, let's see you snap out of it and get peppy. I'm sure you would be adorable and I know you would become more popular.

H. L. S., New York, N. Y.

Can't Stand Stanley's Singing

Let's have less of Stanley Smith. He's handsome and I hate to knock him like this, but I can't stand him when he sings. I usually feel like ripping the screen down.



Joe M., Clifton, N. J.

The Deb's Delight

Where did Skiddy B. get the idea that Buddy Rogers was a sissy? Buddy is a man through and through besides being a perfect gentleman. Hollywood would be a lucky town if it had a few more like Buddy. He is "The Deb's Delight"—a young man with good looks and good habits.

P. M. Sheahan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marie Can't Live It Down

One proof of good acting is the power to interpret a character so vividly that the audience finds it difficult afterward to think of the actor in any other role. For instance, Marie Dressler as the outcasted woman in "Anna Christie" was so convincing that when I see her in another part I half expect her to give herself away with a hiccough. An elderly friend of mid-Victorian tendencies says: "I hate to see the part of a drunken person, but Marie Dressler is so funny that I can't help enjoying it."



Mrs. Emily K. Barrow, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 122)

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This picture cannot be purchased or duplicated. None but our own readers may own it. Large size, 9x11 inches on very heavy paper. You will be delighted with it.

Marlene Dietrich

WITH this issue we inaugurate the Star of the Month Club—a gallery of the gifted. By unanimous choice of the selection committee, the first Star of the Month is Marlene Dietrich, whose photograph you see above. Join the Star of the Month Club and get this beautiful, exclusive photograph FREE.

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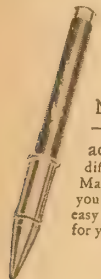
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EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

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What Is Doug Doing?

(Continued from page 55)

which his only responsibility lay as a star and actor.

It was a snap decision on the part of Doug. He read the script hurriedly. It reminded him of his pre-costume, light-comedy days, of such hits as "His Picture in the Paper" and "Watching The Clouds Roll By." The selection of Edmund Goulding, director of "The Trespasser" and "The Devil's Holiday," cinched him on the idea.

Beyond the news that Doug was doing the picture, little else was known about him in Hollywood. He had definitely decided not to see the press or grant interviews. It was said that he was angry about certain magazine and newspaper stories concerning himself and Mary, which he felt to be unfounded and in bad taste. It was said he was not sure of the outcome of his "comeback" and for that reason refrained from commenting on his plans. There were many things said, but nothing definitely known.

After spending three hours on the "ship-set" of "Reaching for the Moon," I think we can assure you that Douglas Fairbanks is no longer unsure of his ground. He knows!

His exuberance and old "pep-it-up" spirit imbue the entire production. I watched him putting in tireless rehearsals of a long rough-and-tumble chase in which he is pursued by a dozen "stewards" and Edward Everett Horton (for the purpose of the story, his valet). Doug tumbled and rolled and jumped, pausing just long enough to plop his hands on his hips and laugh long and heartily at the antics of Eddie Horton. In the time I was there, he smoked only two cigarettes (in Fairbanks a sure sign of mental clarity and peace of mind).

"I limit myself to one every hour. That's enough for anyone," he explained, and might have added, "when he is not worried or restless." Now and then he would slide onto a stool beside me and chat for a moment. Which is as close as anyone ever gets to an interview with Doug.

"It isn't true that I refused to see the press because I was annoyed about anything," he said, stuffing his hands into pockets under the orange-and-black blazer. "I feel that interviews and stories are for these new people with new ideas and new things to say and give. After all, I have been interviewed for the past twenty-seven years. Everything I could possibly have said and thought on any situation has been printed hundreds of times. We are in new days and new times, now. The people the magazines and newspapers should look to for statements are men like this fellow Goulding, who are bringing new life and color to this business."

For Edmund Goulding, he has the greatest admiration. So much, in fact, that he actually takes direction for the first time in years. Doug has always employed noteworthy directors for his films—but it was well understood that he invariably directed his own "business." His attitude toward Goulding, however, is entirely different. He listens as though he learned. He shows up an hour before the other members of the cast arrive each day, and consults and discusses with his director. It was Goulding who convinced Doug that he could "put over" a song. He half-talks, half-sings a number of Irving Berlin's called "High Up and Low Down" with a delivery that would do credit to Maurice Chevalier, if it were not so definitely marked with Doug's own mannerisms.

"I consider that the talkies have brought out three distinctive features," he went on, in his eulogy of Goulding. "One is Will Rogers. The funniest thing I have yet seen in the talkies is that 'national anthem' business at the finish of "So This Is London." Will is a gift of the gods to the talkie screen. He is a 'natural.'

"*Mickey Mouse* is another boon. Mary says *Mickey* is her favorite actor. He's great.

"Edmund Goulding is the other gift for which the talkies should gratefully lift their hands—or should I say their voices? He is more than a genius—he is a genii. He pulls tricks out of hats and camera effects from his sweater sleeve. He is a young, new master of a new technique.

"My attitude toward the talkies right now is a very humble one. The same attitude I had when I first came out to Hollywood, years ago, to that old Triangle lot.

"Most Broadway people come out here as teachers—not as learners. They are still doing it. That is a bad mistake. We cannot count experience we have had in any other line as fitting us for this new medium.

"I have heard people argue as to whether previous experience before the silent camera, or stage experience, was the more valuable step to the talkies. The answer is - - - neither! This talking screen is something entirely new and different. It partakes of both stage and screen without being a part of either."

Something tells me that this waiting and learning are Doug's real plans for the future. It is rumored that Joseph Schenck has another story for Fairbanks to do, following the completion of "Reaching For The Moon," and it is our guess that he will do it, and maybe a couple of others. Then watch for DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PRESENTING—a new Douglas Fairbanks in his own productions, which won't, after all, be a new Douglas, but the original model in his zippiest moods.



The art of lolling is not lost—not so long as Claire Luce is around to show us how it is done

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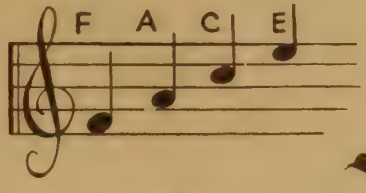
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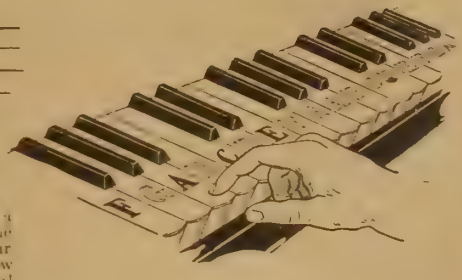
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Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Unwritten Chapters

(*Continued from page 50*)

time, she saw nothing of the husband who was making such a successful bid for fame, and their only communication was through his attorneys.

They Meet—Unexpectedly

THEN came a dramatic moment in the lives of this estranged pair. No scene in any of Colman's screen romances held such pathos, such tragedy, such drama, as what happened one night some weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Colman in town. The story came out on March 27, 1925. Mrs. Colman had gone to the theater with an old friend, a Mrs. Standing, mother of Joan, and stepmother of Wyndham Standing, whom she had known in the old London days. When the curtain fell at the intermission and the lights went on, her husband, whom she had not seen since a stormy scene in a café in Florence the year before, was within reach of her hand. He had been beside her for a half-hour!

Ronald Colman turned pale, rose quickly and without a word to Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson, who were with him, he stumbled into the aisle and fled from the theater. Thus Round Two ended, with a surprise flooring of the Ace of Hearts. In another day, all Hollywood was titillating with the story. Mrs. Colman's friends were informed, when they called on the telephone, that she was under the doctor's care, threatened with a nervous breakdown and could see no one. The gown she had worn that evening, she could never bear to look at again. She gave it away. It was too poignant a reminder.

They Parted Unexpectedly

TALKING, talking and speculation. Some writers, who had been in Florence during the making of "Romola," in 1924, when the separation of the couple occurred, told of being eye-witnesses of the spat that separated the couple. Their account is that vivacious Mrs. Colman, who loved company and dancing and cafés (of which she had had little enough during the just-passed lean years), had on this particular evening persuaded her rather monkish husband to accompany some friends to a café. Everybody was having a good time, with Mrs. Colman lively and gay at the unaccustomed treat of her husband's company to a café, when the couple suddenly separated on the dance floor, Colman walking away from her and she suddenly bursting into tears.

Ronald Colman left the party, and friends took her home. The wife did not say, or seemed too stunned to say, what the trouble was that had come so quickly. No one actually claims to know what was said, what the words were that separated this apparently happy couple, as they danced in that little café in Florence. But the separation was final; she never saw him again until the scene just described, which took place in the theater in Los Angeles more than a year later. After the quarrel in the café, Colman had gone to live with William Powell, Charles Lane and Henry King in their apartment in Florence, from which he sent his wife a message to return to London and accept a weekly allowance, which she did.

Colman's friends accused her of being quarrelsome, jealous and nagging; this she denied strenuously, claiming that their relations were most happy up to the time of the separation, that he had always preferred to be at home rather than to go about, that he had always been most attentive and affectionate.

Made for Romance

THIS romance that ended so sadly and so abruptly began during the War in England, where Mrs. Colman, as Thelma Raye, was well known on the musical-comedy stage. Many English people now working in films knew her at that time, including Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. David Torrence and H. B. Warner.

Her life, up to the time that she had met and married Ronald Colman, had been a colorful one. Even as a young girl, Thelma Raye had been quite a beauty; she began her stage career at the age of fourteen, singing and dancing in London in "The Little Michus." Of mixed French and Scotch parentage, she had the vivacity, humor and tempestuousness of the French and the pleasing, regular features of the Scotch. Her golden red hair was matched for charm only by her blue eyes with their naïve expression, and her well-modeled limbs and form. H. B. Warner describes her at this time as "a most glorious child" whom he took riding in a high red-wheeled carriage, with horses driven tandem, through the pleasant suburbs of London.

Adulation and the beginnings of a career were already at hand. As time went on, she reached the height of her success on a tour through Australia, where she made a brilliant marriage to Percy Stewart-Dawson, son of the wealthy Stewart-Dawson of Sydney, Australia. The Ambassadors Hotel, the Tivoli Theater, and a large jewelry business were among the varied holdings of this family.

Six months out of every two years were spent by the women of the family in Paris, shopping, seeing the sights, and visiting the spas and capitals of Europe. Uncle Bim and his Great Mogul diamond sound very much like the descriptions one gets from native Australians of the wealth and social prestige of the Stewart-Dawsons. But happiness was lacking for the titian-haired beauty, amidst all this wealth. A spiritual and mental sympathy was lacking, that jewels and money and the promise of a new home (to be the most elaborate in all Australia) could not supply.

Marriage, Then Poverty

THE War came, and with it many changes. London stage work by night and canteen work by day occupied the time of the girl who had found the pot of gold, but had lost the rainbow. In one of these plays in London, in which she worked at this time, Thelma Raye had as her dancing partner the dark handsome young Scotchman who later became famous as Ronald Colman. He had been discharged from the army because of an injury received at Mons.

In post-War England, the theater had little to offer Colman; and when the couple were married in 1920, after the wealthy Australian had been divorced. America looked like the best field for the young actor. Mrs. Colman stayed on in London temporarily with an engagement she was filling, to keep things going for them both; but the exchange of letters brought such discouraging news that she left her engagement to come to New York and join her husband.

Then followed a most difficult battle for the struggling couple. Jewelry from better days was pawned; the tiny rooms had to be scrubbed and cleaned, and the cooking and washing was done by inexperienced white hands that were willing, but unskilled—hands more accustomed to diamonds, and ivory keys under them, than to soapsuds and grime. The loss of wealth and adulation must have been keenly felt both by the wife, on whom the household burdens would naturally fall heavily because of ill health and inexperience, and by the husband, who wished to supply comfort, at least, for the

sweetheart who had sacrificed everything for his sake.

"Never Had a Chance"

IN speaking to a friend concerning this part of their married life, Mrs. Colman once said, "He and I never had a chance in our marriage. He was always so worried about money, he used to get terribly morose. I was not used to any kind of domestic work and don't suppose I was particularly joyful about scrubbing and cooking; but he never came home and found me away, nor did he ever have to wait five minutes for a meal. I believe few wives can say that."

Added to her physical discomforts, due to poor health and privations, was gnawing worry about her little child, Dawn (not Colman's child), whom she had left with her mother in London, and both of whom were entirely dependent on her for support.

Days came when there was so little food in the larder that a well-meaning friend discovered she had been saving food for the wage-earner's dinner and subsisting, unknown to him, on tea. He would come in fatigued and discouraged from the hopeless round of the theatrical agencies, with black worry seated on his brow for what the morrow would bring. These days left Colman with a fear of poverty stamped deep in his soul; it left his wife with ill health and nerves. The moodiness that is part of Colman, that leads him to prefer his own company to that of any living being, has lifted somewhat of late years with success and financial assurance. But in those days it was a burden borne by the wife, who must have felt that earning a living herself was not nearly so difficult as helping her husband through his deep depressions. Vivacious herself, it must have strained every nerve to comprehend and help Colman through these clouds of moroseness.

Sunlight, Then Shadow

A BREAK in all this adversity came at last; there came the trip to Italy and "The White Sister," followed by "Romola"; times were better at last. A diamond barpin is cherished by Mrs. Colman as her only souvenir of those happy times. Friends say that spells of illness and nervousness led to many scenes; at least, in trying to be fair, one can believe that Mrs. Colman was not entirely normal as yet, after the ordeal through which she had passed. The separation, as we have described it, followed; and it would be most difficult for any outsider, if not for the very parties concerned, to explain just how it all happened, or to judge in the matter. It is possible that there had been too much hardship to retain romance.

Following the suit filed by Mrs. Colman, on February 24, 1925, the matter was adjusted amicably, she receiving a settlement of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and bonds and an allowance of five hundred dollars a month for ten years. This was not made public until May 20, some time after the departure of Mrs. Colman. On August 12, 1926, Colman filed suit for divorce, claiming desertion; this was later withdrawn. It is whispered by the wise ones that Colman regards his married status as a protection against romantic women.

Since the settlement, Mrs. Colman has lived abroad; in Paris, in Italy, in London, in Switzerland, her life centering on the education of her daughter, Dawn. After a prolonged rest, her health restored by care, she recently departed for a professional tour to scenes of her former triumphs. Friends say that she always attends showings of Colman's pictures and though torn by the sight and sound of the familiar gestures and the voice inflections, she cannot bring herself to stay away.

It is seldom now that she sees an unhappy Ronald. And everything always turns out all right at the end.



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This is not cotton, you know, but a delicately soft, marvelously absorbent substance that has — by actual test — five times the absorbency of surgical cotton. That is why hospitals choose it in preference to cotton . . . why you, too, should prefer it.

Kotex is soft and yielding, yes. Moreover — it stays soft. Indeed, Kotex is guaranteed to stay soft longer, to protect longer, than any other sanitary pad.

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Many women are so confused about feminine hygiene that they fear to advise others. But don't worry. The knowledge you seek is too vital to be hushed and an authoritative booklet has been prepared for your guidance.

The old-time fear of poisons

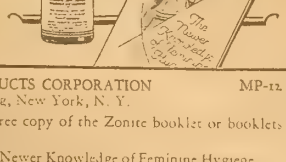
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The Story Doesn't Matter

(*Continued from page 53*)

professor had chosen as the locale where the missionary went to emote among the Eskimos, could just as easily be changed to the South Seas for romance and production value. The missionary could become a trader or a yachtsman; he would still be white Outside of that, the story was O. K.

"We'd better grab it," the scenario editor told the Executive Conference the next morning. "The title alone is worth a hundred grand."

"Send a check for five," the General Manager instructed, "and we'll make it a Super. We'll doll it up in a million dollars' worth of grass skirts, and the hero can be on a liner that's wrecked on a reef. That'll be spectacle—and a punch."

So the professor got his check and the scenario editor called all of his best minds into a séance where the dramatization of "The Priceless Passion" began. When he finally saw the picture on the screen, the professor wondered why on earth they bought *his* scenario. But by that time he had spent the check on spherical triangles.

As soon as the working pink script was finished—scripts progress through a color scheme like a rainbow until they get to the final "white"—it was sent to the set designers, the director, and the star. The set designers began work on their miniature island, huts, banana and coco-palms, ships, rocks, and reefs—the closer scenes would be made with studio sets and Dunning-process shots—but the director and the star had ideas of their own.

"Let's make it up-to-date and have the hero get there on a dirigible," the director enthused. "Ships are passé, and we could get a peach of a shot of the dirigible exploding in mid-air and the hero coming down with a parachute. When he landed, the natives would think he was some sort of a god—and we could run in a jamboree like the 'Sing You Sinners' number in 'Honey'!"

"Grand!" okayed the General Manager. "Have 'em write it that way in the blue script—and while they're at it, have 'em write in a gorgeous party on the airship just before it explodes. Girls dancing with less on than the natives—you know! What a twenty-four sheet that'll make!"

"A bit like 'Madame Satan,'" reflected the director aloud. "I was thinking—"

"Sure—but we'll begin where De Mille left off!" the General Manager decided. "His picture'll be just a trailer for ours!" (In picture parlance a trailer precedes, not follows, a forthcoming feature.)

And so the script of "The Priceless Passion" reached the "yellow" stage.

No, dear reader, the foregoing is *not* a flight of fancy. To be sure, there has been —so far—no picture titled "The Priceless Passion," and if there is, it's going to cost the company that makes it more than five grand for *this* professor. But there have been others to which even stranger things have happened.

When "The Captain of the Guard" was first made as "La Marseillaise," it was shot as straight drama. But after it was finished in this form, not only the plot, but the cast, with the exception of the two leads, was completely changed. It was turned into an operetta, the story revamped, and eight reels out of ten re-photographed.

The picture cost $480,000 to make the first time and $350,000 the second. And even after it was all re-assembled and previewed, it was then completely recut. And changed, after the recutting, back to the original story, "La Marseillaise"!

But while the arbiters of "The Priceless Passion" laid out its destiny, while "Technical" built sets and "Production" worked out the shooting schedule, while the Business Manager financed the picture and "Casting" picked supporting players, Miss Glow, herself, bethought a thing or two.

"I don't make another South Sea picture this year," she told the General Manager in decided tones, "or my public will think I don't own any clothes at all. And no leading man is going to get that much footage in my pictures—so you can either change the story or the star."

The studio was under contract to supply a specified number of Glow releases, and it was in vain that Rosie was told she *had* to make the film.

"I go home and stay home," she ultimatumed, "till *I* get a break."

So, when the final "white" script came through, it was a story of burnished boudoirs with stunning gowns for Miss Glow and headaches for the professor.

The "Technical" put their miniatures away and worked nights on a gorgeous marble staircase for Rosie to descend. The leading man turned in his captain's uniform at the wardrobe and got into his swallow-tail. The crew of the dirigible became gigolos and the South Sea natives were metamorphosed into an orchestra. The coco-palms bloomed anew as orchids.

The "Electrical" hung up their lights and the cameramen set up their tripods. The sound "mixers" adjusted their ear-'phones and the director sat reading his script. All was in readiness for Miss Glow's town car to drive up to the huge stage door.

"Oh, well," said the scenario editor resignedly, "the story doesn't really matter, after all. We've still got that million-dollar title, and it's just as good in a bedroom as up in a balloon."

Strange? Not at all. Stranger things have happened, and still are happening.



When Louise Fazenda rests between pictures at her beach house, she rests. And thinks what a lot of trouble it is, getting a tan

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

OFF his chest: Tyrone Power in "The Big Trail" makes one of the toughest, roughest villains in movie history. His chest is especially terrifying. Hence, we were no end shocked to learn that this same chest was an artificial affair, made out of hard rubber and covered with artificial hair. Before retiring at night, Tyrone would carefully remove his false chest and place it on a bench in front of his cabin, hair and all. One young actress had a view of it by moonlight, and is still suffering from a bad attack of the collywobbles.

• • •

HE knows his shots: Bob Curly will probably receive most of the credit for the magnificent photography in "Resurrection." For years he has been Edwin Carewe's head cameraman. His comeback to a certain young writer must be recorded. "What are you looking at?" he inquired of the Y. W. "Just looking you over to see if I couldn't discover some way to pan you in print. You don't object, do you?" "Not at all, buddy," was Curly's prompt response. "I've been insulted by better writers than you. Have a cup of coffee?"

• • •

LOST in Hollywood: The two most mysterious disappearances of the past Hollywood year involve Mary Lewis, the operatic singer, and Bruce Rogers, the younger brother of the ebullient Charles. Almost immediately after Lawrence Tibbett had proved that opera stars could be movie stars, Miss Lewis arrived on the cinema scene, and word was given out that her coming was a great event. She was photographed, she was interviewed, she was publicized. And then she vanished, after she and Pathé had had some warm words and legal advice. . . As for young Mr. Rogers, he was suddenly found to resemble Buddy, and was hailed as a "discovery." He was copiously photographed, usually with his brother, and was handed a contract. Three months passed, without his being given an assignment, and he was then noiselessly released. . . All "discoveries" do not get the chance to show why they were discovered.

• • •

CONTRAST: Colleen Moore, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky all left Hollywood with the word that they would appear on Broadway this winter. But the producers apparently decided that their fame and fortune as stage stars were to be made in the provinces (also known as "the sticks"), for when last heard from, all three were hopping trains between performances. . . While little Lois Moran, who went to New York for a four months' vacation with no stage plans, decided, after she arrived there, to see what she might do for herself in the way of a small part in a stage play. She was welcomed into the cast of "This Is New York"—and starred—*on Broadway*. Moral: It pays not to advertise, sometimes.

• • •

LUCK: Alberta Vaughn, the little comedienne who was on the ascent in silents, was recently declared bankrupt, with no assets and $5,421 liabilities. . . Thomas Meighan comes back, after a year's absence, in a character rôle in "Young Sinners". . . Esther Ralston, who didn't use to have to do much except look beautiful, comes back as Lawrence Tibbett's lady love in "The Southerner". . . Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan Asther are expectant. . . Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) is planning a concert tour.



CATTY *but* True

"They were mean to say it . . . but I knew they were right"

"I *was* ashamed of my hands, but I had hoped no one else noticed them. Then I chanced to overhear that comment. And realized how my red, roughened hands *spoiled* my appearance.

"But *how* to have pretty hands—with dishes to do three times a day?

A Friend's Advice

"A friend who works in a beauty shop helped me out.

" 'We use LUX suds in our manicure bowls,' she told me—'because they leave the hands very soft and lovely. If I were washing dishes I'd use Lux in the dishpan—for my hands' sake!'

"I tried it, and now my hands are as white and smooth as before I was married! I'm *proud* of them now, thanks to Lux."

So many wives are now using Lux in the dishpan! It keeps their hands lovely as those of the woman with maids. 305 famous beauty shops say:

"With all our experience, we *can't tell the difference* between the hands of the wife who uses Lux and the hands of the woman with maids."



Costs less than 1¢ a day

So many soaps dry the natural oils of the skin. Bland, gentle Lux protects these skin oils. That's why it keeps your hands lovely. Buy the big package—it does six weeks' dishes!

Beauty Treatment for Hands
. . . Lux in the Dishpan



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As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Manufacturers of wall paper, furniture, draperies, dress fabrics, jewelry, kitchenware — base their success today on color and design. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

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Age _____ Occupation_____

Address_____



Parisians think Maurice has changed. Some think he is no longer like the young Chevalier at left, in his first straw hat. And they remember the early version of the famous smile (right)

Chevalier: The Man Without A Country

(*Continued from page 49*)

upon the stage and screen. He looked tired; his vitality seemed sadly depleted. After all, the man was at the end of a six-thousand-mile trip, preceded by several months of very hard work.

But the crowd took no cognizance of this. It saw, merely, that their beloved clown possessed more the look of a harassed business executive than of the playboy of the gayest of theatrical worlds. "Ah, Maurice . . . *triste* . . . his animation forced . . . *déplorable* . . . *pitoyable* . . . the Americans have ruined our Maurice. . . ."

What they expected of a man who had just passed through the trying ordeal of several hours on a French boat-train is difficult to suspect. It seemed to me that he was bearing up remarkably well under the strain. Nor do I think any notice except sympathy would have been taken of his extreme weariness, were it not for the fact that he was returning from America.

Chevalier had been to the United States, to Hollywood. Ergo, he was bought—he had been ruined—by American gold!

The "Evidence" Against Him

THIS was newspaper copy, for Chevalier had for years been as important a factor in Parisian life as the Eiffel Tower or the food at Perigordine's. The press seized upon his announcement that after he had filled a series of engagements in music halls in Paris, London and Berlin, he would return to the United States. This was offered as complete evidence that the man had "gone American."

So from hints and whispers and doubts, there emerged the solid understanding in Paris that its charming Maurice had returned no longer a Frenchman, but with his sympathies across the sea in that fabulous El Dorado where one merely had to write his name upon a slip of paper to be given money.

And as for money—well, had they not heard that in addition to his large film salary, he had received ten thousand dollars a week for an engagement with Ziegfeld, and that the San Francisco Auto Show had paid him twenty-five thousand dollars for a seven-days' appearance?

Thus when he refused four thousand dollars for an evening's appearance at the casino at Deauville, fuel was added to the suspicion that he had become commercialized. The fact that he was merely a business man, turning down an offer that he considered inadequate, was overlooked. He was Chevalier, refusing to sing for a French audience. He had been spoiled. American money blighted everything it touched!

Other incidents were dressed up in a similar ludicrous style. A magazine contest offered as a prize a fitted bag and the opportunity of having tea with Maurice and Yvonne Vallée Chevalier. Ironic paragraphers speculated as to how much Chevalier was being paid for thus entertaining the fortunate winner. Editorials variously termed the episode as "undignified," "clownish," and being "an American type of publicity."

Barbed Wit

WHEN "Legs" Diamond, the New York gangster, made his unsuccessful attempt to visit Europe, Fouchardiere, the French Will Rogers, suggested that perhaps an exchange of the racketeer for Chevalier could be effected to the ultimate satisfaction of both countries.

This, then, was the reception tendered the man who formerly had been ranked with the Guitrys, Raquel Meller and Mistinguette as one of the great favorites of the French theater. Brooding in his villa near Cannes, is it not to be suspected that Chevalier spent many hours weighing his thick sheaf of American banknotes against the turn of feeling that now assailed him in his own land?

On the other hand, he cannot find in America an adequate substitute for France. Chevalier can be transformed into no Yankee. Despite his often-repeated statements to our newspapers of the great love he bears

for this country, and despite his constantly reiterated assertions that he wants us to love him because he is now one of us, there is the irrefutable argument of the statements he made to the reporters the day of his return to Paris.

Then he was no made-over American. He was simply a tired trouper glad to get back to his own country. His speech bristled with indignant phrases as to how hard the Americans had worked him, as to how they had driven him like a slave. He spoke of his return to the United States as one would refer to a return to a galley ship.

He Cannot Be Both

THE two attitudes simply do not jibe. And realizing that no other country can ever replace France in a Frenchman's heart, I am inclined to think that all of the statements that Chevalier made here about wishing to "be just like an American" were made with a tongue in his cheek and an eye on the prospect of more good iron American dollars.

Yet he was, perhaps, a little too vociferous, a bit too voluble, in these remarks anent a desire for complete Americanization. Inevitably, they leaked back to France. And so the man has no one but himself to blame if his compatriots are prone to discountenance his statements (in France) about what a terrible place the United States is. For they hear him say, also, that he is going back to it—and the opinion that Chevalier has become an American dollar-chaser solidifies.

Maurice Chevalier, son of a bourgeois family, is without a coat-of-arms and family motto. If he possesses the desire for such badges, he might just now make a less appropriate selection than clapping hands, quartered with elevated noses, against a background of the Stars and Stripes mingled with the Tricolor.

And for a motto there is the poet's chant: "Ah, fame, cruel fame!"



At thirteen, Chevalier was making Paris laugh with his imitations of Mme. Polaire, another favorite, who called herself "the homeliest woman in the world"

"Broken Illusions can never be mended"

says DOROTHY DIX



"Such things shatter a man's illusions"

"DON'T let the 'little' things—careless, *unfeminine* details—spoil your lovely effect!

"A faded shoulder ribbon peeping out . . . frayed lace edging visible when you lift up your arm . . . a silk slip not so color-fresh as it might be . . . *such things rob you of all illusion in a man's eyes.*

"And broken illusions can *never, never* be mended.

"I beg you to do two things:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.

2. Keep it always color-fresh, beautiful.

"Just *knowing* your underthings are lovely does something to *you!* It makes you FEEL feminine and charming. And when you feel charming, you seem so to others!

"'*But how can we keep delicate lingerie fresh and colorful?*' girls often say. 'Frequent washing leaves it faded and worn.'

"It is true that ordinary 'good' soaps take away COLOR and charm, but this is never the case if you use Lux.

"These wonderful flakes are *especially made to preserve* COLOR *and* NEWNESS. A dainty garment bathed often in Lux is *always* color-fresh!

"AND AT HOME: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your *surroundings* can help! Pretty curtains, cushions, table linens, all form part of the magic spell if kept ever lovely with Lux."

Dorothy Dix



A SECRET OF FEMININITY

Lingerie washed in Lux 15 times—color perfect as new, silk and lace fibres intact. The garment is utterly charming!

Duplicate lingerie washed 15 times in ordinary "good" soap; silk pulled, lace damaged, color faded. Disappointing!





Perhaps you don't realize how easily the edge of your slip—or a bit of your lingerie—may be revealed. Such glimpses tell whether you're truly feminine and exquisite!



***If it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in* LUX!**



Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

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Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 6512 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
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If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

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Itching torture ended!



Don't suffer night and day with itching, burning skin. Get cooling, soothing, antiseptic Zemo. Thousands find relief in first application. Safe, dependable, invisible. Zemo helps restore skin to healthy smoothness. Use any time for Itching, Dandruff, Pimples, Blemishes. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. All Druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Janet Tells The Truth About Janet

(*Continued from page 58*)

knows what is going to last forever? The best we can do is to hope, and from the bottom of my heart I hope Lydell and I will be happy forever.

"But because we did not insist about our happiness to everyone who came along, we were immediately put in the position of defending it. It was no longer in our power to tell people we were happy—we had to assure them.

"Just about this time I began to have trouble with the Fox Studio and that added to the rumor material about us. Frankly, I hate to go back over all this and talk about it. The difficulty has been settled. Everything is wonderful again. I don't think I have ever been so happy in my work as I am now. 'The Man Who Came Back' offers the sort of thing I have wanted to do. I want to forget any trouble we may have had—but then, I suppose it is only fair to clear up certain things in the minds of those people who have been so sweet to me."

Only that morning a Los Angeles critic, who recently made a tour of the United States, meeting exhibitors and fans in both large and small towns, came out in his publication with the surprising news that Janet Gaynor, in spite of her long absence from the screen, was the most popular actress in Hollywood. At least, the news was surprising to Janet.

Gratefully Surprised

"IT just doesn't seem possible — with Greta Garbo and Clara Bow and Norma Shearer, and the others," she breathed.

She felt the same way two months ago when it was announced that she and her co-star, Charlie Farrell, had won a popularity contest conducted in thirteen Eastern states. To both of these testimonials she had the same reaction—an almost grateful surprise. Janet has never reached the Garbo-stage of indifference to public appreciation. To people who have been kind to her and wished her well, she feels she owes a debt of gratitude. Crowds who line the "first-night" streets call familiarly to her as she sits in the back seat of her big car. And she does not turn away. She waves and answers back and gets a funny little choked feeling in her throat.

"I want people to like me," she said, simply. "I want to be human and warm and friendly to them. And I never want to play such silly parts on the screen that they will grow away from me and feel they do not know me any more.

"That is the real reason for my break with Fox. I have heard it said that I wanted to boss, or wanted Lydell to boss for me, but what I was really doing was trying to hold on to what little I have been able to build. I wasn't asking for more. I was merely asking to be permitted to preserve what I had created.

She Knew What She Needed

"I REALIZED that with the coming of the talkies there were certain concessions to be made in musical comedy, in songs and dance numbers. I really loved 'Sunny Side Up,' though I have read that I hated it. Even in the new medium that was still my sort of rôle. But 'High Society Blues' I hated! I was made to do things I couldn't do well. There are hundreds of unknown girls who could have filled that part better than I. I am no Marilyn Miller at dancing, and most certainly I am not a blues singer.

"It didn't take Lydell to tell me that that was not the sort of thing I should do. I knew it long before the picture was over. It was a very poor imitation of 'Sunny Side Up' and in order to follow it with something along the same line, I was afraid they were going to try once too often with further 'High Society Blues.'

"I never refused to do 'Liliom'—that is, 'Liliom' alone—as a separate picture. It was strangely tied up in a series of pictures I did not want to do. If I did 'Liliom,' it meant I had to do those other pictures also and by refusing them I was forced to turn that down, too.

"It doesn't take many bad pictures to make people forget what you used to be, or could be. I felt I didn't want to take that chance—and so I quit."

And for seven long months she stayed quit! The rumors raged: "She's foolish!"—"She's through!" But Janet stayed quit. It wasn't exactly a happy time for her. The same Hollywood that had "babied" her through successful days now hinted at her various successors and her lack of wisdom.

She and Maureen

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN sprang up and every rôle she drew was referred to as a "Gaynor part." Maureen was reported to be crowding Janet off the Fox program. When she was teamed with Charlie Farrell in a picture, it was practically cinched with the gossips. But here is something they didn't know: As Maureen's name grew brighter and brighter in electrics, it was to little rebellious Janet down at the beach she was bringing the various problems of her career! That's the reason it tickles Janet so much to hear that she and Maureen are rivals.

"I love Maureen," she went on. "She's one of the sweetest and loveliest girls I've ever known. I've really taken a very maternal interest in her. I don't know why—unless it was because she was billed as my 'successor.' I worry and fret about where she is and whether she is lonesome and who her friends are. This is something of a secret—but I'm really responsible for that chaperon the studio engaged for her. Not that I thought she needed a chaperon—but I think every girl needs someone at home when she gets there. Hollywood can be lonesome enough without a cold, empty house thrown in.

"One day when I was talking with someone from the studio, I told him I thought it was a shame that little Maureen was living out here by herself." She laughed. "The next thing I knew she had a companion. I don't know whether Maureen will thank me for that, or not, but I hear she was quite crazy about the woman.

"Now that I'm back on the Fox lot and everything is going so well, it seems a little foolish to be talking about all these bygones, doesn't it? But maybe it will clear up some of those points that really haven't been true about me at all."

At least, we now know Janet's own ideas concerning these things that have been her own personal and private business. And in Hollywood this is not in vain!

If you can pass The Gossip Test,
Test your detector on the characters
In Motion Picture's new series of short, short stories

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

Clara, or anyone else, goes around signing checks for someone else to fill in? If we remember correctly (and we do), it was just that piece of business that brought the lustiest laughs in **"Rain or Shine."** Recall when **Joe Cook** said to **Tom Howard:** "You just sign your name—I'll do the rest"? The only difference between **Clara** and **Tom** is that **Tom** *meant* to be funny.

But probably **Clara** wasn't so dumb after all. Authorities state that gambling house proprietors accept checks for losses at their own risk; that the amounts cannot be collected by law. Which leads to the following hard-won simile: *As valuable as* **Clara Bow's** *checks.*

• • •

From an ad for **Cecil B. deMille's "Madam Satan":** "He was loving his own wife and he didn't know it." But, may we add, if he'd been to a movie in the past ten years he might have *suspected* it.

• • •

If I were a kiddie again (and I certainly was a cute kiddie), my maw could get me to eat the things that were good for me right now and at once by simply saying: **"George Marion, Sr.** will get you if you aren't good." You remember him as **Greta Garbo's** pappy in **"Anna Christie."** Many times have I seen him around town and always his face bears that strangely unhappy and eerie look it had when he was *Old Chris* in the film. I'd feel a lot relieved if he dropped me a line saying he's just another everyday guy who doesn't like bills or spinach any more than the rest of us.

• • •

Olga Baclanova (and we thought we'd heard the last of her) crashed out in print when a local landlady sued her for $1052, the amount of damage that **Olga's** cat and dog assertedly did to wall hangings and things. That's one thing about these Hollywood animals. They won't even start a party unless they can put it on right.

• • •

From **Louella O.** ("Goody") **Parson's** column: "As for **'Rosalie,'** well, **Mr. Thalberg** says it has been delayed. That means that West Point will not see our **Marion** and **Robert Leonard,** her director, this trip."

May we correct an impression that this item is apt to give many readers? We have it straight from headquarters that West Point, however staggered, will NOT close down.

• • •

Movie house proprietors out here are ultra-ultra. When they play a picture they plug that picture: plug it for all (even a little more than) it's worth. **"The Girl of the Golden West,"** for instance, was advertised by knock-out extra gals in silk panties and others in crinolines who rode up and down Hollywood Boulevard in a coach and six, the while smiling on awe-struck sidewalk gapers to whom they tossed leaflets containing the big news. Back of them came a public-address car, its horns screaming: "Be sure to see it, folks. **'The Girl of the Golden West'** at Warner's Hollywood Theater."

Dick Barthelmess' "Dawn Patrol" was advertised from the skies. "Look up, folks!—Look up," called a loud speaker from the plane. Then followed a song and dance about the picture and the planes, seven in all, disappeared in the distance.

Shouting from the house-tops is decidedly passé.

COLDS fill handkerchiefs WITH GERMS



even boiling fails to kill them!

A handkerchief used during colds is unfit to be used again.

Avoid Reinfection Use Kleenex disposable handkerchiefs

NOW comes dramatic proof of the importance of Kleenex during colds. Scientific tests show that these delicate tissue handkerchiefs may materially check the number of colds, and their duration.

For these authoritative tests prove conclusively that washing fails to kill the organisms associated with colds. This means your handkerchief may be a source of danger. Even after washing, it may hold the organisms Streptococcus, Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

Use Kleenex—then discard

When you use Kleenex, there's no possible danger of reinfection from handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once. Then you discard it forever. Germs are discarded, too.

You'll value the greater comfort of Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely fine and soft. They are marvelously absorbent—seeming actually to soothe the tender, inflamed skin. There's no chance of irritation, as from the damp, soiled handkerchief. Kleenex is an economy, too—the cost is less than that of laundering.

The beauty use for Kleenex

These absorbent tissues are said by beauty experts to be the only safe and sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. They lift every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream and save your towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . or send the coupon for a generous sample free.

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M-2

Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex.



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In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.


LEILA HYAMS — M-G-M STAR

How to have **LOVELY LUSTROUS** *Hair .....always!*

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

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900 W. Lake Street Dept. B681, Chicago, Ill.

LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

Amazing youth lingers with thousands of women who have learned the magic of Kremola. This marvelous cream keeps skin young, freshly white, free from dark spots, age lines, and other unlovely defects. There is nothing else like it. Your first box will show you that. Ask your druggist for Kremola. If it fails to enliven your skin to a new, youthful, crystal-clear loveliness your money will be refunded.

Should your druggist be out send name, address and one dollar for new introductory box—a full month's supply, postpaid, to Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. 208 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Then see new youth return.

KREMOLA



Longworth

Even the big birds perk up their heads and take notice as Ona Munson looks 'em over. The scene was taken at the Cawston Ostrich Farm in Pasadena

The Crime of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

yet they treat the subject of sex in such a manner as to make it far more harmful to adolescent morals than any presentation of Truth, no matter how frank, could possibly be! Pictures skirt the rim of lewdness as far as censorship will permit and a title is 'box office,' in the mind of the producer, in exact proportion to its sexiness.

"I do not blame writers and directors for the failure of pictures to show fidelity to life. As a rule, these men know how people actually act and think, but are forced by the man higher up to revise their stories to conform with his idea of 'what the public wants.'

"Take a recent picture, 'Sarah and Son.' In it, a child who has been raised with loving care by a foster mother is confronted with the real mother whom he has never seen. He leaves the arms of the foster mother to fly to the bosom of the real mother, impelled by some instinct that tells him from whose womb he came! Bosh! A child has no such instinct. It is not true to life, but it makes a 'better story.'

"To refute it, let me draw from my own experience on the bench in Denver. Social workers discovered a beautiful, sunny-haired child, evidently pure white, living with an old negress in one of the more squalid sections of the city. Brought to court, the negress admitted the child's white parentage and, to shorten the story, action was taken to place it by adoption with a white family. I was about to sign the papers that would have made the child legally theirs when the door of my chambers opened to admit a beautiful, expensively gowned woman. The child was hers, and in some way learning of the case, she had hurried from the East to claim it. The child stood by my desk. On one side stood the old black negress who had raised it and nursed it at her own breast. On the other stood the beautiful woman who was its real mother. With outspread arms she rushed to the child, crying,

"'My baby! Don't you know me? I'm your mother!'

"With a scream of fright, the child fled to the arms of the negress, crying,

"'You ain't my mudder! This is my mudder!'

"This case from real life is described in my book, 'The Revolt of Modern Youth' under the chapter, 'The Kudenhoffer Baby.' Thus do the movies distort reality and make human motives and actions conform to 'what the public wants'!" Judge Lindsey leaned back in his chair. The crusading light died from his eyes and he smiled.

"You are not talking to a sane individual when you talk to me," he said, "because no sane man would challenge the forces that my convictions have mobilized against me. I have hundreds of friends in the picture business and certainly the movies have afforded pleasure to too many people to justify any complete condemnation of them. I am not recanting, for I believe every word I have said to you to be true. Neither do I blame the people who play in pictures. The things they are forced to do are often as insulting to their intelligences.

"Speaking of picture people and of Hollywood," I asked, "how would you compare their morals and behavior with other classes of citizens and other communities? Hollywood, you know, has been long classed as a sink of iniquity and picture people as a group of moral lepers."

"Rot!" The flame again blazed in Judge Lindsey's eye. "Pure rot! Of course, there are violations of what we are pleased to call the 'moral code' in Hollywood, and bad eggs have cropped up here and there among picture people, but let me ask you a question. Suppose you take any other community in America, the size of Hollywood. You elevate a certain number of its inhabitants to fame, fortune and unlimited opportunity to do about as they please. Suppose you set a group of publicity-hounds to snooping out their every move, writers who make 'copy' out of every minute deviation from the straight and narrow. Let it run for a year and then compare it to present-day Hollywood. Think that over and find your own answer."

What's yours?

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 71*)

crown, and loved it. He was a witty, tempestuous, delightful young man. The world, particularly the Hollywood world, was his oyster. He was catered to, fawned upon. He was the darling of the press and most editorial comments on him read more like poetry than publicity.

That was several years ago—before the talkies—before the first whiff of the idea that the king might be slipping. It took just that—just a hint of the suggestion—before eager hands began to tear at the very pedestal they had erected.

"He's through, all cleaned up," ran like wildfire through the town of his triumphs. A thousand typewriter keys pounded him into deeper oblivion: "He can't talk! He can't talk!" The more puzzled onlookers began to wonder if the world had formed a persecution complex in regard to Gilbert. The enthusiasm, the zest with which they tore at him seemed unnecessary.

In the meantime, John Gilbert has tasted the stuff of which failure may be made, and found it so bitter he has withdrawn into a seclusion equal to Greta Garbo's. No matter how his fight with the microphone eventually comes out, he has lost something through this grind. He is more subdued and moody. I don't believe he will ever trust Hollywood again.

Francis X. Bushman, once king for a movie day, summed up the penalties in a nutshell when he said: "In this game, it is far better to have been a Never-Was than a Has-Been."

Hollywood cannot forgive failure—or else she could not be so cruel to it.



When Grace Moore was a Metropolitan Opera star, she didn't have a garden. But now that she's a screen star, she can be happy

LIPS now stay lovely 8 *full hours*

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—*Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof *Indelible* LIPSTICK

Lipstick—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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Likewise we occasionally receive remittances without name or address or maybe with one and not the other. This kind of omission prevents us from giving service to the subscriber until we receive complaint and puts us in a bad light with the subscriber, who of course, is convinced that he or she is badly treated.

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It's a Sin To Stay Fat



So Easy to Reduce

Look about you. Note how slender figures now displace the fat so common years ago. There has come a new era, based on a new discovery. Doctors the world over now employ it. The results are seen in every circle.

When you know how fat blights health, beauty and efficiency—how it robs life of half its joys—don't you think it a sin to stay fat?

Some years ago, medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a weakened gland, whose secretions largely control nutrition. That gland secretion is intended to change food into fuel and energy. If it is scant, too much food turns to fat.

Since that discovery, doctors the world over have been feeding that gland in obesity. The results have brought a new era to the over-fat, as you see on every side.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on that gland factor which modern doctors now employ. The tablets are employed by a world-famous medical laboratory. They have been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Most of you have friends who can tell you what they do.

Wise people have deserted the old ways of reduction—abnormal exercise and diet, harmful drugs. And the false treatments, of which there have been so many. They are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant, right way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

Each box of Marmola contains the formula complete. Also a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why.

Go get a box today. Price $1.00. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce



Good and Good for You.



Douglas Fairbanks, seen in modern clothes for the first time in years, asks Bebe Daniels to look him over in "Reaching for the Moon" —a comedy with a Park Avenue setting

Tabloid Review

(Continued from page 82)

Misbehaving Ladies—A puzzling title for a whimsical little farce about what happens in a small American town when a local girl (Lila Lee) makes good as a princess (F. N.).

Moby Dick—The great tale of the White Whale and the cap'n who pursued it lapses, at times, into an unconvincing romance, but John Barrymore gives a memorable performance (W. B.).

Monte Carlo—Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan help put across a sparkling, sophisticated operetta, whose songs do not retard the action (Par.).

Morocco—Gary Cooper as a French Legionnaire and Adolphe Menjou as a wealthy Continental are both lured by Marlene Dietrich as a lost lady. You will forget the story before you forget the lady—who lives up to all advance notices (Par.).

Murder—An actress is murdered in a theater, after a quarrel with another girl. The discovery of the real murderer carries suspense (British International).

The Naughty Flirt—The younger generation at its sauciest, in the person of Alice White (F. N.).

Old English—George Arliss as a delightful old sinner who enjoys himself to the end (W. B.).

On Your Back—A penetrating character study by Irene Rich of an ambitious mother who succeeds, only to fail (Fox).

One Heavenly Night—Don't let the title keep you from the talkie début of Evelyn Laye. An operetta above the average, with John Boles an able leading man. Previewed as "Lady Virtue" (U. A.).

One Night at Susie's—A far-fetched gangster story, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Billie Dove and Helen Ware better than the story deserves (F. N.).

Outside the Law—Mary Nolan and Owen Moore rob a bank, and then imprison themselves in an apartment until their nerves give way. The same story was better when silent (Univ.).

Outward Bound—A fantasy of the ultimate voyage, with sensitive portrayals by Sidney Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler, topping a small, fine cast (W. B.).

The Passion Flower—Kathleen Norris's involved triangle story finds its way to the screen, with Charles Bickford, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson giving it a maximum of plausibility (M-G-M).

The Pay Off—Lowell Sherman proves that he can be convincing in any rôle. This time he is a master crook who falls in love with a silly flapper, and is thereby undone (RKO).

The Playboy of Paris—Maurice Chevalier as a waiter who inherits a million francs and has to keep on working. Stuart Erwin, as a distressing pal, adds to the giddy Gallic gayety (Par.).

The Princess and the Plumber—Mythical romance in a mythical kingdom, with Charles Farrell willingly forced into marriage with Maureen O'Sullivan. An above-average film below the abilities of both principals (Fox).

Remote Control—On the stage, a good mystery; in the talkies, a good comedy. William Haines gets a break as the wisecracking announcer of a radio station used by a gang leader for his tip-offs (M-G-M).

Renegades—Warner Baxter as a French Legionnaire and Myrna Loy as a spy, who both love and hate each other, and end tragically. Strong stuff (Fox).

Reno—Ruth Roland returns to the screen in a melodramatic story of the difficulties of getting divorced, even in Reno (Sono-Art).

River's End—James Oliver Curwood's story of the Northwest Mounted policeman and the fugitive who looked like him is made believable and tense by the acting of Charles Bickford in a dual rôle (W. B.).

The Santa Fe Trail—The difficulties of herding sheep in the great Southwest, as experienced by Richard Arlen, who merits better things (Par.).

Scarlet Pages—Marian Nixon, on trial for murder, is defended by Elsie Ferguson. Between them there is suspense (F. N.).

Scotland Yard—Plastic surgery gives a notorious crook a new face and a new life, with interesting complications. Edmund Lowe at his best in a dual role (Fox).

The Sea Wolf—The late Milton Sills again the strange, sinister Wolf Larsen, mystery captain of a mystery ship. His last picture, and a strong one (Fox).

She Got What She Wanted—Betty Compson married to Gaston Glass, wanted a bigger and better husband, and if Lee Tracy had ever shown up at the station she might have run away with him. Easy-going comedy (Tiffany).

The Silver Horde—Rex Beach's tale of life among the salmon fishermen becomes a weak talkie—despite the hard work of Evelyn Brent (RKO).

Sinner's Holiday—Love and gangsters invade an amusement pier, with eventual happiness for Grant Withers and Evelyn Knapp. Fair melodrama (W. B.)

Soup to Nuts—Ted Healy, from vaudeville, does his stuff in a creation by Rube Goldberg, the inventive cartoonist. Nonsense that clicks unevenly (Fox).

The Spoilers—A revival of the he-man story about the tough mining camp and the honest newcomer. This time he is Gary Cooper, and his bitter enemy is William Boyd. You might like the fight they have (Par.).

The Steel Highway—An unimpressive title hides a good story of railroading, in which Grant Withers gives an impressive performance (W. B.).

Sunny—The familiar Cinderella plot of musical comedy made more than bearable by the dancing and singing of Marilyn Miller and the comedy of one Joe Donahue. There are only two songs, and no chorus girls (F. N.).

Suspense—A British-made version of the war, and an achievement in realistic horror. Cyril McLaglen, brother of Victor, is the principal player (British International).

Their First Mistake—A satire of prison life, and Laurel and Hardy's first feature-length comedy. There's no mistake about it's being funny. Previewed as "The Rap" (M-G-M).

The Third Alarm—The old story about the fireman and the burning orphanage, but it packs a wallop in sound. James Hall and Anita Louise do the most to put it across (Tiffany).

Those Three French Girls—Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel lure on three American tourists, in a noisy comedy (M-G-M).

Tom Sawyer—Jackie Coogan comes back in a great portrayal of Mark Twain's immortal youngster, with Junior Durkin an equally natural *Huckleberry Finn*, and Mitzi Green a believable *Becky Thatcher*. Don't miss it (Par.).

The Truth about Youth—Youthful Loretta Young prefers our old friend, Conway Tearle, to our new friend, David Manners. Strange, but it's the truth (F. N.).

Up the River—An uproarious comedy of prison life, with Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer riotously funny (Fox).

Viennese Nights—A colorful, tuneful operetta of old Vienna, outstanding for its music and the fine singing of Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon (W. B.).

The Virtuous Sin—In far-off Russia, where people do such things, Kay Francis, married to Kenneth MacKenna, falls in love with Walter Huston—and stays in love. Fine acting in a fair picture (Par.).

War Nurse—A gruesomely romantic story of the women—good and bad—who went to war. Unconvincing, but tense drama, in which soldiers Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames out-act nurses June Walker and Anita Page (M-G-M).

Way for a Sailor—A robust tale, with much censor-baiting dialogue, about a sailor with a girl in every port. The tar is none other than John Gilbert, minus mustache and fancy uniform, showing unmistakable signs of a comeback (M-G-M).

What a Widow—A rollicking, well-dressed slapstick comedy, with Gloria Swanson a merry widow who is kept busy casting off suppressed desires (U. A.).

Whoopee—The best Hollywood musical comedy to date, with Ziegfeld settings, Ziegfeld girls, and Eddie Cantor, who is continuously funny (U. A.).

Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—A vivacious operetta, expertly produced in Germany, and boasting some exceptionally good music. Watch for it in "art" theaters (Ass. Cinemas of America).

There's No Such Place As Hollywood

(*Continued from page 45*)

Nine o'clock again . . . Cleveland . . . More industry. . . .

Then there was New York. Roaring and hurrying. Women in dark, tailored suits, drinking tea. Dark gloves. Small black hats. Had I really ever seen a girl cross the lobby of the Roosevelt, wearing bright red satin pajamas?

The theater. Comedies about sex. More comedies about sex. More—oh, no! That one is a *tragedy* about sex. Rows of speakeasies containing people who are discussing the newest plays about sex.

There is a comedy in town about Hollywood. They tell me the authors have never been there. Well—that doesn't surprise me. Not now. I am convinced that no one has ever been there. There isn't any such place.



This is the famous Linit Beauty Bath test that INSTANTLY *proves you can have*

A SKIN

SOFT AS VELVET!

Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a handful of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



NOW! Impart Color to Gray Hair



GRAY hair is a business and social handicap that you can now overcome without taking chances with uncertain methods or fussing with messy, sticky preparations. Now science has discovered a liquid as colorless as water itself—yet it actually imparts color to Gray Hair—no matter what your age—no matter how gray you are—no matter what the cause of your Gray Hair. It is called Kolor-Bak. It is as easy to use as combing your hair. You simply comb Kolor-Bak into your hair and the Gray goes so gradually that even your friends cannot tell that you are using anything. The beautiful sheen of your hair is left unchanged. Strange as it sounds, the very same bottle of this colorless liquid does for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Already hundreds of thousands of bottles have been used. So sure are its amazing results that it is sold on a guarantee that if it doesn't make you look 10 years younger your money will be refunded any time you ask. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today.

KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11448 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis**

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"No longer do I suffer from burning, itching skin irritations. Now my skin is clear and velvety smooth. The secret is Dr. Dennis' famous prescription called D. D. D." For quick relief from pimples, blotches, eczema, scales, rashes, and other skin troubles, try pure cooling liquid D. D. D. Its healing elements penetrate the skin and soothe the irritated tissues. Itching stops instantly. Clear, greaseless and stainless, dries up almost immediately. A 35c bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic, or your money back. At all drug stores.

Or Send for Generous Sample



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Send me generous sample of D.D.D. Enclosed is 10c (coin or stamps) to cover packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Can A Man Be Free?

(Continued from page 65)

Women love him. And men like him. Both fear him. At the heart of the storm, there is something sound and curiously sweet. Great strength brings its own appeal.

He is never bored. "When I am, I leave."

He detests "the pose of nobility. It makes me rather sick."

He tells the truth and shames any devil who happens to be around, male or female, young or old, in power or out of it.

He will never grow old. "I should be old right now, by rights."

He is not afraid of life in any of its aspects, and neither is he afraid of death. Death means, to him, annihilation, of which he will know nothing and so care less.

He has no religion. He breaks formulas—and gets away with it. Laughs at laws and law-makers, and they don't know what to do about it.

He is no respecter of persons, unless the persons have proved to him and for him their right to respect. He is no respecter of position, unless the position is more than a name on a door.

He can damn an executive with the power of contractual life and death as fully, as picturesquely and as unprintably as he can a prop boy—*and does.*

He says the producers, as a whole, are "graduates from sweat shops."

He makes mad and merry mock of the movie standards, by and large. "They haven't even any standards of women. The merest chippie can come along and they'll think she's great and star her. They hate the Chattertons. They have them around because the Public doesn't hate them."

When words fail and fisticuffs are handy, he can use them, too. And has. On some astonishing occasions.

There are certain executives in the business who never speak to him when they meet him face to face. He can stand that, too.

He never intended to be an actor.

It happened to him in the back room of a saloon in New York. He was sitting there with a gal. Another couple, a producer and his lady love, joined them. They made a happy foursome. The producer asked Charlie if he would like to be an actor. Charlie said he didn't care if he did—he'd try anything once. He did.

It is amusing that some of his stage plays were "Flames," "Dark Rosaleen," "No More Women" and "Gods of the Lightning." It is also amusing that when the talkies got him they got him for "Dynamite."

He is in the movies for the sake of the money he makes and for no other reason.

Greasepaint hasn't satisfied him—yet.

He believes that the screen might be interesting. There are possibilities. If he could, as he will one day, choose his own story, his own director, his own cast. And then proceed from there at the dictates of his own will. Well, that might be something. As it is . . .

He is supremely self-confident. He is also supremely selfish.

He is thoroughly and rousingly happy every hour of the day and night.

He wears a torn shirt open at the throat and dirty duck trousers. That they are becoming to him *may* not have occurred to him. He probably dramatizes himself a bit. Why not? There is copious material.

And he doesn't just talk—he acts.

Belying His Background

HE was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, of all places. He should have been born in Sumatra or on the stormy main.

There is the strong salt tang of the sea about him. He is not made for harbors or havens, for hearthstones or for the love of one woman. Four walls will never contain him, nor one horse to ride . . .

"Cold he slants his eyes about,
And few enough's his choice,
Though he'd slip me clean for a nun, or a queen,
Or a beggar with knots in her voice."

might well have been written about Charlie. Perhaps it was.

His father was a coffee importer.

And Charlie was educated in the Boston schools and at the Massachussetts Institute of Technology. He was carefully brought up.

He went around the world with the Roosevelt fleet as a coal passer. Of course, he was in the War. He has done a considerable amount of construction engineering. On the tunnel under the Charles River Bridge, South Boston Navy Base, etc.

He'd rather be a stevedore than a star. Those men have standards of their own.

He despises his own name. *Charlie.* The writer suggested that Storm Bickford might be suitable. Those in favor say, Yea.

He doesn't know the meaning of the word regret. Repentance would be a malady.

Here is a man who, deliberately, takes a holiday from life-as-most-of-us-know-it.

He believes that man-made laws may be fallacious and are fallacious for him. In breaking them, he is breaking something artificial, not natural. Therefore the old-fashioned word "sin" is not involved. Biology is more to be reckoned with than politics, policies or platitudes.

Can a man be free? Charlie Bickford is. Ninety per cent. The conceded ten per cent. goes to his children.

One thing in life is sacred and one only—the right to happiness. He will take that right. In peace, if possible. In conflict, if necessary.



They titled the picture "No Limit," but there's a limit to all things. They gave Clara Bow a one-seated car

Can A Man Be Free?

(*Continued from page 64*)

what we can do, what we can be, and what we cannot do and be.

"It took me about four years after coming into the motion picture business to find my own level.

"I know, now, that I shall never be one of those unique personalities that take the world, the popular imagination, by storm.

"I could never, for instance, produce on my own. As Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have done. I'm not strong enough as a single personality. I'll never be a Valentino or a John Gilbert. Curiously, perhaps, I don't want to be. I have no desire, none whatever, to stumble upon a rôle that would plunge me into sensational popularity or publicity. I'm not the type. I don't want to be.

"I take my work as a business. I realized years ago that that was my game. I consider myself as a business man, delivering competent and conscientious portrayals, as a good manufacturer of soaps delivers conscientious soap. If that manufacturer puts out a brand of soap that suits the public, *it will sell.* It is the same with any commodity. I am a commodity.

"Very frequently, a business man—any business man is called upon to do detail work that should fall to one of his subordinates. If he is a good business man and interested in the whole job, he will do the details if he must. Again it is the same with me. I have often been cast in parts I have disliked doing. Without any ego whatever I've thought them too small and insignificant for me to play. The rôle I played in 'The Divorcée' was such a one. And then I would talk it over with Mr. Thalberg and he would point out to me that they are paying me a great deal of money, which should give them the right to call upon me when necessary details have to be done.

Two Sides to Every Question

"FAIR enough. I'm not temperamental, I hope. I have an artistic conscience. We all have. If that should be too severely violated, I'd do something about it. But before going about taking stands, I'd look at both sides of the question.

"Which brings me to my philosophy of life: looking at both sides of the question. And there *are* two sides to every question, great or small, if we will just take the time and whatever trouble there may be to sit down and look at them.

"There may be individuals so constitutionally different that they could never meet on any common ground. But I believe such cases to be far more exceptional than we go about believing.

"If two sides of every question could be the philosophy of nations, as well as of individuals, there would be no wars. If two sides of every question could be the philosophy of all individuals, there would be few, if any, divorces. There would be no such thing as producer-and-actor difficulties. There would be no split friendships, hurt feelings or any of the sores of the world, personal or national or international.

"Of all the virtues, tolerance is by far the greatest.

"Of all the vices, fear is by far the greatest.

"There is a large element of fear in the violent desire to be free, to shake loose the possible pains and humiliations, restrictions and obligations of the common lot. It is far more difficult to shoulder the common lot than to evade it."

Conrad Nagel *did* intend to be an actor. From the beginning he has ordered his life with a competence, a cool judgment, a surety that has made him, to-day, the busiest man in Hollywood. *In the past twenty-four months he has made thirty-one pictures.* A record never equalled and certainly never surpassed by any other doffer of the greasepaint. And even such stupendous work as that he takes surely and competently. Stock training, he says, made it possible. For in the stock days he became accustomed to learning one rôle while playing another. As his responsibilities have increased, his power to meet them have increased proportionately until, to-day, he can make love to Norma Shearer on one set and go right over and make love to Lila Lee on another and never the twain do meet.

It was his success in college theatricals that made him know the stage was to be his career. He has never deviated from that choice. Perhaps, too, the musical atmosphere in which he and his brother were raised turned his mind away from the commercial career he might otherwise have followed. His father was a nationally famous pianist and composer and his mother a concert singer of more than average note. The world of the Arts was very near the small Conrad in the days when his young impressions were being formed.

He graduated from college with the degree of Bachelor of Oratory. He has not lost the right to that degree.

He is genuinely self-confident. He is, I should say, less selfish than most of his brethren. If he is, it is not aggressive. You get nothing aggressive from Conrad. You do get *certainty*. He knows what he is about. Loving peace, he will yet take a stand and stick to it when the occasion demands.

How He Keeps His Balance

HIS first major lead on the stage was in "The Natural Law."

His first appearance before the camera was in "Little Women." In 1918.

He'd rather do what he is doing than anything else in the world.

He has a great respect for his fellow actors and actresses. He believes the producers know their stuff.

He likes his own name.

He does *not* take a holiday from life.

He hopes to do a stage play one of these days—very soon. He believes the stage is coming back stronger than ever before. He has no fear that television will decrease theater audiences.

"We are all gregarious," he said. "No one likes to sit in a corner and tell one's self a story. Most of the screen people have had projection machines installed in their homes. That hasn't kept any of us away from the theaters. Television won't keep us away now."

He believes that man-made laws may be fallacious, but no more fallacious for him than for any other.

He believes in the right of the individual to choose his own work, his own life and then to pursue his work and his life to the advantage of the greatest number concerned.

Conrad is made for havens and for harbors, for the hearthstone and the love of one woman. Four walls will contain him because there is sanity and justice and reason in his heart, courtesy on his tongue and love in his soul.

A wise and balanced man. Unique in that he *is* wise and balanced in a sphere where so few are.

One thing in life is sacred among many other things—to view both sides of a question. To grant to the other fellow that which you demand for yourself.



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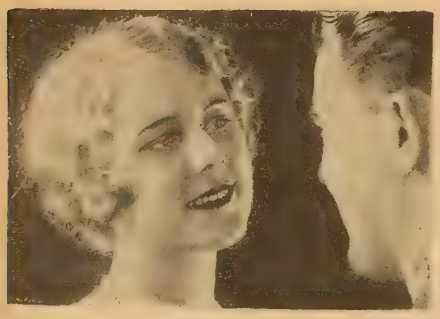
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The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

introduced to the handsome Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray, who was employed in the translation of the classic. She married him triumphantly, under the noses of several ladies who had planned to become the Marquise, among them—it was said—the beautiful and famous nose of Pearl White, the American serial star.

The Marquis was half-English, being related on his mother's side to Three-Star-Hennessey Whiskey. He was a well-known man-about-town in Paris, and famous as the escort of beautiful ladies at all the great restaurants of the boulevards. Unkind tongues whispered that, though there was undoubtedly a title somewhere in his family, Henri—or "Hank" as America promptly dubbed him—had rather borrowed the privilege of wearing it.

Whether that was so or not, it is certain that when Gloria returned, with her handsome Marquis, the democratic fans of the United States went quite wild. Tugs and other boats met their steamer down the bay and sirened welcome, the bridal couple was jostled, cheered, stared at and almost torn to pieces in the cordial fashion with which New York greets celebrities. The police reserves were called out to protect their triumphal progress through the city.

"The Highest Spot"

AT every tiny hamlet and Middle Western town on their way to California, crowds waited to shriek congratulations, and to stare greedily at "a real live Marquis." Unused to American ways, Hank found these public appearances displeasing, so the scenario writer of the company took his place at Gloria's side, chuckling at the disappointed comments of the populace, "Is that a Mar-kee? Why, he's *bald!* Gracious, ain't he *plain!*"

Of all the demonstrations Hollywood has held to honor one of its stars, there has never been one to equal that which greeted the American Marquise and her titled bridegroom. Huge banners—"Welcome to Our Gloria!"—fluttered overhead all the way from the station to the studio, brass bands preceded their car, the city dignitaries were on hand to greet them.

"This is the highest spot of my life," Gloria said. "Everything after this will be an anticlimax."

She spoke prophetically. Not long afterward occurred her disagreement with Famous Players. Later "Hank" accepted a foreign position with Radio Pictures and left Gloria, with tears and kisses, which were faithfully photographed by studio publicity men but did not quite convince a cynical public that all was well with the household of De la Falaise et de la Coudray. Those who hoped for the worst were finally able to say, "I told you so" when, recently, Gloria took the stand in a Los Angeles courtroom and confessed that Henri had deserted her, and had written her in response to her entreaties, that he would never return to her luxurious Beverly Hills roof.

And yet Gloria's husbands all have a lively interest in her welfare. The other day we saw Husband Number One, Wallace Beery, lunching with Husband Number Three, "Hank," at the Brown Derby, owned and operated by Husband Number Two, Herbert Somborn. And a little bird who listened in told us that they were talking over their ex-wife's latest boy-friend.



Longworth

The black sheep and the shadow of the law: a symbolic study of Edward Woods, sensational newcomer, as the killer of "Mothers Cry"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

A CONNECTICUT GIRL—You haven't bored me one bit. I'm happy when I have lots of work, and I'm always happy, figure it out. Anita Page is five feet two inches tall, and weighs 118 pounds. Dolores Costello, five feet four, 115 pounds. Betty Compson, also five four, weighs about 112 pounds. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a scenario writer, and has one daughter Patricia, about five years old.

LORETTA YOUNG FAN—Loretta was born Gretchen Young in Salt Lake City, Utah; her name was changed to Loretta when a film career came. She is one of three sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. Has a brother Jack, who was in pictures several years ago with the late Wallace Reid, but he decided to become a lawyer. Her first appearance was a small rôle in Colleen Moore's "Naughty but Nice," which was released in June 1927. This was not really the beginning, for her first screen rôle was with Fanny Ward, at the age of four. Her excellent work as a child artist created a demand for her services. She studied dancing under Ernest Belcher, is very graceful and proficient in both classic and ballroom dancing. She is five feet three, weighs 98 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Married Grant Withers on Jan. 26, 1930.

HARRY, DUBLIN—Baclanova was born in Moscow. At the age of ten she was permitted to attend rehearsals at the Moscow Theater through the influence of an aunt who was a well-known actress. At eighteen she was one of the four chosen out of 400 applicants for admission to the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio. She showed so much promise in the dramatic department that it was not long before she was playing leads and finally was starred. Came to America under Morris Gest, the producer, with "Carmencita and the Soldier" and later played the rôle of the nun in "The Miracle." First screen appearance was in "Street of Sin." Her favorite recreations are singing—she is a dramatic soprano—piano and drawing. She is five feet four, weighs about 116 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to Nicholas Soussanin since Mar. 7, 1929. You pronounce her name, Bah-clahn-ova, accent on the Clahn.

RAMON NOVARRO FAN—See above for information about his picture "Call of the Flesh." Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. She is five feet six, weighs 116 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Latest picture "A Connecticut Yankee." Dennis King is not scheduled to appear in any new production at this writing. Ivan Lebedeff is still single and is playing in "The Royal Bed." Our radio broadcasts have been discontinued. Bob Steele and Blanche Mehaffey are appearing in "The Sunrise Trail," Tiffany Studios. Walter Miller, Wally Wales, "Hell's Valley," Big 4 Film Studios.

BOB—If you will send along a remit- tance of twenty-five cents I will forward you a photo of Dorothy Lee, who played the rôle of the gypsy girl in "The Cuckoos." Conway Tearle, Loretta Young and David Manners have the leads in "The Truth About Youth," First National Studios. Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Zasu Pitts in "Free Love,"

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Fryer

Out on the range when the sun went down, David Manners and Barbara Weeks would have been lost to the world, if it hadn't been for the ever-present cameraman

Universal Studios. Poverty Row in Hollywood slanguage means; The vicinity of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, California. (This corner is the home of the famous "Mourner's Bench.")

W. P. M.—One can buy from a pin to an automobile in cigar stores these days. Have you heard about the store clerk who got so confused he cooked a customer a cigarette sandwich, lit a novel for him and tried to smoke a lettuce salad? Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Mar. 1, 1907. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Real name is Lois Darlington Dowling and her latest picture is "The Dancers." Receives her fan mail at the Fox Studios. Ramon Novarro is directing and appearing in the Spanish and French versions of "Call of the Flesh," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

JOHN C. H.—Thanks a lot for the Thanksgiving salutations. Zelma O'Neal was born in Rock Falls, Ill. She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes and is married to Anthony Bushell. Marie Dressler, Coburg, Canada, five feet seven, weighs about 150 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Reducing," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ginger Rogers, Independence, Mo. She is five feet five, weighs 115 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Her mother Lela Rogers, was scenario writer for Baby Marie Osborne, famous child prodigy of motion pictures. Ginger went to school in Fort Worth, Texas, and became a local personality. She was the hit of every home-talent affair and it soon became evident that she was determined to be an actress. Then came the dance rage for the Charleston. Ginger, or Virginia, as she was christened, began winning medals and cups for her proficiency in the mad dance before she was fourteen. At last she captured the Texas State championship and was awarded with a four week vaudeville contract. First picture was "Young Man of Manhattan."

BILLIE DOVE FAN—Your favorite is not appearing in any new production at this time. David Rollins is playing in "Neck and Neck." Frank Albertson "A Connecticut Yankee," starring Will Rogers. Frank was born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, Feb. 9, 1909. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Mitzi Green's father and mother are Joe Keno and Rosie Green, well-known in vaudeville. Her mother, whose last name Mitzi has adopted, was once a Ziegfeld specialty dancer and was featured with Fannie Brice. Her father began with an Arab troupe of acrobats at the age of thirteen and later traveled with a comedy act of his own through America and Europe, making appearances before King George and King Alfonso.

JUST NOSEY—Well; if you were any- thing else but, I'd be among the unemployed selling apples. Walter Byron was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1901. His father was George Butler, well known English comedian, and his mother Dulcie Lawrence famous English leading woman. He therefore followed in the family footsteps when he chose acting as his life work. In England, he was considered one of the finest players. He is a golf enthusiast, is unmarried and his most recent picture released is "The Dancers," starring Lois Moran.

FLOSSIE—Leatrice Joy was married to John Gilbert in Aug. 1923. Her daughter was born Sept. 6, 1924. Vera Reynolds' real name is Norma and she is married to Robert Ellis. Kenneth Thompson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., about thirty-one years ago. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes, married to Alden Gray, haven't a record of their wedding date. Winifred Westover, San Francisco, Cal., she is five feet three, weighs about 128 pounds, blonde hair and dark blue eyes. William S. Hart, Newburgh, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1872, six feet one, weighs about 190 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

LOUISE—I'll bet you're glad to hear that Esther Ralston has returned to the screen, She is appearing in "The Southerner," starring Lawrence Tibbett, which is in production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Miss Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, Sept. 17, 1902. Her parents are May Howard and Henry Walter Ralston, who made quite a name for themselves as "The Ralston Family," Metropolitan Entertainers. At the age of two Esther made her début behind the footlights as part of the act of her parents. Later played in Shakespearian and Dickens' plays as well as modern dramas, then entered pictures. She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs about 124 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to George Webb.

JIMMIE AND ALICE—Richard Talmadge is playing right along. His latest flicker is "Yankee Don." Jack Pickford was born in 1896 and has been married three times; his first wife was Olive Thomas, who died Sept. 11, 1919. Divorced from Marilyn Miller, whom he wed in July, 1922. His present wife is Mary Mulhern; they were married Aug. 12, 1930. Leila Hyams' latest picture is "Part Time Wife." Alberta Vaughn and Robert Agnew are appearing in comedies for Educational Film Company. Tim McCoy and Marian Stockley in another Universal serial "Heroes of the Flames." Rod La Rocque is married to Vilma Banky. Gosh! I thought everyone knew that.

LEW AYRES ADMIRER—Gosh! what a popular chap he is. I'm beginning to think he's everybody's favorite according to his fan mail. Lew was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908. Educated at San Diego High School and University of Arizona. His only stage experience was in amateur drama. Three years singing and playing with dance orchestras, at Montmarte, La Fayette, Ambassador, West Orange Circuit, Plantation, Henry Halstead orchestra and Jean Goldkette orchestra. His first picture was "Joe College," a small part, this was released in 1929. Plays banjo, guitar and piano. He is five feet eleven, weighs 155 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. We wish to correct a statement we made in saying he was married, he is still single and receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios.

QUESTIONING GREY EYES— Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire are appearing in vaudeville. Polly Walker has returned to the stage and is playing in "Hello Paris," here in New York. Marian Nixon and Charles Rogers played in "Red Lips." Sally O'Neil and Jack Egan "Broadway Scandals." Robert Montgomery and Greta Garbo "Inspiration." Phillips Holmes' next production will be "Stolen Heaven," starring Nancy Carroll.

CLUB FANS—You may write Sally Zyck, at 91 Church St., Thompsonville, Conn., regarding a William Janney Fan Club. Vallee Vagabond Club, Helen Fleit, 6555 So. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill. Anita Page Club, Demetra Hatzi, 132 Main St., Gudson, Mass. Valleebonds Club, Jack

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Read Page 89

Seybold, 9229 55th Ave., Elmhurst N. Y. John Boles Club, Miss Joyce N. Rugg, 13 Frankston Road, West Southbourne, Bournemont, Hants, England. Rudy Vallee Boosters, George St. George, 2166 Belmont Ave., New York City, N. Y.

DICK MARSHALL—Have you moved? Mailed you a personal reply but it was returned marked, "Unknown." However, I'm answering here. Charles Morton was born in Vallejo, Cal., Jan. 28, 1908. He is six feet one, weighs 170 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is not married. Attended school in Walla Walla, Washington, San Diego, Cal., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and finally completed his high school training in the University of Wisconsin Preparatory School. Came to New York where he played in his family's act before going on at the Joslin Theater with Sothern and Marlow in Shakespearian repertoire. After this engagement he acted with Sir Martin Harvey's company, leaving to play another engagement in vaudeville with his family. Was finally given a test at one of the studios and was cast for a rôle in "Rich but Honest." His latest being "The Dawn Trail," starring Buck Jones which is in production at the Columbia Studios.

JANE S.—What do I think of the Prince of Wales' popularity? It seems to be ever-mounting. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914. His full name is John Leslie Coogan. Pola Negri is in Europe at this writing where she is securing her divorce from Prince Mdivani, whom she married on May 14, 1927. Jack Oakie hails from Sedalia, Mo., and has been appearing on the screen since July, 1928. Latest release "Johnny on the Spot." Greta Garbo is five feet six, weighs 125 pounds. Appearing in "Inspiration." Zasu Pitts in "Free Love." Neil Hamilton, "The Spy," Fox Studios.

ALECIA—I have lots of readers who live in Rome but I'm always glad to hear from new ones. Drop in any time. Claudia Dell was born in San Antonio, Texas, no record of the year. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and her latest picture released is "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Jeanette MacDonald, Philadelphia, Pa., five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. She is of Scotch and American descent and is still single. Many of the scenes for "Fighting Caravans," starring Gary Cooper were filmed at Calaveras Big Trees, the first grove of Sequoias discovered in California. Working at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet on the summit of the high Sierras, scenes for this picture were recorded at the greatest altitude ever attempted.

JOAN—Joseph Wagstaff was born in Detroit, Michigan, June 24, 1904. Educated in the public schools of Detroit and at the University of Detroit. Gained considerable dramatic experience in amateur productions at college, wrote several school plays and a high school operetta. Has appeared in "Sally, Irene and Mary," "No Other Girl" and Shubert's Winter Garden Show in which he did a dance. Following this, in 1926, went to Hartford, Conn., and played 28 weeks in stock, then back to Broadway to join "The Ramblers" with Clark and McCullough. Followed by "Queen High," "The Red Robe" and "Billy." Has been playing in pictures since June, 1929. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Hobbies, swimming and horseback riding.

MARY K.—Gregory Gaye played the rôle of the count in "High Society Blues." The songs that were played and sung in this production were, "I'm in the Market for You," "Eleanor," "High Society Blues" and "Just Like in a Story Book." Lew Ayres, William Bakewell, Russell Gleason, Louis Wolheim, Ben Alexander, Yola D'Avril and Harold Goodwin had the leads in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Frank Albertson was born Feb. 5, 1909. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

RUTHIE—Glad you changed your name, I think it sounds better, don't you? Drop into New York some time and take that peep that you are so anxious to do. Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn. She is not old enough to vote yet, has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 99 pounds. After attending Southwestern University in Memphis, Miss Jordan came to New York and studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and through a friend was given a tryout for a rôle in "Garrick Gaieties." She won this part which was followed by appearances in "Twinkle, Twinkle," "Funny Face," "Treasure Girl" and Theatre Guild productions. Her first screen appearance was in "Taming of the Shrew," starring Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Latest being "Min and Bill," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

BILLIE JEANNE—This department does not answer questions pertaining to the religion of the stars. Charles Farrell was born in East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. His early education was received in the public schools of Cape Cod. His college training at Boston University in Boston, where he majored in Applied Psychology. Went in heavily for athletics. While at home on vacation one summer, after completing his junior year, he met a vaudeville player at one of his father's theaters, who offered him a job as property man and general manager of an act. He always wanted to be an extra in a mob scene, so when the show reached Los Angeles he quit the troupe, and started out to conquer Hollywood with $18 as his cash capital. In less than a week he was an extra in a mob scene.



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Where They Eat And Why

(Continued from page 33)

nifty eating emporiums that I determined to prowl after some of this high-class gossip and food; to eat, peek and be merry, as it were, and let the checks fall where they might.

Strange groupings I noticed in all the restaurants from Victor Hugo's to Stark's, whose German food causes Hollywood moguls to mingle with orchestra leaders. At Henry's I found sad-eyed song writers doping out new musical spasms; Charlie Chaplin, dunking a jelly sandwich in a concoction of coffee and tea, while he patiently explained his stand against the talkies; and oh, no end of the bizarre and strange—the *very* bizarre and the *very* strange. After scooping together some oats at the Ambassador Patio, I was frightened out of the place by a women's orchestra and the information that a young writer had dined there one noon with Carl Laemmle, Junior, and was fired two hours later. They say that Junior objected to the way the fellow handled his fork.

Sights You Should See

AND if you would watch Johnny Farrow cultivating his latest flame, you'd best step over to the Roosevelt. I did. He was there; and already the town was buzzing . . . Ah, that it should be so! . . . Two tables away, Lina Basquette was once more playing the vivacious hostess . . . And in the doorway Catherine Dale Owen and Connie Bennett stared at each other frigidly. Finally, they smiled (through their teeth) and passed on to their respective tables. "That," my observing companion whispered, "is what *I* call a narrow squeak!"

And I was still reflecting that a miss is as good as a peace conference when I stepped into the Derby the next day for luncheon. At the moment of writing, the Brown Derby is Hollywood's outstanding one-ring circus. More connivance, promoting and insulting goes on in this jernt on any given noon than you'll find in the entire Congressional Record. Here it is that the stars, producers, directors and such are courteously led to booths, while the common herd—the ones that pay for the movies, thereby making the stars' existence possible—are shunted around little tables in the center of the room so that they may envy these Hollywood Godlings at chow.

At first glance, I had the illusion that some of these stars, near-stars and flashes were actually enjoying their luncheon. Ivan Lebedeff, for example, was packing away—prepare for a shock—spare ribs and sauerkraut. While Lowell Sherman nibbled on Russian caviar. "That's just about all he ever orders," Nick Janios, the head waiter, informed me. "Mr. Sherman is a very exclusive eater." Then he pointed out that Tom Mix, sitting across the room in tights, bandana and spurs, was playing with a *Bouillebasse*, whatever *that* might be, while Joe E. Brown shoveled in the corned beef hash. June Collyer, of course, was dimpling all up over a plate of creamed chicken, but Raquel Torres insisted on tenderloin of beef and kidney *á la Dutch*, and you get a free helping if you can order it in one breath.

The Favorite Food

"BUT it's the lobsters that drag in the stars," Nick proudly asserted. And he went on to point out that Lola Lane, Dorothy Christy, Sally O'Neil, Joan Bennett and Bebe Daniels were only a few of the lobster-conscious. But enough of this excuse called food, especially when Bebe Daniels at the moment seemed to be in no end of trouble——

"But you *must* remember me, Miss Daniels," a woman was arguing. "I'm Mrs. Pat Campbell and I've met you three times. . . . You remember, I'm the woman that was the friend of the king. . . ." Whereupon Bebe showed the first spark of interest.

"What king?" she inquired politely. "Louis the Fourteenth?"

It's remarks like this that make the History of Hollywood worth compiling; even when interrupted by an icy blonde star shouting "Jean! Jean!" to a perspiring waiter. "We want some service and we want it *now*." And when Jean gave his undivided attention to a portly director, the I. B. S. announced furiously that "that guy over there is the kind of fellow who tips a waiter a dime and thinks he owns him body and soul!"

Which reminds me of the night one of our younger "flashes" rolled down two flights of stairs while leaving the Club Lafayette; she was followed by her escort, three bounces behind. "I hope you're satisfied!" was her withering complaint. "You've broken my heel!" And when you consider the night at the Ambassador when Norman Kerry bowed sedately to his hostess, threw his watch into the fountain and dove in after it, and the evening in the same place that Marian Nixon's husband bid nine hundred dollars for a seat to the NVA benefit and collapsed with relief when Carl Laemmle went up to a thousand, you can readily understand that our cafés have their value, at least in so far as Hollywood History is concerned.

Why Local Girls Leave Home

AND as I sat in the Derby, nibbling on a dollar hamburger sandwich, I couldn't help recalling that it was to this very booth that Johnny Considine and a chap had rushed, late one night, and plumped down, laughing heartily and talking fast. Just a couple of wags delighted with themselves. Five minutes later, Joan Bennett and the wife of Johnny's friend hurried in. They appropriated a booth across the room—and when mutual discoveries were made, the atmosphere smelled of nothing so much as battle. "You will leave us at home, will you?" a feminine duet rang out. And as Considine and his friend burst into fresh gales of laughter, the young ladies tore across the room; whereupon the laughter ceased and violent scuffling ensued. Somebody seemed to be getting hurt and it wasn't the young ladies. . . . Finally, however, hostilities were called off and all four started laughing together.

My reflections as to whether or not it was a common occurrence for people to fight at home and make up in the Derby were interrupted by Nick's announcing that Maureen O'Sullivan had just entered. "But she seldom eats," he added plaintively. "Just comes in to cash checks." Which must be depressing to the Derby's owners, Herb Somborn, Director John Dillon and Hollywood's own gold-rush wit, Wilson Mizner. "A man's got to have a place to eat," Mizner explains, when asked why he bought a share in the Derby. "As well as keep tab on the Hollywood scandals. By the way, he adds mysteriously, "we've got the original round table; the one that was in Jack's Restaurant at Sixth Avenue and Forty-Fourth, New York. I bought it as a matter of sentiment, so many of my old friends used to eat around it—Tad Dorgan, Frank Ward O'Malley, Sidney Porter (better known as O. Henry) and . . . and . . . le's see. . . ."

(Well anyway, I've put the round table in the article, brother Mizner; now all you have to do *is* put it in the Derby. . . .)

They Must Be Engaged

"AND right over in that third booth," I am told by the irrepressible Nick, "you'll see Mary Brian lunching with



As *The Angel of Death* in "The Devil's Battalion," Leni Stengel, dramatic dancer, emphasizes the dangers Foreign Legionnaires face

Phillips Holmes. . . ." So they were. In fact, this was the second time I had caught them lunching together in the last ninety days. So I guess they surely must be engaged . . . . And that's how Hollywood History is made.

No matter where you dine, you'll find history in the embryo. Take, for example, the noon I was lured into the Hi-Hat by Sue Carol's smile and the reflection that Vice President Curtis blamed the business depression on idle money. Two good reasons for committing financial suicide. While I was searching the menu for wheat cakes and coffee, I heard Sue order a batch of Beluga Caviar at a dollar and a half an ounce, followed by *Marmite à la Française*, and my wheat cakes began to sound shabby. Perhaps it was due to this, or I simply may have been overcome by Sue's priceless French accent, that I said to the waiter: "Just make it two."

And with a smile Sue hurried into a covey of *Escargots Bourguignone*, Chicken *en Casserole Folies Bergere* (which sounded rather attractive), Hearts of Artichoke, *Salade Parisienne*, *Zabayon au Porto* and Darjeeling Assam Tea. By mental calculation I figured the bill was barely sixteen dollars. . . . But when they began to tow in the various courses and when I actually realized what a neat little banquet Sue had gathered together, my spirits began to soar and, indeed, I had arrived at a point where I thought that my entire existence was nothing but a little bit of the old all right—when I glanced across the room and spotted Mr. Nick Stuart himself. That's the kind of breaks you get in Hollywood; if it isn't one thing, it's a husband.

Well, to turn an interesting situation into a couple of lines, Nick tramped over, mumbled "Howdy" and joined us in a pot of Darjeeling Assam. And when the check arrived, Nick politely, and without looking at it, said it was all his. Being confused, I was unable to remonstrate. Which leads me to believe that one chapter in the completed History of Hollywood will be headed "The Tragedy of Stuart" or "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining—Even in a Hollywood Eating Joint."

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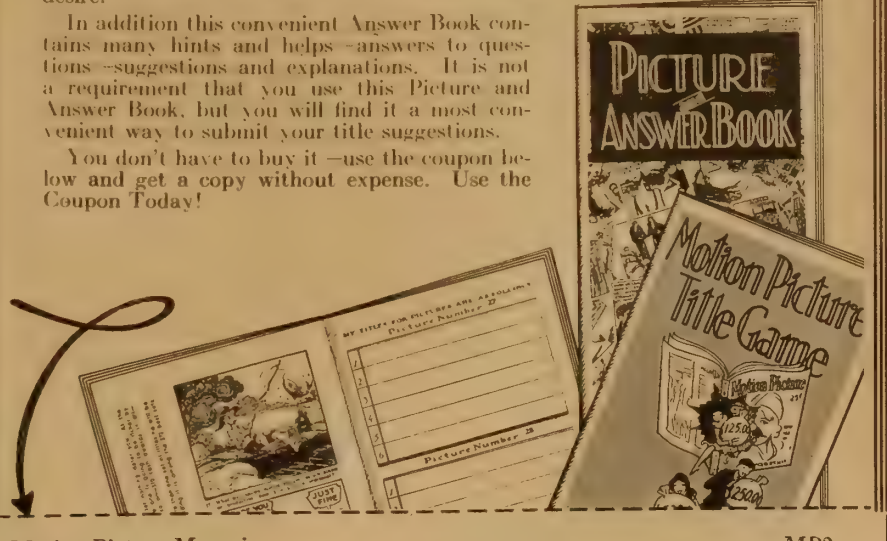
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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT



Well, well, well, if it isn't ol' *Bill Jackson* and ol' *Jim Bridger,* who scouted for "The Covered Wagon"! Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, their old selves again, talk over old times between scenes of "Fighting Caravans"

Samson of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 76*)

dialogue, which would be a severe ordeal even for a seasoned actor. Feeling that something wonderful was going to happen to him, he went through it all with a great deal of courage and patience.

Just a Little Break

THEN one day, as nonchalantly as possible, Mr. Walsh mentioned to him that he had the lead in "The Big Trail" and should prepare to leave for the first location at once.

That was five months ago. What with pep-talks from Mr. Walsh and Tully Marshall, earnest feelings about making good and not disappointing those who had faith in him, and sympathy and co-operation from the whole company, including the horses, John Wayne got through it to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Before it was over, he became such an accomplished knife-thrower that now he can outline anybody who is silly enough to stand up against a wall. The day I talked to him, he was going out to Central Park to outline a couple of policemen, in an effort to make New York "Big Trail"-conscious.

I was a little shocked to find an inch or two of hair still waving about his neck. But he put my fears at rest by explaining that they were making him leave it that way so he would look in character during a personal appearance tour through the key cities.

John is just as he looks. Simple and forthright, appreciative and loyal—a good boy, with all the steadfastness that could be expected of a young pioneer, and much more humor. Though he has been a leading man for months, his whole glorious career has taken place out in the open spaces. "The Big Trail" was shot entirely on remote and wholesome locations, where actors sometimes become people, so John has known none of the joys and perils of success in Hollywood.

Her Hero

THE blond and boyish Clark Twelvetrees, ex-husband of the wistful Helen, the young man who dives out of windows, was with him, calling on a diplomatic mission.

"Here's a story for you," he cried, jumping up in his excitement. "A girl I know has fallen in love with John, just from seeing his picture outside the Roxy. She insists on meeting him. Really! And you'd be amazed, too, if I told you her name. She's a leading woman on Broadway. It's a great story. I can't tell you who she is, but she's playing right on Forty-Fifth Street!"

Smiling rather foolishly, John got up and took Clark to the door, where they made the last sweet arrangements for a romantic meeting.

"I'm at the age," he confessed when he came back, "where I'm very much interested in girls."

But he would say no more. Mr. Wayne is a cautious young man, not to be probed on any subject that he considers in the least incriminating. He has been getting a lot of good advice, and actually taking it, on what is discreet for a rising young star to say, and what is not. So if you can get him to express an opinion on anything or anybody connected with the motion picture business, it will be in a weak and unguarded moment

As I was leaving, the little Irish chambermaid came in, with sparkling eyes and a smile that would have flattered any man.

"Is that how you affect her?" I asked.

"No," said John. "That's because next week she's going to marry a policeman."

An hour later I saw our young pioneer, arm in arm with a hatless, Titian-haired young lady, strolling through the tides of traffic in Times Square as heedless, as absorbed, as if they were wandering across a prairie. I couldn't be sure, but I think they were coming from Forty-Fifth Street.

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In Gaga Disguise

(*Continued from page 31*)

ask me why, they intrigued him completely. He bought books on the subject. Visited zoos. Consulted authorities. He began to spend months of time and close to two thousand dollars on each of his gradually improving wardrobe of hair suits.

The result was, perhaps, inevitable. Urged on by the lovely fierceness of the suits he was fashioning for rental purposes, he became taken with the idea of replacing the actors who had heretofore been wearing them in pictures. Gemora is a small, compact man, much more on the physical order of a gorilla than the lankier gentlemen who had donned the accoutrements of the apemen for the purpose of supplying miles of movie thrills. He put on one of his suits for "The Leopard Lady"—and found himself with a new profession.

Hollywood is rampant with practitioners of strange professions. Unquestionably, there are more people making their livings here by doing odd things than anywhere else on this more or less civilized globe. Aside from Gemora, however, picturedom has known only two other men who have won their cakes and ale by means of impersonating animals. One is the talented fellow who for so long delighted audiences of the "Tick Tock Man of Oz" with his ludicrous imitation of a lion. The other was the chap who for years has played Bonzo, the silly dog of vaudeville.

A Threat to Any Hero

BUT both of these latter are comics, and served in comedy pictures. Charlie, too, did time with the laugh-getters. A still from a two-reeler he made with Lloyd Hamilton shows how far he has progressed in the manufacture of his disguise. But almost wholly his work has been in serious stuff. That is, he made things look very, very serious for the characters in the play!

Unless it is a snake, there is no more gruesome menace at the beck of moviemakers than a gorilla. And even snakes may be combated. But a gorilla . . . my dear! Alongside of one of those ponderous-armed, shambling brutes, your mere human tough mugs take on the aspect of pansies. Charlie found himself with plenty to do. With his power of deception increasing steadily, studios called him regularly. Then came "Ingagi."

The bright young men of Congo Pictures will, I am sure, make their marks in the world. That is, if one needs to concern himself about marks with two million simoleons salted away—concrete token of the amazing credulity of Mr. and Mrs. American Public. At all events, these gents were shrewd enough psychologists to foresee that pickings were to be had from a picture based on the theme of illicit traffic between animals and human beings.

Consequently, they hired Charlie Gemora and his four gorilla suits, Arthur Clayton, a number of buxom negro wenches, and some moth-eaten animals. They then hied themselves to such African scenery as is to be found along the Los Angeles River. There they ground out one of the most amazing fakes that has been foisted upon gullible people like you and me, since Ponzi, the Boy Banker, was going well if not wisely.

The Undeniable Chill

WITH their epic completed, the bright young men of Congo Pictures obtained a distribution tie-up, and "Ingagi" was booked throughout the country. Despite an enormous barrage of suspicion, and even guffaws and jeers from the more skeptical, it scored tremendously. Let him deny it now who will, I doubt that there is a solitary member of all the many audiences of

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Hokumless Hollywood

One day, "A modern Babylon" . . .
The next, "The ideal place
To bring up children" . . .

Not so long ago: "Irene McGinnis,
New screen sensation, was
Once a Russian countess" . . .
To-day: "Irene McGinnis,
New screen sensation, talks
Of her extra days" . . .

Yesterday: "Jonathan Romeo,
Screen lover, tells what
It is like to be a bachelor
On the Hollywood heights" . . .
Twenty-four hours later:
"Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Romeo
Announce the birth of a son" . . .

In the morning paper:
"The new picture at the Strand
Is an epic achievement" . . .
In the evening paper:
"Be sure to miss the atrocity
At the Strand this week" . . .

You get all settled to believe
One thing, when something bobs up
And you have to believe the opposite.

Until you don't know
What to believe . . .

Unless you know where to find
The new news that is news . . .
Presented in a new way . . .

Unless you are acquainted with
The hokumless Hollywood presented
For lo, these twenty years in

MOTION PICTURE
Youthful—Truthful—Chock-Full

that film who did not feel his pulses accelerate a trifle when the gorilla came fumbling through the foliage toward the woman who, according to the custom of her tribe, awaited him.

For at that spot the bright young men of Congo Pictures got close to something pernicious and dread; something you had never seen in a picture before, and—because censors will be censors—doubtless never will see again. Because the film was supposed to be a travelogue, a sort of glorified newsreel, for a time they were able to draw their mammoth crowd undisturbed.

But there were, after all, those two mistakes. About certain passages of the production there was far too distinct an odor of fish not to throw the remainder into doubt. And every few score feet the face of Arthur Clayton, known to Los Angeles theater-goers for his extended appearance in the local run of "White Cargo," would loom up beneath the sun helmet of the gorilla hunter.

Hollywood is naturally a suspicious town. It has excellent reason to be—what with every faker, every gyp artist in the dubious trade considering it a happy hunting ground. The movie people logically were the first to suspect the reality of "Ingagi." Clayton attempted to allay their suspicions with the statement that in Africa, several years before, he had been a member of a gorilla hunting party. He had, he explained, since led such a varied life that the whole episode had slipped from his mind until he had seen himself on the screen in "Ingagi." He also had forgotten that a camera had been part of the party's equipment. Some such excuse.

The Only Proof Needed

BUT although few were fooled by this arrant tripe or by the producers' claim that the picture was real, there remained only one sure way to prove it a fake. This was to determine the identity of the gorilla itself. If the *ingagi* actually were a man, there was but one person in all Hollywood who could put up such a plausible performance. The gorilla specialist, Charlie Gemora.

But Gemora was loyal, stout with the loyalty of the true trouper. Just as he had done all through his career of monkey-business, he would protect the men who had hired him. He would deny that the gorilla menace in a picture in which he had played was a fake. In fact, so intense is his feeling on this point that he does his best to hide the names of the pictures in which he takes his hairy part. For years he has not had a picture taken of his own face.

In the case of "Ingagi" this loyalty to a producer, however questionable, caused him to be harried mercilessly. His telephone rang incessantly from the dialings of the curious. It was unanswered. Reporters attempted to waylay him night and day. Unsuccessfully. Acquaintances questioned him whenever necessity forced him into the open. Synthetic girl-friends tried to wring an admission from him that he had played the *ingagi*, hoping to sell the information to the sensation-seeking news-hounds.

The End of the Picture

BUT through it all Gemora remained impervious, tight-lipped in the face of all manner of threats and rewards. He stayed in his studio apartment, surrounded by his pillows and statuary and *objets d'arte*, doing portraits of Noah Beery and Junior Fairbanks and Mary Brian. Congo Pictures gave him nothing for this solid secrecy. Nor did he expect it. A matter of ethics: they had paid him for a job, and keeping quiet about that job was part of the bargain. That was all.

The controversy raged on, filling columns of space, occupying countless conversations. Was "Ingagi" real—was it fake? Clayton and the producers had committed themselves to the stand that it was true. Those

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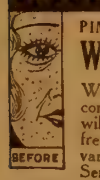
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who suspected its authenticity had nothing more concrete than their suspicions. They were certain that Gemora had played the gorilla. But Gemora would not talk!

Then, one of the assistant gorillas, a man with a name similar to Gemora's, filed a salary suit against Congo Pictures. He had, it seemed, doubled for the *ingagi* when it supposedly had been snared in the hunters' nets. For some time the Hays's office had had the picture under surveillance. The representatives of the awe-inspiring guardian of the picture business now stepped in, asking questions. And the answer came back: "Charlie Gemora can give you the dope."

"Summon Mr. Gemora," ordered the Hays's Office.

The Hays's Office is Hollywood's Judgment Seat. Actors would as soon attempt to spoof it as they would St. Peter. The question as to whether or not he had played the *ingagi* was put to Gemora. And, quite naturally, he answered. Answered truthfully. An affidavit was signed, an injunction issued. And that was the end of "Ingagi."

Red-Headed Sunshine

(*Continued from page 84*)

reached its zenith. He persists in recalling that his fellow gentlemen-of-the-ensemble were all, to the last man, "awfully fine fellows," and he never had a better time in his life than he had that season.

And He Was Right

FROM that he proceeded through an instructive series of productions, both musical and dramatic, which polished him off until he was ready to burst upon the world again as a leading man. This time it was all right. In "Heads Up" and "Top Speed," Ziegfeld was vindicated. Medicine's loss was the theater's gain. His winning smile, his modesty, his humor, and his dancing were much more than anyone could have hoped for. What he lacked in vocal strength he more than made up for in charm and naturalness. Anyone who is at all familiar with the noxious species known as the musical comedy hero will realize what a sensation Jack was. It wasn't long before Hollywood was offering him even greater fame and riches.

At that moment, Love was waiting for the chance to complete the felicity of this happy boy. He met and married Beth Sully, the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a handsome woman, tolerant and laughter-loving, with as much of the semblance of youth as her gray hair and a grown-up son will permit.

And in the true Whiting spirit, Jack observes,

"It was love at first sight. We're terribly happy and terribly in love. I'm so domestic and so crazy about my home that I can hardly wait to get back from the studio at night. Everything's simply wonderful."

Thus, at one fell swoop, he acquired a wife, a stepson of his own age, and a daughter-in-law. This might have been disconcerting to a less tractable young man. It might have bothered him that, when Mrs. Whiting goes over to First National to have lunch with Doug and Jack, the onlookers have trouble deciding which is the father and which the son.

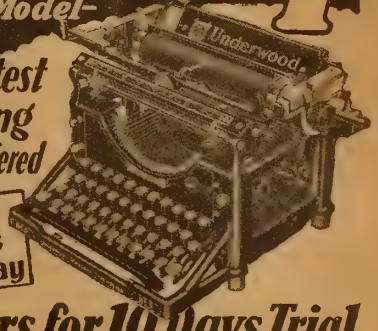
"Everything Is Perfect"

SOME young men might find it difficult to have a strictly paternal attitude toward Joan Crawford. But Jack is so in love himself that he doesn't even notice the gorgeous Joan. His blithe spirit regards them all as unequivocal blessings.

"There's nothing strange about it," he protested. "It's not in the least embarrassing to be Doug's father, and I never hear

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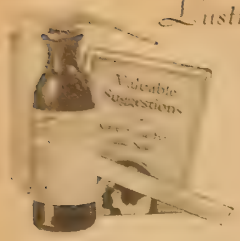
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Just that exponent of good, clean English fun—Claude Allister—doing some home work. His wife isn't in a position to see the joke.

any wisecracks about it. I met Joan and Doug in New York and we liked each other immediately. Now the four of us go around together all the time, and have a perfectly marvelous time together. Doug and I play golf very often, and everything is perfect."

I don't know what Jack was like in his bachelor days. Now he's a tweedy sort of person with a golf bag always lurking about, and a polite but restive air, indicating his anxiety to be off to the links, or to his house, to see what has come up in the garden since he left that morning. A particularly boyish man, with an agreeable smile that seems wistful, in spite of the fact that his every remark ends with the refrain, "Everything's simply wonderful."

No one can doubt his happiness with the former Mrs. Fairbanks. In New York I called up to ask if he had undergone any change since leaving Hollywood. It didn't seem possible that that fever-pitch of ecstasy could be permanent.

"No, no change," he reported, "except that I'm going to do a Rogers-Hart-Fields musical comedy here. I expect to be back in dear old California in June, to make another picture."

"But are you still just as domestic as ever? Do you still love everybody?"

"Oh, yes," he cried, "more than ever! Everything is simply wonderful!"

I guess it must be wonderful, and I sympathize. But nobody can convince me now that Buddy Rogers is the last of the Rover Boys.

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Motion Picture MAGAZINE

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Progress is reflected by the advertising found in the magazines. It is through advertising that we first learn of the newest in merchandise, the newest methods, the newest of everything. Advertising is the sign of progress and often the source of it.

Read the advertisements in this magazine. Study them. Profit by them. They will help you secure what you need and want for less money than you often expect to pay. Keep up with the advertising and advertising will help you keep abreast of the times. For advertising supplies new ideas, new methods, and new inspirations to a work-a-day world. Advertising is not only the sign of progress—advertising is progress.

Be progressive . . . keep in touch with the advertisements in this magazine . . . it will be well worth your while

A tip . . . *from* Andrew Carnegie

Asked to explain his phenominal success, Andrew Carnegie blandly attributed it to his ability to get men to work for him who knew more than he did.

And that's a formula for success. Nobody who is really successful does all the work himself. He employs other people's minds and efforts.

Do you do the same in the intricate business of running your home and taking care of your family? You can, quite easily.

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Lost - - And Found In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 67*)

English version, Maurice went through "The Big Pond" in French, with a French supporting cast, under the title of "La Grande Mare." When he had completed "The Playboy of Paris" in English, he entered on the French version, "Le Petit Café." In the French version, the Paris public will see a leading woman who was long a favorite of theirs, Yvonne Vallée, none other than Mme. Chevalier.

Their Gain, Our Loss

AMERICAN audiences may thus go hungry for more frequent appearances of accomplished stars, because of their very accomplishments. In silent days, when a picture was completed, the actor began another immediately for the same world-wide audience. But now an artist may be called upon to repeat his work for as many publics as he can reach. If his languages are many, his versions will be many. Perhaps the record for different versions is that made by Barbara Leonard, who undertook the same rôle in "Men of the North" in the English, French, German, and Italian versions. The leading male part in the English version was taken by Gilbert Roland, who had the same part in the Spanish play.

For some actors who had won or were winning prominence on the silent screen, the talking picture seemed to close one door of advancement—only to open another in a foreign language. Maria Alba, of Barcelona, the "Miss Spain" of 1927, won swift approval, and was featured in two pictures with Lionel Barrymore. The talking picture almost withdrew Miss Alba from the view of English audiences, but since then she has become a favorite in Spanish countries.

Still, it is the ambition of Miss Alba and of other foreign-language actors to emulate Moreno, Chevalier, and Novarro, and appear in English as well as foreign versions. They are all studying English, and none of them more zealously than José Crespo, who has been called "The Spanish John Gilbert"



She may have had to struggle along in muslin in "The Big Trail," but now Marguerite Churchill can wear rose and silver brocade, trimmed with brown fox

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SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will.* Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use.*

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely.* And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex-appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurement.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

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Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows beauty, her first work, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman,* the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

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St. Address.....

City.....State.....

by some who have seen him in a Gilbert rôle, and "The Spanish Chester Morris" by some who witnessed his performance in the Spanish version of "The Big House." José has studied laboriously to free his English pronunciation from accent. He demonstrates his success by reciting "The Chambered Nautilus," a poem that includes many combinations of English sounds, without a trace of accent.

One actress, accomplished in both Spanish and English, actually made her screen début as a leading woman. This was Rosita Moreno, who had been well known in vaudeville as an artistic dancer, and who has also danced for the pictures. She appeared as the *Countess Stavrin* in "Amor Audaz" ("Bold Love"), the Spanish version of "Slightly Scarlet." Since that time, Miss Moreno has appeared in English pictures with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and others, as well as in several Spanish versions.

A Native Goes Native

"AMOR AUDAZ," which introduced Miss Moreno to the screen, marked the return to Hollywood of Adolphe Menjou. Mr. Menjou completed two versions of "Slightly Scarlet," but neither was in English. He had the same rôle in the French and Spanish pictures that was played by Clive Brook in the English presentation. Valuable in other tongues, Menjou prefers to be valuable in English. He came back to his American public in "Morocco" and also is to be seen in "New Moon."

Every actor in Hollywood, possessed of any knowledge of a foreign language, has found therein new hope and new ambition. The list of these is long, and includes many of the best-known names. The list of languages is also long, numbering all the chief tongues of Europe and Asia—even such unusual ones as Gaelic, Gipsy, Welsh, Albanian and Arabic. The producers are prepared to give the public almost any language.

If the idiom is not important, a casting director may call for Charles Judels. Judels is one of the real characters of this character world of Hollywood. He doesn't speak a word of any foreign language, but is a master of racial intonations. If there is need of some excited, incoherent, sputtering foreigner in a scene, Judels can be called upon, and the dramatic Frenchman, the vehement Italian, the stormy German, will come before you.

Flocks Of Doubles

HOLLYWOOD cafeterias are crowded with curious doubles, these days. At one table sits Cyril Maude in the make-up of *Grumpy;* at the next, a duplicate Maude playing the same rôle in Spanish. Bill Powell, John Gilbert, Ruth Chatterton all have their foreign counterparts. American stars eat their luncheons with French and Spanish grammars propped up in front of them. Foreign players recite the Declaration of Independence to each other to improve their English. Charley Chase, Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel patiently learn by rote syllables of German and French that are Greek to them. And through the babel of tongues stroll Nils Asther and Victor Varconi and other favorites whom the fans look for in vain and mourn as lost, but who are still to be found in Hollywood.

"Truth is stranger
Than fiction"?
Not when fiction
Is based on fact.
As in our new series
Of short, short stories.



Just so you'd know what is being worn this year in the best Arctic circles, Lupe Velez went trekking up where snow is snow

Answers To The Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day recently** filed petitions of bankruptcy. They owe money to the tune of $40,000.

2—**Believe it or not, but Gloria Swanson's** life is insured for $2,000,000.

3—**The awards went to George Arliss for** his performance in "Disraeli" and to Norma Shearer for her work in "The Divorcee."

4—**Don't get excited, he's not another** foreign player come to Hollywood to steal laurels away from Hollywood stars, Mickey Mouse is known as Miki Kuchi in Japan.

5—**Charles Chaplin, the late Rudolph Valentino,** and Prince Sergei M'Divani, from whom she's just been divorced, should head the list of former loves in her memoirs.

6—**Fans who still worship Valentino received** a blow when Ullman, answering charges that he had misappropriated the estate's funds, said he hired 40 press agents and 1500 policemen to work up and publicize the funeral, thereby enhancing the value of the estate.

7—**Not because he has cheated, but because** he plays the rôle of a sculptor in "Inspiration" in which he chisels a statue of Greta Garbo.

8—**Daisy Devoe, Clara Bow's former private** secretary, stirred up an awful fuss when she was discharged from Clara's employ, thereby getting her name and pictures in the papers.

9—**Diane Ellis of the movies stepped in** high society when she became Mrs. Stephen C. Millet, Jr., wife of the rich New York clubman.

10—**Lila Lee and Renée Adorée are the** two movie girls who are convalescing in the same health sanitarium.

11—**The Mexican screen star's poor** health forced her to discontinue her motion picture work. She recently underwent an operation.

12—**Merna Kennedy and James Hall** have been engaged for four years and there are no signs of wedding bells yet.

13—**Robert Allen, the Dartmouth youth,** has been signed to a Warner Bros. contract, filling the place Grant Withers left vacant when he and the Warners parted company.

14—**Lola Lane is the very lucky girl.**

15—**Miss Clarke is engaged to marry the** producer, John McCormick, former husband of Colleen Moore.

16—**Charles Bickford once said he was** only in the movies for the sake of the money he made.

17—**Will Hays, the movie czar, was married** to Mrs. Jessie Herron Stutesman. This is his second marriage.

18—**Colleen Moore opened in a play** called "On the Loose" which opened and closed almost immediately and Lya De Putti's (remember her in "Variety"?) show "Made in France," received the worst notices ever written about any stage production. It also closed after very few performances.

19—**When Marie Prevost's weight took** a jump of about forty pounds, everyone thought she was through, but she has made a comeback and has an M-G-M contract, proving curves can be cute.

Twenty Happy New Years!

Do you remember when
Movies cost only a nickel—
And were a menace
To the penny arcades?

And do you remember who
Was first to tell the world
What was happening,
And was going to happen,
In the movies?

Then you know
Your movie history.

But if you had the misfortune
To be born a few years too late,
Perhaps you'll guess

That even in those early days
It was possible to get
The truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth
About "the cinema" . . .

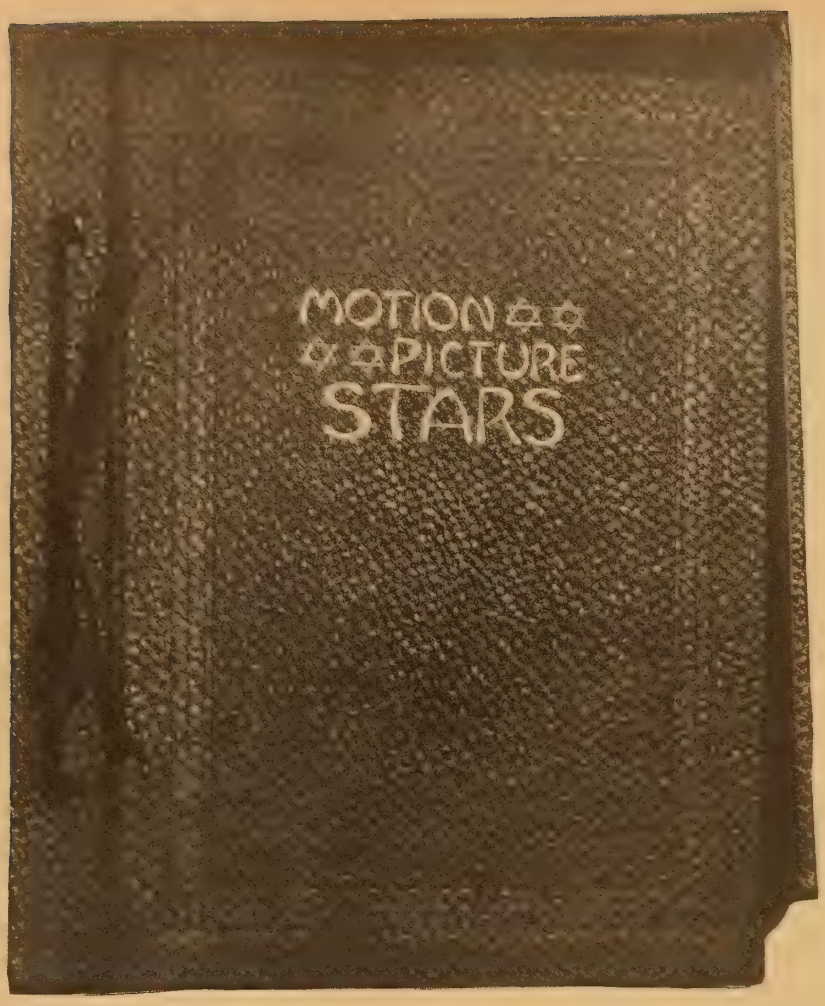
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Weren't as good as nowadays,
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You could get them) . . .

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New ideas—without having
To take a dose of hokum
Or slush along with them . . .

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Richee

Richard Arlen has apparently worn out the old outfit, for in "Stampede" he has a new one. And Mrs. Box Office, they say, thinks he is the best Westerner of all

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

ture fan and the wherewithal to buy a ticket, I have been in a position to see shows and shows.

At the time of the picture, "The Big Parade," a big hit, the producers started giving us war pictures. Trenches, mud, air raids, tin hats and dough boys dying before your eyes, until you could scream.

Later, the revues arrived. One gorgeous spectacle after another, hundreds of girls on the stage (no larger than ants), kicking in unison, until at last you are rewarded by a closeup of these same beauteous ladies, showing mostly their legs.

Then came the teams. Two lads cutting up in Mexico or gobs in some foreign port enticing natives in front of a curtain and then socking them on the head. Keeping it up until they got a nice long row of unconscious victims.

I am not versed in scenario writing, but nine times out of ten I can tell what our hero is going to say before he opens his mouth.

When I walk out on a picture, it's pretty bad, no fooling and I have had to do it more than once of late. We have the most beautiful picture houses in the world, large orchestras, prologues and what not, but I contend when these same houses have to lower their prices, give you a free ticket to some dinky miniature golf course, something is wrong.

Of course, I may be wrong, but my verdict is too much sameness in pictures and plots that have been hashed over a thousand times.

A. F. Harrah.

More Like "The Divorcee"

DULUTH, MINN.—Give us another like "The Divorcee." We're so awfully tired of war stories with their dugouts and dying

buddies. We're so tired of gangsters and clowns with broken hearts. Give us something light, real clever and entertaining.

I saw "The Divorcee" the same afternoon I saw "All Quiet on the Western Front." After sitting through the boom and the roar of the last and getting up with aching eyes, I dropped into the theater where "The Divorcee" was playing. I came in prejudiced, expecting something full of noise and affectation. I was surprised. For two hours I listened to the gay things that Norma Shearer had to say. I saw her play the part of one of those girls I had always admired, a girl with that brave, pitiful thing, a "man's point of view." I saw a piece of real life that was spicy and daring without being loud, touching without being too much so. Please, can't we have another picture like it? *Eddy Lee.*

A Plea for Silence

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Long ago in the prehistoric ages was the saying that silence was golden, but this is emphatically the age of noise.

Apparently we want little or nothing left to the imagination. Perhaps we are afraid of exercising that faculty. It used to be so restful to go to the movies. We saw the picture, we read the printed explanations, and—well, it was something like reading a highly illustrated book. The sounds, the interpretation were left to us. Now we have a beautiful picture, but just as we are about to relax and enjoy it, our sensibilities are jarred by an artificial squawk. We see a lovely heroine, but instead of being allowed to bestow upon her in fancy a beautiful voice, we have to listen to crude harsh tones.

No doubt one is branded as queer who dares to protest against the "talkies." But the public is longsuffering. *Florence L. Cox.*



Duncan

He will remind some fans of John Gilbert. He is Jameson Thomas, English screen star, lately come to Hollywood, and now working in "Body and Soul"

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Into No Man's Land
Into the Night
Intruders, The
Iron Mask
Irving Irving
Is Everybody Happy
Isle of Escape
Isle of Lost Men
Isle of Lost Ships
Isn't It So?
Is Zat So?
It Can Be Done
It's a Great Life
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Jesse James
Jester Jewel
Jewels of Destiny
Jewess of Seville
Johnny Johnston
Jolly Peasant
Jolson Jolson
Jordan Jordan
Journey's End
Journey's End
Joy Girl, The
Joy Hound
Joy Riders
Joyce Joyce
Joyzelle
Joyzelle and the Fairies
Juan and the Fairies
Juan Imagine
Juan Married
Juan Of Broadway
Kaiser Kane
Kaiser Kaiser
Kane Kane
Karloff Karloff
Keith Keith
Kelly Kelly
Kenton Kenton
Kerry Kerry
Kibbee Kibbee
Kid Boots
Kid Gloves
Kid Millions
Kiki Kiki
King King
Kingdom Kingdom
Kingdom Kingdom
Kingdom Kingdom

Now You're Talking

(Continued from page 88)

Real Men Do



Frank Allan contributed a letter that was published in the September MOTION PICTURE which makes me question his sanity. Is he a real man, I ask you? He wonders why in the movies: "The husband who, whatever his station in life, kisses his wife and family when going to and coming home from work. Real men don't."

In my present position, I am in a place where men are men, and who do not know from one hour to the next when they are going to "get theirs" or have to bail out in a parachute and take chances on a few yards of silk to save their lives. Do you think they leave their houses in the morning without kissing their loved ones good-bye? Not on your life!

Come out of the fog, Frank, and quit flying blind in this world where men are really men and who actually do such a horrible thing as kiss.

Ozro A. Miller, Riverside, Cal.

Such Dumb Cowboys

Why do some of these cowboys exhibit that sickening smirk upon their faces, especially at the beginning of the story? Then suddenly, when things begin to move, they change it to a tiresome cock-sure air, giving them the look that a little birdie has imparted to this favored one just exactly what is going to happen. They don't even look like cowboys and perched upon their saddle, they look about them as if they had just broken into the open for the first time.



Mrs. Mae Condos, San Francisco, Cal.

They Owe It to Clara

It is not the recent disillusionments offset or the narrow-minded portion of the theater-going public that has put Clara Bow's popularity in exile, but the inconsiderate producers themselves.

Clara Bow has been compelled to portray the frivolous flapper type and struggle through rôles that are mockery to her ability as a dramatic actress. The producers owe Clara the rôle that will restore to her the popularity and admiration she rightfully and invariably deserves.

Sgt. Wm. C. Stilley, Governors Island, N. Y.

Off Again, On Again



Now that Conrad Nagel has pleased one of his fans, Maritana, Blackpool, Eng., by shaving off his mustache, he looks worse without it. Let it grow, Conrad, you look much better with a mustache.

Judith T., Port Chester, N. Y.

Don't Shave It Off

I disagree with what one fan said about Conrad Nagel's mustache being an eyesore and a blot on nature. I have always said that Conrad was a handsome man and his mustache made him even more so. Don't shave it off, Conrad, it is very becoming.

"Just Boots," Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fifty Million Can't Be Wrong

How dare M. P. McG. call Maurice Chevalier a ham? He is marvelous. He is perfect. Even if she doesn't care for him, there are fifty million who do—and they're not all Frenchmen! Come on, you Chevalier worshipers, give him a big hand.

Pearl A. Katzman, New York, N. Y.

Orchestras Everywhere



Good for the director of "The Man From Wyoming." He omitted the orchestra when the soldiers were singing their little song on the battlefield. I'm getting tired of hearing orchestras in cow pastures.

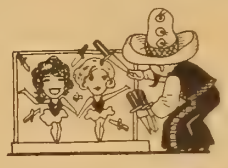
Ann T., Newport, Ore.

An 18 Karat Grievance

I have a grievance. Why not better vehicles for Ramon Novarro? We are being constantly reminded of Ramon and his golden voice, but to date they have both been wasted in mediocre pictures. Count them: "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid" and "Call of the Flesh." Good entertainment, yes, rendered so by the presence of Novarro, but none of them a really great picture. Why can't we have Ramon in a picture where his youth, romantic appeal, and voice can be seen and heard to advantage? Give us Novarro in a big show, he can hold his own with the best of them.

Winston K. Achong, Trinidad, B.W.I.

Alice and Clara Cute



Why do they insist on throwing daggers at Alice White and Clara Bow? I think they are both cute and the life of the movies. They don't deserve all the knocks they've been getting.

F. Petry, Fairfield, Nebr.

Bring Bill Back



Months and months have passed since I saw William S. Hart ride his sweaty steed across the screen. The folks here in Texas love Bill, his motives back of his manly brawn, and the big guns he totes. Are the talkies trying to substitute molly-coddle chatter for action? We Texas folk maintain that Hart needs no other medium than action to put his thoughts and convictions across. Can something be done to bring him back?

Chas. W. Sargent, Munday, Tex.

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

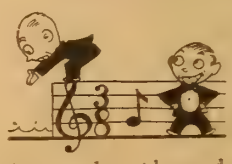
Enough of the Smart Aleck

How long is William Haines going to play smart alecks on the screen? He does well, but why is he not given the chance to show what else he can do? In his few serious moments he proves how good he would be in straight dramatic parts, if given the opportunity. It is a pity for a big, handsome fellow like Bill to limit his talent to clownish rôles and pictures. Other actors no more clever than he are more popular because of the fine parts they are given. Give Bill the chance he deserves.



Jeannette L. Addy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why Not Use Doubles?



Why do the producers insist on some mediocre singer bursting into song at every opportunity? Their acting generally is fine, but they are not all McCormacks nor Tibbetts so why not have a double jump off the "cleffs" for them?

M. M. Conley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This Will Hold Carmen

Sez you! Carmen Johnston, when you put the immortal Greta Garbo, you confine your knowledge of human nature and fine art to one half of one per cent.

Maybe Greta isn't a beauty in your mind, but remember this, she has everything you'd give your false teeth to possess.

Sgt. Wm. C. Stilley, Governors Island, N. Y.

Greta Holds the Laurels

As an admirer of Greta Garbo, I must [illegible] the statement made in a recent issue that [illegible] has discovered a star who can [illegible] Garbo, namely Marlene Dietrich.

From the [illegible] in the picture shown there is a resemblance to Greta, but I cannot [illegible] Miss [illegible] possesses that natural [illegible]—and many who have achieved film fame—which [illegible] every actress portraying [illegible] Garbo. Is there another reproducing for us the charm of Garbo's "husky" voice? And again, does another possess that calm poise [illegible] expression [illegible] such flexibility of facial features as peculiar to Greta. I, for one, don't believe it!

It is said that filmdom has no room for two who are alike. I hope, therefore, that the powers that be will not make the mistake of insisting that Miss Dietrich emulate Greta, but that she be allowed to develop her distinctive talent in keeping with her own personality. To emulate Greta would be folly, for she is an artist apart.

Greta holds the laurels! I think she will continue to keep them.



J. Glynn Reeves, Liverpool, Tex.

Marlene vs. Greta

I would like to inform you that Marlene Dietrich does not resemble Greta Garbo in the least. And neither she (Marlene) or any other actress can out-Garbo the Great Garbo. Furthermore, Marlene Dietrich is much too fat.

H. E., Seattle, Wash.

The Real Thing

How do they get that way, saying that Marlene Dietrich could do the Garbo stuff better than Greta herself? If she tries to do the "Garbo stuff" then she isn't being herself and who wants to see an imitation when we can see the real thing?

S. H. Cadman, [illegible], N. Y.

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Motion Picture

MARCH

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Motion Picture

FEB 12 1931

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MARCH 1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLI, No. 2

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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Details Are Important

Why can't motion picture directors pay a little more attention to details? Everyone knows that if a man is caught hiding inside an oven when suddenly the stove explodes, he is, if not killed or injured, at least blackened beyond recognition, and if by some miracle his clothes are not torn they at least are sooty. Take, for instance, Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee." Eddie was caught in just such a situation, but when he emerged, he was made up as perfectly as Al Jolson in "Mammy"! Although his face, neck and the back of his hands were pitch black, his lips and palms were not soiled a bit and his clothes were immaculate. How come?



Martha L. Doehler, Milwaukee, Wis.

Whoopee Nurses

I've read this page with interest and amusement for a long while, but now I resign my position in the sidelines and step into the fray. What I would like to do is meet Eileen Currie in an open debate concerning Anita Page. Take "War Nurse," Eileen, I suppose you would have wanted the nurses to sing lullabies to the wounded soldiers and dance during critical operations or play some jazz music while the hero dies.



Betty Lorraine, Toledo, O.

Marlene Deliberately Copies Greta

I would be more impressed by your article about Marlene Dietrich—"Not Another Garbo"—if I hadn't seen her in "Morocco." No one could see this picture and doubt that she deliberately copies Greta. It's too bad because she could succeed on her own merits and probably will, but I can never admire her for the aforesaid reason. It's not only because I adore Garbo but because an imitation is never so good as an original.

Elsa Moran, New York, N. Y.

Give the Sailors a Break



I want to say a word for the Navy. Most Navy pictures show the same old thing, a girl in every port, a saloon or a speakeasy in every reel and at least one fight in every picture. No wonder the civilians are down on sailors. The movies never show sailors on duty or on watch. They show nothing of the decks that are scrubbed, the drills, the machinery that must be kept in perfect condition, inspection, etc. The civies never see a sailor hanging over the side of a ship wielding a paint brush or in dirty dungarees, working and sweating in a hot engine or fire room, with face dirty and hair mussed. The movies always show a sailor as a hard drinking, hard fighting, heart-breaker and never as the hard working, hard studying, true man he really is.

F. E. Bitting, New York, N. Y.

Marilyn's Not the Type

Apparently Marion Miller is bent on stereotyping the stars who dance. She writes that Marilyn Miller 'just can't shake herself into a wild hoop-hoop-wa-wa sort of dance.' Is it necessary that she do that? If so, I strongly advise having Estelle Taylor play *Pollyanna!* Marilyn is a delicate, spiritueIle type; and even though she may try, she wouldn't be very convincing in that hey-hey sort of thing.

John L. Poole, Washington, D. C.

What's a Girl To Do?



Stop all this slamming of Alice White. Alice is a cute girl, pretty, intelligent, and modern, that's more than can be said about lots of others. If Alice wore all of her clothes, she would be called old-fashioned, but if she doesn't she is called bold, so what is the poor girl to do?

M. D. Bryce, Victoria, B. C., Can.

Real Tragedy



I have been an ardent movie fan ever since I was a mere pup. I never thought that I should live to see the day when "Westerns" became so scarce. I used to love to see a wild-rarin'-to-go Tom Mix picture, but now I seldom have a good Western show to go to. Certainly the musicals can't be better than the pictures William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones played in. I am sure that I'm not alone in my misery.

Margaret Egan, Evanston, Ill.

That's Where Our Money Goes



What seems to me one of the reasons for the present business depression is the talkie industry itself. And, in the Chic Sale manner, I'll tell you why. Producers hire foreign stars and pay them big salaries. Do they stay in America and spend their money here? No. They get contracts allowing for yearly vacations, go home to the Fatherland and spend the year's savings there. It's a constant drain on the money supply of our country. I'm not against the foreign stars, for many of them are my favorites, but when I read that the French are jealous of Chevalier's salary, it makes me angry. His big salary is doing them as much good as it does him, for he surely spends most of it while vacationing in France.

I'm not offering any corrective measures, but merely an analysis of the depression. Take it, if you will; if not, send it abroad!

Pearl A. Katzman, New York, N. Y.

Panning Gilbert Unfair



The critics always have John Gilbert "on the pan." They say he is this and he is that. Something bad—nothing good. And the critics never use their heads to find the reason. If they did, they would easily see that the pictures he is given to play in are rotten. If Metro gave him pictures as good as "The Merry Widow," the critics would have nothing to pan him about. They'd reverse their opinions of the one and only great lover of the screen.

Tharon Thompson, Texarkana, Tex.

He's the Romantic Type

Have mercy, producers, on John Gilbert and his fans and don't give us another "Way for a Sailor"! Let those so constructed as to successfully fill a roughneck rôle fill it and leave him a gentleman. Romance and a chance to act is his forte—please give it to him.



How about more interviews and more pictures of him in your pages, MOTION PICTURE? The Gilbert fans would appreciate a break. Otherwise, your magazine is the best in the market.

A. R. M., Wilmington, Del.

Clara, the Victor

Heigh-ho, Clara, we're all for you. Peace will be declared and you will be the proud victor. It's all jealousy, Clara, so what do we care. Every time a Clara Bow picture plays the house is packed. In other words, they slam her but they still go to see her play. Why? Because there's nobody like her. She is just perfect, so all aboard you Bow fans and three loud cheers for Clara.



Another Red-Head, Atlanta, Ga.

Give Clara a Chance

Although so much has been written about this subject, there always seems more to be said until the producers give our ideas a chance. The subject is: What's going to happen to Clara Bow? In a recent MOTION PICTURE I read an article saying Clara didn't care what happened to her. If the producers gave her a chance to show her real talents, it would help her to regain confidence in herself and give her a new lease on life. By talents I don't mean getting rid of her clothes easily and gracefully. I mean dramatic talents. She has them and how!

Betty Rae Bowers, Minn.

People You'd Like To Kill

Can't something be done about these people who go to a show and continually eat candy or chew gum in your ear? They certainly head the list of people you'd like to kill but don't. Who can enjoy a show with a gum chewer or a peanut cracker nearby? I've had to change my seat several times in one evening on account of one of these pests.



Eileen G. Wiener, Taunton, Mass.

Talkie Pests

Why, oh why, can't we see a good show peacefully without people stamping their feet, rattling paper bags, etc? It's getting so you can't go to a show without some thoughtless person spoiling the whole evening for you. On one occasion, the picture was at its best when the talkie apparatus refused to utter a sound for several minutes and when the thing finally got started, you couldn't hear a thing as everybody in the house was talking.

Ruby Crews, Atlanta, Ga.

Those Sweet Endings

Will someone please tell me why the hero is never killed and always gets the girl. And another thing, why is it they always "live happy ever after"? Everything doesn't turn out that way in real life, so why must the movies always end so sweetly?

Lucia Hutchinson, Long Beach, Cal.

(Continued on page 122)

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THE HOT NEWS STORY OF THE MONTH

Crash! Went Their Banks—But The Film Folk Were Good Losers

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

HOLLYWOOD, often accused of extravagance, wishes now that it had bought that sable coat it wanted, and that Rolls with the special body. It has just received a bitter lesson on the folly of saving money.

A short time ago the movie stars over their grapefruit (without sugar) and coffee (without cream) read the headlines in the morning's papers telling of the closing of one of the banks on the Boulevard. A few days later, a bigger bank shut its doors.

In all fairness, it should be said that the closing of this bank was the first case of its kind in California. Business depression had had nothing to do with it. But the date of the disaster provided a dramatic setting. Hollywood Boulevard, renamed "Santa Claus Lane" for a month every year, was decorated with gay modernistic Christmas trees and wreaths, and placards in the shop windows on every side of the closed banks wished the public a Merry Christmas.



Here's the headquarters of the Guaranty Building and Loan Association where many lost their life's savings

In the crowds that surged all day around the big marble building of the Guaranty Building and Loan were many faces familiar on the screen, faces as pale and anxious as the less famous ones around them.

The World's Best Losers

IT is only within recent years that film people have patronized banks. But since the stock market crash most of them have acquired saving accounts. For the first time in their lives they are laying away money. Lola Lane, for example, saved five hundred of her seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollars-a-week salary regularly. And picked out the Guaranty to deposit it in because it had such stunning wrought-iron doors and such an impressive marble foyer.

"I've got just fourteen dollars to my name," shrugs Lola philosophically, "but I might have lost all I had in oil stocks or betting on U. S. C. against Notre Dame!"

That's one thing you can say about screen people. They are dead game sports! As winners maybe they have their faults, but there are no better losers in the world. Indeed, they furbish up their troubles into really quite presentable sources of pride.

I saw two of the heaviest losers in the bank fiasco lunching in a studio cafeteria the same day. "I lost," shrugged José Crespo, the Spanish Jack Gilbert, "exactly everything I had in the world." And he ordered an oyster stew and ate it with good appetite.

Wallace Beery sat at the next table. Wallace was eating corned beef and cabbage. He had lost, they say, a huge amount when the Guaranty closed its doors, unless something could be salvaged from the wreckage. In addition he was one of the stockholders of the institution and liable to be called on to help make up the depositors' deficits. But you would never have guessed it to see him cracking the usual Beery wisecracks over that corned beef and cabbage.

Just Out of Luck

THREE months before, Wallace had taken his money out of one bank and put it into this other because he considered it safer.

Nils Asther wanted to take Vivian Duncan to Sweden to show her his own country and to show his own country his blonde American wife. He took forty thousand dollars in cashiers' checks out of his safety deposit box and wandered along Hollywood Boulevard to find a bank where he could open a checking account to draw on during his journey. The first bank he came to, the Bank of Hollywood, was fated to close its doors *within twenty-four hours*. But Nils, all unsuspecting, entered and deposited his forty thousand.

The foreign players, making French and Spanish and German versions of pictures in Hollywood, are thrifty folk. But not

(*Continued on page 120*)



Men danced with her *just once*

'B.O.' killed her popularity until . . .

(Body Odor)

THEIR first dance. But he vowed inwardly it would be their *last.* For though she was pretty, though she danced beautifully, one thing spoiled it all. The last thing you would ever suspect in a girl who *looked* so dainty. "B.O.", the polite name for a condition people dislike even to mention—*body odor.*

Of course, she didn't realize she was offending. She was horrified when—a few weeks later—another girl blurted out the truth. But she took the friendly warning—adopted a simple safeguard . . . Now she's popular with everyone, a favorite partner at a dance. She knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

Play safe—always!

Don't take chances with "B.O." Even though it is cool weather, we still perspire. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

We may not notice it in ourselves—*others do!* But with Lifebuoy to safeguard us, we need *never* offend.

Lifebuoy gives an abundance of rich, creamy, antiseptic lather—even in hardest water. It penetrates pores—removes all odor—keeps the body fresh and sweet. The favorite toilet soap of millions of particular men and women. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies.*

Complexions grow lovelier

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy—that's the quick, easy way to a good complexion, say women everywhere. Its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—gently frees them of clogged impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *Big Business Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ames, Robert—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Gun Smoke*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—*The Ruling Passion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Paid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *June Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—*Private Secretary*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Fires of Youth*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—recently completed *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—last release *The Lash*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bedford, Barbara—playing in *Desert Vengeance*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *The Ruling Passion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *The Devil Was Sick*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blane, Sally—recently completed *Ten Cents a Dance*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Devil Was Sick*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *The Flood*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Flood*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boyd, William—recently completed *The Westerner*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Mr. Lemon of Orange*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Madame Julie*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Gun Smoke*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *New York Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *The Tenderfoot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—recently completed *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *New Morals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *Playboy of Paris*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—last release *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Cody, Lew—playing in *3 Rough Diamonds*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Sex in Business*—Paramount Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collyer, June—playing in *The Drums of Jeopardy*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—last release *Devil to Pay*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Ladies for Hire*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Coogan, Jackie—last release *Tom Sawyer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *Fighting Caravans*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—last release *Tol'able David*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Bad Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Big Brother*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Mr. Lemon of Orange*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—recently completed *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunn, Irene—playing in *Bachelor*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Errol, Leon—playing in *Finn and Hattie Abroad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Little Caesar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fawcett, George—playing in *The Drums of Jeopardy*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Fay, Frank—playing in *The Devil Was Sick*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Garbo, Greta—recently completed *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garrick, John—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Finn and Hattie Abroad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—last release *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—recently completed *Millie*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)

IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!



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Read Page 111

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

In The Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

Halliday, John—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Gambling Daughters*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Holland, John—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *Stolen Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Holt, Jack—playing in *The Last Parade*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios—Culver City, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *The Drums of Jeopardy*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Johnson, Kay—playing in *The Single Sin*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jones, Buck—playing in *Desert Vengeance*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *The Ruling Passion*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *Wine, Women and Sin*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Laye, Evelyn—recently completed *One Heavenly Night*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Dixie—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Assorted Nuts*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Red Hot Sinners*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—last release *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *New Morals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Night Nurse*—Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Party Husband*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—recently completed *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
McCoy, Tim—playing in *Heroes of the Flame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *3 Rough Diamonds*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolph—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—recently completed *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moorhead, Natalie—recently completed *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—recently completed *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—last release *The Bat Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Norton, Barry—recently completed *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *June Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—recently completed *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Finn and Hattie Abroad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Cavalier of the Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ralston, Esther—playing in *Lonely Wives*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rennie, James—playing in *Party Husband*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—*It Pays to Advertise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rollins, David—recently completed *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Bachelor Apartments*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Night Nurse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—last release *What a Widow*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—last release *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Finn and Hattie Abroad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—recently completed *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Fires of Youth*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—recently completed *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Millie*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—recently completed *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Varconi, Victor—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—recently completed *Resurrection*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wayne, John—playing in *Girls Demand Excitement*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *3 Rough Diamonds*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Big Business Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal

SIT TIGHT



TWO BIG STARS IN ONE!

JOE E. BROWN *and* WINNIE LIGHTNER

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in *Hold Everything* and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in *The Life of the Party* are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when *Sit Tight* is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory, Lotti Loder, Hobart Bosworth, Frank Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George

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Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE *Picture*

AMERICA'S YOUNGEST DUCHESS . . .
HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS





This chic young Duchesse wears frocks by Worth and diamonds by Cartier. Her dachshund, "Valdy," (left) is her inseparable pet. (Below) Pond's four preparations keep her fair skin exquisite.

"Noblesse oblige!" says the Duchesse de Nemours. "In Europe, women of title must fulfil their duty of being always lovely . . . They guard their beauty as they guard their ancestral jewels and prize a flower-like complexion as an essential hallmark of race and breeding . . . So, no wonder I am grateful for my faithful use of Pond's!"

Enchantingly blonde and beautiful, with exquisite fair skin, the Duchesse de Nemours is the former Miss Marguerite Watson, of an aristocratic Virginia family. She was a favorite in Washington and Newport society before the royal romance of her marriage to a scion of the house of Bourbon-Orléans.

"Women of title must be always lovely." Wherever this young Duchesse goes, Pond's tends her fragile transparent skin, just as when she was a girl at home.

"The Cold Cream is wonderful," she says, "and the Tissues are the best way to remove the cream I ever found . . . The Skin Freshener is delightful to invigorate and the Vanishing Cream is *exquisite!*"

Think how significant it is that women of wealth and title choose Pond's in preference to all other beauty preparations. Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent social position a beautifully-groomed complexion is the first requisite. They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest obtainable despite their democratic simplicity and modest price.

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin radiantly clear and fresh:

FIRST—during the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck several times, always after exposure... Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Peach color and white.



THIRD—pat cleansed skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone and firm.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face but wherever you powder . . . arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft and white. At bedtime: Cleanse with Cold Cream, remove with Tissues.

•

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JEAN HARLOW

Howard Hughes preferred a blonde for "Hell's Angels." He tried Jean Harlow, an extra attractive extra. He didn't have to try again. Right now, she's half the excitement of "The Secret Six"



KENT DOUGLASS

Local boy makes good in big city theaters, returns home, and makes good screen actor. That's Kent's big success story. For his age (twenty-three) he gets a great kick out of character parts. He's off to one in "Paid"



JEANETTE MACDONALD

Doesn't look temperamental, does she? "You'd be surprised," say the boys at Paramount, who were so surprised they let her go. The Fox hunters at once were on her trail. She'll surprise you in "All Women Are Bad"



INEZ COURTNEY

She makes you want to smile, too. Except that you wonder if she's smiling with you or at you. For she's a comedienne with a cute sense of humor. She rang the bell twice in "The Hot Heiress" and "Sunny".



IRENE DELROY

come-hither look another hero meets his match. ene has technique, as well as looks. (Have you "Divorce Among Friends"?) Right now, she's casting eyes at Broadway for just one play


JANET GAYNOR



FREDRIC MARCH

And here's one of the best actors you will find on either stage or screen. He never disappoints. His satire of John Barrymore in "The Royal Family" is a high spot in talkie history. He's the next star



RAYMOND HACKETT

A mysterious chap, this young actor from the stage. A sensation in early talkies, he suddenly disappeared. But now he's back, most recently in "The Cat Creeps." Let's hope the producers watch him this time

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

March, 1931

LAURENCE REID
Editor-In-Chief

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
Publisher

Talking Pictures—

PERHAPS the trouble with William Haines is—he never gets socked. You can't laugh at a comedian until you feel sorry for him.

• • •

A FEDERAL judge has declared the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional. And how about those censorship laws? Isn't there something in the Constitution about free speech?

• • •

NOW they say that Ruth Chatterton would never have wielded the power she does, if someone hadn't tipped her off to drop her English accent and relax before the camera. But it doesn't matter how she became a great actress. It's enough that she is one. In "The Right to Love" she is without equal. She is on the heights, alone. But she had better watch Ann Harding.

• • •

THERE are rumors around that Al Capone, the King of Chicago, has been approached to star in a gangster movie. It would, presumably, be the last word in tough talkies. But probably Will Hays, the Emperor of Hollywood, won't admit that that would be a good thing.

• • •

SPEAKING of Mr. Hays reminds us that he's after the boys who give pictures sexy titles. Even Will knows how disappointing it is to see a picture that isn't half so hot as its title.

• • •

GEORGE Bancroft says he doesn't like the skimpy figures the girls have nowadays. George, we suspect, has also fallen for Marie Dressler.

• • •

THE surprise of the Hollywood month was Aileen Pringle's being cast as Buck Jones's leading woman in his next Western. Aileen, you remember, was the Natalie Moorhead of the town in silent days.

OUR spies in the studios have it that wide film is to be abandoned, at least temporarily. Pictures will continue to be better, but not bigger.

• • •

DOUG Fairbanks wasn't exaggerating when he claimed he was having the time of his life, making "Reaching for the Moon." He's a new Doug, even a happier-go-luckier Doug. Don't expect any more retirement rumors right away. And if you hear any, don't believe them.

• • •

ONE wonders if M-G-M were trying to send Rudy Vallee back to that little town in Maine, when they had Lawrence Tibbett sing "Lover, Come Back to Me" in "New Moon." What a singer, what a lover! He's the Rudolph Valentino of song. All by himself, he's a new era in the movies.

• • •

WHO is your idea of the next male star? Walter Huston? Lew Ayres? Robert Montgomery? And what about Fredric March? His performance in "The Royal Family"—his mad mimicry of John Barrymore—is one of those things you won't forget.

• • •

SOME of the boys in Los Angeles wanted to keep Herr Einstein out of California because he made a pacifist speech in New York. As yet, they haven't tried to shoo out the Laemmles for making "All Quiet on the Western Front." And that was one of the best arguments for peace ever made. But Germany turned thumbs down on it.

• • •

UNCLE Carl Laemmle, by the way, is celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary in pictures this February. He's the only producer now in the business who has been active that long. It's a great record.

• • •

AND did you know that ol' Motion Picture is celebrating her twentieth anniversary this year? Still goin' along, still goin' strong.

250,000,000 Fans

BY

JOSEPHINE

LITTLEJOHN







"BUT, Miss Pickford, their criticism of all American pictures—"

"I know," the feather curling up from her *Kiki* cap nodded as she smiled. "Still, all American pictures must take credit and blame—and like it!"

On the Pickford set of the United Artists lot where "Kiki" was in the making, I was having a serious interview with a very serious person: Miss Pickford, motion picture producer, and possessor of "some of the best brains in the industry."

"There are two kinds of criticism, of course; but the destructive probably doesn't destroy much; and the constructive helps us to understand our greatest critic—our audience. An artist paints a picture to please himself; but we must please a vast, colossal self—an audience of a million minds. Of course, we who make American pictures do not call them an art, you know, but an industry." She spoke the last phrase reluctantly, almost wistfully. "Just an industry," she repeated slowly.

"Just an industry," I agreed without rancor, and without passion. But my belittling was too much.

She sat up very straight, the feather on her cap quivering with defiance. "But it is a *wonderful* industry!" she cried. "It is such a wonderful thing we are doing—entertaining the world!"

Almost All American

ENTERTAINING the world. . . .

It is estimated that the world audience for motion pictures is 250,000,000 per week; less than half of it in the United States. The world capital invested in the industry is $2,500,000,000; two billion of it in the United States. Six billion feet of film is manufactured and used annually—and ninety-five per cent. of it is American.

Read it and weep with the critics at home and abroad. They'll tell you there is nothing to

The world wants American Westerns like "The Big Trail" (top). American comics like Jack Oakie and Helen Kane in "Sweetie" (center). Ensembles like those in "Show of Shows" (left)

Can't Be Wrong!

Or The U. S. A. Would'nt Be Making The World's Movies





American pictures but a certain cheap prettiness and vivacity; a certain physical charm of robust youth. A hussy elevated from the chorus to be old Demand's darling. An upstart, strutting riches deserved by her betters—abroad.

The high priest of American dramatic criticism, George Jean Nathan, has announced that when American motion pictures are a hundred and fifty times as good as they are now, they may be worthy of his attention. Until then—silence, presumably destructive.

European critics do not ignore us; they write tomes upon our iniquities. The latest tome, "The Film Till Now," by John Rotha, practically annihilates us in two hundred pages along this vein:

"The American movies are the lowest form of public entertainment —cheap, glittering, metallic films, whose chief appeal is sex and salaciousness—dependent for their success upon the star system, catchpenny titles, scandalous publicity and a hundred other tawdry schemes devised to sell the goods to Europe. They are slick, facile and well finished, but they lack good taste, intelligence and culture. These qualities are lacking in the American film producer and director. It is these which they have tried to buy from Europe. They have found this impossible. The American movie has not got them and never will have them."

Why Europe Howls

THE inherent sins of our films are only half their crime. The other half, which is far worse from Europe's point of view, is the effect of our films upon the world audience. They have debased it!

We are told that in the halcyon days before the War, the world (exclusive of America, of course) was composed of nations of artists simply yearning for Art in their motion pictures. European films are Art: made by Artists from pure Art material "wherein all is seamy, sordid and



Only America can produce them: aviation spectacles like "Hell's Angels" (top). A cyclone like Clara Bow (with Ralph Forbes, center). The swank of "Reaching for the Moon" (right)

Almost 100 Per Cent. American



Only in America could a hairdresser (Jack Buchanan) fall in love with a countess (Jeanette MacDonald) as in "Monte Carlo" (above). And only in America do you see snappy college life, as in "College Days" (below)

unhappy and the end is death." During the World War the production of Art films practically stopped and America leapt at the chance to thrust her movies upon a defenseless world. The world masses became saturated with them; they became a habit; an entertainment vice.

And when, after the War, Art pictures resumed—alas! the debauched masses refused to swear off their vice and let Morbidity get at their vitals again. In shillings, francs, rupees, lire, pengös, pesetas, escudos, lei, marks, kronen and Mexican dollars, the world audience said, "We want American pictures!" Europe was suddenly aware that American motion pictures were exerting an influence on world trade; that the threatened "Americanization" of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia was not only a vice, but a disease—which must be checked.

The Cure Worse Than the Pain

THEY tried first the cure of the quota system. A limited number of American motion pictures were to be permitted the patient audience in smaller and smaller doses, while pure Art films, purely home-made, were to be administered as both purge and tonic. But again, alas, the patient refused to swallow the remedy.

And then they tried vaccinating their own films with the American virus. The Artists of England and Germany nobly surrendered their Art to make films in "slavish imitation of Hollywood methods," Mr. Rotha declares. And adds that today a "real German film would be impossible."

And still the world audience is ungrateful. Many exhibitors now actually ignore the quota of home-made pictures and pay the resulting fine, which they can well afford to do, out of the profits of the American programmes.

This demand for American motion pictures, insisted upon by the world audience, legislated against by European governments, lamented by critics, is provocative of curiosity. Is the world audience as ill as its doctors would have us believe? And what is the real hold of American pictures that the whole world wants them?

I have been along the high roads and low roads, asking these questions of many who make American films and of many in Hollywood who represent that far-flung audience. Their answers are here set down.

Being American First

THE outstanding characteristic of American pictures is that they are American. Their beginnings, their development, their background and their technique are American. Their philosophy of life, their humor, their happy-ending stories are American. Directors and actors from every country in Europe contribute to the making of American pictures; but our pictures never present imitations of Soviet, German or English films. The faults and virtues of American films, no matter how great the one or how few the other, are American. This characteristic is so universally admitted that it is rarely mentioned, yet every comment upon American films acknowledges it. "Sincerity" is a word critics like to reserve for the Art films of Europe. It's a grand word. "Be yourself!" says America. We are low that way.

The second characteristic of American pictures is that they are Entertainment, first, last and always. Their makers not only admit that they are made to entertain, but say that entertainment has been the chief business of all theatrical endeavors ever since that vaudeville team they took aboard the Ark whiled away the watery hours. To be sure, American picture entertainment (6,000,000,000,000 feet annually) is varied. There is Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Joan Crawford and Garbo entertainment; Douglas Fairbanks, Mack Sennett, John Barrymore, Buddy Rogers, Charles Chaplin and Tom Mix entertainment. Gosh-awful shows and pictures like "The Covered Wagon" and "Holiday." But, good, bad or indifferent, American pictures attempt to entertain their audience and seventy-five per cent. of them are encored the world around.

(Continued on page 109)





Foka

The World's Biggest Smile, ladies and gemmen. The Dentists' Delight. You can't miss it. You don't want to miss it. And kindly note, ladies and gemmen, that he shows his hands. He's a rare comedian. A rare specimen. Step right up, and meet the one and only Joe E. Brown

CASHING

BY



P & A

WHEN George Ullman, erstwhile manager of the late Rudolph Valentino, testified in court lately that he deliberately built up (and paid for) ballyhoo on Rudy's death and funeral, in order to publicize his last picture, "Son of the Sheik," it gave Hollywood something to think about.

We hear a great deal here about Fame. The word rolls easily from Hollywood tongues. We are surrounded with people whose names and faces and voices are known to millions all over the world. They receive letters from thousands of people, expressing admiration and asking for photographs. If they step forth to a theater, throngs block traffic, standing for hours, with the most incredible patience in the hope of catching a glimpse of a celebrity in the flesh.

It did not surprise anyone, then, that Valentino's death should appear to affect a huge and loyal public. I think it occurred to almost no one that the tribute of the thousands of visitors to his bier may not have been entirely genuine.

But Ullman says that he hired forty press agents and fifteen hundred policemen to "handle" the funeral and publicize it, in order to build up the box office value of poor Rudy's picture!

In other words, Valentino's death turned out to be a valuable and timely publicity stunt for those who profited from his last production. The tribute of the thousands was only partly real. It makes one wonder how many of the apparent tributes to the living are spontaneous and how many of them are artificial things, fostered by artificial methods in the hands of experts.

Certainly Pola Negri profited professionally, by Valentino's death. She and Rudy had had a brief and well-publicized romance a few months before. It had flickered out and both were frankly and obviously interested in other people before he went away on that last trip to New York City.

Yet, when the papers announced his demise, Pola had hysterics on the set where she was working, collapsed dramatically and went into deep and picturesque mourning, for all the world as if he were still a dearly beloved and all-in-all, instead of merely a young man who had figured in a closed episode in her life.

Perhaps it is unfair to accuse Pola of wanting to profit by the publicity on Valentino's death. Perhaps she really *did* mourn for the lost great lover. But—it *was* valuable publicity for her, after all and it did her a lot of good. Pola is a shrewd showman. She could hardly have avoided knowing, at least, that her spectacular grief was good business.

Even now, years after his death, when public interest is whipped by the accounts of memorial services at his grave, large advertisements appear in the papers, purveying phonograph records which Valentino made. They weren't good enough, it is said, at the time, to put them on the market. But now, introduced judiciously, when the dead actor is receiving echoes of publicity in the public prints, perhaps the records will sell on grounds of sentiment, if not on grounds of worth.

Can It Be Publicity?

IS anything real?

Perhaps the people in this fantastic business cannot avoid doing things for effect. They are so trained to take advantage of artificial situations, perhaps their perspectives become so warped that they can no longer distinguish between what is real and what is make-believe.

Witness the marriages of some of our brightest stars to indigent noblemen. Were they marriages for love? Or for excellent publicity? Or both? Who can tell? I doubt whether the stars, themselves, could clear up that point.

Look at Clara Bow's engagement to Harry Richman. *Go on! You look at it! I'd just as soon not, if you don't mind!*

When the announcement was first made to the Press, it smelled so of publicity that several papers and wire services refused to toy with the story at all until they had received affidavits, testifying to its truth, signed by both Clara and Harry.

Richman was making a picture for United Artists. He was almost unknown to the public outside of New York City and Los Angeles. What he needed at that moment was some good, strong, front-page publicity with a news angle.

You'll Sure Wow Them If You Give

In On Fame

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Rumor says that several well-known actresses were approached and offered pleasant sums of money if they would collaborate on a nice engagement story with Harry in the papers.

Well, if a dog bites you—hang it all—I mean if Clara Bow announces her engagement to anyone at all, **it is news** and the papers had jolly well better print it or their subscribers are going to feel just frightfully cheated.

For that matter, Clara's recent attachment to Rex Bell has done neither of them any harm, agitating all the bright young reporters as it does. They have had a good many columns of nice copy about it.

But, how do they *feel* about it? Do they think they are having a romance? Or do they think they are making copy for themselves? I should think they would get all confused.

Is anything real to them?

The Miss of Mystery

THERE is Greta Garbo, with her mystery. She wasn't mysterious when she came to Hollywood. She was a plump, placid, pretty Swedish girl with nothing especially unusual about her. It was decided, for some reason or other, that she had better be kept under cover and not give out any interviews for a time—or be seen too much in public. And the legend began to grow.

Instantly it was apparent that it was a good legend, an interesting one. Garbo should profit by it. And she has. But I'll bet a nickel that if public interest in Garbo should start to wane, if speculation about her should cease, if people should stop being curious about her and snooping about her house to try to learn something of her—the mystery legend would be abandoned as quick as you could say *Rudy Vallee*. She would do something or other to attract attention to herself—and we should see again a placid, pretty, if no longer plump, young Swedish girl with nothing so *very* unusual or surprising about her, except the fact that she happens to be a very fine actress. That, I take it, is unusual enough to be noteworthy.



P & A Photos

On opposite page is Rudolph Valentino. At left is a portion of the crowd waiting to view the deceased. The insert is of George Ullman, executor of Valentino's estate, who handled the funeral. The street scene shows the throngs who collected to see the funeral procession down Broadway

Crashing the Spotlight

NOBODY doubts that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were—and still are—very much in love with each other. But there is no doubt, either, that the spotlight which accrued to their grandiose wedding was extremely valuable to them.

A day or two afterward an interviewer caught up with them at Carmel and received permission to go and talk to them.

"Will you promise not to give another interview right away?" he pleaded. "I want to make this an exclusive story on your honeymoon."

"We-ell," Bebe hesitated, "we might promise not to give another for a few days!"

A shrewd pair of actors could not afford

(*Continued on page 99*)

Them Something To Talk About

There's No Panic



It's The Busiest ---And There

By WILBUR

HOLLYWOOD has started writing the obituary notices of Old Man Depression. In case you've been wondering how far into the new year the general business slump would extend, take comfort. Hard times are almost over.

Such a prediction might seem more appropriate, coming from the White House or one of the nation's leading economists. Yet it is from Hollywood that the proof comes of the turn in the trend of the country's business.

For, through all its panics and depressions, its minor maladies and more serious disorders, the theater has played the rôle of nurse to business. It has smoothed the fevered brow of business in times of stress and given worried workers an emotional outlet. It has prescribed its program of relaxation when prosperity reigned.

And if the theater has been the nurse of America's commercial life, the box office has been the barometer or thermometer, if you like, of its health.

Therefore, when the theaters—especially the motion picture theaters—say the country is definitely on the mend after a siege of depressionitis, their word may be taken as pretty conclusive.

And since the theater, which to-day has become almost synonymous for the movies, does fill that rôle of nurse, it is interesting to note some of its reflections while standing by during the siege of sickness from which business is just now recovering.

At the height of the depression late last fall, the front pages of the nation's newspapers were filled with stories of unemployment, curtailed production, widespread depression and a shaky stock market. The leaders of almost every industry, from the big steel corporations to the chain grocery stores, silently admitted this depression by lengthy interviews in which their forced optimism about the future only served to strengthen the popular belief in the seriousness of the moment.



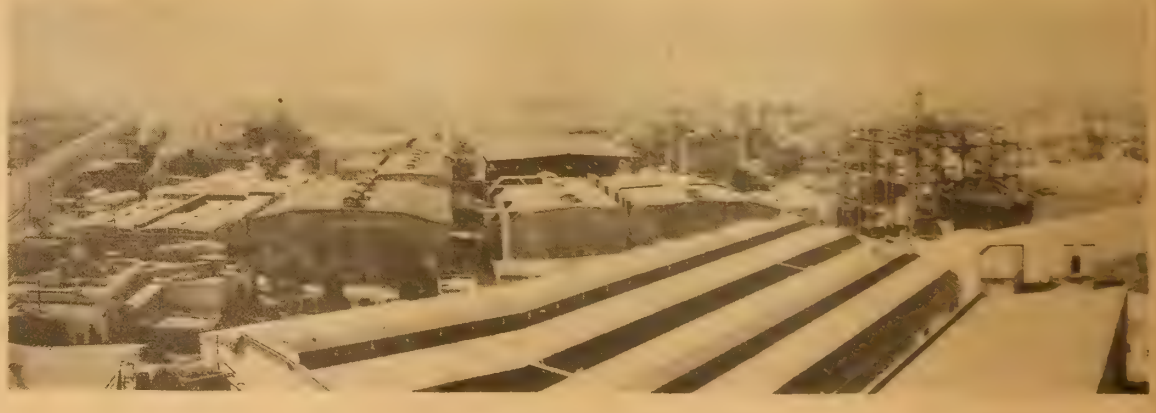
WILL HAYS

Movie Money Didn't Talk

YET there was one industry, rated the fifth largest in the land, from which little or nothing of this nature was heard. That was the motion picture industry, which, true to the traditions of a good nurse, held its tongue and merely did all in its power to relieve the strain of the situation.

True, the movies and its theaters were also affected. But they were affected only slightly.

Hollywood statistics show that production, distribution and exhibition for the last twelve months were about on the same plane with that of 1929. While there was a marked falling off in sales in almost every commodity manufactured in the land, the box office receipts of the country's theaters, which are the sales slips of the movies, showed only a decrease of eight per cent.

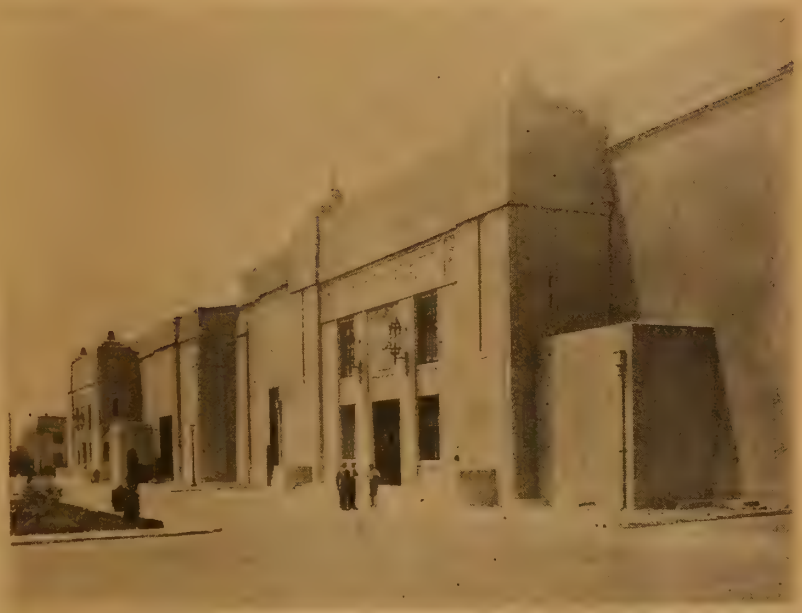


At top, Broadway's newest theater, the Mayfair, opened by RKO at the depth of the depression. At right, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, where business demands more and more buildings

In Hollywood

Town In America Are Reasons

MORSE, Jr.



Production, curtailed in other fields, was held to the same pace as in other years. Not a single company cut down its list of pictures.

It was in personnel only that the times were reflected. For, as other wise business executives always do, the bosses of filmland took the occasion of the depression to put their houses in order. Costs were held down to a minimum. Waste was pared. Studios cleaned house of inefficient workers and hangers-on. Scripts were more carefully studied before they were put into production. Only the best talent was engaged.



©Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.
COL. ARTHUR WOODS

Such a program, in contrast to the usual carefree and expensive methods of picture-making, naturally turned loose to roam and moan on Hollywood Boulevard a small army of discontented folk who in other years had earned a good living on little or no work. But from the standpoint of good healthy business, a house-cleaning was what Hollywood needed.

Wanted: Only The Best

THERE was another way in which the depression helped rather than hurt the movies.

The general business depression of the past eighteen months is largely responsible for the promise of better screen entertainment for the coming year. The public will enjoy a higher grade of motion picture than it has been offered since the advent of the talkies. Here's the reason.

With a large percentage of the country out of work, and those with jobs cutting down their expenses, fans have shopped for their shows this winter with more care than at any time since the era of silent films. They looked for the good pictures, and avoided the mediocre ones.

Hollywood, ever sensitive to the trend in public fancy, speedily adapted itself to the situation. Every picture that went into production the latter part of last year was more carefully scrutinized than ever before. Only the best of Broadway plays, the most popular novels and the most original yarns born on the lots were unfolded before the cameras. Only players with a proved following among the fans were engaged.

All this makes for better pictures, of course.

But just as it has been putting its own house in order, during the depression, Hollywood has also been active in speeding the recovery of business generally by helping to keep the country's morale up to par.

Movies to the Rescue

THE exact way in which Hollywood has helped nurse the country back to its normal business health is summarized in a communication from Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, to Colonel Arthur Woods,

(*Continued on page 110*)



At top, the exterior of the newest sound stages at Movietone City. With nine now up, more are being built. At left, Warner Brothers-First National Studio, plenty busy



Lippmann

News *and*

JOHN GILBERT announced that he was going to Europe when "Gentleman's Fate" was finished. Instead, he sits brooding in his hillside home. He still receives one of the highest salaries ever paid a picture actor. But what is that to the fact that on the theaters showing his last picture the name of "WALLACE BEERY" appears in huge electric lights, with "John Gilbert" in letters only a third as large beneath? And now, it is said, Ina Claire, at one time a most popular member of the legitimate drama, is about to sue for divorce. But it's getting so you can't believe every divorce rumor you hear any more.

AND CHARLES BICKFORD threw up his Metro contract, it is said, because they were planning to put him in the supporting cast of the next Gilbert picture. Charlie has been *demanding* his contract back regularly for months. It must have been one of those embarrassing moments when they suddenly handed it to him! And that must have been a scene that *was* a scene.



Dyar

Don't let Joan Blondell (at the top) fool you. She doesn't usually hit the hay in rags. But they don't look so bad on her, do they? She's resting between chores in "Millie," in which she's The Other Girl

LUPE VELEZ has explained why she is wearing a lovely platinum wedding ring these days. "Why shouldn't I wear eet?" demands Lupe reasonably. "I bought eet, and paid for eet, din' I?"

NOW Eisenstein, the Soviet director, has shaken the dust of Hollywood from his feet and departed—presumably to make a picture in Mexico. Six months under salary out here, and not a foot of film made. The gossip is that Paramount learned that he was planning to turn "Sutter's Gold," a picture of the discovery of gold in California by a humble miner, into Communistic propaganda—by showing that though Sutter found the gold that made thousands of men rich, he died poor himself, crushed by the capitalists!

MARLENE DIETRICH has departed for Europe to call on her little girl,

Permanent-wavers everywhere, and not a wave in sight! But Kay Francis (left) has to be severe with William Powell in "Ladies' Man"—and that's enough to take the curl out of any girl's hair





Ball

Gossip

leaving another little girl as the best friend she has made in Hollywood. Mitzi Green spends much of her time at the studio in Marlene's dressing-room. When she first arrived, the German star was invited to several Hollywood parties where she stood, neglected in a corner, looking on at the hilarity without a friendly word from anyone. After that Marlene went to no more parties. Just before she left, with "Morocco" already hailed as one of the sensations of the year and herself acclaimed a "find," she received an invitation to the home of a famous star. "She likes me—now that I am famous," explained Marlene candidly, but without rancor.

THREE months ago, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE carried a story about Walter Brown Rogers, the Unknown Soldier of "All Quiet on the Western Front," pointing out that though his face was used for all the posters of the picture, he had received little publicity and no offers from his fine work. Since the article appeared, three film contracts have been offered to Rogers—and he lies helpless with arthritis, in a plaster cast in the hospital, unable to seize his chance! *Up to our old tricks, you might say, discovering stars!*

HE was in the depths of gloom the other day when a friend dropped in to see him. It appeared that several actor acquaintances had visited him that afternoon, "and they were so busy talking about themselves," sighed Walter, *"that they forgot to ask me how I was feeling!"* Which is one of the best actor anecdotes I have ever heard.

A HOLLYWOOD citizen picked up an actor who was waiting for a bus on Sunset Boulevard the other day and gave him a ride out to Fox Hills. "This is luck for me," the actor exclaimed, "this bit at Fox is the first work I've had in ten weeks, and in New York I worked steadily for fourteen years! But the ten dollars I earned yesterday is gone. My friends heard I had it and came in to borrow the price of a meal from me—and I didn't have enough left this morning to pay bus fare. The reason I'm late now is because I hocked my alarm clock last week."

THE most picturesque figure in Beverly Hills is Hobart Bosworth, white-haired, clad in white, riding his great white Arab horse up and down the bridle paths. Recently he was missed for several weeks. Then a latecomer noticed a shadowy horseman riding the paths at midnight. As he passed under a street lamp, the reason for Bosworth's change of hours for his horseback-riding became apparent. He was raising a scraggly, horrific beard for some villainous part. Bosworth is an elderly man, to say the least, but Fred Kohler, who has fought all the he-men of the screen in pictures, says that none of them put up such a mighty battle as Hobart Bosworth.

They may be on the outside looking in, but Olsen and Johnson, stage comics, are happy to be even that close to Claudia Dell in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" (top)

***Voilà!* Mary Pickford, who has some new curls—not to mention some new bangs—gets all excited again in "Kiki," with Reginald Denny for her leading man (top)**

GLORIA SWANSON is seen everywhere these days with Gene Markey, once the fiancé of Ina Claire. "From a Marquis to a Markey," says Hollywood. "It's just the difference in the accent!"

THE greatest *beau geste* we have heard of was Richard Barthelmess' generous praise of "Tol'able David," and especially of Richard Cromwell's work in his own most famous rôle. He even allowed his words of praise to be used in the advertisements of the picture—and greater generosity hath no actor than that.



Ball

Meet the worried high priestess of the Lola Lane cult (above). Why don't the idol-hunting producers bow at her shrine more often?

RICHARD DIX, in New York for the holidays and a haircut, made one lone New Year's resolution. He's going to direct this year, as well as act.



But Glenn Tryon (left) has lost That Worried Look. He's working again, doing his stuff this time in Educational-Vanity comedies

QUOTATION from O. O. McIntyre's column in the Sunday paper: "Some of the brightest and most forward looking minds in America are in the movie industry in Hollywood, and don't let the satirists fool you."

MARION DAVIES' Christmas Party was one social function at which she was hostess that was not publicized. It was given in her studio bungalow to two thousand poor children of Los Angeles, but there were no news cameras to catch her in the act of bestowing her largess. Which is different from the procedure of a famous screen star (masculine) who gives a Christmas party to crippled children every year and thriftily has himself photographed handing a doll to a child in a wheel chair.

AT the Writers' Club the other night, the Booby Literary Prize of the year was solemnly awarded the Graham boys, authors of "Queer People." Joe Jackson was appointed to present it to them, as "the only friend they had in Hollywood." "Once In A Lifetime," that screaming New York burlesque of Hollywood life, is to be presented out here by Sid Grauman. Sid says that he is going to have only stage actors in the cast "because film players wouldn't know how to kid themselves."

SID when he said that, must have forgotten about Sally Phipps. Perhaps you remember the little girl. She used to work hereabouts. Never doing anything important, she nevertheless was a capable ingenue. And what's she doing



Coburn

The Kaws adopt Richard Dix (above) and give him the name of "Gawani Oweri," meaning "Great Heart." He made friends of them during the filming of "Cimarron"

Look right, and you'll see the newest thing in frocks on the newest sensation in Hollywood. With "The Royal Family," Mary Brian's no longer just a sweetheart

now? Taking off a dumb movie ingenue in "Once in a Lifetime." That's like graduating from U. S. C. and rooting for Notre Dame.

RECENTLY Metro has built a dressing-house for Buster Keaton on the studio lot. It is a small, humble little clapboarded cottage, dwarfed by the fifty-thousand-dollar magnificence of Jack Gilbert's stucco dressing-building beside it. On his first day's occupancy Buster fastened a clothes-line from the corner of Jack's palace to the corner of his own cottage and hung it full of red flannel underclothes. He is also industriously growing a garden of cabbages, onions and garlic in his front yard. *And they hang pictures!*

One of the sights of the Metro lot is to watch Buster drive Charlotte Greenwood to work in his Austin—or, rather, to watch the lengthy Charlotte descend from the Austin on their arrival. It would make her fortune if she could repeat the stunt on the vaudeville stage.

POLLY MORAN was singing "The Yanks Are Coming" as she entered the cafeteria. "I'm getting some teeth pulled," she explained. "Baby teeth—" she added coyly. Polly has just had some portraits made, *dressed up* in an evening gown, with her hair marcelled, and looking like a lady.

Polly's pictures are the first she has had that weren't gagged, showing her mugging or taking a comedy fall or dressed in outlandish clothes—and Polly is proud of them. "You won't believe it," she says, "but I was a beauty at sixteen." And she has a photograph of a lovely big-eyed child with long curls to prove it.

"THAT'S Polly when she's thinking beautiful thoughts," said Marie Dressler, stabbing one of the new portraits. Then she thrust out her jaw, defiantly. "And Polly does have beautiful thoughts," she added, "but I'm the only one that knows 'em."

Marie, far from being a beauty at sixteen, admits that she was the ugly duckling of the family, and that her childhood was embittered by seeing her sister, the pretty one of the family, dressed up and proudly put forward when company came to their home. "Still and all," says Marie, "she hasn't got so far in life! Looks go, dearie."

The most dramatic story of Hollywood to-day is that of this elderly ungainly woman who has made a tremendous hit at sixty odd. The ovation given her at the opening of "Min and Bill" was the most prolonged of any ever given a picture actress in Hollywood.



Richee

Of The Stars And Studios



Fryer

Like Johnny Mack Brown, Robert Allen played football—and went to Hollywood. He's from Dartmouth, Warner Brothers' newest discovery. Like his looks?



Jones

Lupe Velez is cute about that wedding ring she's sporting on the third finger of her left hand. She says she bought it herself. But who put it on, Lupe?

"BEHIND the player," said Marie in her curtain speech, "is the play. Behind all of us in this picture is a woman to whom we owe great gratitude—Frances Marion." Though the program gives credit to Lorna Moon's "The Dark Star," there is little in the picture to suggest the book. Frances Marion saw an opportunity to feature Marie and deliberately twisted the plot to give it to her.

LORNA MOON, once a Metro scenario writer, died of tuberculosis before the picture was made, happy in the belief that her book had been sold to the movies for a tremendous sum. But studio routine is slow and the payment for the movie rights of "The Dark Star" did not go through until after her death. The money that surrounded Lorna's last days with comfort was furnished by a friendly conspiracy of studio acquaintances.

HARRY CARR, local columnist, awards the palm for Perfect Wife to Dolores Barrymore. It seems Jack returned from a fishing jaunt in Mexican waters with a yachtload of tropical fish to be mounted. And says Harry, "One stuffed fish is about as much as any human wife can bear about the house, and then she sneaks it off to the incinerator as soon as possible."

BILLIE DOVE'S chinchilla coat (said to have cost eighty-five thousand dollars) is the second to dazzle the movie colony lately. Lilyan Tashman sports the other. In spite of the California climate, movie ladies wear fur in the winter even if they go without stockings. Clara Bow's break with her secretary, Daisy De Voe, is said to have come when Daisy appeared wearing a gorgeous fur coat. "I couldn't afford one myself," Clara is quoted as saying, "So I didn't see how my secretary could." By the way, this latest Bow row sounds like a vaudeville hoofer's war cry—"Bow-De Voe-De-O-Do."

TOM MIX'S house in Hollywood is for sale. Tom's house was a show-place, all tricked up like a Christmas tree to intrigue the visiting firemen.

THE fire at the Malibu Beach film colony was the second serious one within two years, the earlier fire in 1929 destroying eleven homes while the fire of December 15th destroyed seventeen homes. Most of the stars were insured, though many of them, like Louise Fazenda, suffered serious loss in sentimental art treasures. The bungalows of Clara Bow, Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton, close by, were spared.

F. RICHARD JONES, thirty-six, well-known movie director and formerly vice-president of the Hal Roach Studios, died recently from tuberculosis. Jones was married in 1929 in New York to Irene Lentz, fashion designer. His last picture was "Bulldog Drummond." Did you see it?

AMONG those who spent their holidays in New York were Jack Dempsey and his severest critic, Estelle Taylor. The victim of the long count in Chicago came all the way from his big casino at Ensenada, Mexico, to join his wife and do his Christmas shopping early.

Gossip That Is Gossip



Fryer

OTHERS among the California exiles in New York for purposes of business or pleasure—and who spent the holidays in cozy suites above its w.k. sidewalks include Irene Delroy, Basil Rathbone, Montague Love, Nancy Carroll, Richard Dix, Lois Moran and Olive Borden. Those in business in New York (stage business) are Messrs. Rathbone and Love and the Misses Moran and Borden. Irene Delroy is flirting with the stage, Nancy Carroll is busy making Paramount pictures in the East and Richard Dix is just letting off steam from the strenuous job of making what many call his masterpiece, "Cimarron"

THE Fairbankses, all of them, were also East for the holidays. Doug and Mary, for the New York opening of "Reaching for the Moon." Young Doug and Joan (Crawford), for a vacation. And young Doug's mother, for a reunion with Jack Whiting, young Doug's stepfather. New York reporters didn't know whom to interview first.

COLLEEN MOORE is on the loose again. Her nerve-racking road tour, in a play called "On the Loose," is over. And now word sifts out that she would like to appear before the cameras again—for twelve thousand a week. At the present writing, she is still among the wealthy unemployed. Twelve thousand dollars is a year's salary these days.

LOIS MORAN is still the star of the Broadway hit, "This Is New York." It probably won't be seen in the movies, having too local an appeal. . . . Lya De Putti reached Broadway in a *sicksy*, sexy play, and promptly headed for those awful regions, "the sticks" . . . Anna May Wong, back from movie-making in Germany and England, is making big New York money in Edgar Wallace's thriller, "On the Spot." Eventually, she'll reach Hollywood again. . . . Marilyn Miller is doing so-so in the Ziegfeld show, "Smiles" . . . Joe Cook's new show, "Fine and Dandy," is a sell-out. You'll see it in the movies, if and when Broadway stops standing to see it. . . .

IF you saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Dancers"—and the way she stole scenes—you saw the town's current talk-maker. A stage

(*Continued on page 101*)



What do you think of Charlie Farrell's new lady love (right)? Her name is Elissa Landi. She comes from abroad, via the New York stage, to attract him in "Squadrons"

You can tell by her smile (at the top) that Laura La Plante's ship has come in. But she intends to stay right where she is—namely, in the movie sun—and enjoy herself

News That Is News

The Fade-Out



BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

Illustration By Shellhase

HE walked away across the terrace. Diana Trent's arm, where his hand had rested, burned; his deep voice with its boyish break ("You are so wonderful," he had said, "I'm afraid of your wonderfulness!") echoed still in her ears.

Terry had never told her she was wonderful. He had never been afraid that she did not love him. Why should Terry Trent have been afraid one woman might not love him when he was loved by a whole worldful of women? He had been every husband's enemy, every lover's rival. Beauty had gone from life for thousands of women when he died, and two years later, she—Terry Trent's wife—stood here grieving because she had sent another man away!

She moved swiftly along the loggia to a niche at the end. The white marble face that looked from the dimness might have been that of a young Greek god, with tossed curls on broad brows, straight nose, chiselled mouth. Even the blank marble eyes were familiar to the woman who had been Terry Trent's wife. He had never quite seemed to *see* her.

"But you loved me," she said aloud. "Forgive me for ever doubting it! . . . But to-night I was lonely and he—"

She could not tell this beautiful, coldly smiling face about the man who had just left her, a very ordinary man with only a blunt-featured, pleasant face. She who had been a worshipper so long could not confess how sweet it was to be worshipped. The air of temples is a trifle chilly, and the love Peter King offered her was warm, human, everyday . . . like a hearthfire. "I want to take care of you," he had said. "I want to *do things* for you—"

French heels clicked on the marble pavement and Diana turned quickly, but not quickly enough to escape Nanette Trainor's scorn.

"Saying your prayers?" The newcomer lighted a cigarette, revealing her tight blonde coiffure, familiar to a million movie fans, and her shrewd *gamin* face. "So you've turned down Peter King! A fine actor and a grand guy—oh, you make me *tired*. Two years since Terry died, and you might as well be one of those Hindu widows killing herself on her husband's bier—"

Diana looked down over the blaze of lights that meant Hollywood. Her voice was dreamy. "We used to stand here, he and I, and look at those lights, and he would say, 'It's *mine*, my world! I've conquered it!'"

"But he didn't say—'It's yours. I've conquered it for *you*!'" said Nanette dryly. "Terry Trent was the most beautiful human being I ever saw—oh, I grant you that! And the most selfish. He didn't have any more heart than that marble statue. Didn't I play in three pictures with him? You may be able to fool the public, you may even be able to fool your wife, but you can't fool the prop boys or your leading woman—"

"No, Nan—"

"Don't interrupt me, Di! I'm tired of seeing you waste your life on a memory, letting this mania obsess you. You're cheating yourself of love, just as he cheated you of love!"

"You're wrong, Nan. At first, I sometimes wondered myself. I—I didn't see why Terry should love me, with all the gorgeous women who were mad about him. You can't guess what it was to be Terry Trent's wife. I didn't blame him for not loving me, you see—I understood. It wasn't until that day when they brought him home that I really knew—beyond question . . . that he did love me." She drew a quivering breath. "The accident had done dreadful things. His white uniform was covered with mud . . . and his face, his beautiful face, was torn and bloody. When I saw him, I gave way utterly. He heard me cry—and he spoke—just once: 'Don't let her see me looking like this!' Don't you understand, Nan? He was dying, *but he thought of me! He loved me.*"

The air was filled with laughter, silvery, sardonic.

"You dear, deluded fool!" said Nanette Trainor. "Listen, Diana! Terry Trent loved just one thing all his life. And you're right. He thought of that thing when he was dying. But it wasn't you, Diana. What was it he said? 'Don't let her see me looking like this!' There's the answer! *Looking like this*—he was thinking of himself, his precious beauty—the only thing he ever loved—"

She was on her feet in a flutter of gilded ruffles. "Think it over! You know in your heart I'm right. I'm going to send Peter King back."

And when he came, hurrying, a white blur in the dimness showed that she was there—waiting.

Another True Short Story Of Hollywood



Russell Ball portrait posed exclusively for Motion Picture

The answer to any producer's prayer . . . The glamour of a Garbo, the appeal of a Bow, the mind of a Chatterton—all in one girl . . . Nor is this all . . . The most famous of all newcomers, Marlene Dietrich adorns a rare talent with rare modesty

The Stars Who

There's Always One Who's Apart From The Crowd





Richee

Clara

THE author of that well-known best seller, the dictionary, describes "superlative" as "surpassing all others; supreme." Now it is pretty hard to be supreme in Oshkosh, Flushing and Paducah. But to be supreme in Hollywood, and to hold on to that supremacy, makes the famous twelve labors of Hercules look like an evening at charades.

This is the town of superlatives. Just ask the Chamber of Commerce if you don't believe me. Ask any old settler. Ask anybody. (Keep away from Floridans and San Franciscans.) The climate is superlative. The sunshine's brighter. The moonshine's stronger. The boulevards are torn up more often than in any other place. The women are the most (fill in your own ticket here) beautiful, best-dressed, worst-dressed, wildest, most intelligent, dumbest.

Yet Hollywood does have its superlative people. Some of the darlings of the screen have actually shinnied up the ladder to the supernal plane. They sit on their lofty pinnacles, disdainful of the ones who assail their precarious thrones. They're supreme in something or other, if it's only for their deepest swimming-pool or longest fingernails.

So, the supreme can be achieved in Hollywood, or Hollywood thinks it can, which adds up to the same figure. In a village where Rolls-Royces, Daimlers and Hispano-Suizas rub noses at the town hitching post with such shoddy American hacks as Lincolns, Packards, and Cadillacs, the ultimate can be reached, even in motor aristocracy. At a social function where dozens of creations of Lanvin, Patou and Jenny vie with simple home-made frocks of Howard Greer and Magnin, costing just eight

Lilyan

Ball

Stand Out

By

Marquis Busby



Richee

Gary



Charlie

hundred dollars or so, there is an official "best-dressed" woman It's amazing!

She Sets the Styles

SINCE the subject of clothes has been introduced, Lilyan Tashman has long reigned supreme as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. What you're wearing this season, Lilyan was wearing last season. More than one Hollywood lady has gone to bed with a stiff neck from craning at the Tashman plumage. No one ever sees her twice in the same creation. In fact, some people have wondered how she possibly finds time to act on the screen or be a social nabob, so busy silks and satins must keep her. There are innumerable fur coats in Hollywood. Very well, Lilyan fixed that. She bought a genuine chinchilla wrap. It made the collection of ermines and minks look as common as lingerie in a De Mille opus. When California was visited by an earthquake last summer, Lilyan dashed from her tub to the patio, all rigged out in a stunning turkish towel. We know now how all the women are going to dress for the next earthquake.

There are plenty of rivals for Lilyan's place in the spotlight of fashion. However, Lilyan is the *ne plus ultra* when it comes to the more spectacular styles. In a theatrical colony she is supreme. Conservative society might consider her a bit conspicuous. Norma Shearer is perhaps the best-dressed lady, if quieter modes and manners are considered.

Fashion seems to run in the Lowe-Tashman ménage. When it comes to male haberdashery, all the boys sit up and take notice of Edmund Lowe. He may be famous for hard-burled marines on the screen, but no one has to tell Eddie what is the *dernier cri* for a morning wedding, a corned-beef-and-cabbage fiesta, or a Mayfair ball.

Now, hurtling down the hillside from the peak of fashion to the ranks of the don't-give-a-damn, Grèta Garbo is perhaps the worst-dressed woman in Hollywood. Garbo fans count one

(*Continued on Page 94*)

The Woman



If Myrna Loy keeps on, Clara Bow will be losing her title of "The It Girl." (And *that* might be a good thing, too.) For this siren drapes herself on a leopard rug as Cleopatra never did

Known *as* Loy



When Myrna first came down from Helena, Montana, she was hailed as a sinister vamp. Those slant eyes, you know. But the girl is changing. The talkies have given her better lines. And she has become playful. So now she's teasing Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee." And he isn't to be pitied

Autrey portraits

Are Actors Like Other MEN?



Ray Jones

John Boles Says No!

By Gladys Hall

ARE actors as other men? John Boles says "NO." The golden-voiced John began life by studying medicine. He deserted the amphitheater of surgery for the footlights of musical comedy and became known as a singer, gallant and romantic—but a singer, first and foremost.

He will probably end life wearing the laurels of a dramatic actor—plus a Voice.

John is fortified two ways. He can sing—and he can *look*. A rare combination. With the release of "Resurrection" he will also prove that he can act. I know, because I've watched him on the sets. In the rôle of *Dmitri* he has his first big screen opportunity to prove his dramatic talent as well as his vocal range.

John and I discussed the problem of actors versus Other Men. How wide is the gap between them? How much chance have they for a common meeting ground? Are they brothers under their skins—or not?

John says NOT.

For actors are not like other men. They work with their hearts and, sometimes, with their heads. Business men work with their heads and, sometimes, with their hearts.

Actors are seldom curious about other men. Other men are always curious about actors.

Actors are seldom patronizing in their attitude toward business men. Business men are seldom anything else but patronizing in their attitude toward the actor.

You seldom hear an actor probing a manufacturer as to the best and most efficient methods of turning out soaps or textiles. You will *always* hear a manufacturer asking an actor questions about his work which, to the manufacturer, is not work.

My Work Is Play to Him

"THAT," said John, "is the real point of difference between the actor and other men. **What is work to the actor is play to the other fellow.** I have had doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, tradesmen, all kinds and varieties of men look at my exhausted person, after, very likely, some twenty hours of toil under the lights, and say, 'Gosh, it must be fun!'"

Not so very long ago, John reminded me, actors were strolling vagabonds, avoided, feared, entirely set apart. They moved, a race apart from their fellow-men. Nice girls did not marry actors. If they did, they were cut off without the proverbial shilling. Actors were not received into the homes of the Best People save as exhibitions, living *Punches* and *Judys*. Hollywood has changed much of this. Actors themselves have changed. And in no way have they so certainly demonstrated their change as in their attitude toward being on the screen rather than on the stage.

"Almost every actor," John said, "who comes to Hollywood from Broadway, stock or vaudeville, will speak first of all, with a mighty sigh of relief, of the fact that he can now have a home of his own. A place where he can go nights, spend his Sundays. Where he can have his books, his wife and children and friends. A place to relax rather than the winding road, the one-night jump, the hotel bedroom or the temporary apartment.

It goes to show that actors are not gypsies at heart. Perhaps they never were. Perhaps they were gypsies only by compulsion, loving their work enough to endure being set apart for the sake of it.

"For actors do love their work. They love it more, I believe,

(Continued on page 104)

Are Actresses Like Other Women?

Joan Crawford Says Yes!



Hurrell

By Gladys Hall

PROBABLY nobody on the screen or on the stage is better qualified to answer this question-before-the-house than beautiful Joan Crawford. For no one is more actress. And no one is more woman. And few have, so perfectly balanced, two great and major loves in their lives—the love of their husband and the love of their work, in the order given.

And Joan, the new and thoughtful Joan, said to me, "At bottom, actresses and all other women are the same. There is no fundamental difference. We are, all of us, blood sisters under our skins. But our skins *are* different. Superficially, actresses are different from other women. But the differences are not what they are popularly supposed to be—

"Actresses are not vainer than other women. *They are more careful.* Our looks are a part of our stock in trade with which we get substantial rewards. We are more careful not only of our hair and teeth and skin and figure but of our health. We have to be.

"Very, very seldom do you meet any actress who does not try to get the proper amount of sleep. Very rarely do you see any actress who lets her figure go; and by not letting it go, she keeps in condition. Actresses are seldom seen with ungroomed hands, or hair, or clothes. We may and often do wear sweaters and skirts and comfortable things where other women will be swathed in furs and gleaming with jewels. But we are always clean and manicured and neat. We care less for clothes than other women because we have to think so much about them for the screen, have so many fittings, give so much time to them.

"For these reasons—and other more important ones—actresses have the ability to be better wives than other women. Whether they make the most and best of that ability is an individual matter and has nothing to do with being an actress.

Watching Our Step

"WE ARE, believe it or not, careful with our money. I allow myself fifteen dollars a week spending money, for make-up, for lunches, for all the expenditures of the week. Douglas allows himself twenty-five. I have known many a man to go to the altar with an actress-bride buried in debt and to find himself a year later buried in stocks and bonds.

"Actresses learn faster than other women. They see a great deal more tragedy.

"And actresses are different from other women right there. They have less chance for happiness. They have far less chance for contentment and peace. Life is harder for us, more complicated, harder to sustain. We have to fight harder to hold our home and husband and reputation.

"There are so many people watching, eager to take these things away from us. Annie Jones could desert her husband and seven children, take a number of lovers, burn up the town, and half a dozen people might or might not be the wiser. If one of us so much as has tea with some other man or woman, the tabloids are fixed with headlines for weeks. We are as other women—but—with all the ordinary risks and dangers raised to the highest pitch.

"We have to watch other women come into our homes and coolly disregard the fact that it *is* a home and not a hunting ground.

"We have to watch our husbands making impassioned love

(*Continued on page 102*)

Girls Are Going Ga-Ga

But Stardom's Just A Big Worry To Lew Ayres



LEW AYRES was depressed. Lew, it appeared, was in the throes of learning what every star finds out sooner or later. The surprising fact that all your troubles are not ended when you get your "break" and achieve a starring contract. That one excellent and ballyhooed picture does not mean that you are going to be able to follow it with other pictures of equal excellence, attended by ballyhoo of the same caliber. He was discovering the truth of the old axiom that, once having attained success in pictures, it is harder to keep it than it was to get it in the first place. Which is a bitter truth.

He was just as astonished and just as bitter as other young stars have been on making the identical discovery.

Lew has reached the stage at which he wails about the stories he is getting and what "they" are doing to him. He is, in short, becoming a seasoned motion picture actor.

"I used to think in those first days, when I was struggling to get a job, that nothing could ever be as bad as that again," he said, mournfully. "But I didn't *know*. A failure then didn't matter, really. It was just a setback. But now I'm having my chance and failure might mean the end of everything for me. I might never have another opportunity!

Those Cookie Days

"THERE used to be times when I didn't have enough to eat. Did I ever tell you about the time I lived for days and days on apples and little cookies? And I hadn't had a square meal for weeks before that.

"It didn't seem to hurt me, though. I didn't get pale and wan or anything. I suppose it was because I was young then. I doubt whether I could stand it now!"

By JOAN STANDISH

Lew must be all of twenty-one and the starving period was only a couple of years ago. But he talks in the tone of an old war horse of sixty-eight or so, relating the experiences of his youth.

"Those worries weren't *anything* to the worries I have now," he confided. "That time—when I lived on the cookies—was just before my biggest failure. My very worst one. I was living with a chap who had played in the orchestra with me and neither of us had any money. At last somebody paid us seventy dollars which was coming to us for a little sound picture the orchestra had made.

"It seemed like a lot of money. We spent it all in two days. We went out and had a lot of food first and then we called up some girls and took them to the Cocoanut Grove.

"We had two dollars apiece left after our 'bust.'

"I knew there was no place else where I could get any money. I had had a job offered me in a filling station a while before at twenty-five dollars a week and I hadn't taken it because I wanted so terribly to get into pictures. I didn't know how to go about getting in, but I thought that I couldn't go on trying to find out how, if I had to work every day in a filling station.

"It seemed like the end. I couldn't bear to think of trying to get along any more without enough to eat and with no money to pay rent and things.

"I had a little car but I hadn't been driving it because I had no money to buy gas. I took my two dollars and had it filled and started home to San Diego. I felt like a terrible quitter. I thought maybe I should have taken the filling station job, after all—at least I could have stayed here where pictures *were*, if I had.

"I decided I'd get a job somewhere else and save my money so I could

(*Continued on page 114*)



Russell Ball had his trials, posing Lois Moran for you. Top left, he said, "Something spiritual, please." Top center, "Something thoughtful." Top right, "Relax." Left center, "Now be perfectly natural." Right center, "Wait for the click." Left, "Look pleasant, please." Inset, above, "Smile a little." Right, "Look up, please." But the swell likeness in the center was worth all his trouble

Exclusive portraits by Russell Ball

ROLLING

They Are The Gather Moss

By

Reginald Taviner

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley

THEY may be Hollywood's rolling stones—but they gather plenty of moss. Ask Betty Compson. Ask Evelyn Brent and Herr Lubitsch and Lewis Milestone and Herbert Brenon and Billie Dove and Barbara Stanwyck and Lupe Velez and Anita Loos and Irene Rich and Reginald Denny and Louise Fazenda and Raymond Hatton and Lila Lee and Ben Lyon and Carmelita Geraghty and Edward Everett Horton and Walter Huston and—oh, well, dozens and dozens of others.

All of them are rolling stones between the studios, and moss just naturally sticks to them because they do roll.

Moss, of course, is money in the movies. And adages, like so many other things, are cock-eyed when applied to Hollywood.

Rolling from studio to studio and gathering moss from all of them, instead of only one, is becoming the ultimate in motion picture art. Only two classes of the movie *monde* attempt it: those not yet big enough to rate a "long-term" contract at any particular studio, and those who are too big to accept one.

Of the former there are legion, beginning with the lowliest extra who collects a five-dollar check every blue moon. Of the latter there is a growing roster of famous names, who find it both more leisurely and more lucrative to control their own destinies from picture to picture.

They work by the picture only—or, at most, sign for two at a time. And the moss they gather makes the President's salary look like a Scotch contribution to the starving Silesians.

It Pays To Be Free

MARY PICKFORD, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and the rest of the million-carat Big Shots "rolled" from other people's studios into their own years ago. But even the biggest players are becoming chary about producing for themselves now, especially since Mary and Doug have decided not to do it any more. Still, they want to be captains of their own souls and choose their own pictures and their own salaries—so they just go "rolling" along.

An example of how it works is Lewis Milestone's recent decision to sign up for only one picture at a time. After "All Quiet on the Western Front" he calmly turned down a five-year contract offered him by Universal to begin at $150,000 a year and progress periodically toward the size of the national debt.



"No," he told young Carl Laemmle, "I'll make you another picture for that much, but any contract that ties me up for more than one or two at a time is out."

Milestone, who gained his experience the sad way, knows whereof he speaks. Not so long ago he was a gag man for Uncle Carl at $150 (no more zeros) a week, and he asked, begged, and prayed for a chance to direct. Then, he would willingly have signed a contract including all his heirs and assigns just to get that chance.



Milestone did have a contract at Warners'; but when nobody could grasp the legal terms, and the lawyers got to fighting among themselves, they called it a draw

Nobody would listen to him. So he had to roll over to Warners' and talk very fast before he did get the chance, and "Two Arabian Knights" was the immediate result. He did have a contract at Warners', but nobody could understand the legal phrases, so they called it a draw.

A Choice Existence

NOW, maybe, he will make as many as two pictures a year, maybe not. But he will choose his own stories and his own salary for making them. Like Ernst Lubitsch, Herbert Brenon and other Big-Shot directors, he will get a whole year's salary for each of them, and the rest of the time will be his own to spend catching butterflies or collecting postage stamps, if he likes.

Betty Compson has been "rolling" for years—ever since, in

STONES

Only Ones Who Do In Hollywood



The lowliest pebble on the movie beach is the five-dollar-per extra, who collects it when he can—about once in a blue moon, according to late statistics



He's nonchalant, the big-shot free-lance, and accepts gracefully a stipend that makes the President's salary look like a Scotchman's gift to the heathen



fact, she finished her early contract with Paramount. At the time it looked rather like a fade-out, but Betty rolled here, there, and everywhere, once clear out of Hollywood to England—and came back covered with long green moss.

It is very illuminating that even during her "comeback" on Poverty Row, back in the silent days when she was getting her second wind for the screen, Betty made more money than most of the big stars then under contract to the big studios. Her two "toughest" professional years, during that period netted her around three hundred thousand dollars.

That taught her to sign on the dotted line only by the picture, for Betty began 'way back with "The Miracle Man," and she knows all about "long-term" contracts that hobble the player within easiest reach of the producers.

Such contracts are "long term"—usually five years—with the players only. With the studios, they are good for exactly six months. Twice a year "options" fall due, at which time the producer can either renew the contract for another six months, or tear it up as he pleases.

So Betty doesn't fall for options any more.

A Player Has No Option

MOST of the contracts in Hollywood are written that way now, although in a few of them the options may be exercised only once a year, instead of twice. But the player doesn't have any option at all. And even with the options, the studio can lay off the player without pay for ten weeks.

Thus, a "long-term" contract, reduced to the minimum, means just sixteen weeks' salary for the player—if the studio happens to feel that way about it. For the studio, it means five years—if so desired. So, many of the players are beginning to feel that they would just as soon choose not only their own pictures and their own salaries, but their own "rests."

The last really "long-term" contract among players went into the discard with Mary Philbin and a sigh of relief by the studio. She drew one thousand dollars a week for the last couple of years of her contract while appearing in only one minor part in one picture. So that sort of contract isn't written any more.

Two-picture contracts, the first to be made and the second an option depending upon the success of the first, are becoming more and more the vogue in Hollywood. On this basis, Louis Wolheim is making his début as an actor-director at RKO in "Sheep's Clothing." Wolheim "rolled" from "What Price Glory?" on the New York stage to the picture colony, and has steadfastly declined to sign long-term contracts. Since coming to Hollywood he has gone from studio to studio, collecting the choicest character parts and the fattest salaries.

Their Own Salary-Raisers

EDWARD G. ROBINSON of "The Racket" and Thomas Jackson of "Broadway" are two other New York stage celebrities who have done exactly the same thing. They go from picture to picture, always with a raise, and their services are constantly in demand. Frequently, they earn far more for their parts than the star of the picture, and the list could be extended indefinitely.

Wallace Beery has become a star—and a millionaire—since he started rolling away from his early heavies and into comedy at one studio after another. Now he seems to be more or less of a fixture at M-G-M, but only because the executives just gulp with every picture and add a couple more zeros to his pay-check. Said zeros aren't *after* the period, either.

A little while ago, players deliberately sought contracts as long as prison sentences to get themselves "set." The contract player

(*Continued on page 93*)



Down on her knees above, Marie Dressler is praying she can resist temptation. But Satan got behind her: For here she is, left, apologetic and ashamed, but yielding. "Reducing" isn't any picnic, except to the lookers-on

Bull

"What Is Mary Doing?"

Learning How To Live, Love And Laugh

By

HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Duncan

MRS. PICKFORD is still the head of her family. Although it has been two years since she died, her influence is still the most important force in the lives of her children. They still defer to her wishes, still stop to think, "What would Mother say? How would she want us to do this?"

They leaned upon her for so long that they find it impossible now to think for themselves, to decide even the most trivial questions without the sanction of her opinion. Any argument among them is settled by a discussion of "how Mother would feel about it."

They flounder, looking for guidance, and find it in remembering that strong soul without whose counsel, one feels sure, none of them ever made an actual decision while she lived. They reflect her so faithfully that they almost seem to be projections of that vivid personality rather than separate individuals.

I sat in Mary's bungalow and listened to a discussion of whether the twelve-year-old Gwynne should learn to ride horseback. Gwynne is Lottie Pickford's daughter and lives at home with Doug and Mary.

"Mother wouldn't like it," Lottie averred. "You *know* she never wanted Baby to ride. Mother was afraid of horses."

"But Mother doesn't feel that way *now*," Mary insisted. "She doesn't have those old fears and restraints that she used to have."

"I *know* she wouldn't like it," said Lottie, with finality.

Mary capitulated. "Very well. If you feel that way, Gwynne shan't learn, of course. It seems rather a pity. I do so want her to do everything well—to play golf and tennis, to swim and to ride. And she wants to ride. But if you really feel that Mother wouldn't like it—"

Mary Still Is Learning

THE matter was settled. Young Gwynne will not have riding lessons, because her grandmother was afraid of horses. But it was apparent that the decision seemed perfectly logical to the two women who made it.

They bring their mother constantly into the conversation.

Mary, discussing her comfortable, portable bungalow, remarked, "We thought we were a little extravagant when we bought it. But we have used it and enjoyed it so much. Mother always said that anything you used was not an extravagance. It was the thing you put away and saved that was wasted."

"Mother always said—" They still learn from her.

"I have learned a great thing in the last two years," Mary told me, earnestly. "I am just now learning how to live. And the most important thing to remember is not to let yourself care too much for anyone or anything."

"But that's such a chilly way to meet life," I protested.

She shook her head, firmly. "It saves you from being hurt. It is the only intelligent way to live.

"Almost all the suffering and unfairness in life come from people *caring* too much. We must learn to live lightly, to hold life lightly.

"Like this." She held out two small, upturned palms. "Balance everything—your life, your love, your work—in your open hand. It is the only way you can keep it.

(*Continued on page 90*)

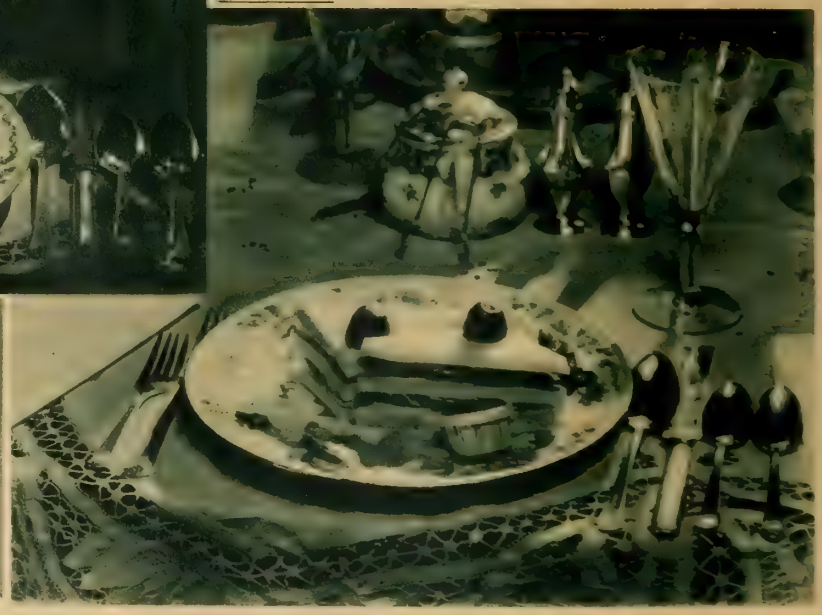


Get Wise *to* These

The John Gilbert Sandwich, top of page, is a "three decker" of whole wheat toast, filled with sliced breast of turkey, Swiss cheese, sliced tomatoes and lettuce. With it is served a fruit salad cup and sweet pickles in a fan shape on lettuce

The Robert Montgomery Sandwich, below, is also a "three decker" and is filled with sliced white chicken meat, avocados and crisp lettuce. With this appetizing sandwich, sweet pickles, crisp lettuce and a small cup of cole-slaw are served





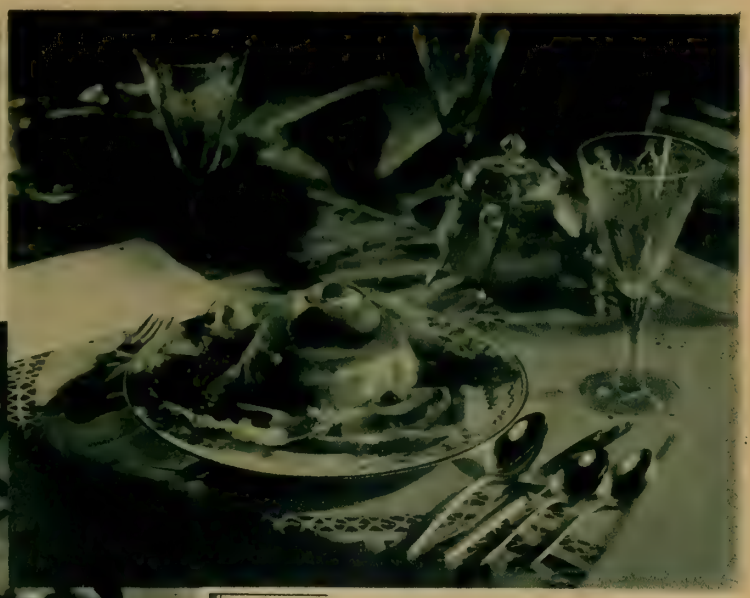
The Norma Shearer Salad, above, has a hearts of lettuce foundation. In the center of the dish is a mound of grated carrots, nuts and raisins mixed with French dressing, topped with mayonnaise and a cherry. On either side are two small mounds of cottage cheese garnished with cherries and nuts



Dishes *and you'll eat like the stars*

The Lawrence Tibbett Planked Steak, top of page, is a two-inch-thick porterhouse steak, covered with broiled mushrooms, onions, lima beans, string beans, cauliflower and peas. A ring of mashed potatoes covered with toasted cheese completes the dish

The Anita Page Salad, below, is made up of diced oranges, grapefruit, persimmons, pineapple, peaches, plums, apples, bananas, pears and grapes, topped off with whipped cream and cherries, on a bed of hearts of lettuce and served with French dressing





The Joan Crawford Salad, above, has a heart of crisp lettuce, encased in avocado, a pineapple ring on top, surmounted by a basket of avocado slices which is filled with cottage cheese and garnished with a cherry. Surrounding the salad are pineapple, avocado and pickle slices to lend a decorative touch

138 Lbs. Ringside!

Marie Prevost Has Gained 38 Lbs. Since Her 100 Lb. Sennett Days - - And Likes It



Hurrell

Marie Prevost and her chubby figure provided the comedy relief in "Ladies of Leisure." She's one girl on the screen who doesn't look as if she was coming down with something



WHEN Marie Prevost did that big climbing-the-stairs-number in "Ladies of Leisure," she hoisted about 138 pounds of the cutest "comeback" Hollywood has witnessed in many a day.

It goes to show that it can be done without the aid of grapefruit and buttermilk, which is something new in comebacks.

What with everybody reduced right down to the whites of their eye-balls, Marie's chubby return to attention in "War Nurse" and "Within the Law" is nothing short of a testimonial.

For two indifferent years away from the camera Marie reached for a sweet and wound up with an M-G-M contract and a brand new personality.

It marks Marie's third comeback in over ten years of the movies, all due to her figure in some way or other.

Remember, it was Marie's figure that turned the movie trick for her in the first place, over on the old Sennett lot where figures were figures—and hers was one of the slimmest and most figurative. At that time she was one of the cutest kids you ever saw along with Phyllis Haver (another cute kid) and the ex-Madame Falaise. With the aid of a one-piece bathing suit, 100 pounds of ringside curves and a mop of short, curly black hair, Marie brought herself to the attention of the world in general as a cute little number with "Oh, what a figure!"

It wasn't expected that she could act. Just to watch Marie and Phyllis gamboling on the sands of the dear Pacific was worth two-bits of anybody's money at the box-office.

The Prevost poundage was of such high voltage calibre, in fact, that Universal offered her a starring contract, which was really not a starring contract, at all, but a series of five-reel features of Marie's legs, arms and chassis. The contract was good for a couple of years in which the movies made the mistake of growing up beyond cuties and curves, and for awhile it looked as though Marie might get left in the rush toward a new screen *motif*. "After all," they said, "a girl's gotta have more than a figure."

They said the cuties were through . . . and along with the other cuties was Marie, and the body beautiful. For six or seven months she packed the curves away in moth balls (or whatever one does with a first-class figure when not in use) and wondered if she was finished on the screen. Then something happened. It was Ernst Lubitsch, daring master of camera innuendo

By Dorothy Manners

(Continued on page 68)

The Picture Parade

FIGHTING CARAVANS

Like Talkie Covered Wagon—Praise Enough: In which you will follow one of the greatest casts ever assembled in its trek from Missouri to California. How do you like this line-up: Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Fred Kohler, Eugene Pallette and a couple of others I've forgotten? Enough celebrities, 'though, to cross the plains three times instead of once.

The action centers around the Western progress of a freight-wagon train, carrying merchandise to the original California settlers. It's history, made romantic.

"Fighting Caravans" doesn't differ much from Paramount's "Covered Wagon" except for the sound. But it is this sound, giving us the dialogue between Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, which makes it the memorable picture it is. Without these two and their masterly acting there wouldn't be much here to shout about. Certainly there's nothing in Gary's performance to get excited over, unless, of course, you're one of those who get excited over Gary, good performance or no. Lily Damita as a girl of the plains is not happily cast, but that didn't stop us from enjoying her beauty. Look for Eugene Pallette. He's better than ever and that's pretty darned good. The entire company, the scenery and the story make it worth seeing.





CIMARRON

A Great Effort—Heartily Recommended: A great and worthy effort, this transcription of early Oklahoma life will be hailed as one of the high-spots of the year. It has everything. RKO seems to have placed no restrictions upon making it a lavish, *bona-fide* epic. The hundreds of vehicles and hordes of people lined up for the signal that would allow them to race in and grab the newly opened Indian territory, is a spectacle which well may cause the impressionable to stand up and cheer.

In this filmization of the Edna Ferber novel, Richard Dix has in *Yancey Cravat*, the biggest rôle of his career. The work of the supporting cast is more than superb. A newcomer, Irene Dunne, is poised and always convincing in the extended part of *Sabra Cravat*. Yet her performance is no more sincere than that of Estelle Taylor, a real trouper. Georgie Stone and Roscoe Ates are also excellent.

But the real interest of the picture does not center in these sterling players, nor the restless, swaggering *Yancey*—it is the mushroom development of the town Osage from a raw prairie hamlet to an imposing city. "Cimarron" is a real contribution to the motion picture, and most heartily recommended.

It is something the producers have been striving for, for lo, these many dreary years.

REACHING FOR THE MOON

A Neat Number—Don't Miss It: Two top-notchers, Douglas Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels, for the price of one. That's better than an aluminum sale in the bargain basement. "Reaching For The Moon" is perfectly mad and utterly delightful. In it Doug turns back the curtains of the years and returns to light, modern comedy—the early medium of his success. By doing so he reveals again the sprightly Doug of ten years ago. He has never seemed in finer physical mettle.

You see him this time as a Wall Street broker, a slave of telephones, too busy to fall in love. Bebe Daniels bets that she can make him tumble for her. She leads him a merry chase, ending on board a fantastic Europe-bound liner.

This rapid-fire romance is grand box office stuff. A preview audience literally rolled in the aisles. If the Fairbanks popularity was on the wane, this is the little opus which will carry him back to the heights. A superb cast surrounds him.

Bebe Daniels is given every opportunity to be charming and beautiful. She even sings a number, for no reason at all. That old scene-stealer, Edward Everett Horton, is right on hand as a *Peeping Tom* valet. His scenes with Doug are priceless. Claude Allister and Jack Mulhall help keep things lively, and the magic hand of Edmund Goulding is obvious in the direction. In all a neat number. Don't miss it.



Here They Are - - Advance And Authentic



REDUCING

Funny Comedy With Marie and Polly: Get yourself set for another comedy knockout from the hard-hitting team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. If you thought you would die laughing at "Caught Short," draw up your last will and testament before seeing "Reducing." It's deadly to a grouch.

Polly has grown wealthy operating a popular beauty shop. Her daughter, Sally Eilers, is running around with Buster Collier, scion of a rich family. Sitting on top of the world, Polly invites her poor sister to visit her. Marie comes bringing her family with her—Lucien Littlefield, her hen-pecked husband, Anita Page, their beautiful daughter, and two small rough-neck youngsters.

You can imagine what happens when Marie decides to master the business of beauty culture. All the complicated devices of the trade remain complicated to her. She is forever turning on the wrong machine at the right time. It's a gift. Marie takes time off to straighten out the complications while allowing you momentarily to rest your laughter-aching sides.



BEAUTY AND THE BOSS

Fair-to-Middlin': Bebe Daniels plays a shady lady who goes up the ladder using men for clothes and self-improvement. Merchant, banker, banker's son and men about town all figure in her hectic career. Yet the picture would suggest that in spite of all, she is a splendid woman. The big kick comes when the son falls in love with his father's mistress, to have his advances treated in a light and noble manner.

Bebe has appeared to better advantage than in this one, and receives but small support from Ben Lyon, who walks vaguely through his part as the man who wins her in the end. The film adheres more or less closely to the book, "Ex-Mistress." In the picture as in the novel, when the plot with all its triangles gets too confused for solution, the straightening-out is arranged by the expedient feat of erasing the troublesome wife by means of an automobile accident. The greatest surprise of the whole piece follows this, when the banker, freed, startles everyone (and Bebe most of all) by marrying his ward instead of his mistress! It should do well at the box-office.



BEAU IDEAL

Worth While, But Could Be Better: Reminiscent of its great progenitor, "Beau Geste," this story of the Foreign Legion invited comparison which is not wholly in its favor, from the trick technique of its beginning to the final hand-clasp. It is so concerned in tying up with the characters and plot of the earlier picture and so much footage is spent in locating old friends that the story itself is squeezed and a trifle breathless. It is likewise incredibly noisy, the besieging of the French fort by Arabs leaving the onlooker half deafened.

Still, with its obvious faults, Ralph Forbes and Lester Vail hold one breathless through their superhuman perils. They are the most durable heroes on the screen to survive torture, thirst, sand-storms, Arab bullets and arrive at the final scene as handsome as ever.

Loretta Young wears an unbecoming riding habit and derby in the single sequence where she appears, the sex interest is more than adequately supplied by a newcomer, Leni Stengel, who will arouse comment as the sullen half-caste dancer.



THE CRIMINAL CODE

Strong Talk In A Strong Talkie: And here, friends, is the only prison picture since "The Big House" that can compare to that epic of realism. A sensation on the New York stage before "The Big House" was born, it packs even more of a punch in the talkies. It has Those Certain Things.

"The Big House" showed you why there are prison riots. "The Criminal Code" why prisoners don't talk. First, you see a hardboiled district attorney (Walter Huston) railroading a youth (Phillips Holmes) to prison for a justifiable murder. Six years later, ambitious Huston has become the warden. There is a murder behind the bars. Holmes knows who is guilty. He cannot be made to tell. He is punished. But his fate in the end is happier than the warden's.

If you saw Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln," you're going to get an emotional shock, seeing him in an unsympathetic rôle. But you'll say again: "Here's an actor!"

This has everything you want: suspense, action, humor, pathos. A strong story with a strong cast. Don't miss it.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures



INSPIRATION

Fine Picture and How Garbo Loves: When Garbo loves she loves like nobody's business. In "Inspiration," she loves Robert Montgomery to the extent that she is willing to sacrifice her own happiness and her own future to let him have his childhood sweetheart.

And what a cast, all contributing to the love interest and sophistication of Garbo's latest opus! There's Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Beryl Mercer, John Miljan, Richard Tucker—and these are just sample names.

It's Paris, and an artistic one. Garbo, model and demi-mondaine, tosses aside the men to whom she has been "inspiration" for Robert, the student, serious minded and a prude.

To prove her love, Garbo gives up sables and satins and lives in a garret. The ending is "Camille" without the cough. Clarence Brown has directed a picture in which gray predominates, and has done a magnificent job.

Garbo's gowns fit her moods, and her surroundings do the same thing. Montgomery, plays the prude.



THE ROYAL BED

Clever Satire—Cleverly Done: In answer to caustic critics of the talking screen, we offer this delightful excursion into sophisticated satire. No alarm need be felt about the so-called "box office" title of "The Royal Bed." It is the picture's only lapse into the moviesque.

When Robert E. Sherwood wrote his play "The Queen's Husband," he might have been thinking of Lowell Sherman. The suave finesse which marks Sherman's playing makes him an admirable King and, as the theme humanizes royalty, a thoroughly democratic one. The King has long been merely a figure head under the Queen's dominance but during her absence on a money-raising trip to America, the monarch proves even a royal worm can turn. He quells a revolution, fires the Premier, disbands Parliament and incidentally finds time to make possible the marriage of the Princess to his secretary. Having accomplished all this, he goes back upon his wife's return to his job of being simply the "Queen's Husband." You will enjoy this all too rare treat for the intelligence.



THE BACHELOR FATHER

Marion Davies' Best Talkie—For Adults: Offering Marion Davies the best rôle she has had in talking pictures, "The Bachelor Father" will provide an amusing evening for sophisticates. The original Belasco stage success had to be whitewashed quite a bit for filmization but it emerges with less perversion of theme than most *risque* plays suffer in screen adaptation. It is still adult fare.

The story deals with the desire of a bachelor father to round up and bring to live with him the progeny of an amorous youth. They come—a son by an Englishwoman, a daughter by an Italian opera star and another daughter by an American actress—to cheer the father's declining years. That is the theory but complications ensue.

Acting the rôle he created in the Broadway production, C. Aubrey Smith is a delightful "Bachelor Father." The suggestion that his children may be legitimate offspring is demanded by movie morals but his performance subtly denies the allegation. Marion Davies is likewise excellent.



THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Farrell And Gayn or In A Good One: There is so much to praise in the picture version of this stage success with Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor as the boy and girl who sank very deep in the mire and then won their way back to self respect, "step by step," that it seems ungrateful to complain that it is far too talky in places. Many of the lines come under the head of "fine writing," and the very poignant struggle of these two lovers is constantly interrupted by rhapsodies on stars, etc.

Charlie Farrell has never done better work than here, but the fattest opportunities are Janet's and she uses them to the fullest. Her hysterical scene in which she tests his love should become a screen classic, a lodestone to test all other such scenes to come. The stage origin of the picture is felt in the comparatively small number of different settings used, and the intimate cast.

It is a photographed stage play, but so successful, that for the first time we wonder whether this form of picture may not be, after all, a step forward in the movies' development.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



THE DEVIL TO PAY

Pleasant Picture For Everybody: The new Ronald Colman picture progresses this attractive star farther along the path marked out by "Condemned" and "Raffles." Once more he is the lovable scamp who wins the girl in spite of a somewhat shady past. The trouble with "The Devil To Pay" is that Colman is just a bit too scampish. This charming actor seems to be in danger of dropping into the sort of rôle once so expertly played by Wallace Reid. And that would be too bad, for Colman looks a great deal more like *Hamlet* than like a gay young dog.

"The Devil To Pay," like "Raffles," presents a thoroughly engaging picture of English life. The usual Goldwyn taste in execution is evident, and the whole production one of well-sustained and nicely executed entertainment. A veteran of the stage, Fred Kerr, romps away with every scene in which he takes part as the father of the incorrigible *Willie*, while Myrna Loy and Loretta Young form the decorative combination apparently required by the gay sons of British peers.



THE RIGHT TO LOVE

Worth Seeing Because Of Chatterton: "The Right To Love," starring Ruth Chatterton, is the screen title for Susan Glaspell's "Brook Evans" from which the picture was made. And like the book the first half of the picture is intense and absorbing and the last half diffuse and boring. I saw the picture in process of editing and doubtless considerable pruning will be done before the public showing. Ruth Chatterton plays the two rôles of the mother and her own daughter. But I doubt that this can ever be done successfully, even with Miss Chatterton's consummate artistry. A strange, tricky, somehow abnormal note is struck. You *know* that Ruth Chatterton is the mother *and* the daughter.

The first part of the picture follows the book closely and reveals some heartbreaking scenes. David Manners makes an appealing, romantic young lover, though Paul Lukas as a man-of-the-world lover, is a little bit too suave for comfort. All characterizations are splendid. A picture worth seeing for the first part and for Miss Chatterton's performance.



THE GANG BUSTER

Good For Laughing Out Loud: Somewhat in the nature of a satire upon gangster plots, this latest Jack Oakie opus is none the less as logical as most of the films it parodies. Oakie plays a small-town insurance agent, who lands a city job. His first client is a lawyer "put on the spot" by a gang leader about whom the attorney knows too much. The policy is turned down by the insurance company, so Oakie sets out to tell the gangsters it is against the law to shoot people.

It is a typical Oakie character, blessed by dumb luck and endowed with every known superstition. "The Gang Buster" rates as one of his funniest vehicles since "Fast Company." The laughs are garnered naturally and dialogue is not of the obvious question-and-answer formula. An excellent cast supports with William Boyd as the gangster chief, William Morris (father of Chester Morris) as the attorney and Jean Arthur for romantic interest. Especially outstanding is the tough *moll* bit played by Wynne Gibson. Heartily indorsed for laughing out loud.



SCANDAL SHEET

Good, But Bancroft Has Done Better: The rôle of editor of a notorious tabloid newspaper hardly gives George Bancroft the proper chance to flex his muscles. He is more or less a lay figure till the end. When confronted with the proof of his adored wife's faithlessness, he kills her lover and then returns to his office to dictate the story for the next edition of his paper. After so much dramatic tensity, and so much of the justly famous Bancroft suffering, the comedy finish is off key, and was probably added as an afterthought to propitiate the tender hearted who shrink from unhappy endings.

The newspaper local color is well handled, and the director has managed to inject a feeling of something about to happen into the treatment. Kay Francis and Clive Brook, as the illicit lovers, are remarkably good, and handle this stock situation with human touches. Though they have the lawless rôles which should make their fate satisfactory to all nice-minded people, they win the sympathy away from the rather robot hero. Bancroft needs more scope for physical action.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



THE ROYAL FAMILY

A Merry, Mad Burlesque, Fine: In New York, this brilliant piece of tomfoolery is being billed as "The Royal Family of Broadway." For it's a merry, mildly mocking take-off of the life and habits of Broadway's autocrats, the Barrymores. John, in particular.

In the story, they are thinly disguised as *Cavendishes*. First, there is *Fanny*, the dowager grandmother, fretful about her cues and her memories. Then there is *Julia*, her daughter—handsome, intellectual, proud. There is *Julia's* daughter, *Gwen*, the heiress apparent. But most of all, there is *Julia's* half-mad brother, *Tony*, whose arrival from Hollywood is cyclonic. For he is being pursued by a vengeful actress he has spurned and a director he has socked. And the troubles they have!

Fredric March, as *Tony*, gives an immensely amusing, don't-miss-it imitation of John. Ina Claire, as *Julia*, is less like Ethel, but she is clever. Henrietta Crosman, as *Fanny*, is a classic dowager. And Mary Brian does well in a small rôle.



PART-TIME WIFE

Lowe In Smooth Comedy: They have some bright boys at Fox. They sort of had a hunch that Edmund Lowe needed a change from underworld stories. So they scouted around and found a sprightly little piece that wouldn't do Eddie or his fans any harm. And reminded us that the lad also knows his comedy.

This time he takes off a typical Rotarian. He's just a big gasoline-and-oil man who keeps his mind on his business, instead of his pretty wife, Leila Hyams. She can't help loving him, but she loves a good round of golf, too. The game's poison to Eddie, so she has her tee parties with Walter McGrail. The couple drift apart, split. Then Lowe has to take up golf for his health. On the links he is caddied by pint-sized Tommy Clifford, who spills some pointers on things in general to Eddie. He finally gets wise to himself and becomes human, thanks to Tommy and Tommy's dog.

Nothing dramatic, but you'll smile. You'll even laugh. It's a smooth little comedy, well done.



UNDER SUSPICION

Not Up To Expectations: How quickly movie styles change! J. Harold Murray backs up against the scenery and bursts into a theme song as he does at intervals in this tale of the Northwest Mounted. It seems old fashioned. There are other things in this picture reminiscent of old times, for instance, the falsely accused hero who took the blame for another's guilt, and the heroine who believes in him.

The dialogue is melodramatic, and to the trained movie fan there is little suspense in the terrific hazards which *John Smith* undergoes, and which range from climbing snow covered mountains, descending into glaciers, swimming a foaming rapids and flying over a forest fire. Gorgeous scenic shots seem entirely too good for such outworn stuff as the plot is made of, and Lois Moran is too capable an actress to be wasted on such an insipid heroine. Although the title hardly applies to the story, for the hero is never for a moment under suspicion by the audience, still it is justified. The trouble is it's reminding you of an old-fashioned film.



RANGO

Interesting And Well Done: The most interesting players I have seen on the screen lately are Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler—and Rango, and all for the same reason. They rest eyes tired of too much pulchritude. In this amazing Schoedsack film of the Sumatran jungle there are only two human players, the tiger killer and his son, both excellent because they had never learned to act, but the whole comedy and tragedy of the picture is concentrated on the quaint small figure of the orang outang, Rango.

One feels an intensity of concern about his desperate struggle for existence against his jungle enemies which no Hollywood film actor with perfect profile ever aroused. And Rango's profile is far from perfect. His grotesquely solemn, near-human face expresses an amazing range of emotions, though he might be accused in several instances of mugging. The camera has surprised the strange and savage citizenry of the jungle at its business of living. There is one unforgettable scene where the villain, the striped Killer, meets his reward.

The New Parents

By



GLADYS HALL

A Portrait of the Author And Her Son, John



International Newsreel

THE stork has been hovering over Hollywood. In fact, whole flocks of storks have been hovering over Hollywood, depositing their precious cargoes in the mansions of the stars and staresses—such stars as the Norma Shearer Thalbergs, the John Barrymores, the Robert Montgomerys, the Baclanova-Soussanins, the Chester Morrises (again), the Johnny Mack Browns, the King Vidors—famous, fantastical folk to whom, superficially, parenthood seems an incongruous thing. But only seems, or perhaps Hollywood styles have changed.

What are they going to do about it?

There has been much palaver in the past years about the possibility versus the impossibility of managing parenthood *and* a career. This has applied principally to mothers, of course. Still, even in the male orbit, a nursery has some place and some influence. Particularly in the male orbit of a star. Fatherhood, subtly perhaps, in some way alters his standing in the world. Authorities have come forth, wordily, and said that it could *not* be done. That a choice is imperative. Other authorities have come forth, just as wordily, and maintained that it could be done. Both sides have briefed their cases with compiled statistics.

Of all the careers with which to reconcile parenthood, the career of the screen would seem to be the most complicated, the most difficult. The biological fact alone is, or might be, a detriment. Ladies-who-have-babies are apt to take on a bit of weight, if nothing more serious befalls them. Ladies-who-have-screen-careers are liable to long location trips, rôles that make demands upon them not exactly compatible with the demands of the nursery and the—uh—dairy.

What are they going to do about it?



One of the new mothers is Olga Baclanova, top, whose son Nicholas Soussanin, Jr., is nearly five months old

At the left are the Raymond Hacketts who are very proud of their young son, named after his father

Can They Play Both Rôles?

HOW assimilate the patter of little feet into their other sound effects?

Will these new parents go on making "Divorcées" and "Big Houses" and "Coquettes" and "Moby Dicks"? Will they shed the bright sheath of stardom and become that quaint, old-fashioned thing, a Parent? Will they hand the stork's offering to highly paid

of the MOVIES

A Who's Who Of Hollywood's Biggest Money-Makers



Harold Lloyd (above) has more than he realizes. Jackie Coogan (below) made his before he was nine

able to save," Mary said the other day, as we chatted on the set, "was earned when I was with the Biograph Company in California. I received a salary of fifty dollars per week, and fifteen dollars a week for expenses. I lived on the expense money and saved my salary. So when I went back to New York I had the huge sum of twelve hundred dollars. I changed the money into fifty-dollar bills, bought a new handbag, stuffed the money inside it and handed it to my mother, but it was hard to convince her that it was real money. She thought it was just stage money and that I was kidding her! I invested in two lots in Toronto, and still have one of them."

Mary is a keen business woman. She knows to a cent just how much every one of her pictures has made and is making. She knows how every one of her investments is getting along.

Much of her property now, of course, is owned jointly with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, another millionaire. They both favor stocks and bonds—of the depression-proof kind. They own a three-thousand-acre ranch, Zoro Rancho, down in San Diego County, which produces crops of fruit and grain.

"I mean some day," Mary said to me once years ago, when she first got her big contract with Famous-Players-Lasky, now Paramount, "to buy a Hollywood hill and build on it."



Starting a Gold Rush

NOBODY else seemed to think of living on the Hollywood hills in those days. But Mary saw the gold in them thar hills. And when she could, she built a hillside house that now is valued at a fabulous figure.

Not only is the estate in itself valuable, but Mary has taste in antiques, and her home is a storehouse of valuable knickknacks from all parts of the world—porcelains and jades from China and Japan, in particular.

And as I write, there comes back to me a story told me by an old actress, an actress who was a star when Mary began with David Belasco.

"One morning I was passing by a hot-dog stand," the actress told me. "It was in an alley near the Belasco Theater in New York. It had been raining, and there, sitting huddled up on a seat, her clothing all wet, was a little figure. It was Mary Pickford. She was eating doughnuts and coffee, and weeping because her only dress would be all shrunk up by the rain, and she didn't know how she was going to present herself at rehearsal that afternoon. But just then the sun came out, and so did Mary's smile. I knew then that, somehow, everything would be all right. And everything was, for she made a big hit in her play."

He Has More Than He Knows

BEYOND realizing that he is a rich man, Harold Lloyd really doesn't know how much he is worth. He never counts up, and his properties are constantly increasing in value. He really isn't much interested in money in itself, nor in its accumulation.

As everybody knows, Harold didn't possess a dime when he went to work as an extra at three dollars a day at Universal. For nearly six years after he met Hal Roach and went to work in the Lonesome Luke comedies, he earned only forty dollars a week. But

(*Continued on page 107*)

THE SEVEN DEADLY

By

MARIE EVELYN

DUNHAM



Hommel



Richee

THE deadliest sin of all, in the eyes of Hollywood, is the sin of Success. That, of course, is true of every community. But in Hollywood, where the stakes are so high, the play is so fast and the competition so bitter—it is worse than in most other places.

Hollywood will be kind to you when you are down. That is, if you haven't previously been *up* and tumbled, making Powerful Enemies as you fell! In that case, of course, you are practically quarantined.

But if you are young and struggling—or even if you aren't very young and aren't struggling very hard—Hollywood will tolerate you and ask you to meals and speak kindly of you and even—some times—lend you money with an easy generosity.

If you show any symptoms of achieving success, you find yourself suddenly just frightfully popular. People ask you to dinner and coo at you and send you presents with the most astonishing display of friendly feeling. This, you understand, is just on the chance that, on your way to the top, you may be able, one way or another, to pull some of your friends along with you. The old Hollywood custom of axe-grinding.

But—just try arriving on that top rung and trying to perch there for a while! Just try it! And see what happens to you! If you dare! And if you think it's worth it!

There is nothing that Hollywood resents so much as the person on top. This is more apparent in the case of an actor than in the cases of executives and directors and other people who can Do Things for their friends. They are still the objects of much fawning. But—oooooh! They should hear the things the fawners say about them behind their backs! And if they imagine that there is a single fawner who would not assist promptly and happily in their down falls, then they are pretty naïve.

It is the actor who is punished most for succeeding. He isn't in a position to give people jobs. It is important to no one to get along with him. And, boy-oh-boy, what they do to him!

I came upon Richard Dix one day when he was raging about a

Ruth Chatterton, left, has been altogether too successful. That's why Hollywood turned thumbs down on her. As for Richard Dix, above, his success started the customary back-fence gossip

Sins of Hollywood

VII
The Sin Of Success



Bull



R. H. Louise

particularly malicious bit of gossip which some kind friend had just informed him was being circulated about him. A magazine writer who was present, laughed—which seemed to astonish Rich a trifle.

"Don't be silly!" she advised him. "It merely means that you are doing very well in pictures. That rumor—and worse ones—drift through our office about every successful actor in the business at least once a week."

"Do you mean you have heard this thing about ME before?" he wanted to know.



Greta Garbo lives in splendid isolation to avoid the stigma of success. Charlie Chaplin paid for success with graying hair and tragic eyes—and John Gilbert paid for it through malicious stories about him

"Certainly. Lots of times. It began when you signed your last contract and it became apparent that you were succeeding in talking pictures—at a time when nearly every other actor of the silents was shaking in his shoes. You don't think you would be forgiven for *that,* do you? We have heard similar things about everyone else who has not been licked by the talkies—as well as about the new people who have come in and made places for themselves."

They're on the Spot

RUTH CHATTERTON says that Hollywood does not like her.

"I was made to feel it when I first arrived," she remarks. "They resented me for some reason. They were prepared to dislike me before they met me. They do not like me even yet. I have made friends of a few, scattered individuals. But the colony, as a whole, has shown that it does not want me."

When you try to explain that it is the stigma of Success which marks her, she says she does not understand.

"I wasn't successful when I first came. I had just as much to learn about cameras as they had to learn about speaking. Why should they be afraid?"

She had been successful on the stage and that was enough. She arrived during a time of general panic—and she established

(*Continued on page 100*)



Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

Tough? No, just hard-berled. Just showing his teeth, so the Big Boys'll come through with The Breaks. He's laying for them in "Chances." And they'll star him from now on!



World-Famous beauty experts tell

why they recommend Palmolive Soap

Olive and palm oil beauty cleansing is advised by more than 20,000 specialists as the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

GOOD looks may be yours to begin with. You may have had to acquire beauty. In either case, you know that one can't just take natural loveliness for granted. Beauty must be *cared* for, if one wants to hold it.

World-famous treatment

Thousands of the world's professional beauty culturists realize that fact. They have adopted a definite practice which helps clients to keep that schoolgirl complexion. More than 20,000 of them advise the regular use of Palmolive Soap.

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . a vegetable oil soap. Into Palmolive go the oils of olive and palm—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring matter. Here is an undeniably wholesome soap to use on your face!

Your particular problem

Six of the world's more prominent specialists are quoted on this page. Thousands of others have told us why they advise Palmolive.

Read the advice of Carsten, Seiler, Jacobson and their colleagues. Take it seriously, for this is a serious matter. The soap which touches your face can do *so* much to make or mar your loveliness. It should be pure. It should be made of vegetable oils. It should be Palmolive!



CARSTEN, of Berlin (the famous "Figaro")

"Is your skin uninviting? The fault is probably in the soap you use. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . oils of olive and palm. Palmolive Soap is safe for the most sensitive complexion."



NIRAUS, of Madrid

"Don't use 'just any soap' . . . particularly if your skin happens to be rough. Use Palmolive. It is made of cosmetic oils of olive and palm. Substitutes may be harmful. Don't experiment with them."



SEILER, of Geneva

"Oily, unattractive complexions—the fault may be in the soap you use. Begin to use Palmolive Soap regularly, night and morning. You will notice the difference at once."



SCHAANNING of Copenhagen

"Pimples and other similar outbreaks on the surface of the skin too often are encouraged because care is not taken to use the right kind of soap. That is why I lay so much stress on the use of Palmolive."



PESSL, of Vienna and Budapest

"I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Palmolive is made of pure vegetable oils. That is why I recommend only this one soap."



JACOBSON, of London

"Some soaps may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive, on the other hand, leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."



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Retail Price 10c

"Lock your door



HUGH TREVOR, who is the idol of millions, thinks that women can grow lovelier with the years if they keep the charm of youth!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French toilet soap

Youth

on Birthdays!"

Hugh Trevor.. *famous screen idol* urges every girl

Learn the Complexion Secret 98% of the important screen actresses know..

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep *youth,*" Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in *years,* but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

★ ★ ★

What is the secret of holding youth the fascinating actresses know?

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Use gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly,* as we do!"

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe . . . they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youth—with Lux Toilet Soap. 605 of the 613 actresses in Hollywood, alone, are devoted to it!

So dependent are they on *regular* care with this fragrant, very white soap, that it is the official soap in the dressing rooms of all the great film studios . . . is found in theatres throughout the country for the stars' convenience.

Hollywood's favorite Beauty Care

Of the countless stars who use this bland, white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that has a tendency to be oily; some the in-between skin . . . Every type is represented.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care—so soothing—so bland is its effect on the skin.

Buy several cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today and keep *your* skin youthfully aglow, just as the famous stars do! You, too, can grow lovelier with the years. Lock your door on birthdays!



BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."



BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



SUE CAROL, vivacious Radio Pictures' star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

She Knocked 'Em Dead on Broadway

That's What Lois Moran Did In Her Stage Début



By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

EVERYONE is versatile nowadays. Jim Tully becomes an actor, Ann Harding turns out to be an architect, Ramon Novarro goes in for directing, and half the actors in Hollywood turn out to be stage stars. And a few of them landed on Broadway.

Lois Moran is the latest movie star to help fill up the gaps on the New York stage. She has done a better job of it than some of the others, perhaps because she did it for fun, rather than because her foothold in pictures was weakening. Most of the movie queens who came to Broadway have been shunted off onto the road, where they are most likely to be appreciated. Colleen Moore took "On The Loose" through the provinces, for the benefit of those same adoring fans who have been supporting her for years. But the play wasn't so hot and Colleen is back in Hollywood. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, in "Cherries Are Ripe," are destined for a year on the road.

But Lois Moran made her début under the very best auspices. Arthur Hopkins produced "This Is New York" strictly for Broadway consumption, and Lois is now performing for a brand-new public. And the girl, making a hit, is getting a great big hand.

"It's more fun than a picnic, really," said Lois, who is one of those lively girls. "I had no idea it would be such hard work. We rehearsed night and day and Sunday. But I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

New York vs. Hollywood

I WAS afraid for a moment that, flying in the face of tradition, Lois wasn't going to say she found New York stimulating. I was afraid she was so stimulated naturally that she wouldn't even notice it. But she didn't fail.

"New York is so stimulating!" she cried. "Everything is alive and moving, and the buildings are so strong and young and vital! It's just grand!

"I had grown awfully stale in Hollywood. I'd been there for four years. And Hollywood is semi-tropical—that's what's the matter. It makes you feel languid and flat, and that nothing really matters."

I don't believe that even a wholly tropical climate could make Lois languid. She probably meant that she had only twice as much pep as the average person instead of three times. Anyway, after her last picture for Fox, she felt that this terrible state of affairs must be remedied.

"They gave me a six-months' leave of absence," she continued, "and I intended to come East for a vacation. But I was so tired that, before I left, I went to a sanitarium for two weeks to rest. By the time I got to New York, I felt simply wonderful. I thought it was a pity to waste so much pep, so I decided to go on the stage.

"First I went to Arch Selwyn, and then I spent several days going around to all the other managers. Arthur Hopkins had a play going into rehearsal right away, with a part that I just happened to fit. I was really very lucky.

"I had an awful inferiority complex the first few days of rehearsal—I was afraid I was doing everything wrong, among all these experienced stage people who were probably

(Continued on page 112)

Dr. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University finds that Colgate's cleans teeth best

A TOOTHPASTE, Dr. Chambliss knows, should *clean the teeth thoroughly.*

Your own dentist will confirm this—ask him. He will tell you that cleanliness is the best possible safeguard against dental troubles.

Therefore, when Dr. Chambliss, world-renowned scientist, undertook to find out which toothpaste is best, he naturally compared the different brands on the only sensible basis—cleansing power.

He carefully analyzed the leading brands of America—and he found that Colgate's has "greater cleansing ability" than all the others.

Why?

Let Dr. Chambliss answer: "I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but because of its penetrating foam it has a greater ability than the others to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse teeth thoroughly."

Agreeing with Dr. Chambliss are a group of eminent scientists who have been retained to make analytical tests of toothpastes and render their expert opinions. Among these are such men as Jerome Alexander, B.S., M.Sc., and Dr. Allen Rogers, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania. They state publicly that Colgate's is a superior cleanser.



Dr. Chambliss *says:*

"I have tested and compared toothpastes with reference to their cleansing qualities. I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but also because of its very penetrating foam it has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles. Other dentifrices, because they are sluggish, lack this power.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

Hardee Chambliss

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.



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Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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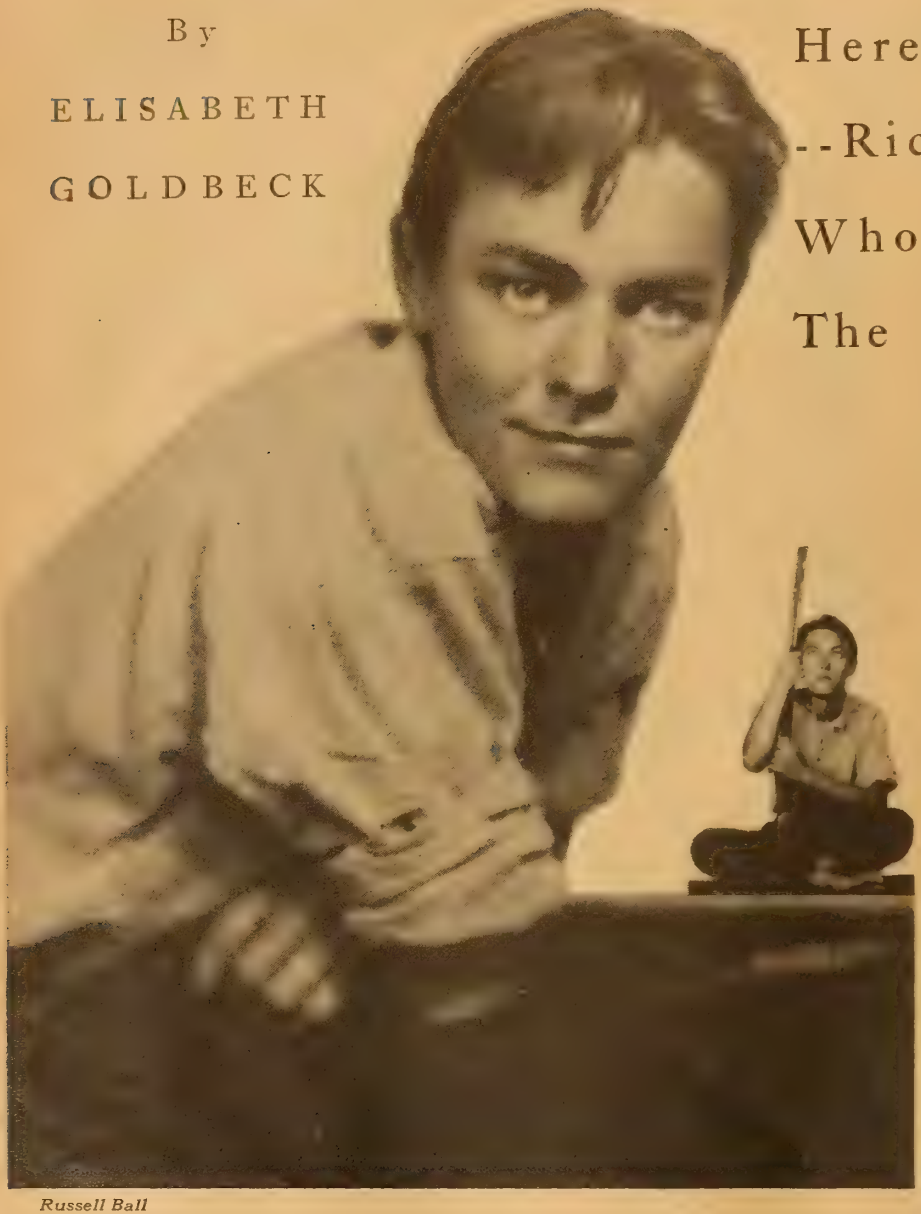
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A New Gitt *to the* Girls

By
ELISABETH
GOLDBECK

Here's A Newcomer --Richard Cromwell, Who Should Answer The Maiden's Prayer



Russell Ball

ROY RADABAUGH used to be a young artist living in a Hollywood canyon. He painted pictures and masks of moving picture actresses, but more from economic pressure than from ambition, because he cherished a secret desire to be an actor. He had the ruddy cheeks of extreme youth. He was blue eyed, handsome, and unspoiled. He had never owned a hat.

A few months later he was Richard Cromwell, an established movie actor, star of "Tol'able David," sought after for personal appearances, radio talks, and autographs. He had a suite at a New York hotel, a body guard of press agents, and a pearl grey hat.

The nice thing about it is that he didn't wear the hat very well. He said it felt like an umbrella. It didn't seem to have had any effect upon his boyish charm.

Dick is the most disarming and delightful personality I know of. He's earnest and naïf, but he has humor and a kind of sophistication, too. He isn't an actor yet. By some miracle, and reversing the usual order, he has learned to be an actor on the screen before learning to be one off.

He's a real boy, a boy with a charm that's unique and hard to describe. It's the freshness, the spontaneity of youth, coupled with originality, and what our parents used to call "character."

He began life in Long Beach, California, with an inferiority complex. He went to high school there for three years.

He Made 'Em Like Him

"BUT I had an awful time. I hated it. I never made any friends because I felt—well, awfully funny. It must have been an awful inferiority complex. I used to think that if I could only get away from Long Beach to some place where nobody knew me, then maybe I could be somebody."

To this end he wanted a scholarship in a Los Angeles art school, but his drawing teacher refused to submit any of his drawings because they weren't good enough. So he took some and went to see the head of the art school himself, and told her how much he wanted to be an artist, though his pictures were very bad.

She told him that though all the scholarships were gone, he could have one anyway. Which gives you an idea how Richard Cromwell affects people, and makes it easier to understand why he eventually became *Tol'able David*.

"At the school I just concentrated on feeling like somebody," Dick went on, earnestly. "I spent all my time telling the girls how beautiful they were, and kidding with the boys, and they all seemed to like me, and pretty soon I began to feel all right. And after I left school, when I had a little shop on Sunset Boulevard, the kids came there so much that I couldn't get anything done, and finally had to move.

"But all this time I secretly wanted to be an actor. You know how you're ashamed of it, and don't tell anybody but just a few

(*Continued on page 113*)

"I've found a perfume to register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never *quite* believed it, don't you know.

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello Me! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . . '

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"





Keeping the Mood of Seventeen

Face Powder... in smart, subtle shades. *Dusting Powder*... an exhilarating finish for the bath. *Compact* . . . in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. *Brillantines*... both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. *Sachet* . . . like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. *Toilet Water*... . . . the characteristic Seventeen scent. *Talcum* . . . fresh, clean, fragrant. *The Perfume* . . . the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



ANOTHER FINE MESS

Last month we reviewed "The Hoosegow," starring Laurel and Hardy. And here they are again. They get into trouble this month because Laurel calls a cop a sissy. Their refuge is a swell mansion, whose owner has just departed for South Africa. They aren't there long, when prospective tenants begin to arrive. And then plenty of funny things happen. The feature of these Laurel and Hardy comedies is the scarcity of dialogue, and the wealth of comic action. Right now, they are the funniest comedy team on the Talkie market, with no letdown in sight. (M-G-M)



COLLEGE CUTIES

The more we see of short college comedies, the less we like the long ones. And this opus doesn't change our opinion. There isn't much sense to it, but who cares? It's funny all the way—which is more than you can say for most of the longer ones. The hero this time is a Freshman, just a campus worm. He makes the mistake, of course, of falling for the same girl his betters do. And he's only a cross-country runner, and not a hot one at that. Fortunately, however, a swarm of bees get after him, and he wins the meet. (P. S. And the girl.) The title, incidentally, amply describes the co-eds you see. (Educational)



AUNTS IN THE PANTS

One of the rowdiest, and one of the funniest comedy shorts you'll be seeing. It's slapstick plus clever lines, with some novel situations. Walter Catlett of the horn-rimmed specs and the rapid chatter is featured, but Cissie Fitzgerald as his prim maiden aunt is the riot. For auntie, on the side, has a yen for wild parties. She awakens after this one to discover that she has blackened a cop's eye and brought home not only several sailors, several chorus girls, a fellow in a dress suit who has lost his pants, but a horse. And what a mix-up! (Radio)



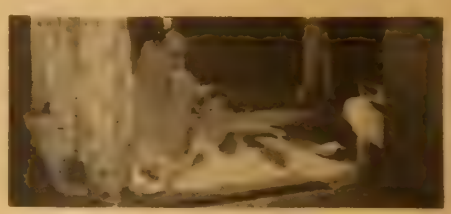
THE LITTLE DIVORCÉE

As we have noted before, some of the best comedies nowadays are being perpetrated by animals. We're thinking now of Tiffany's chimpanzees, familiarly known as chimps. Their present effort is a burlesque of the marriage game. First, there is the courtship. It turns out to be an unhappy marriage, and there are family rows. There are even other suitors, who jump out of the windows when the enraged husband appears. And, finally, there is the split. And all the way the actors have clever lines. They're clever all around. Don't miss their nimble monkeyshines. (Tiffany)



WHO KILLED ROVER?

These dogs of M-G-M's continue to be the marvel of our movie-going life. We'll pay the price to see them, even when we have a sneaking suspicion the feature is going to be gosh-awful. In their present wow, they take off the *Philo Vance* mysteries. *Rover*, a new bride-groom, is kidnapped. The bride is heart-broken. *Vance* is called in. He eventually sniffs the right trail, but too late. The racketeers have already bumped off poor *Rover*. The voices are again uncannily funny, and the acting is a tribute to two young men named Zion Myers and Jules White. (M-G-M)



DON'T LEAVE HOME

It wasn't so long ago that Johnny Hines was one of the comedy kings of Hollywood. Then the talkies came, and Johnny disappeared. Always strong on pantomime, he waited for talkies to die. They didn't. But Johnny's back again, anyway. Right now, he's feeling his way in comedy shorts. And he's coming back fast. This is his second, and is even funnier than the first. Johnny and his wife get separated on a trip, and Johnny has charge of the baby for a day. There's one near-disaster after another, not to mention a flock of embarrassing moments. His room in the hotel lacks only padded walls. (Educational-Gayety)



EXPENSIVE KISSES

You've seen Bert Roach in feature pictures. He usually plays the part of a fat, dumb, ridiculous character. (He was the husband of *Julie's* girl-friend in "Liliom.") And in this good comedy short he's dumb again. This time he makes a rash promise to his lawyer. He swears to pay $1,000 every time he kisses a girl, and $100,000 every time he becomes engaged. And Bert is no millionaire, you understand. But he didn't anticipate that his uncle, who died in Turkey, would leave him a harem. Bert and the laughs move fast. And the harem girls are your idea of harem girls. (Educational)



THE OFFICE SCANDAL

If you saw "The Office Wife"—and who didn't? —you'll get a kick out of this one. It's the Warners' own satire of their feature. The action centers about a fresh youngster who's after a job as office boy. He gets "no" for an answer until he discovers that the boss and his married stenographer aren't keeping their minds on their work. Once on the job, he is warned to keep his mouth shut. But he spills the story to the husband of the stenog, who drops in to see his *frau*. The youngster immediately gets the air, but he has the last word. (Vitaphone Varieties)

Half-Face Test *brings* *Thrilling Proof* of Skin-Loveliness Within Reach of Every Woman



Compare the oval picture above with the oval picture on the right. Same girl, but what a difference! Hundreds of cases in the Dermatologists' Beauty Clinics showed just that difference between the side of the face treated with Woodbury's Facial Soap and the side treated by toilet soaps and other beauty aids.

15 Eminent Dermatologists test leading beauty aids on the faces of 612 women.

Actual case records prove superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap.







MILLIONS of women believe that no other beauty aid . . . and surely, no ordinary toilet soap . . . has the beautifying effect of Woodbury's.

Now 15 of America's leading skin specialists confirm that belief, with a 30-day test on the faces of 612 women.

Take case No. 49 from the Chicago Clinic. Physicians found her skin uncommonly dry. She followed the same daily ritual used by the 611 other women in the test. On the left side of her face . . . she used her usual cleansing method. On the right side . . . the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. At the end of the test, doctors reported the right side distinctly less dry. Complexion clear. Texture smooth and lovely.

And this is just a typical case. There were hundreds of others like it.

If you could only listen to the doctors and hear what their subjects had to say . . . you would no longer wonder which beauty method is best.

Some women say, "But I can't use soap on my face!" Many of the women who made this test had been of that opinion. But they discovered, in less than a week, that Woodbury's is more than a soap. That it is a complete beauty treatment . . . in cake form. Soothing to the most sensitive skin. And beautifying . . . to *any* skin.

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon for generous sample.

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional standing."
(*Signed*)

Walter J. Hughman M.D.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
903 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

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*City*_____ *State*_____

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Abraham Lincoln—D. W. Griffith and Walter Huston make Lincoln live again—as a human being, not a god. One of the great films (U. A.).

Along Came Youth—Charles Rogers, ably assisted by Stuart Erwin, in a trivially pleasant comedy about two Yankees who get stranded and romantic in England (Par.).

Are You There?—Beatrice Lillie somehow fails to live up to her stage reputation in a musical comedy about a woman detective (Fox).

The Bat Whispers—An unknown killer, *The Bat*, invades a wealthy home, terrifies its inmates—and Chester Morris solves a good mystery (U. A.).

Big Money—Eddie Quillan wisecracks all over the upper edge of the underworld while involved with some big-time gamblers. Sprightly melodrama (Pathé).

The Big Trail—The saga of the Western pioneers, told slowly. The scenery is stupendous (Fox).

Billy, The Kid—The terror of the plains becomes sentimental, but John Mack Brown makes this reversal of history practically painless (M-G-M).

The Blue Angel—Emil Jannings returns to his American audience, accompanied by the colorful Marlene Dietrich. Again he is a tragic, middle-aged lover, and again he is memorably convincing (Par.).

The Boudoir Diplomat—In a mythical kingdom Ian Keith loves one girl, is loved by another, and is ordered to love a third. Mildly amusing (Univ.).

Brothers—The old, old story of the twins, separated in infancy, who grow up opposites. But the acting of Bert Lytell in a dual rôle makes it bearable (Col.).

Captain Thunder—Victor Varconi lives the life of a typical good-hearted movie bandit, except that he doesn't get the girl (W. B.).

The Cat Creeps—Helen Twelvetrees, Jean Hersholt and Lilyan Tashman do well enough in a mystery thriller that often creeps (Univ.).

Charley's Aunt—Charles Ruggles masquerades as a lovable old lady in a comedy that has been done before, but never so hilariously as this (Col.).

Check and Double Check—Amos 'n' Andy in person. Not so believable as on the air, but amusing nevertheless (RKO).

The Cohens and Kellys in Africa—George Sidney and Charlie Murray (and their wives) go to Africa after ivory for piano keys. Occasionally funny low comedy (Univ.).

The Costello Case—That Irish cop, Tom Moore, solves a fair mystery (Sono-Art).

The Dancers—Life among the younger set of English society, and even Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes can't make it very interesting (Fox).

Derelict—Good sea melodrama, climaxed by a realistic tempest, with George Bancroft and William Boyd quarreling in Lowe-McLaglen style (Par.).

A Devil with Women—Victor McLaglen as Victor McLaglen, but the dialogue prevents him from clicking this time (Fox).

Divorce Among Friends—A meaningless title for a good little domestic comedy, with James Hall and Irene Delroy a quarrelsome couple, and Natalie Moorhead and Lew Cody amusing marital menaces (W. B.).



The greatest character actor of them all—Emil Jannings—returns to his American audience in "The Blue Angel"



Ed Wynn tried the movies once before, with sad results. But in "Follow the Leader" (above) he is insanely comic

The Doorway to Hell—Lew Ayres in the best underworld talkie of them all (W. B.).

East Is West—Lupe Velez makes a pretty little Chinese girl, whose romance with white boy Lew Ayres ends happily. Pleasant, but far-fetched (Univ.).

Ex-Flame—Our old friend and tear-jerker, "East Lynne," in disguise. Marian Nixon and Neil Hamilton do as well as anyone could with the present dialogue (Liberty).

Fair Warning—A regulation Western, in which George O'Brien obeys the unwritten law and gives fair warning before he shoots (Fox).

Fast and Loose—A rich girl falls in love with a poor boy, and a rich boy falls in love with a poor girl—with complications. An uneven comedy, bringing to the screen Miriam Hopkins of Broadway (Par.).

Father's Son—Lewis Stone, Irene Rich and young Leon Janney make everyday home life a tense affair (F. N.).

Feet First—As a shoe clerk who wants—and gets—adventure, Harold Lloyd is highly acrobatic and amusing (Lloyd-Par.).

Follow the Leader—Ed Wynn, who can make any expression look ridiculous, innocently becomes a gang leader. Insanely funny (Par.).

Free Love—Conrad Nagel tames his philandering wife (Genevieve Tobin) in caveman fashion. If you ache to see a heroine socked just once, don't miss it. The rest is tame triangle stuff. Previewed as "The Modern Wife" (Univ.).

Going Wild—Joe E. Brown is turned loose in an aviation comedy that goes slapstick (F. N.).

The Gorilla—A thriller with a gorilla for a villain, but Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon, as a pair of dumb detectives, almost make it a burlesque. Result: it's half of one, and half of the other (F. N.).

The Great Meadow—An exciting and photographically beautiful tale of the earliest pioneers. John Mack Brown and Eleanor Boardman climb to new heights (M-G-M).

Hell's Angels—A great spectacle of war in the air. And there's a girl named Jean Harlow in it (Caddo-U. A.).

Her Wedding Night—Clara Bow gets her best break in recent months in a bedroom farce with clever lines (Par.).

Hook, Line and Sinker—Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler as two insurance salesmen who get mixed up in a gang war. It's wild stuff, wildly funny (RKO).

The Hot Heiress—The romance of a society deb (Ona Munson) and a steelworker (Ben Lyon). The story isn't equal to their talents (F. N.).

Illicit—Barbara Stanwyck wonders if free love isn't preferable to wedded bliss, until she all but loses James Rennie. Good acting in an adult story (W. B.).

Just Imagine—Hollywood's most original talkie to date, full of bright ideas about life in 1980. It slows down in spots, but that isn't the fault of El Brendel, Maureen O'Sullivan or Marjorie White (Fox).

Just Like Heaven—An echo of "Seventh Heaven"—romance in the Paris slums. Notable for the performance of the sixteen-year-old heroine, Anita Louise (Tiffany).

Kismet—A wily beggar goes from rags to riches and back again, all in a day. Otis Skinner superb in a slow, but colorful tale (F. N.).

A Lady's Morals—Don't let the sexy title scare you away from the talkie début of Grace Moore. She is a better Jenny Lind than Jenny was herself (M-G-M).

The Lady Who Dared—Billie Dove in just another triangle story. She is, however, attractive (F. N.).

The Lash—Richard Barthelmess turns bandit in old California, but, somehow, things never become exciting (F. N.).

Laughter—Nancy Carroll gets the critics all excited again about her acting. A dramatic, witty story about the attractions of poverty (Par.).

The Life of the Party—Winnie Lightner goes to Havana, disguised as a wealthy widow. The result is some merry whoopee (W. B.).

Lightnin'—Will Rogers bursts forth as an actor in a characterization of The World's Laziest Man, who sometimes helps run a hotel for divorcées on the California-Nevada border. His best picture (Fox).

The Lottery Bride—Jeanette MacDonald and Joe E. Brown in an operetta laid in the Far North, where men are musical. The music is good (U. A.).

Madonna of the Streets—Evelyn Brent in her familiar rôle of the hard-boiled girl whose honesty is refreshing (Col.).

Man to Man—Phillips Holmes cannot forget that his father (Grant Mitchell) has been a convict. Sensitive and dramatic (W. B.).

Min and Bill—A strange mixture of comedy and tragedy along the waterfront, with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery providing some salty entertainment (M-G-M).

Morocco—Marlene Dietrich flashes on the American screen as a lost lady, courted by both Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou. Some good acting and the best Moroccan story since "Beau Geste" (Par.).

Mothers Cry—Dorothy Peterson sees David Manners and Evalyn Knapp fulfil her hopes, and Edward Woods and Helen Chandler go to the bad. For those who don't mind a good cry (F. N.).

The Naughty Flirt—Alice White at her sauciest (F. N.).

The New Moon—Lawrence Tibbett does it again, this time with great assistance from Grace Moore. A musical romance with vitality—and what singing! (M-G-M).

Oh, for a Man—Jeanette MacDonald as an opera star who falls for a second-story man Reginald Denny). Good acting by Jeanette, and good comedy by Denny (Fox).

(*Continued on page 106*)



Even with Carole Lombard and Frank Morgan in the cast, "Fast and Loose" lacks the pep it should have had



Frances Clyne Creates Her Distinctive Gowns Over "GOSSARD" Figures

"Gossard Foundations mould the figure to fashionable lines that even the most perfect figures seldom have," says Frances Clyne, of New York—one of America's leading designers. The Frances Clyne salon is the fashion mecca of New York's smartest society women, and of the greatest artists of the stage and screen.



GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

GOSSARD designers are constantly in touch with Paris and other style centers of the world, so that even before a new silhouette is shown, Gossard has created a moulding garment that will accent the new lines. More and more, fashionable women are coming to realize that their smartest gowns are only as smart as the foundation garments worn under them.... The Frances Clyne gown, photographed, is of red and white chiffon in an exotic print. The Gossard solitaire is of Skinner's satin in peach, with hand-loomed elastic for hip control and shaped top of fine lace—designed to mould the figure to slim, feminine lines. *Model 2734*

The H.W.Gossard Co., Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

It's the Likes of Her You'll Like



Maureen O'Sullivan Is From The Ould Sod Without A Bit Of Blarney

By LILLIAN SHIRLEY

HAVING an Irish brother-in-law, of course I knew enough to pause outside the door, look first up and then once on each side, and say:

"God save all here, except the cat," before I crossed the threshold of Maureen O'Sullivan's charming bungalow that sits on the lawn of what was once Alla Nazimova's home out on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

"Think twice, pray thrice and the saints bless whoever comes," said the clear young voice of Maureen herself, punctuated by the shrill protests of Johnny-John, the diminutive Pekingese that assumes to govern the household, and I went in.

"I've always wanted to know about the discrimination against the cat," I remarked when the tea-wagon had been brought and I had decided in favor of lemon.

"It's because the cat's a familiar of Satan, and it would never do to include the beast in a blessing," said Maureen O'Sullivan, opening wide her blue eyes and rounding her mouth to express awe. "Besides, since it was Satan that had the Good Little People thrown out of Heaven, there's no love lost between him and them, and if you should bless his familiar, you'd mortally offend every fairy in Ireland, or out of it."

"And I suppose you believe in fairies," I said tolerantly because I'd heard, just as you have, about the little girl from the quiet Irish village, wafted here in a golden chariot to play a rôle in enchanted Hollywood.

Of Course, She Does

"OH, yes indeed," said Maureen solemnly, shaking her long dark bob. "Like every other Irish child, I know all about the Good People, and I was brought up on a steady diet of wonder tales about King Brian Connors, the hollow fairy mountain of Slieve-na-mon, the spells they put on people and cows and pigs, of the golden light they make at night and the favors you can force from any leprechawn you can catch out in the open between cock-crow and sunset."

Looking at the fashionable young woman before me, listening to the cultivated, musical voice, suddenly I felt that something was wrong, and I became suspicious.

"That sounds like scoffing," I said. "Somehow, you don't fit at all into the picture of the little Irish village maid, plucked from her simple surroundings to come to magic Hollywood and live over again the *Cinderella* story. When I came along the path there, I had a vision of a rather dumb young thing—you'll forgive me, I hope—entirely convinced that supernatural powers had suddenly come to their senses and magicked her into all this. But something seems—"

"Oh, please don't get the idea that I don't believe in fairies," cried Maureen. "I'm sure there's not a child in Ireland—and hardly a grown-up, too—who doesn't deep down in its heart, know there *are* fairies. Why, there isn't any question about it at all."

Well, I'm suspicious by nature, and perhaps I showed it, or possibly I looked as credulous as I really am, for she went on:

(*Continued on page 110*)

It still may happen at first sight!



To think that only this afternoon he had been a very bored young man! Bored because he had promised to take his sister to the dance for Sylvia Herrold. He didn't know Sylvia — didn't want to.

And then he met her! He held her, slender, mysteriously fragrant, in dance after dance. Toward the end of the evening he guided her, against her laughing protest, to the terrace.

Sylvia's long amber lashes cast a faint shadow on cheeks translucently lovely as a flushed moonstone; her provocative lips were the warm pastel of rose-quartz.

Her lovely violet eyes, while mutely pleading with him to restrain his ardor, revealed the secret that he, too, attracted her. Gently caressing her, Paul knew that Time would only increase his ardor for one as exquisite as Sylvia.

Once, Sylvia was a sleeping beauty

Beauty often lies dormant . . . it must be awakened to become a magnet to masculine interest.

It was Pompeian Beauty Powder in the alluring Nude Shade, together with Pompeian Bloom (a creamy rouge) in Medium Tint, which had vitalized Sylvia's skin.

These twin toiletries of Pompeian have been the choice of millions each year — among them America's most noted beauties.

The glamorous effect of this powder and rouge is no accident. Years of experimenting on living models were needed to achieve a quality and weight of powder, and a blend of rouge, which would form a perfect harmony with every skin.

Pompeian beauty is not fleeting

Pompeian Beauty Powder clings with tender tenacity to the skin . . . Pompeian Rouge comes off creamily on its soft puff, spreading its fluent color into the natural tones of the skin. There are five flawless shades of powder, and six of Rouge to choose from.

Nor is it a costly luxury

Women who use Pompeian toiletries enjoy the beauty which charms love, and at the same time, the *practical economy* which holds it steadfast—for either powder or rouge, in generous quantity, costs but 60c.



You need not search for Pompeian toiletries — you need not accept inferior products. Pompeian is sold at all toilet goods counters, drug stores and in 10c sizes, at 10c stores.

The Beauty Text-Book, the new Art Panel are yours!

You are one of 24 types of beauty. Your individual needs are set forth in this booklet by Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, noted beauty specialist. From it you will learn just how to intensify the charm of your looks.

Pompeian's new Art Panel is the most beautiful in years. If you wish one to enhance your walls, send 10c and both the Beauty Booklet and the Art Panel will be sent you. We will also include samples of two other toilet essentials, Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream.

● Be sure to PRINT name and address

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet,
Dept. 13-3, Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*In Canada—10 McCaul St., Toronto*)



POMPEIAN

BEAUTY POWDER AND ROUGE

The Pompeian Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. . . . . (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N. Y. and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

THE ANSWER MAN



Bob Montgomery's Fan Mail Is Heavy
They're Asking Plenty About Connie Bennett



The Answer Man will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to the Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York



LOTTIE—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell's latest picture, together, is "The Man Who Came Back." Janet hails from Philadelphia and has a birthday on Oct. 6. She is five feet tall, weighs 108 pounds, has red gold hair and brown eyes. Ramon Novarro, Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899, five feet eight, 155 pounds, black hair and brown eyes and his real moniker is Samaniegos. Clara Bow, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905.

ANNE—Warner Baxter was educated in the Columbus, Ohio, schools. He is a most versatile young man, having been in turn, an insurance agent, automobile salesman, and law student, ere he essayed to venture behind the footlights where he secured his first engagement in a local stock company. Later signed with the Morosco Stock Company, and left for New York and it was while he was here that he received his first motion picture work. Baxter is married, and has no special hobbies, although he is very fond of anything that will take him into the mountains. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and has brown hair and eyes. His latest production being "Doctors' Wives."

MARVEL—You refer to Ralf Harolde who played the rôle of *Ralph* in "Check and Double Check," he receives his fan mail at the Radio Pictures Studios. Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is Jurgens and she's appearing in "Millie." Lawrence Grant played the rôle of *Mr. Crosby* in "The Cat Creeps."



GABBY—I wouldn't brag about it if I were you! Quinn Williams' most recent pictures were: "Liliom," "College Lovers," "The Great Meadow" and "The Bachelor Father." Lew Ayres' last name rhymes with pears. His next production is "Fires of Youth" and Genevieve Tobin plays opposite. Bebe Daniels has been married to Ben Lyon since June 16, 1930. She is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching for the Moon." Ronald Colman and Loretta Young have the leading rôles in "The Devil To Pay," United Artists Studios. Molly O'Day and Edmund Burns in "Sea Devils." Joe E. Brown, "The Tenderfoot."

PATRICIA—Do I like tea-room sandwiches? No, it's too hard to tell which side your butter is breaded on. Just another thin excuse! Jack Whiting was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 22, 1901. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has reddish blond hair and hazel eyes. Married to Beth Sully and has appeared in the following pictures: "Top Speed," "College Lovers," "The Life of the Party" and "The Man of The Sky."



MADEMOISELLE—You bet, the modern wife not only expects her husband to bring home the bacon. She expects him to fry it and serve it as well. Mary Astor entered pictures through a beauty contest conducted by our magazine. She was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3, 1906. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke and she is appearing in "The Royal Bed." Maurice Chevalier is returning to Hollywood to play in "A Cavalier of the Streets." He is married to Yvonne Vallee. Lawrence Gray is an all-around athlete, has dark hair and brown eyes, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds.

M. M.—Spencer Tracy who played the rôle of *St. Louis* in "Up the River" was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, 1900. Educated in the public schools of Milwaukee and at Marquette, Wis., University. Left during the middle of his course to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Obtained a rôle in "R U R," a Theatre Guild production, and played in it six months. Next joined a White Plains, N. Y., stock company. His big break came when he was selected to play the heavy in "The Royal Fandango," in which Ethel Barrymore starred. After a number of engagements he was given the rôle of *Killer Mears*, leader of the convicts, in "The Last Mile" in New York. Has also appeared in two shorts for Warner Brothers. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 165 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, married to Louise Treadwell and they have one child, a boy, five years old.



SALLY—You refer to either Jeanette Loff or Judith Barrie who played in "The Party Girl." Miss MacDonald did not appear in this production. Hope you win the bet? Jean Arthur was born in New York City. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Her favorite recreations are reading, driving and swimming. Jean was discovered by a studio "scout" and given a contract with Fox, her first screen appearance being the lead in "The Temple of Venus." After this she appeared in a number of two-reel comedies, and westerns with "Lefty" Flynn, Tom Tyler, Wally Wales and Buddy Roosevelt. You will see her next in "The Gang Buster."

JERRY—And you sure are on the job. Richard Cromwell has only appeared in one picture up to this writing. But you'll be seein' him plenty. He was born in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1910. He is five feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, has gray blue eyes and light brown hair. You may write him at the Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood. At this writing he's making personal appearances with his first flicker "Tol'able David."



SHORTY—George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Cal., in 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Not married or engaged and his latest picture is "The Seas Beneath." Ken Maynard is married to Mary Leeper, they have no children. Dorothy Lee's movie career began a little more than a year ago with an ingénue rôle in "Rio Rita." Before that she had besieged the gates of the very studio in which she is now to be a star without even getting past the watchman! Her most recent picture released is "Hook, Line and Sinker."

THOMSINE—We sure do welcome you as a new reader. Drop in any time you wish, we're always glad to hear from you. Jack Buchanan was born in Scotland about twenty-seven years ago. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes. Latest picture released is "Monte Carlo," and I understand he's going to appear on the stage again shortly.



PEGGY—Man, or in this case woman, proposes and fate disposes, even in Hollywood, as was evidenced by the signing of Ann Harding's name to a Pathé contract and her selection for the featured rôle in "Paris Bound," as her first dialogue film. Miss Harding, tired from strenuous work on the New York stage over a period of several years, went to California for a rest. She even took up her residence in Pasadena rather than Hollywood or Beverly Hills to assure herself of the rest which might not come so easily if she lived in the film colony, where many of her New York friends were making their homes. One day she was invited to have lunch at the Pathé studios, with Frank Reicher, director, who was about to begin work on the above film. He proposed a screen test and later she affixed her signature to a contract. Her next flicker will be "Rebound."

ROGERS FAN—Charles has been reported engaged to several girls but only time will tell just whom he'll marry. He is an accomplished musician, being able to play every instrument in a dance orchestra, as he has proved through many personal appearances. He is fond of out-door sports and is six feet tall, has brown eyes and black hair. Colin Clive who played the rôle of *Capt. Stanhope* in "Journey's End" on the stage and screen also appeared in the British versions of "Show Boat" and "Rose-Marie." He's now playing in "Overture" at the Longacre Theater, West 48th St., New York.



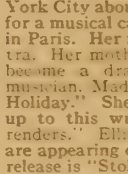
JUST ANOTHER RED-HEAD—Bring on your army and let's see that grand battle for the defense of Clara Bow. I'll bet she'd be glad to see it too. But wait until you see her in "No Limit," Norman Foster, husband of Claudette Colbert, plays opposite her. Clara was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905, she is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs about 108 pounds, has red hair and brown eyes. She is of English and Scotch descent.



RAYMOND—Nancy Carroll is here in New York and has been for quite some time. Her latest picture is "Stolen Heaven." George O'Brien can be reached at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. He was born in California in 1900 and received his early education in San Francisco and at the Santa Clara College; he's five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 176 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. First leading rôle was in "The Iron Horse" and has been appearing since 1924.

PETE—Kathryn Crawford was born on Oct. 5, 1908, she is not married and her latest picture released was "The Concentratin' Kid." Virginia Brown Faire has been married and divorced from Jack Daugherty. Fay Wray was born Sept. 25, 1907, and has been married to John Monk Saunders since June, 1928. Olive Borden in Norfolk, Virginia, July 14, 1907, and is five feet tall. Lya De Putti's stage production "Made in Paris" was recently closed, ditto for Colleen Moore's. Ruth Elder has only appeared in two pictures, which were "Moran of the Marines" and "The Winged Horseman." Ruth Roland did her own singing in "Reno." Gwen Lee's latest picture is "Paid."

SARA—Rose Hobart was born in New York City about twenty-two years ago. She trained for a musical career, spent the early years of her life in Paris. Her father conducted a symphony orchestra. Her mother sang in opera. So she decided to become a dramatic actress instead of another musician. Made her greatest hit in "Death Takes a Holiday." She has only appeared in two pictures up to this writing, "Liliom" and "A Lady Surrenders." Elliott Nugent and his wife Norma Lee are appearing on the stage. Phillips Holmes' latest release is "Stolen Heaven." Paramount Studios.



MISS LA VERNE—Humphrey Bogart, who played the rôle of Skeets, was born in New York City on Jan. 23, 1899. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark hair and brown eyes. Appeared on the stage before entering pictures, is married and has played in the following pictures: "Up the River," "A Devil With Women" and his latest is "Squadrons," starring Charles Farrell and Elissa Landi. Receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios. Lew Ayres, Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908, five feet eleven inches tall, 155 pounds, dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Appearing in "Fires of Youth," Universal Studios.

BERNICE—Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and gray eyes. Appearing in "Lonely Wives," Pathé Studios. Barbara Kent, Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, Dec. 16, 1909, five feet one, 100 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is Cloutman. Nancy Carroll, New York City, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1906, five feet four, 118 pounds, red hair, blue eyes and has been married to Jack Kirkland about seven years. Real name La Hiff and her latest flicker is "Stolen Heaven."



S. T. S.—Your favorite Billie Burke is planning to return to the stage. I'll bet you're glad? Reginald Denny was born in London, England, Nov. 20, 1891. He is six feet tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes. His first wife was Irene Hatsman. Has a daughter and his present wife is Isabel Stiefel whom he married on Nov. 24, 1928. You may write Mr. Denny at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

POLLY'S PREDICAMENT—Well, I'll have to get you out of that. The chap you are referring to who played the rôle of *Chester* in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was George Barraud. He was born in London, England, the son of George Herbert Barraud, a merchant. His grandfather was a famous musician and his uncle, Francis Barraud, a painter, perhaps best known in America as the painter of the famous phonograph picture "His Master's Voice." George appeared on the London stage, also United States, Australia and New Zealand. In 1922 he played his first screen role in "Little Old New York." He is six feet one inch tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married and has two children.

(Continued on page 100)



ANDRE DURENCEAU JACK HOLDEN F. J. VAN HALLE MAX FACTOR LOUISE WAGNER

A *Screen Test for* MAKE-UP Color Harmony

BERNICE CLAIRE and WALTER PIDGEON, in a preview of 1st National's Technicolor production, "Kiss Me Again". Photographed in projection room at Technicolor Studios, Hollywood.

Max Factor and Technicolor's Color Control Staff, studying and approving the ravishing beauty of Bernice Claire as emphasized by Max Factor with make-up in correct color harmony to blend with her own individual complexion colorings. The effect is like an artist's masterpiece...no other make-up in the world is created in this amazing way. Now you may have the secret.



LILA LEE, First National star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using eyeshadow to emphasize the depth and lustre of her eyes.

MAKE-UP *in* Color Harmony

THE MAGIC BEAUTIFIER . . . Created to Living Screen Star Types by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-up Genius . . . NOW RELEASED TO YOU

No other cosmetics in the world created in this amazing way . . . and no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty. Mail coupon for priceless beauty gift.

WHAT color face powder? What color rouge? What color lipstick? And what color eye-shadow . . . and how will they look together in the make-up ensemble? Will they clash in color or will they harmonize? Will they blend with my complexion colorings or will they not? Will they be of such exquisite fineness and softness as to become a very part of skin tone and texture? Will they detract from my natural beauty or will they add the glamour and allure of a new charm? Why trust such questions so important to beauty to chance or guess? . . . when make-up can really be a magic beautifier.

Within your reach . . . just for the asking . . . you may have the personal advice of Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, creator of cosmetics for the screen stars and studios.

Just as though you were a screen star . . . Max Factor will chart your color harmony in make-up . . . create for you an ensemble in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and the daily requisites of Society Make-Up which will bring out the hidden fascination of your natural beauty . . . and emphasize the alluring magnetism of your personality.

Each cosmetic produced by Max Factor . . each glorious color tone . . . is like the masterpiece of an artist. Created to some living screen star type of unrivaled beauty, you can well imagine the magic power it holds. And the complete make-up ensemble is perfect in color harmony balance . . . for Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony revolutionized make-up in Hollywood.

So whatever your complexion colorings, whatever your variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette . . . discover the one way to double your beauty, discover Hollywood's make-up secret.

And remember that no other make-up will bring you such amazing beauty . . . for only Max Factor's is used exclusively in all the big motion picture studios, by Technicolor, and by Hollywood's stars. Mail the coupon immediately.

LILA LEE, says: "Whether for screen or street wear, I always find greater satisfaction in Max Factor's Make-Up."

BERNICE CLAIRE, writes: "Make-Up today is an art, and your Society Make-Up in color harmony proves that you are a master of the art."



MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-3-32

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

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COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			



Russell Ball

MIRIAM SEEGAR

You've heard about The Gentleman from Indiana. Well, here's The Lady. She was once an artists' model. Then a stage star. Now she's bringing poise to pictures like "The Dawn Trail"

★ $2050.00 IN 70 CASH PRIZES ★

300 *PRIZES OF EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM*

Win one of them in Emily Post's "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest

THE week-end or short visit which intimate friends pay one another is one of the most delightful of all the social contacts of a family. And the letter written can be as charming and thoughtful as the writer herself. Imagine your house in the country. Imagine the people whom you would most like to have there. Then write the sort of letter you would want to send to them. It may be to a friend of your daughter. It may be to married friends in your set. It may be for a house party for your son home from college for the holidays. There are countless possible situations. The letter shown by Emily Post is only one of many. So, take your pen in hand, and enter Emily Post's "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may win $1000.00. Be sure to read the rules below and watch next month for another letter writing contest; the subject will be announced in the April issue of this magazine.

LEDGEWOOD
GWYNEDD VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Sally:

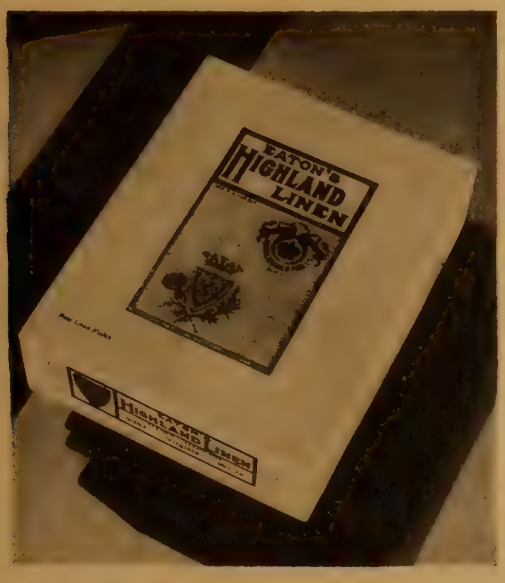
Will you and Jack (and the baby and nurse, of course) come out the 28th (Friday), and stay for ten days? Morning and evening trains take only forty minutes, and it won't hurt Jack to commute for the weekdays between the two Sundays! I am sure the country will do you and the baby good, or at least it will do me good to have you here.

With much love, affectionately,

Ethel Norman

Monday
July 24th

From "Etiquette" by Emily Post, Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City



Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Highland Vellum are especially well adapted to the informal note of the week-end invitation. They are also the choice of men and women alike, for general correspondence. From 50 cents to $3.50, wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will offer prizes for a particular kind of letter. For February they will award prizes in the Emily Post "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest as follows: first prize, $150; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; five fourth prizes, $15 each; five fifth prizes, $10 each; ten sixth prizes, $5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of $850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win $1000.00!

All letters in the "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest must be in the mails by midnight of February 28, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly, "Week-End Invitation" Letter Writing Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. You may enter every contest. There will be three consecutive monthly contests in all.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the November issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr.

EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

TANGEE



"VOGUE" SAYS—

Paris decrees more natural make-up

"All Paris is creating more and more natural appearing make-up," says this famous fashion magazine of New York, London, Paris.

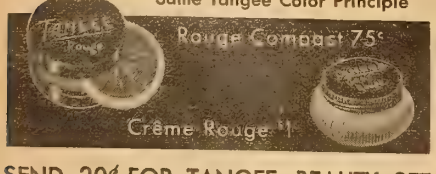
"A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very *feminine* and *individual* mode. All crudity and violent contrasts are out. Whatever colors bring out your own best points are right. Avoid, therefore, lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

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TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Magically, it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. TANGEE is non-drying, non-greasy and permanent! $1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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417 Fifth Avenue New York

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The famous Wolheim "pan" goes down to posterity. The bronze head of the famous mathematician and all-around movie bad man, was created by Charles Christebura, Hollywood sculptor, who had no intention of frightening the kiddies

"What Is Mary Doing?"

(*Continued from page 55*)

"The moment you try to grasp it, the moment you close your hand and try to possess anything—you lose it. It slips through your fingers like sand.

She Wouldn't Care Again

"IF I could come back and live my life again, I would know enough not to let myself care. Not to concentrate my love on anything—a career, a person, or any possession.

"All pain comes through love. Look at the suffering that mothers endure because they care so much for their children. See how they worry and agonize. All because they cannot take their children lightly.

"My mother's love for us crucified her. It filled her with fear that one of us might be ill—or even die before she did."

"You would rather she had not loved you so much?" I wanted to know.

"Yes. It would have saved her. I am never going to let myself care about things—hard—any more. It would be more difficult, perhaps, with one's own child than with anyone else. But if I had children, I should still try to take them lightly.

"Love, you know, puts people under obligations that are sometimes hard to bear. In marriage, you observe, one person nearly always cares more than the other. One gives and the other one takes. Then the one who gives suffers and the one who takes chafes under the obligation of that love. If people would not be so possessive of one another, there would be more happy marriages.

The New Beginning

"I AM going to try to diffuse my interest and my affection over many people and not concentrate it merely on members of my family.

"I am taking my career lightly. People think that I am not—that it means everything to me and that I should be loathe to give it up. That is not true. And I hope that I may go on for a long time. I plan to go on—if I can get the right stories.

"And if my career should fail me, there will be so many other things to occupy me! I shall be interested in things, but I shan't *care*. I shall take it all lightly—oh, very lightly! I shall be detached. I shan't be made to suffer any more."

There was real passion in her voice. Resentment against the caring she had done—and wasted.

She is a strange little person to watch when she talks. Now and then, in some gesture, you glimpse the hoydenish child you have known upon the screen. Her clipped speech and the odd, bitter maturity that she has achieved, seem almost precocious in so diminutive an individual. You feel that she should pout and dimple and giggle a bit. Instead, she sits primly upon the edge of her chair and tells you that life has bruised and disappointed her.

Mary Turns Teacher

"I AM trying to teach Gwynne to be *free*," she said. "I tell her that I love her very much and that I hope, when she is grown, that she will like me and want me for a friend. But there is to be no feeling of obligation for anything I do for her.

"I tell her that I have my reward for anything I do, day by day, hour by hour. She does not mortgage future independence by accepting from me. If, when she is mature, she finds that she does not care for me, that she wants to leave me and follow her own ambitions and desires—she shall be free to do so. There will be no reproaches, no mention of ingratitude.

"She must know that her mind and her life are her own. And I hope I can teach her to take life lightly—not to want things too much, not to care for people too hard, not to be dependent for her happiness on anything outside of herself. It will save her so much pain if she realizes that."

In her present mood—if it is a mood—Mary is searching for release from all intense emotion. She is still grieving for the strong and gallant mother who molded her.

THEY HOOTED when I offered to play —



but after the first piece...

LOIS was almost in tears. It was her first big party, and I knew how she prayed that everything would be all right. And—of course, the radio had to pick just that night to go on a vacation!

Poor Lois! I shall never forget the expression on her face as she saw the whole roomful of people sitting around, bored, trying to make conversation, hardly knowing what to do with themselves.

"Oh, Jack," she told me, "I'm nearly sick. I don't know what to do. Everybody is having a terrible time, and I did so want this to be a good party. Now everything is spoiled. We can't dance or anything."

"Well," I offered, gathering my courage, "I'll play for them to dance."

"You!" she exclaimed, "Why, you can't play, Jack. It's awfully sweet of you, but . . ."

"Watch me," I said. I faced the room and called out in a joking manner: "Folks, you're going to have a treat. I'm going to play."

There was a chorus of good-humored hooting.

"Maybe I've got a tin ear or something," Ed laughed. "Did anybody else hear what I did?"

"I heard it, but I don't believe it," Joe said.

Bill stood up and scowled with mock seriousness.

"Jack's a magician," he announced. "It's all done with mirrors."

There was a gale of laughter during which I seated myself before the piano. I played up to the farcical mood of the others, swept my hand over my hair as though it were very long, made a few grotesque flourishes in the air, and banged heavily on the base keys. There was another burst of laughter.

"Atta boy, Paderewski!" Ed hooted.

Suddenly I swung into the quick, joyous notes of "Happy Days." This was real playing, and suddenly the laughter ceased. They sat spellbound, and at last I felt the thrill of being able to entertain, of *contributing* to the party.

When I stopped there was a moment of silence, and then, I was deluged with questions. *When had I learned to play? Where had I studied? Who was my teacher? Where had I been hiding my talent all these years?*

How I Learned To Play

I told them the whole story, how I had always longed to be able to play the piano but had never had the time or the patience to sit down for hours and practice tedious exercises. Besides I could not have afforded to pay a private teacher.

But one day, while looking through a magazine, I saw an advertisement of the U. S. School of Music. The ad offered to send a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher, in one's spare time.

"Do you mean to say you learned to play without a private teacher?" Joe asked, incredulously.

"Absolutely. When that demonstration lesson came I saw at once how really easy and interesting the course was, and so I sent for it. Learning to play was actually fun—no finger-twisting exercises—no long hours practicing scales. It was as easy as A-B-C.

"In a surprisingly short time I was playing many of the pieces I had longed to play—classical, jazz, almost anything. But I didn't tell you folks because I wanted to be sure of myself first."

They could hardly believe me. But in a few minutes they begged me to play more, and everyone danced. Lois was happy and grateful. She said later that I had saved the party. And now that people know I can play—*really play*—I have invitations out practically every night.

This is a typical story. More than 600,000 people who couldn't read one note from another have become good players by using the clear, simple method originated by the U. S. School of Music.

The U. S. School of Music course is so graphic, so easy that a child can understand it. First it tells you what to do—then it *shows* you how in pictures—then you do it yourself and *hear* it. As Jack says, it's easy as A-B-C.

To prove how really easy this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged to send you a Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet—free! They will show you how to play your favorite instrument in less than half the usual time, and at a cost of only a few cents a day. The booklet also explains the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

If you really want to learn to play—if you want to be popular and have a host of friends—fill in the coupon below and send it in—*at once!* Don't delay—you will not be obligated in any way. Instruments supplied if needed, cash or credit. **U. S. School of Music, 603 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

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Annette Kellermann

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This is only *one* of hundreds of other letters in my files (always open to inspection), giving actual evidence of *sure* results with my *safe* reducing methods. Many women report better health, boundless energy, losses of 15, 20, 35 pounds, and even more. All are delighted with their newly-found freedom from the burden of weakening fat. Over 40,000 women have benefited—*my way*. *You* can, too — you can regain smart, graceful slenderness and *keep* your figure the way you *want* it. I'll show you how.



Nothing "tricky," dangerous or difficult about my methods. I offer you only the simple *natural* way I myself discovered and used for 19 years to keep my own figure correctly proportioned—*it hasn't changed more than an inch or a pound.* Whether you are generally overweight or just a "little plump"—in spots—arms, shoulders, chest, waist, hips, ankles—at least investigate my methods *without obligation.* See what they can do *in your case.*

FREE "*The Body Beautiful*"

Simply send for my *free* book "The Body Beautiful." With it I'll send you full facts about my easy, scientific way to reduce—a way that will appeal to your own common sense as the pleasantest, safest, fat-banishing method imaginable! And the sooner you ACT the quicker you will be able to slenderize *your figure* and gain increased vitality at the same time. There is no obligation. Mail coupon below or write a letter TODAY. Address Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 383, 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. C.

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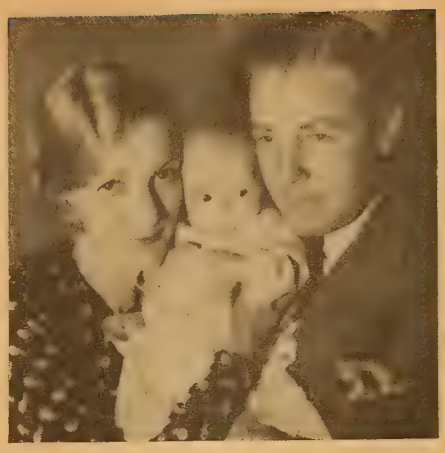
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DRY your eyes, little used-to-be blonde. You'll be singing another song—when you've had a Blondex shampoo! For Blondex will gently coax back all your natural golden beauty—give your hair new sparkle, new bewitching lights. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no harsh dyes—no harmful chemicals. Stimulates scalp. It's *safe.* At all reliable drug and department stores.



When "Skeets" Gallagher Jr., arrived, the Richard "Skeets" Gallaghers joined the new parents of Hollywood



Among the new parents are the Harry Bannisters (Ann Harding), the reason being their daughter, Jane

The New Parents Of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

seem to believe that you can do both. He doesn't want her to go back to work. He says, "Don't worry her about reducing. I like her plump. It's natural."

The Barrymores plan to have other babies. And the Barrymore babies will carry on the Barrymore name. They are happier than they have ever been in their lives. There is something sound and wholesome in a ménage governed by a baby's hand—*and loving it.*

To both of these cases, the Robert Montgomerys are an exception. They will probably want to murder me for putting the spotlight on them in their rôles of parents at all. They kept, or tried to keep, the flutter of the stork's wing strictly a silent picture. They began by keeping their marriage silent. Bob, in giving an interview, looked vague when the matrimonial state was mentioned. If pressed, he grudgingly admitted that he *had* sworn to cherish and protect, but had not sworn to publicize that fact.

His Protective Instinct

HE said that he and his wife had come to Hollywood not knowing which one of them would crash through. In either case, they had made a pact of secrecy and meant to keep it. They felt they would both go farther, if the world at large did not know that they were participants of the three-meal-a-day-until-death-do-us-part state of being. They succeeded pretty well —for a time. They even declared, to studio officials, that no one, *no one* would know when the baby was en route or when it was born. But the stork is a noisy bird with a sniffy detestation of secrecy and so the awful truth came out.

They intend to give little Miss Montgomery as little publicity as a prying world will permit. They feel that their marriage and their parenthood belongs to them, is of interest to them, and at their front gate should cease to be. They intend to go on with their careers, as individuals, and that's what *they* are going to do about it.

Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher was on the New York stage and doing very nicely, too. She came to Hollywood to marry the silver-haired "Skeets" of the nimble feet—and wit. She no longer has any desire for the footlights. The All-Night Nursery Burner satisfies. She, like Dolores, prefers to stay at home and guard the son and heir. She wants him to be whatever he wants to be, and to make him whatever he wants to be is more important to her than the building up of her own individual ego.

"Skeets" is particularly emphatic about the right of the boy to create his own place in the world. He had the sad lot in life of disappointing his own parents. They wanted him to be an engineer or a lawyer. He turned out to be an actor and there was the penetrating chill of parental disapproval. As usual, it was no more than disapproval. Will parents *never* learn?

Their First Thoughts

BACLANOVA—Baclanova, of *all* people —has gone maternal in a very big way. Not that she will abandon her career if she can help it—but if she had to choose between the baby and her career, she'd choose the baby without a second's hesitation.

She has a nurse for him and the nurse stands by and hands her things. Baclanova gives him his bath, gives him his naps, dresses and undresses him, fixes his food. She feels that no one can do the baby quite as well as she can. She hates to see anyone else handling him. If she goes to New York to do a stage play, as she may, the baby will go with her. She has a ferocious maternal jealousy and love and cannot bear to be separated a day from Young Soussanin, Jr.

And then there are the Raymond Hacketts, the Chester Morrises, the Johnny Mack Browns, all of whom take their offspring very normally.

Mrs. Johnny Mack and Mrs. Chester and Mrs. Raymond all stay at home and supervise the diets, schedules, playtimes and sleep times of their sons and heirs. Each parent wants the child to be just what he wants to be, with the Johnny Mack Browns hoping that their young 'un will want to be an actor. . . .

Whatever else these statistics prove or leave unproved, one fact does stand out—the Stork is a welcome fowl in Hollywood. And his cargo *very* precious cargo to the stars and staresses, to whom parenthood is their greatest rôle.

Have You Heard That—Jeanette MacDonald is sporting one of those rocks known as diamonds? She has agreed to become Mrs. Robert Ritchie, presumably on a long-term contract. Her man is an artists' representative hereabouts.

Rolling Stones

(*Continued from page 53*)

in those days was the aristocrat of the industry, with free-lances looked upon somewhat like fertilizer kings on the fringes of the Four Hundred. Nowadays all that is changed, and it's the free-lance featured lead who rules the roost and gets the money.

Their latest move is to sign for a flat sum per picture, with a time limit upon their services and a penalty clause after that.

There is a double motive for this. Not only do they make more money, but they increase their own personal popularity—which means still more money—by playing in more pictures and in better pictures. Many a producer, to his sorrow, has had a part sniffed at by a big-league player who didn't happen to like the story, and declined to play it on account of his "public."

That is reversing things from the old "ham" days with a vengeance.

Another form of rolling, which promises to be just as lucrative for those who roll, is becoming popular between Hollywood and New York. Stage folk have long come West to make a movie or two as a sort of side-line, but now an imposing array of cinema players, headed by Colleen Moore, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, are returning the compliment.

Maurice Chevalier—than whom as a moss-gatherer there is none more so, even in the movie sphere—rolls around with almost acrobatic celerity. Once a year, he goes to pick up a few shekels and renew his accent in his beloved Paree, and between pictures in Hollywood he rolls wherever there is sufficient moss in sight to make the pastures look sufficiently green.

He can't make pictures for anybody other than Paramount, of course; but his contract, unlike many others, allows anything else, even to outside singing—which, for instance, is forbidden to John Boles, except for records. At the San Francisco auto show, M. Chevalier got seven thousand dollars a week for a couple of songs a day.

That much moss for that much work would make anybody smile almost the way Maurice does.

Not only players and directors, but also writers and executives are discovering that two or three good pictures a year produce both more income and more leisure than the old long-term contracts at so much a week.

They, too, are beginning to quote flat prices by the picture, instead of salaries, which, paradoxical as it seems, is both cheaper for the studios and more profitable for the workers.

For instance, Barney Glazer, who did possibly two scripts a year for Mary Pickford at $1,500 a week—$78,000 for the two—now writes a picture for $25,000. Two would cost $50,000 therefore, or a saving to the studio of $28,000. But Glazer turns out three or four a year for different studios, and makes more money thereby.

And then—the studios are doing it themselves. Stars under contract are rolling around just as much as the free-lances, with the difference that in these cases the producers gather the moss. Bebe Daniels, under contract to RKO, has been working for Warners' and United Artists; John Boles, signed to Universal, has been working for Sam Goldwyn; Conrad Nagel, who belongs to M-G-M, works far more on other lots than on his own; and so on.

Dorothy Sebastian, Ann Harding, Edmund Lowe, Constance Bennett, Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Arthur, Rita La Roy, Barbara Kent, Lewis Ayres, Anita Page are only a few of the luminaries "rolling" from studio to studio although under contract to only one.

So adages about rolling stones don't mean much to Hollywood these days. Somehow, the moss means a lot more.



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It absorbs correctly, safely; it is shaped to fit; it is adjustable.

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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



How to Bathe-

Try this modern luxury and beauty-treatment — FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. But there was also a time when even to discuss the body was considered improper. Now, dresses are designed without backs, and bathing suits are made without much of anything at all—so that we simply must notice the bodies of others and have them notice ours.

Nowadays, therefore, the bath should be more than a tubbing—it should be a beauty treatment. That is why the Bathasweet bath has become a habit with so many women.

Bathasweet not only makes the bath as fragrant as a flower garden, but more important still, it softens the water so that it cleanses the pores more perfectly. Bathasweet enables water to *dissolve* the impurities in the pores and to *keep* them dissolved. How well it does this is indicated by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. As a consequence, skin-imperfections disappear, and the body takes on that glowing smoothness which is the height of loveliness.

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The Stars Who Stand Out

(*Continued from page 45*)

hundred before replying, please. On the few occasions Georgeous Greta has appeared in public, at a café, at a theater or opera, she has been anything but smart. The Garbo of the screen is something else again. The Garbo of everyday life dresses for solid comfort and not for style. Ann Harding has frequently been criticized for her lack of interest in feminine gewgaws. Her own answer is that she is so interested in where she is going that she forgets all about fashion. That illustrious scion of the noted Barrymore family, John, the Magnificent, also confines his sartorial elegance to screen rôles. He is the worst-dressed man in Hollywood, going in for shabby tweeds, and not always too neat, at that. Jack Oakie is his only rival for the place at the bottom of the heap. It takes brute force to get Jack out of soiled flannels and a sweat shirt.

For years no one has assailed successfully the social throne of Mary Pickford. She is the Hollywood hostess *par excellence* and superb. An invitation to Pickfair is at once a sought-after prize and a royal command. When there are dukes and princes to be fêted, it is Our Mary who throws the ice cream social. Lilyan Tashman, Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith, Ouida Bergere, the writer, and others entertain frequently and lavishly, but Mary is the supreme and final dictator of the cinematic Four Hundred.

Marion Davies rivals her reign in another sphere. Her parties are larger, more elaborate, and much more frequent. She is less exclusive, as she invites only those she likes, which, by the way, is not a few. An invitation to the big, white beach manse of Marion also assumes the proportions of a command, and no one has ever been known to complain. Marion is also creditably superlative when it comes to philanthrophy.

"The Nicest People"

CONRAD NAGEL, Mary Brian, Louis Wilson and Charles "Your Buddy" Rogers are the superlatives in respectability. Conrad is the ideal husband and father, the pillar of morality and honesty in the picture colony. Mary Brian has been for a long time Hollywood's official good girl. When anyone says anything nasty about Hollywood's fair name, the defendants merely point to Mary and say, "You wouldn't find a nicer girl anywhere in the world." And you probably wouldn't. Sometimes we've thought it was all beginning to pall on Mary, but maybe not. Buddy Rogers is the nicest boy, fairly exuding clean living and everything. He is the last word in wholesome youth. In fact, an old cynic suggested that Mary Pickford no longer deserved the title of "America's Sweetheart." That handle rightfully belongs to Buddy.

No one can approach Clara Bow's record for getting in and out of scrapes, and no one wants to. Clara is the official Hollywood Whooper. She can start out for prayer meeting and be sued for alienation of somebody's affections before she gets back. She holds the long-distance record for publicity. If anything ever takes her from the public eye, a lot of newspapers will have to publish farm tracts.

Hollywood concedes William Haines the hand-tatted chair tidies as the king-pin of wisecrackers. Arthur Caesar runs him a close second, and in the minds of many people, deserves the right to rule undisputed. Anyway, you can print most of Caesar's *bon mots*. Billy's funny sayings are pretty smoky about the edges. Your Aunt Matilda wouldn't care for them, but they make strong men roll under tables at stag dinners.

The Most Temperamental

SO far as temperament is concerned, Hollywood long ago awarded the palm to Jetta Goudal. Some of the reputation is undoubtedly deserved, but it is hardly possible for one small woman to stir up the perpetual rumpus which is accredited to La Goudal. But she is quite a superlative person in many ways, the most exotic and mysterious figure to walk across the screen in years. Now that she has disappeared from the leaping shadows, some new actress may be found for the arch-temperamental queen. Maybe it will be Mary Nolan. At least she had Universal in a "stew" for a while. Nazimova and Pola Negri were superlative once, but then this is 1931.

Charles Bickford is the chief he-man of the village. Don't you forget it, either. He has made an exhaustive study on how to be uncomplimentary. You should hear him when he gets going good on the motion picture business. We'll never cease being regretful for not being present when C. B. de Mille told him the plot of "Dynamite."

Bickford listened to the bitter end, and then—"It's lousy," he said.

You've got to be pretty superlative to act that way with CeeBee. Usually the sound of admiring "ohs" and "ahs" sound like forest murmurs in his office. C. B. de Mille is superlative, too.

George O'Brien has the superlative physique. You should know that by now. Scenario writers over at Fox sit up far into the night figuring new ways by which George's shirt may be removed during the picture. Once all of his clothes came off for a swimming sequence. That writer got a bonus and a trip to Europe. George does have a pretty chest and perfectly lovely biceps, if you go in for muscles.

One, Lone Genius

CHARLES CHAPLIN, of course, is Hollywood's only genius. That was all settled years ago. Ann Harding is the blondest natural blonde. Stepin Fetchit is the darkest gentleman. Gloria Swanson is the most truly sophisticated woman of the world, although Constance Bennett, by being extremely blasé, fools more people. Lupe Velez has the most untrammeled spirit, and Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman have made a magnificent art of silence. Florence Vidor, now living permanently in New York, had the best acquired accent, it being an amazing mixture of Texas, Hollywood, New York and Oxford. Since Mary Philbin did a sunset fade-out, Janet Gaynor is the most fragile girl on the screen. Marlene Dietrich is probably the healthiest, although you can't very well go into the state of a lady's health.

Lawrence Tibbett has pernaps the outstanding voice to be heard from the screen. Of course, if you insist, you can argue the point. John Boles and Reginald Denny can warble a pretty grace note.

Ruth Roland has made the most conspicuous success in business. Noah Beery has the most unusual avocation. It's a fish farm. Billie Dove has the most surprising idea of a good time. She likes to watch operations.

Howard Hughes is the town's prodigal spender. He squanders a million before he has his rolled oats in the morning. Anna Q. Nilsson has the worst continual bad luck of any star in the business. The most spectacular sight in this part of the country is a view of Winnie Lightner riding in her Baby Austin.

And Hollywood itself, of course, is the maddest, merriest, most famous town in the world. It's supreme in its field.

(*Continued on page 107*)

Cashing In On Fame

(*Continued from page 33*)

to waste the limelight attendant upon a honeymoon!

Three days later, the couple, whose post-nuptial plans had been kept elaborately "secret," were at Agua Caliente for the races—where nearly everyone in Hollywood could see them.

What Price Hooey?

SOMETIMES, in the effort to cash in on whatever events of public interest come their way, they over-reach. There was the unfortunate actress who invited practically the entire picture colony to her church wedding, including upon her list a great many people whom she did not know.

When the wedding party arrived at the church, it was discovered that, while, owing to press agent ballyhoo, there was a large crowd of curiosity seekers *outside*, there was hardly anyone at all *inside* the building to witness the ceremony. So, having failed to be honored by the presence of the Prominent, the bride and groom sent word to invite the bystanders inside to fill the forlorn, vacant pews! They must somehow contrive to look popular and famous while the Press was looking on.

Sometimes these people turn upon each other and hurl the accusation of publicity-seeking back and forth in the effort to discredit a story which they do not enjoy.

Building up a Public

SO, Constance Bennett, when rumors were printed that she was responsible for the break between Gloria Swanson and her Marquis, gave indignant denials to the newspapers, commenting, darkly, that, "Someone is trying to get publicity at my expense—and I won't have it!"

Thus, Rex Lease, when the story of his asserted popping of a Duncan's nose reached the papers.

"The Duncans," wailed Rex, "apparently needed some publicity. And I am just the goat!"

They can't help it. It's part of the business. Only the other day I heard someone remark that the tragic death of Kenneth Hawks, Mary Astor's husband, had done a great deal for Mary professionally. That it had aroused public sympathy and thrust her into the public eye. This, despite the fact that Mary protested piteously against discussing her bereavement for publication.

Even their greatest griefs have dollars-and-cents value to them!

But is it Fame? Or is it an artificial notoriety, fostered by such methods as hiring forty press agents and fifteen hundred policemen to "publicize" a funeral? Are the crowds that follow them inspired by a real wish to pay tribute to genius or great personalities—or by a vulgar curiosity?

The giggling, gum-chewing, pushing, irreverent mobs who thronged the streets at Lon Chaney's funeral scarcely seemed to be paying any sort of sincere tribute to Lon—although he was undoubtedly a much-loved and admired star.

But the little old lady who traveled from Seattle to weep at Valentino's grave at the last memorial service was paying a real and affectionate tribute.

Perhaps some of it is real. I wouldn't know. Would you?

Have You Heard That—

Tallulah Bankhead—the Alabama girl who became a London stage star, and the girl with the name you can't forget—is comin' to you, folks? She's here for twelve weeks, at $3,000 per week, starring for Paramount. And if the picture's good—bye, bye, Britain!



"Kleenex? . . . as essential as cold cream itself!"

Use Kleenex to remove cold cream . . . . avoid germ-laden towels and "cold cream cloths."

Patsy Ruth Miller

FOR perfect cleanliness, Kleenex is almost an essential. Kleenex enables you to give up those germ-filled "cold cream cloths" forever. And how dangerous they are—teeming with bacteria—actually *encouraging* blackheads and even more repellent blemishes.

You use Kleenex just once, you see—then throw it away. No tissue need ever touch your face that isn't as fresh as fresh can be.



Kleenex comes in dainty tints and in white, and in large, medium and small packages. At all toilet goods counters. Try Kleenex today.

Frequent powdering, exposure to dust and soot, fill pores with dirt that is often very difficult to remove completely. This dirt needs the superabsorbency of Kleenex.

The delicate tissues attract cleansing cream like a magnet . . . absorbing embedded particles of dirt along with it. Kleenex, too, saves towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Women who started using Kleenex for removing cold cream soon discovered what perfect handkerchiefs it makes. Kleenex prevents re-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use each tissue but once, then discard. It helps reduce the spread of colds in families.

Try Kleenex Free

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your clothes are worth more than a dime . . .

Their daintiness deserves to be protected from perspiration. DEW, which will keep them free from moisture and stains, may be used at any time—even while dressing. Will not irritate skin or injure dress fabrics when simple directions are followed. It will cost you only a dime to try it.



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When you belong to the horsy set, the thing to do is to play around the horses. Here are Walter Pidgeon and Joan Blondell, who, cultivating riding habits, are about to canter along a bridle path

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 71*)

herself immediately in pictures without a hitch.

She is an intelligent, friendly and most interesting woman. Any other community would welcome her with lots of huzzahs and make her its own. But—she has committed the Unforgivable Sin. She has Succeeded. And Hollywood draws aside its skirts and shuns her, averting its eyes.

You might ask John Gilbert sometime how Hollywood treats a successful star. John knows. He ran the gamut of failure, of discouragement, of being a misfit, of struggling and starving and agonizing—before his "break" came and he skyrocketed to triumphant fame. But he was punished, none the less.

Of course, besides committing the Sin of Success, John suffered from the additional disadvantages of being handsome and attractive to women. That makes it pretty bad. Hollywood will forgive a Wallace Beery, a Lon Chaney, a Marie Dressler or a Will Rogers much, much sooner than it will forgive a Gilbert, a Buddy Rogers or a Lupe Velez.

It is easier, somehow, to overlook the shortcomings of mature and—er—not-very-decorative people than it is those of young and romantic ones.

Gilbert, being the outstanding example of spectacular success, plus personality, plus romantic appeal, has had more malicious stories circulated about him than almost anyone else. He is a kindly, generous, boyish and quite simple person. I never heard of his boasting or taking his stardom with any pomposity. Yet—Hollywoodians rumble with rage when he is mentioned. The Press goes out of its way to dig up unpleasant stories about him. I have tried for years to learn some one definite fact about him which would explain this extraordinary resentment. No one makes any real charges against him. They just call him names.

So I have concluded that his chief sin is that of Success.

Can't Have Cake and Eat It, Too

CHARLES CHAPLIN knows. Even after all these years. That lonely little figure with the graying hair and the tragic eyes—he knows how they punish a man for Success!

Doug and Mary know. Struggling to keep their heads above the sea of scandal which swirls about them. Trying to be simple and decent and to maintain an unostentatious dignity. Trying to be two married people, pursuing their separate, and yet allied, careers. Surrounded by prying eyes and gossiping tongues. Forced to deny, over and over, that they are about to separate. Beset by a watchful, envious and resentful throng, waiting for the slightest opportunity to tear down all that they have so carefully built.

Doug and Mary know.

Wise, wise Greta Garbo, condemning herself to loneliness and solitude. Refusing to become a part of this resentful community whose vengeance is so swift and so thorough.

Part of the punishment for Success is the challenge to live up to it. "All right. You've made a hit. Now, let's see you do it again—if you can! Let's just see you *try!*" That is the attitude.

You never live down that initial triumph. You are never credited with being as good again. The thing haunts you and pursues you to the end of things. It won't do to make a different *kind* of success. You have to repeat. And that can be done so rarely . . . even by a Chaplin. The happy combination of the right rôle, the right director, the right story. How often can an actor encounter that circumstance? How often do they?

The consequence of all this, of course, is that once an actor attains success, he is forced to withdraw and to become aloof. Then they say he is snooty and high-hat. But he just has to put up with that. It is a lot better than letting them get *at* him!

It is no accident that they become shy in direct ratio to their success. It is no accident that Important People seek other Important People for their friends. They are pariahs getting together to shiver in concert.

The Colman-Barthelmess-Powell combination. The Fairbanks-Chaplin friendship. All these people have endured success in Hollywood for a long time.

There is Janet Gaynor—and Clara Bow and Gary Cooper and Billy Haines. They have all been punished, and they will probably never be forgiven.

Hollywood says that John Barrymore doesn't bathe very often. It reports wild stories of the didoes he performs. It rarely discusses the performances he gives . . .

Oh, well—he is just another poor sinner.

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 41*)

celebrity in London and New York, she isn't forgetting it in Hollywood. Her caustic wit is repeated everywhere. And when she recently appeared locally in Ibsen's "Ghosts," you should have seen the movie colony flock! It took Mrs. Pat to make Hollywood show an interest in Ibsen. He, you know, was only the play-boy who made realism possible in modern drama—and movies.

NORMA TALMADGE isn't through—not yet. United Artists, for a fancy price, have purchased the film rights to the Broadway hit, "The Greeks Had a Word for It"—and Norma will do it. First she is thinking of trying her stage luck in it on tour. And may she have luck! Norma's picture will have to be better than her last two or the *fans will have a word for it!*

NOR is Dolores Costello Barrymore going to retire—or, rather, stay retired. She has just signed a contract with her old friends, the Warner Brothers. And this, too, just after John stated, for publication, that he wanted her to be plump and happy—that is, out of the movies.

JOBYNA RALSTON—Dick Arlen's little woman—is another who Just Had To Get Back. You'll be seeing her in "Sheer Luck," for a starter.

THEY were thinking of shortening Helen Twelvetrees' name. It seems it was a little too long for the electric lights. They wanted to change it to "Helen Trees." But the girl said "No." She had just as much right to a long name as Jeanette MacDonald. And Helen Twelvetrees she will remain—even though Clark Twelvetrees is no longer her breadwinner.

THE warmest panning given anyone in Hollywood in quite some time was recently handed to Marlene Dietrich by Florabel Muir, movietown correspondent of the New York Daily News. She intimated that Marlene was a synthetic star, forced on the public by high-powered publicity, not a star by talent. She intimated that Josef von Sternberg was an old fogy at making pictures, and that another picture like "Morocco" would spell Marlene's doom. She intimated that Marlene must be dumb, because von Sternberg did all her talking. Florabel wrote, "She has not been allowed to do any talking on her own for publication." And just about that time MOTION PICTURE came out with an illuminating interview—and the first interview—with the intelligent German girl.

RONALD COLMAN is abroad, absorbing some of that London fog. . . . And Irving Thalberg and wife (Norma Shearer) are trotting all over Europe . . . Anna Q. Nilsson, recovered from her long illness, is visiting her folks in Sweden. . . .

ONE of those tragedies that would wring your heart on the screen has happened in real life. Diane Ellis was born in Los Angeles, and, being pretty, naturally gravitated to the studios. At first, she couldn't find anything to do but stenography. But, like Alice White (who also was a stenographer), she was discovered. She played featured rôles in such pictures as "Is Zat

(*Continued on page 103*)

"No Woman need have an INFERIORITY COMPLEX"



"*Lovely lingerie makes you feel very charming.* And when you feel so—you are!"

says

DOROTHY DIX

whose wise and sympathetic advice on human problems is eagerly read every day by millions.

"*Dear Miss Dix:*

"*How can I make myself more popular? I am fairly pretty and I'm not a dumb-bell, but I am so timid and self-conscious with people, men especially . . .*

JOAN G————"

ANSWER: "People—men especially—simply reflect your own idea about yourself. *Feel* that you're charming, Joan, and others will find you so!

"Pretty clothes will help you tremendously. Frocks in lovely fresh colors and—even more important—very dainty, delicate *underthings*. Colorful, shimmering lingerie, how utterly charming it makes you feel! So confident of exquisite feminity. And self-confidence is contagious!

"That's why I'm always urging girls to:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.

2. Always keep it color-fresh, exquisite!

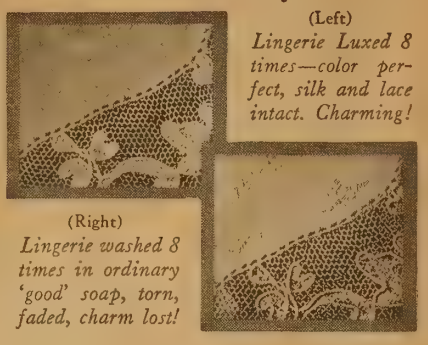
"Girls often say, 'Yes, but how can we afford to wear delicate lingerie all the time? A few washings fade and wear it out.'

"True—*if you use the ordinary 'good' soaps.* But if you use that wonderful product, Lux, you'll keep your dainty garments color-fresh and new so long that even girls with modest budgets can afford them. Lux is made to preserve *color* and *charm!*

"AND AT HOME Your surroundings, too, can help you win self-confidence and poise. Pretty curtains, gay sofa cushions, table linens—all can form part of the magic spell if kept lovely with Lux."

DOROTHY DIX.

A Secret of Poise



(Left) *Lingerie Luxed 8 times—color perfect, silk and lace intact. Charming!*

(Right) *Lingerie washed 8 times in ordinary 'good' soap, torn, faded, charm lost!*

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Are Actresses Like Other Women?

(Continued from page 49)

scenes with beautiful, other women. This one thing has caused more havoc in Hollywood marriages than you might believe possible. I have watched off-stage scenes between husbands and wives, between sweethearts, that were beyond the reach of reconciliation.

We Have to Think Deeply

"AN ACTRESS has to foresee more things than the average woman. Such things as I have just mentioned. She has to test herself and she has to test the man she plans to marry in far more ways than is necessary for the average bride. Douglas and I delayed our marriage for months just so that we would be sure everything was understood between us. We built and tried out our faith in one another before we put it to the test of marriage. There is no doubt now in either one of us.

"Actresses are more emotional than other women. They have to be. If they were not, they wouldn't be actresses. And it must be, even if momentarily, genuine emotion. For simulated feeling is as detectable as any other false note struck.

"Actresses are more careful with money than the average woman—as I mentioned. In the first place, most of us have had hard, early fights and struggles. Very few of us stepped from protected homes and finishing schools to money and position. Most of us knew real hardship and the pinch of doing-without. And the result is more than being careful—actresses are not so parasitical as other women. They do not expect some man to step in and supplant or take the place of supporting parents. They expect to make money and be independent.

"If anything, actresses are **more domestic than other women.** None of us can speak with much authority of any but our own experience. I can't say what Gloria Swanson or Greta Garbo or Marion Davies would or would not do under given circumstances. But I do know that in my own case I am as domestic, if not more so, than the married women I know who do nothing but play bridge, go to matinées, shop and *hate it all.* Women who adore to get away from home, go to hotels 'for a change,' escape from the routine. Home is not routine to an actress. It is something we **never have enough of.** It is probably a part of the contrariness of human nature that what we can't have we most want.

"I can hardly wait to get home from the studio. I'd rather go home than anywhere else on earth. I live to order meals and always do. I plan Douglas's breakfasts so that he never gets the same things two days in succession. I always look over his shirts and socks and handkerchiefs and see that he is well stocked and that everything is in condition.

"I never dream of eating dinner without him. Many times I've come home from the studio so hungry I'm as ravenous as a bear. I'll get a call from Douglas. He'll say 'Darling, I have another scene to make. It may take an hour, or two. I'll be home about nine or ten.' And I'll study lines, or sew or read or do something to forget my own hunger. I'd choke if I swallowed one mouthful without him.

Our Own Selfish Rights

"Actresses are probably inclined to be more selfish than other women—unless they are in love. If they are in love, as I am, that basic kinship is there. It's easier for an actress to be selfish than it is for women who do nothing but stay at home with one husband for audience. We could claim legitimate rights to be selfish. If our husbands want to go out in the evening, for instance, we have every right to say 'But darling, I can't think of going anywhere tonight. I'm too tired. I have to consider my looks.' Actresses—in love—have to learn more about the fine art of compromise than other women do. I always go places when Douglas wants me to. But I'll say, 'Darling, do you mind if we leave a little early tonight? I'm so tired.' And he is always the one to make the move, to help me into my coat and get me home. There is so much in the *way* we do things. And actresses are different from other women in that they have to give more thought to that way . . .

Sisters Under the Skin

"THERE are so many things like that—little enough things taken by themselves but so vital as a whole in marriage. Actresses have to do more thinking in every way than other wives do. They have so many more things to think about. They have to scheme more, maneuver more. For when a husband—particularly a movie husband, in the limelight—begins to go out places alone, the first thing you know it will be midnight when he comes home. The next thing it will be one or two in the morning. The next will be 'Darling, Glory Goldfish was at the party tonight and we danced every dance together, just for fun, you know?' And the next thing—well, the next thing *would* give the tabloids their set-up for the day!

"Actresses in love are the same as all other women in love. There is no fundamental difference between the actress and the Other Woman. There is the superficial difference of all problems, fears and hopes being exaggerated to the limit.

"It's harder for us than it is for you other women. We seem to have so *much* and we stand so tragic a chance of losing the thing we value most."

Did You Know That--

John Barrymore's new leading lady for "Svengali" is an unknown, named Marian Marsh, and replaces Evelyn Laye?

Reuben Mamoulian, Clara Bow's new director, is out to rid Clara of dat ol' debbil inferiority complex?

Gloria Swanson isn't planning to sing in her next picture?

Marlene Dietrich's husband and small daughter are returning with her from Germany?

Spanish girls trying to break into the movies aren't going to Hollywood but to Agua Caliente, where they can meet Movie Moguls socially?

Several of Hollywood's best people have joined the Crusaders, anti-Volstead organization?

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 101*)

So?" and "Cradle Snatchers." And then she met Stephen Millett, a young millionaire. Last autumn they were married, in Paris. For a honeymoon they headed for Hollywood via Spain, Egypt and India. She was taken ill in Madras, India, and died.

IF you are a male with a yen for film fame, we suggest that you get a job as stage hand at Fox. John Wayne was a prop boy there when Raoul Walsh spotted him and gave him the lead of "The Big Trail." And now one of John's co-workers has been spotted. His name is Carter Gibson. Starting as an extra, he was elevated to a featured rôle in John's new picture, "Girls Demand Excitement." Who's next?

OVERHEARD at the studio cafeterias: "Oh, look! *Johnny Mack Brown has cut his hair.* It's the first time since he caught that forward pass at the Rose Bowl three years ago and won a movie contract."

"That's José Crespo, the Spanish John Gilbert. Poor José! All his savings were in the bank that closed its doors in Hollywood the other day."

"Yes—I saw Charlie Bickford on the Boulevard. He had a big envelope of photographs under his arm—going to peddle them around to agents and casting directors like the rest of us poor devils—"

"My dear, Ruth Chatterton was high-hatting me to death, putting on the great-star act. The interview would have been a total failure if I hadn't happened to see the row of chewing-gum wads parked under the edge of her dressing-table. After that, we got along famously—"

THE headwaitress at the Metro studio cafeteria was speaking severely to the head of the publicity department. "Really, Mr. Strickling," she complained, "you will have to stop okaying visitor's passes. Look at that table of sixteen strangers who have just come in!" But the sixteen "visitors" proved to be sixteen new Metro contract players just arrived from Italy, Spain and France to make foreign versions.

THE shortest interview ever given has come to light. An interviewer, determined to get a statement from Garbo that could be quoted, jumped on the running-board of her car as she was leaving the studio. "Gott!" shrieked Garbo. The car sped away, throwing the interviewer to the ground—but he had a one-word interview with Greta Garbo, anyway.

AND now Mrs. Mix is suing Tom for divorce, saying that he was "loud and boisterous" in restaurants and in public places and humiliated her. Tom Mix put on a good show—probably because he knew he was expected to. I was talking with him once and he was telling me incidents of his life, in the accents and words of an educated gentleman. While I was there, a delegation from a Chamber of Commerce was shown in, to invite Tom to ride his horse in a forthcoming procession. Instantly Tom was another being. His voice changed to a nasal twang as he shouted, "Me and Tony is a-rarin' t'go!"

HERE is another Garbo anecdote. The driver of a studio car told me this. "She isn't quite onto things yet, Miss Garbo isn't," said he. "F'rinstance, last week

(*Continued on page 105*)



There is nothing so captivating as soft, silky, alluring hair.

Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—

when shampooed this way.

Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps.

The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.



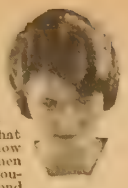
Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

YOU CAN, BE BEAUTIFUL!



I do two things. I correct every defect. I develop hidden beauty. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that everyone can be given beauty. No matter how hopeless, write me. My way of making women over *completely* is amazingly *different*. Thousands write me that results are almost beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty aid is scientific—known to act for *all alike*. That is why I can *guarantee* your absolute satisfaction. Not a penny to pay unless I give results *you* say are *marvelous*.

BE RID OF
Pimples, Freckles
Blackheads, Whiteheads
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Muddy Skin
Sallowness
Thinness
Fat

IMPROVE
Eyelashes
Eyebrows
Hair
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FREE

AMAZINGLY QUICK

No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles.* Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely.*

FREE TRIAL

You can try *all* of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—*absolutely without risking a penny.* I *want* you to make me *prove* that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart *beauty instead*. . . or take *some* prettiness and impart *stunning good looks.* I will send you *everything* to try my beauty aids *full two weeks.* There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the *sole judge.* If not delighted, you just say so—and *your word is final.*

And I Teach You Fascination

Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of *fascination.* I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a *lifetime.* You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman *with her free trial* of my beauty aids. Remember, you have *everything* to gain—absolutely *nothing* to lose. So TODAY—

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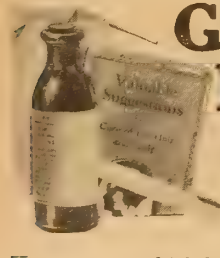
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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Are Actors Like Other Men?

(Continued from page 48)

than other men love theirs. That is another point of great difference.

Emotions Make a Difference

"I FEEL that actors are different from other men in almost every essential. They are more emotional. If they were not, they would never have turned to acting as a means of livelihood or as a means of expression. And here is another decisive point of difference: The business man thinks of the livelihood first. The actor thinks of the means of expression. **Self is more important to the actor than to the business man.**

"Actors are always more selfish than other men. They have to be. All that they do, all that they make depends upon their person. There are no other elements.

"Money means more to other men than it does to the actor. Most of us actors really don't care what we may have tomorrow, so long as there is food and lodging today. We have no money sense. We have no particular desire to accumulate a fortune. We have no Future. We live for today.

"On the other hand, an actor's work—or the loss of it—can do more tragic things to him than the loss of work to other men. If the other man loses his job, takes a tumble in the market or in any way loses out on what he is doing, he can usually pack up and go elsewhere. Unless he loses his mind, his qualifications have not been damaged beyond repair. If the actor's job crumbles, it is because he himself has crumbled. He is the whole works, in himself. His looks, his youth, his voice, his abilities are all personal and when they go, *he* is gone.

It's Easy to Fade Out

"IN no other trade or profession I know of could the random recording of a speaking voice, the first signs of gray hair, five pounds of extra weight, a cold in the nose mean the loss of the whole job. These things, one or more of them, may mean the snuffing out of the actor.

"I believe that the actor is more susceptible to women than other men. And acts upon his susceptibilities far less often. On the other hand, his susceptibilities in real life are less than those of the business man. One pretty secretary often does more damage than a whole battalion of stars and extras. We are used to lovely women as a candy salesman is used to butterscotch creams. Pretty women are not rarities to us. They are rarities to the manufacturers of automobile tires and wholesale towelling. **Lovely women are—ironically—*part of our work to us.***

"Temptations are more prolific for the actor than for the other man, but they pall sooner. We learn so quickly how much more glamourous the position is than the person. If a plain substantial business man, a typical Good Citizen is loved, he can be pretty certain it is a genuine love of him for himself. If an actor is loved—well, you never know! Many women who would never remember me the next day if I were John Boles, the bank clerk, go out of their way to speak to me now because I am John Boles, the *actor.*

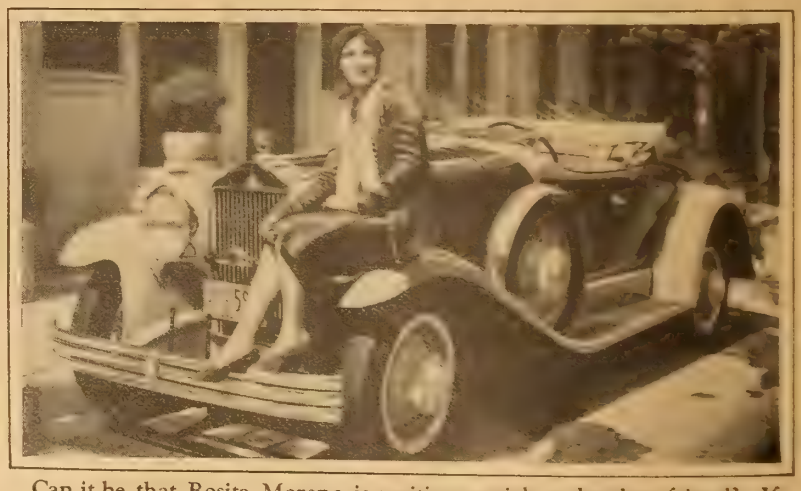
Fun to My Friends

"I HAVE never had a friend—doctor, lawyer, merchant—who didn't want to come to the studio with me, who isn't willing and eager to spend hours and hours under the lights. I haven't a friend who doesn't want to go on location, read my scripts, watch the rushes, sit in on conferences. And certainly I haven't a friend who doesn't want to meet the leading women and watch the pretty girls. *And that goes for all of them!* Get the average business man on the set with a crowd of pretty extras and then try to get him off it! It's fun to them. It's work to us.

"The actor has more fun at his job than the business man has at his. I'll say that much. There *is* variety. There is the pampering of the ego, never distasteful to any of us. There are the flattery and admiration and applause. There is the excitement. There is the making love to pretty girls. And there is the money, which means no more to me than the paper it is written on—but how I would miss that paper, if I didn't get it!

"Business men probably make better husbands than actors do. I know that I would not choose an actor for my daughter's husband if I could avoid it. Women understand the business man better than they do the actor. There may be more cause for jealousy and unrest but they do not know it. The causes are less obvious. The routine is more stable.

"***The actor is selling his person to the public.*** **The business man is selling eggs or fountain pens. Between the two it isn't hard to say which is the more exacting. Actors are *not* as other men—and the other men know it."**



Can it be that Rosita Moreno is waiting to pick up her boy friend? If you must know, she's interested in Orville Mohler, Southern California's crack quarterback



George M. Cohan turned down a million to go to Hollywood, and his daughter Helen, just arrived, wonders why

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 103*)

when I took her to location and gave her my driver's account pad to sign for the trip, she said, 'Wouldn't you rather have my name on a picture?'"

THOSE who have missed the ebony face of Stepin Fetchit lately may not know that a single gag line, written by Erle Kenton, director of "The Royal Romance," was responsible for his downfall and disappearance. The line was, "Ah wish ah wuz back in Bumminham." Stepin was called on to say this whenever he got into trouble in the picture—which was whenever he appeared. He claimed it would offend cullud folks and refused to say it.

Whereupon Director Kenton substituted Clarence Muse, a colored actor of the local stage. And since then Clarence has used the same line in every picture whenever trouble appeared on the horizon, until it has become a trademark.

IT was at the style show put on by the screen ladies who are patrons of a children's school in Hollywood. A Los Angeles jeweler had loaned his most gorgeous pieces.

A film star famous for sophisticated rôles was the first to appear, clad in a brown street dress. The luckless lady in charge of arrangements proffered some suitable costume jewelry, which she brushed aside in favor of a thirty-five-thousand-dollar emerald collar of the period of one of the Louis'. In spite of expostulation, she departed to parade its magnificence among the audience, murmuring, "They may be unsuitable—but try to take them off me!"

Next came a blonde screen star in black satin. The jeweler produced a string of pearls, of exquisite tint and size. "Just the thing for Madame!" But she would not wear them. "They look too *cheap*," she objected. (The price tag on the pearls was only twenty-five thousand.)

"And the only one who had any sense of fitness was Maureen O' Sullivan," the harassed lady in charge related afterwards. "She wore an orange and brown tweed and picked out antique gold bracelets and a simple necklace without stones."

Start a new day, at 6 P.M.



Would you make every evening a more pleasant one . . . or more profitable? Would you make them all happy, lively, enjoyable . . . and resultful? Then wash away fatigue and the cares of the day . . . with this invigorating bath. Moderately hot at first, ending with a cold splash and brisk toweling. Read *The Book About Baths* for more details.

No more dull sleepy mornings



Fully as helpful as the "After-work Bath" is the "Morning Wake-up Bath." It is an eye-opener, an energizer, a self-starter. There are a few little tricks that make it more effective. Like starting with warm water and suds and making the final splash cold enough to be tonic.

Here's a bath for sore muscles

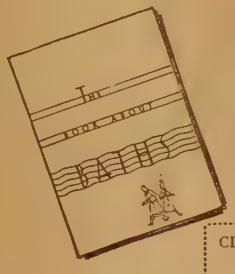


Did you know that the right bath can do much to prevent sore, stiff muscles after hard work or exercise? If not you should read page 13 of *The Book About Baths.* It explains, among other things, that this bath should be a long, hot, soapy one.

Learn to make baths help you

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Tabloid Reviews

(Continued from page 82)

One Heavenly Night—A poorly titled operetta that is considerably above the average, thanks to the performances of the stage-famous Evelyn Laye and the film-famous John Boles (U. A.).

One Night at Susie's—Billie Dove rightfully kills a man, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., takes the blame and goes to prison, but the far-fetched story finally reunites them (F. N.).

Only Saps Work—Leon Errol of the sagging knees as a comedy crook who involves innocent Richard Arlen in a bank robbery. Somehow, it should have been funnier (Par.).

Other Men's Wives—Grant Withers gives an impressive performance in an exciting story of railroading (W. B.).

Outward Bound—A delightful fantasy of The Last Voyage, with Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Helen Chandler the finest of a small, fine cast (W. B.).

Paid—A tense revival of the story about the girl who is sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, becomes bitter and a real criminal. Joan Crawford gives one of the year's best performances (M-G-M).

The Passion Flower—Charles Bickford, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson work hard to make Kathleen Norris' involved triangle story believable (M-G-M).

The Pay Off—Lowell Sherman as a master crook who falls in love with a silly flapper. The story's against him, but he's convincing (RKO).

The Playboy of Paris—Maurice Chevalier inherits a million francs and has to keep on working as a waiter. A giddy, gay comedy (Par.).

The Princess and the Plumber—The title gives away the slight story of the romance of Maureen O'Sullivan and Charles Farrell in a mythical kingdom (Fox).

Remote Control—Typical William Haines comedy. This time, he is the wisecracking announcer of a radio station used by a gang leader for his tip-offs (M-G-M).

Renegades—The Foreign Legion again, with Warner Baxter now the Legionnaire, loved and hated by Myrna Loy, a spy. Good melodrama, ending—surprisingly enough—in tragedy (Fox).

River's End—The Northwest Mounted man and the fugitive look alike, and the result is what you would expect. Charles Bickford is the whole picture, in a dual rôle (M-G-M).

Scotland Yard—By plastic surgery, a notorious crook takes on the appearance of a banker. Good melodrama, with Edmund Lowe also in a dual rôle (Fox).

See America Thirst—Slim Summerville and Harry Langdon, two wow comedians, get mistaken for gang leaders. A hot satire on racketeering (Univ.).

She Got What She Wanted—Betty Compson in pursuit of a bigger and better husband. Involved comedy (Tiffany).

The Silver Horde—Evelyn Brent almost makes something of this strangely weak talkie of life among the Alaskan salmon fishermen (RKO).

The Sin Ship—Ian Keith and Mary Astor, wanted as crooks, sail for the tropics as a minister and his wife—on the ship of the extra hard Louis Wolheim. Lively melodrama (RKO).

Sin Takes a Holiday—Constance Bennett as a stenographer who marries the boss, takes a year's holiday in Paris, and returns to love her husband. A wise and witty Cinderella story (Pathé).

Sunny—The usual musical comedy plot, endowed with the dancing and singing of Marilyn Miller and the comedy of one Joe Donahue (F. N.).

Suspense—Realistic proof by the English that war is a ghastly horror. Cyril McLaglen, brother of Victor, is the principal sufferer (British International).

Their First Mistake—Laurel and Hardy make prison life riotously funny, in their first feature-length comedy (M-G-M).

The Third Alarm—James Hall and Anita Louise put across the old thriller of the romantic fireman and the burning orphanage (Tiffany).

Tol'able David—A revival of the great silent picture of the mountain lad who was the last of his clan. Richard Cromwell, in his first picture, almost equals Barthelmess in the rôle (Col.).

Tom Sawyer—Mark Twain's classic becomes something you don't want to miss, with Jackie Coogan returning to the screen as ***Tom*** (Par.).

The Truth About Youth—To tell the truth, Loretta Young prefers the older Conway Tearle to the younger David Manners. It's hard to believe (F. N.).

Two Worlds—A Christian falls in love with a Jewish girl, in a town on the Austro-Russian battlefront, and the ending is tragic. A good story, told slowly (British International).

Viennese Nights—An operetta about life in Vienna, made interesting by the music and the singing of Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon (W. B.).

The Virtuous Sin—Kay Francis loves Walter Huston, though married to Kenneth MacKenna—and stays in love. They all act much better than the story deserves (Par.).

War Nurse—Soldiers Robert Ames and Robert Montgomery out-act Nurses June Walker and Anita Page in a tense, but overdrawn picture of the women who went to war (M-G-M).

Way for a Sailor—John Gilbert as a tar with a girl in every port. He's minus his mustache and brass buttons. His voice is good, and the censors don't like the dialogue (M-G-M).

The Widow from Chicago—Alice White, Neil Hamilton and Edward Robinson in a gangland story that has had too many predecessors (F. N.).

Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—The best operetta the talkies have produced, and this was made in Germany. It has sparkle, good music, and a bright plot (Ass. Cinemas of America).

Did You Know That—

John Gilbert's going to do a Western—Zane Grey's "Shepherd of Guadalupe"?

Greta Garbo has a brother, Sven Garbo, who's a movie actor abroad?

Polly Moran says she has been secretly married to William Krayda, Detroit realtor, for three years?

Two big studios are each claiming the other is swiping all its good story ideas?

Charles (Buddy) Rogers is being tempted by Broadway offers?

Pola Negri has been writing a tome called "My Confessions"?

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were the guests of Amos n' Andy in Chicago New Years Eve?

Chaplin's new picture, "City Lights," opens on Broadway in a legitimate theater, the George M. Cohan, instead of a movie theater—and that the show will run continuously at top prices?

The Stars Who Stand Out

(*Continued from page 94*)

The Girls Who Tell All

IF frankness is a virtue, then Evelyn Brent and Rita LaRoy can choose their own weapons to settle the question of supremacy. Rita's somewhat unusual background is no secret, so far as she is concerned. Evelyn Brent speaks her mind freely, let the chips fall where they may, and she has never lacked the courage to look life squarely in the eye.

Harold Lloyd is the owner of the colony's most superlative estate. Every once in a while tourists in Beverly Hills mistake it for the University of California. Even Harold is afraid that it isn't homelike enough. Once he had a terrible time finding the library in his house. After days and days of frantic search, he finally came upon it. By that time he had borrowed a book from a circulating library.

Al Jolson has the most superlative car—a twenty-two-thousand-dollar Mercedes, with sound effects. There's a loud speaker fore and aft. Frank Fay wears the lowest collars with the longest points of any man hereabout. Kay Johnson has the best appetite. Joan Crawford has the longest fingernails. Maurice Chevalier has the most intriguing foreign accent. Neil Hamilton is the best sleight-of-hand performer. Billy Bakewell "cracks" the worst puns. Kay Francis is the sleekest-looking girl, and Chester Morris the sleekest-looking male.

When you come right down to it, the town is literally swarming with superlative people. And why not? The hardest-worked words in the Hollywood language are the superlatives. You've got to be superlative about something or other or you're not asked to speak over the radio at premières. And besides, Hollywood itself is the maddest, gorgeous-est and most famous town in the world!

Millionaires of the Movies

(*Continued from page 69*)

something in his Scotch ancestry made him save a little each week.

His first investment, which was his first thousand dollars saved, was made by his father, J. Darsie Lloyd, and was in gilt-edged bonds. Later, when his earnings had grown to big-business proportions, the Lloyd Corporation was formed, with W. R. Fraser as president, and his father as vice-president and treasurer. He leaves the workings of this corporation entirely to its officials. It handles all of his business transactions, including that of his production of motion pictures.

Lloyd's holdings include much real estate in Southern California, notably in Beverly Hills and Hollywood; and he owns the Gaylord Apartments, named after his brother, on Wilshire Boulevard.

While he has been lucky in real estate, his fortune has been built almost entirely on his picture-making, which has netted him more, it is said, than has fallen to any other star.

Everything Turned to Money

"FROM the time Charlie Chaplin got his first contract with Keystone, everything he has touched has turned to money—even the women!" a wag has said.

It is true, we find, that his first investment of two hundred dollars, deposited in a London bank as a nest-egg, has never been touched. It was by great sacrifice, even of necessary food and clothing, that Charlie saved that money from his meager music-hall earnings. And he has no idea

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AGENTS
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how much interest has accumulated to that original two hundred dollars.

Rated at about seven million dollars, Charlie Chaplin dislikes to talk about what he has. But he says that practically everything he has was made in pictures.

On "City Lights," his newest picture, he spent a million and a half of his own money, but he expects to net five million dollars on the investment. Besides the money invested in his studio and in his home, Chaplin's money is in bonds and stocks and other securities.

His only extravagances are music and tennis. In his home is a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar pipe organ, a fine concert grand piano, and a collection of fine violins, 'cellos and horns. As you probably know, he composed the incidental music for "City Lights."

It Pays to Be a Siren

NORMA TALMADGE is one of the wealthiest women in pictures. And she earned it all in her work, too.

Her Santa Monica home is a palatial affair, worth thousands of dollars, and she owns many valuable jewels. Her pet extravagance is foreign travel.

"Corinne Griffith is uncanny. She can outguess any half-dozen of the shrewdest real estate men I have ever known when it comes to prophesying where prosperity is going to land next," said a Hollywood real estate man to me several years ago.

Miss Griffith is one of filmdom's wealthiest stars. Her money is for the most part in real estate in Hollywood, Wilshire and Beverly Hills, and in apartment houses and business blocks.

She earned her first money in pictures, of course, with the old Vitagraph. She bought gilt-edged securities in the East, but when she came West, she did better. She bought real estate, held it, sold it, bought more.

In the "Almost" Class

CLOSE to being a millionaire, if not quite in that class as yet, Bebe Daniels, although not yet thirty years old, is a rich girl. And she earned every cent of the money herself, either by acting or through shrewd investments in real estate.

Bebe owns several handsome beach houses at Santa Monica. Sometimes she lives in one of them, and the others she rents. Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, occupied one of Bebe's houses all last year, and the rental was well over a thousand dollars a month.

Bebe's extravagance is rich furs and she owns a beautiful stock of them. She also owns some fine jewels, but keeps them for the most part in the safety deposit box, not caring particularly about wearing them.

Well-Fixed He-Men

IF one asks Bill Hart what he is worth, he will tell you that he is comfortably fixed for the rest of his life. Nothing irritates him more than to be called a rich man. However, knowing what his salary was for so long and what a shrewd business man he is, there can be but one answer.

When he started in pictures in 1914 or thereabouts, he saved money and put it in bonds. In 1917 his salary was ten thousand dollars a week, and it steadily increased thereafter for several years. Figure it out for yourself. For Bill never made expensive whoopee.

Twenty dollars that Noah Beery got for a day's work with Cecil B. de Mille gave him his start in the picture game in Los Angeles.

He came to Hollywood from the East, leaving behind him heavy debts. He didn't have enough money to exist on while trying to land a job. He and his family lived in a $4.25-a-week apartment, where all the landlady got was a promise to pay when Beery could. And she, like the grocer and butcher, trusted him.

Then De Mille sent for Beery to play a small part in "Joan, the Woman," for which he was to receive twenty dollars. So excellent was his work that De Mille signed him up on a long-term contract. But he worked three years before he had any money to spend on himself, all of it going to pay his debts in the East.

After his savings grew large enough to warrant investment, Beery decided that Los Angeles was going to be a great city, and that real estate was the safest thing in which to put his money. But he seldom buys, he says, unless he expects to hold his property at least five years.

One of his latest investments is proving very lucrative. It is a unique venture—"Noah Beery's Paradise Mountain Resort and Trout Club." It is a ranch up in the mountains, and is surrounded by land belonging to the United States Government Forest Reserve. It has the largest supply of running fresh water in California. Its attraction is fishing de luxe. This property is now worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

He's in a Million Things

CECIL DE MILLE may be almost constantly at work, sometimes night and day, on his picture directing, story writing and cutting, but he manages to attend personally to a multitude of business affairs outside. In fact, he's one of Hollywood's biggest Big Business men.

A Hollywood real estate corporation claims him as director, as does a bank. He is also member of a syndicate that operates four thousand acres of cotton in Arizona, in Salt River Valley.

He has subdivided and developed a considerable portion of the Los Feliz district back of his residence in Hollywood, and he has developed Fernangelus, at San Fernando and Lankershim Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley.

He owns two ranches, one of six hundred and the other of seven hundred acres. Here he raises pheasants for breeding and decorative purposes, but refuses to sell them to the markets for food.

He is even interested in a ditch-digging outfit that digs irrigation canals in Texas and Arizona. "So far as I can find out," he laughs when you speak of it, "I am the biggest ditch-digger in the United States."

So far as the stock market is concerned, De Mille seems to have an uncanny ability to judge the state of affairs and act accordingly. Before the late stock market panic, he had a hunch of what was coming and so sold out at the high prices.

De Mille is the only picture personality who has ever signed United States money.

The Ship That Comes In

C. B.'S hobby is his yacht, "The Seaward," on which he retains a crew of eight men. This boat is in commission from May until November. From November to May, he spends his spare time—and money—on his ranch, "Paradise," in Golden Creek. A peculiarly merciful strain in de Mille's make-up crops out here. Most rich men would gloat over their hunting preserves. But De Mille doesn't like to kill. The result is that the deer in the mountains and canyons are wise to the fact that they are protected on his property and come into his ranch in droves. It isn't uncommon for him to awaken in the morning to find forty or fifty deer gathered near his home.

Another evidence of his kind heartedness lies in the fact that he pensions animals that have been used in his pictures. There are doves from "The King of Kings," all kinds of animals from "The Ten Commandments," and several horses from "Joan, the Woman," quartered on his ranch.

250,000,000 Fans Can't Be Wrong

(*Continued from page 30*)

"Hollywood pictures supply the world market because no one else makes picture entertainment of American expertness in story and technique," said John Murray Anderson, Englishman, long a producer of plays in New York and now a director for Universal. He was asked if he used "expertness" as a hard mechanical word to suggest American lack of artistic appreciation? He replied simply, "Rot!" One of those simple, strong English words.

They Want to See America

THE American Scene in itself interests the world more, perhaps, than any other, I was told by a Hungarian, Alexander Korda, who directed "The Princess and the Plumber" for Fox. "America is considered an earthly paradise. Besides, everyone in Europe either knows someone here or is hoping to come himself. He is interested, therefore, in everything that adds to his knowledge of America: in the daily details of living here, in skyscrapers and cowboys, even in plumbers; any and every thing American lends interest to a story, however slight."

It is the universal note of gaiety and luxury in the American scene that fascinates less gay and less luxurious countries, Alan Crosland declared. After his direction of "General Crack," "The Beloved Rogue" and "Viennese Nights," luxury seemed a natural note for him to strike. But he was referring not to our luxury for millionaires, but to our luxury for the man in the street: our bungalows, our kitchenettes, our iceless refrigerators, our low-priced cars and especially our universal bathtubs.

Such luxury is the greatest cause of immigration. It is not, however, an Art note. Old man Morbidity resents it. The Soviets delete all bathtubs and kindred debasements of the Soul from our pictures before exhibiting them to the proletariat. And many other Europeans who sit in high places are extremely displeased at having the masses' Art-sense disturbed by a yearning for American bathtubs. By drawing the shower curtains and hiding them, we might do our bit for Art.

"Don't Kid Yourself"

"GREAT art succeeds. It's this would-be art that doesn't get by with anybody but the fellows who make it," said John Tuttle of Paramount, who made "Sweetie" and "Her Wedding Night." He calls the picture game a racket. But it would appear he knows his racket. "America knows it is better to make honest box-office entertainment than to be arty."

Don't kid yourself, says America, that you can kid a world audience with this arty stuff.

"It's pep that puts American pictures over," said Frank Wood, who directed Joan Crawford in "Paid" for M-G-M. "Our pictures *move*. We aren't dead yet over here! Whether we are eighty or eight, we are still kids—Indian fighters at heart, raring to go! And, believe me, the world likes to go right along with us!"

This bullying of Art-yearning millions into fighting Indians when they should be wrestling with Old man Morbidity cannot be excused. It is typically American.

"American pictures are more human than European ones," said William Seiter, who made "Sunny" and who has to his credit a score of Laura La Plante, Dorothy Mackaill, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and Reginald Denny box-office hits. "More human because the American director is audience-minded, while the European is camera-minded. The audience is interested

(*Continued on page 118*)



The worst day in the month

WORK PILED HIGH, BUT SHE MUST GO HOME. A MONTHLY OCCURRENCE! HER EMPLOYER SAYS NOTHING *and yet*.....

CAPABLE—she understands her work and does it well. Efficient—to the very tips of her speeding fingers. Fully dependable—until a certain period every month.

Then—good only to make excuses! But the best excuses do not halt the pains. Midol *does*.

Any woman who still submits meekly to the rule of the calendar should investigate the merciful merits of these tiny tablets at once.

They are as harmless as they look. Take them when the time comes—and you don't suffer. Or if pains have started, they will subside in from five to seven minutes. No matter how much pain you have endured every month. Whether you are fourteen or forty. Midol never fails to bring the relief.

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Wherever you go, take with you the confidence that Midol affords. For the tiny trim case, in which these assuring little tablets come, will tuck away in any purse or pocket. Just say "Midol" to your druggist; we guarantee your satisfaction. Or try it free, see offer below—our proof that Midol will help you:

PERSONAL 5

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St. N.Y.

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There's No Panic In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

in charge of President Hoover's Emergency Committee for Employment.

Everybody's Ready

"EVERY responsible factor in the industry is ready, able and willing to join in the service of restoring prosperity and thus solving our employment problems," Hays told Woods.

"The screen will be open to all agencies which show the fundamental soundness of our industrial position.

"Recognizing the educational effects of the screen as a universal entertainment medium, leading producers are at their own expense using the dramatic power of the screen to help dispel the purely psychological forces that retard prosperity. Short pictures that have been made on this subject already have shown their undoubted appeal."

(Mr. Hays had reference to such constructive propaganda as the skits of "Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear," which were included in the newsreels at the height of the depression, with "Mr. Courage" urging "Mr. Fear" to help defeat depression by spending his money widely.)

There were still other mediums through which picture producers lent their support to Colonel Woods and the other authorities who sought to set aright the nation's business.

First Aid Measures

LOCAL employment and relief campaigns, benefit performances, distribution of anti-depression propaganda and other national campaigns in the interest of a return to business normalcy—all found generous support from the theaters and producers alike.

This was the actual pledge given Woods by Hays: "The organized motion picture industry of the United States will co-operate to the utmost in reflecting through the newsreels the current facts of our industrial and business position; it will do everything possible to help counteract unsound psychological factors that have retarded both prosperity and employment and it will aid in every way at its command . . . to minimize the human suffering and want that come from lack of employment."

RKO was the first to follow up this pledge of the industry's spokesman with active aid.

In addition to lending its national circuit of theaters to benefits, RKO this winter gave occupation to 35,000 unemployed in 115 cities. In each of these cities 200 to 300 needy persons, recommended by community charities, were hired as ticket sellers by the local RKO theaters. These unemployed were given twenty-five per cent. of the face value of all tickets they sold and their soliciting was aided by the theaters, which, in their advertising, urged audiences to patronize these "contact salesmen" in ticket-buying rather than the box offices.

Hiram Brown, president of RKO, in Hollywood to inspect the studios of Radio Pictures, was one of the most vigorous in urging picture producers to lend their facilities in ending the depression.

How Hollywood Can Help

"THE best way the picture business and its theaters can help end this depression," Brown told me, "is to double its efforts to supply gaiety and entertainment. The first thing to do is to make the best possible pictures we can.

"RKO and Radio Pictures have not regarded the depression as any problem. We are going ahead with our established policies and programs. No expansion program, no construction program has been curtailed. We are going ahead with every project we had contemplated, including an elaborate building program at the studio."

Adolph Zukor, president of the Paramount Publix Corporation, also in Hollywood on an annual inspection trip, declared that during the depression he saw fresh evidence of how important a factor the motion picture theater is in the life of the American community.

"In the last few years," said Zukor, "the picture theater has developed into one of the outstanding community enterprises in nearly every town and city of any size in America. People take pride in them. These theaters are not only attractions in themselves, but they have also proved to be definite assets to surrounding business. In small country towns we have received repeated proofs that the town with the best theater draws trade from adjacent territory. In the bigger cities it is obvious that the comfortable, well-operated theater is of value to the merchants in its neighborhood. Fans, downtown to see a film, shop on their way to and from the theater.

"From all this, therefore, it is apparent to us in the picture business that not only can we look forward to a general improvement, but that we also are a very tangible help in bettering the general business conditions."

Outlook for 1931

PARAMOUNT will spend more than twenty-five million dollars on sixty pictures at the Hollywood studio alone, Zukor announced in outlining the program for the coming year. In addition, seventeen features will be made at Astoria and the Paris studio will operate full blast on foreign versions.

Such an elaborate program, more ambitious than that of any preceding year, was Zukor's answer to inquiries regarding the outlook for 1931.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production, was equally optimistic about the depression soon ending. "Although taking economy precautions, we are neither cutting down our production program nor worrying over its drawing audiences," Mayer said. "Our reports from the theaters show that the depression is drawing to a close and we will produce our usual program of fifty-two feature films this season."

Next season's program of Warners and First National will be the largest ever undertaken, according to Jack Warner. Seventy-two films will be produced by these recently merged companies. An especially large list of pictures will be produced by United Artists, President Joseph Schenck announced, with twenty pictures, costing fifteen million dollars, now planned.

Fox, Universal, Pathé, Columbia, Tiffany and other independent units all will either equal or surpass previous production figures, according to New Year announcements issued by these companies.

Thus Hollywood—in the midst of a depression during which steel magnates called a halt in production, oil refiners sold at cost and other big businesses cut prices or production.

Hollywood in a panic is much the same as Hollywood in prosperity.

For the American public, rain or shine, in good times or gloom, must have its recreation and with the movies providing the cheapest form of good entertainment, Hollywood's purse is ever full.

THIS EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH

OF

LEW AYRES

FREE

This photograph was taken by Ray Jones, the famous Hollywood photographer, exclusively for us. It is 9 x 11 inches printed on double weight French Buff paper, the same quality stock the highest priced studios use.

You can have it FREE!

IN LAST month's issue we inaugurated the Star of the Month Club—an innovation—a new idea—and created a furore. Last month, by unanimous choice of the Selection Committee, the star was the beautiful and gifted Marlene Dietrich. And how they clamored for her photograph!

This month it is Lew Ayres, that popular and romantic actor, who has made such sensational strides in motion pictures.

Join the Star of the Month Club and have something *different* to boast about to your friends. To join, just fill in the coupon and send it in with $1.00. This will entitle you to 7 big issues of MOTION PICTURE and specially posed, exclusive photograph of Lew Ayres. Seven issues of MOTION PICTURE for $1.00 is way below the regular price; and when in addition, you get the portrait of Lew Ayres FREE, you know that Santa Claus is still around.

Remember! These beautiful portraits can be secured only by our readers.

These series will consist of 12 in all and each "Star of the Month" will be chosen for her or his popularity and appeal to the Motion Picture world. You will have the opportunity of securing the entire series of 12 exclusive photographs of 12 Movie favorites without further cost or obligation. We will tell you how. Just fill in the coupon and mail it with a dollar.

STAR OF THE MONTH--No. 2



Lew Ayres

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Fryer

"Solomon was never like this," ventures Joe E. Brown, keeping his mind on his music, while Winnie Lightner emulates Sheba's queen. This loving pair are together again in "Sit Tight"

She Knocked 'Em Dead On Broadway

(*Continued from page 76*)

thinking, 'Who is this little upstart?' But I'm all over that now.

"Mother went to Europe to put my little sister in school in Belgium, but she was back in time for the opening. With the play a success, I have my Eastern moments all planned. I sleep til' noon, spend the afternoon studying singing and taking some courses at Columbia that I've wanted to take for a long time, and then, if I'm not too tired, I go out and see life every night after the theater."

She laughed at the prospect of a life that would send most people right back to the sanitarium. Lois is an awfully nice girl. Her greatest talent is probably her vitality. It leads her into things that you wouldn't expect a girl of her type to do. She doesn't seem fitted by temperament or talent for the stage, but she's the kind of zestful, enterprising young thing who would make a go of anything, if she decided to try it.

Hair that is blonder than it once was is the only thing that stamps Lois as of Hollywood. Her ability to blush shows that the environment hasn't taken effect. Her manner, her appearance, her speech have the charm of wholesomeness and sweetness, rather than of glamour.

It's a tribute to her that she has all the qualities of freshness, decorum, and application that your mother would greatly approve. In fact, that *is* her charm.

Neither Scholar Nor Flapper

SHE described herself best when she says, "I'm just an average bright, intelligent young American girl.

"I'm neither a serious student, nor a silly flapper. But I think everyone is a combination of things, rather than one definite thing.

"I do love to study, but then I'm a great one for going out, too. I think you go on liking the things you liked when you were little. I loved to study when I was a child, because I didn't go to school—I was tutored at home, and Mother was careful to get me the youngest and most attractive tutors she could find, and I would get crushes on them and find myself crazy about studying."

The level-eyed Lois is one of the girls who has been inspiring men-about-Hollywood to exclaim, "Her art isn't what it should be, because she hasn't Lived!" She's attractive enough to make them all show a personal concern about it. Lois quite suitably lives with her mother and sister in Hollywood.

Still Growing

"BUT Mother goes away for several weeks every year. She says she doesn't want me to feel always tied to her apron strings, so every year I have a chance to fuss around and take care of everything myself. Mother is swell. Everyone says she looks just like my sister, and it's really true. She's young, and small—she's just my height this year. I'm twenty-one, but for some reason I'm still growing. I grew an inch and a half last year, and I hope I'll keep on for a couple of inches more. I'd like to be tall. It helps so in wearing clothes."

Lois is sure her zest for life will eventually lead her into matrimony.

"I want to try everything—once," she said. "I want to have every experience there is. I'd like to be married, and I'd like to have a few children. It's selfishness, really, that keeps a lot of women from doing those things. They're afraid if they have a child they'll lose their figures. But as a matter of fact, I think it almost always improves women. They grow much more voluptuous-looking than they've ever been before."

With eager gray eyes gazing into this enchanting future, Lois sat still—for a moment. A girl who is student by day, artist by night, and flapper until daylight, can't sit still for long. If Lois misses any of the experiences of life, it won't be because she hasn't grabbed for them.



Hurrell

An eye-opener in "War Nurse," Ellen McCarthy looks like a newcomer who is going to see plenty of action in 1931

A New Gift to the Girls

(*Continued from page 78*)

people. I thought if I could work in Hollywood I might get into the studios as a scene painter, and then become an actor. I had to keep working, because I had to send money home every week. It's a good thing we were so poor, because it gave me just the ambition that I lacked. I got to know Harold Grieve, the interior decorator, and he gave me several orders for Colleen Moore's house. She was building a washstand and wanted a picture for it. I was terribly insulted, but I needed the money."

With the same idea of art as a means to an end, he did the death masks of a number of actresses that were reproduced in Motion Picture Classic a few issues ago.

When Katherine Cornell, whom he'd always worshiped from afar, actually came into his house to have a mask made, Dick began to be in the daze that has lasted through a series of amazing events and left him inarticulate and bewildered.

Walked in—Grabbed the Rôle

IT was shortly after that that he read about Columbia's search for a young unknown to play *Tol'able David*.

"It was swell the way it happened," said Dick, sort of foggily.

It *was* swell. He simply went to the studio, took a screen test, and got the part. You'd understand it if you talked to Dick. There's a quality about him that distinguishes him, that makes people give him what he wants.

It was also swell the way he came through afterwards. Instead of giving an awkward, amateurish performance, he did something very finished and very fine. He is an instinctive actor.

As soon as the New York critics had looked at "Tol'able David" and had said all this and more, Columbia decided it was the psychological moment to send Dick to New York to make personal appearances and ingratiate himself still further with the press.

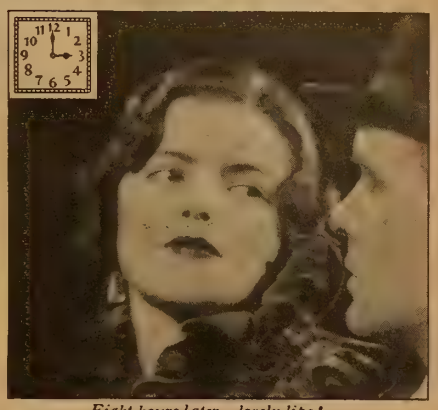
"At five o'clock," said Dick, "they told me I was to leave Los Angeles at nine that night. It just happened that all my clothes were in the laundry. So they said, 'Well, just go on without your clothes.' I just had time to buy some socks. I didn't have

(*Continued on page 115*)

How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours



You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

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It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

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Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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Good for You.



When things stop moving in a Gary Cooper picture, he's out to know why. In "Fighting Caravans" he's a pioneer scout who keeps a wagon-train moving

Girls Are Going Ga-Ga

(Continued from page 50)

come back and have something to live on. I did, too. I got a job with an orchestra, playing the guitar, and I saved four hundred dollars in three months.

"I came back—but four hundred dollars weren't enough. I had hungry times after that, too. But I never quit again."

He told of times when he waited around casting offices, too shy to ask for a job.

"When I think of it now—it seems to me I was sort of pitiful," he remarked.

The time when he finally achieved a test at Paramount and waited breathlessly for a decision. When it finally came, Fred Datig told him, tersely, "We thought you were a good type—that it might pay us to put you in stock and train you. But when we saw the test we knew it would be no use. You were terrible!"

"That nearly killed me," Lew said. "But it was good for me. I tried to learn how to do better. Later, after I had had a six months' contract at Pathé, I went back to Paramount for another test. The verdict was that I hadn't improved a bit."

Everyone knows the story of Lew's eventual "discovery." Of how he got the part with Garbo in "The Kiss" merely because there was an Equity strike and actors were scarce. Of how that picture brought him to the attention of producers—and of how he achieved the leading rôle in "All Quiet."

All in the "Breaks"

NOW he is a star—with all the worries that go with that envied position. And these worries seem "so much worse" to him than those worries of his days of struggling. An actor starves and struggles, always with that one objective ahead of him—to get a "break" and show what he can do. The break comes. He is thrust into stardom and a spectacular popularity and renown. His first big picture is a "special" on which months are spent in the shooting, upon which thousands of dollars are spent in publicity. He has an excellent director who expends all possible pains to develop him, to put him over.

The picture is a triumph. The actor is a success. He is acclaimed. All his dreams have come true. It was for this that he starved and struggled. But all that is past now. It was worth it. He is a star. There is nothing ahead but glory.

Then the anti-climax. He settles down to the grind of "programme pictures." Pictures made in a week or two, casually and inexpensively. The name of the new star, polished to a dazzling brilliance by that one first epic, is supposed to be enough to carry these commonplace products and draw the public into the theater.

The actor thinks he is slipping. The kind studio, which believed in him and gave him his heart's desire, becomes an impersonal autocrat, using him for its own ends, regardless of what happens to him in the process.

And these worries are "so much worse" than those first worries. All the world is looking at him now.

A New Gift to the Girls

(*Continued from page 113*)

any hat, because I've never worn one out here, and my overcoat was terrible. But I got on the train. All the way I behaved very well, very dignified and careful not to speak to any ladies. At Kansas City I got off for a breath of air, and a whole flock of men rushed at me. They had an overcoat, a hat, gloves, and a whole wardrobe. And the most surprising thing was that they all fitted me. The studio had wired my size ahead and provided me with all the clothes I lacked. They dressed me up and then took flashlight pictures of me, right there on the platform. I felt so silly. All the people that I had been so dignified with stared at me, and one woman pointed at me and screamed with laughter. I was embarrassed all the rest of the way East.

On The Spot

"IN CHICAGO, a bunch of reporters met me at the train. They said, 'You were a telegraph operator, weren't you?' I said, 'No, but I used to jerk sodas.' They said, 'Well, we haven't a soda fountain down here. Don't be silly, you were a telegraph operator.' And they thrust a telegraph instrument into my hand and took pictures of me with my finger on the key.

"Then another man came up and said, 'You used to be a newsboy, didn't you?' He stuck a bunch of papers under my arm and took another picture. Oh, it was awful! But that was nothing compared to my arrival in New York!"

It was Dick's first trip East. He was met at the station by an open car, and Columbia, with the best intentions in the world, had arranged to have the starry vehicle preceded by a Calliope, decorated with a large advertisement. To make Dick's misery complete, they had also provided a microphone, over which a booming voice kept announcing, "This is Richard Cromwell, new motion picture discovery and star of 'Tol'able David,' now playing at the Mayfair."

Richard is still smarting with mortification. They kept being held up in traffic, exposed to the stares of the multitude, and Master Cromwell, wearing his first hat, burned with embarrassment.

After a week of New York, Dick returned to the bosom of his family, who moved up to Hollywood to live with him when he became a big wage earner and could afford to have them. There are his mother, his married sister, a brother a little younger than he, a sister seventeen (whom he always refers to as "the sister I like") and a sister of twelve. This last one evidently upholds the tradition for little sisters that was founded by *Little Elsie*.

"The one who's seventeen is marvelous. She's going to be an actress some day. She has a very tiny face, but I think in about a year she's going to be beautiful. She has a lot of sense for a girl her age. And I take all the credit for that. She's been with me a lot, and whenever she'd giggle, I'd make her stop."

So far the family hasn't decided whether he's to be called Roy or Dick. They've contented themselves with calling him Terrible David, or Intolerable David, but they'll probably call him Richard, respectfully, in future.

Dick is just twenty-one. He's still ruddy and level-eyed. He's five feet eleven but looks shorter because his legs aren't long. He's left-handed, and has the worst handwriting in the world. He's the nicest actor I ever met. It's impossible not to be glad he has the success he wanted. But it's also impossible not to wish it hadn't happened to him. Anyone as nice as that should stay that way. Well, maybe he will.



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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-373 FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.

It's the Likes of Her You'll Like

(Continued from page 84)

Why, Even *She* Met One

"WHY, take me, for example. There I was, day after day, just waiting for something to happen, and not at all happening, and then one day, far out in the countryside to the south of Dublin, just near Ballinaclash and up in the hills, I was sitting on a bank of a little gurgly stream, when I heard a tiny sound of faint hammering. Tap-tap, tap-tap, you know. So I looked around and under a broad leaf was Little Shamus, the fairy cobbler."

I try to be as reasonable and kind as possible, but I'm sure I looked very hard at Maureen O'Sullivan.

"This was one of those—er—er—"

"Leprechawns; yes," she went on. "He was about six inches tall, with a red nightcap and a green coat and brown breeches and a leather apron and bright blue stockings and black shoes with silver buckles, and he was sitting on a three-legged stool, hammering away at a tiny pair of brogues."

"You'll excuse me," I said politely, "but are you quite sure you were awake in this—er—Ballinaclash place?"

"Oh, yes—well, I might have dozed just for a minute," Maureen replied. "You see, if you catch a leprechawn this way—and fix him with your eye so he can't get away—you can demand the favor of the three wishes or make him show you the fairies' store of gold."

"And which did you choose?" I demanded.

"Oh, the three wishes, of course," she replied. "I just stared at him and he had to give in.

And That's Why She Came

"'THREE wishes I give you. Three wishes you have,' he grumbled. 'But be sure you don't wish them over moving water, clever girl!' And he was gone. So I sat right there and wished the first one. I'd heard of Hollywood often and wondered if it wasn't a fairy place, and of the moving picture people who simply had to be wizards to do the wonderful things they did. I wished to get to Hollywood and play with them in the pictures. Two days later I was at home and that night Frank Borzage found me. He was over there to film the John McCormack picture, and the next day I had a contract, and two days later was playing a part. And now I'm actually here."

"What about the other two wishes?" I asked, and Maureen shook her head sadly.

"They vanished," she said. "It just shows what you have to suffer from a bad memory. I wished the second one on the boat crossing over to England to take the steamer for New York. I wished that on the boat I'd find Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin. And the minute I wished I heard a little voice whisper in my ear, 'Aha, clever girl! It's no more wishes you'll get!' You see I'd wished over moving water."

Really, it's not at all a nice sensation to be unable to decide whether you're being kidded unmercifully or not, but passing the business of the fairies for the moment I felt I could not honestly swallow that yarn about the simple Irish village maiden, adoring the great "Jawn" McCormack whenever he came home to Athlone, or wherever it is that he goes home to when he goes home at all, or about the great Jawn picking her up in his arms to croon ballads. It sounded to me like a lot of "hooey."

It's Really O'Sullivan

"YOU leave a lot to be desired as an example of a rural Irish colleen," I

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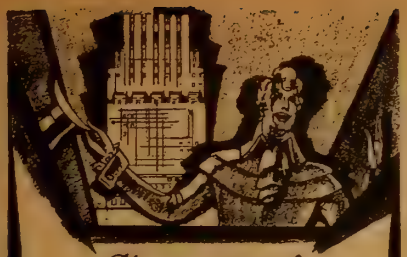
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said doubtfully. "About the only Irish thing is your name. Are you quite sure it's O'Sullivan, and not Cholmondeley or Marjoribanks, or something like that?"

"Cross my heart," she cried. "Truly, I was born in the West-of-Ireland town of Boyle, just at the height of a regimental ball that was going on across the street. My father was in the Connaught Rangers, and I was brought up in the midst of pageantry and flags and bands, which is probably why I fell in love with moving pictures."

Maureen is nothing of the typical Hollywood picture ingénue. She is vivacious and direct and frank, and as independent as a bird on a tree. Privately, she thinks Hollywood is a suburb of Heaven, and would like to stay here forever—if only Ireland could be brought over and dumped down just outside of Glendale or Santa Monica or somewhere close.

"Picture-making gives a zest to living that I'm sure nothing else on earth can," she confided with sparkling eyes. "True, you work hard, and suffer fatigue and anxiety and cold and heat and disappointment, but as soon as that particular nightmare is over, you're waiting just as anxiously for the next one to begin. And the people here are too dear for words; so friendly and kind and helpful. Though I do wish just a few of them would learn to stay awake a little after half-past nine at night."

Exit *Cinderella*

NOW, I ask you, does that sound anything at all like the little gingham-clad pig-tailed *Cinderella*, ruthlessly dragged from the rustic cottage in Athlone to gape wide-eyed at Hollywood?

Of course, it doesn't, and it isn't so. It's just what I said a minute ago. Listen, please. I dug this out later all by myself: Miss Maureen O'Sullivan is one of a family of two other girls and a boy, the children of Captain and Mrs. Charles O'Sullivan, he late of the British Army, resident, if you please, in a resplendent mansion that is first cousin to a castle in Dublin's most exclusive suburb. The O'Sullivans are one of the most aristocratic and wealthiest families in Ireland, so well-placed that even the Governor-General has to consider them carefully.

And about that village school business. To begin with, Maureen never saw Athlone, or any other Irish village, unless it was to pass through at forty miles an hour. She never saw the great Jawn McCormack. I tremble a little when I say I doubt if she had even ever heard of him. She was educated in the best girl's school in Dublin. She went—as most well-born Irish girls do—to attend a convent in London, so exclusive that they even snubbed a duke's daughter there, and then to a Parisian school where the very latest aristocratic polish is applied.

And now, if you please, vision her returning to Dublin, where shortly after her arrival she attends the very smartest ball of the season at the very smartest of Dublin hotels, to be discovered there by Frank Borzage. He had to pull all the wires he knew to get an introduction, and her father went off into gales of laughter when the subject of large salaries was mentioned. That particular family has always been as poor as the Rockefellers!

Maureen is now appearing in "The Princess and the Plumber" with Charlie Farrell, and the probabilities are that they are to be "teamed" in several other pictures.

She's a highly cultivated, mischievous, and animated young Irish person, this Maureen O'Sullivan, and I'm not so sure that the great Jawn himself wasn't more than a little puzzled—and even awed—by her ancestral and social background. But for that *Cinderella* stuff: Tish, and also Tush-tush!



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Fryer

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250,000,000 Fans Can't Be Wrong

(*Continued from page 109*)

primarily in the story, not in how one scene of it, taken upside down, would look."

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Pollyanna didn't say that. E. H. Griffith said it. Yet he made "Holiday," which even the critics call distinguished, adult entertainment. And if he dares believe in that thrill, it just may be that those Art-yearning millions who made "Holiday" a great success, half-believe in it, too.

And then Lubitsch. Rob Wagner says Lubitsch came to Hollywood the greatest German director and is leaving (for Paramount's Long Island studios) the greatest American director. This is what he says:

"American pictures are preferred to European because of something vital in America that is reflected in her pictures. To me America's most vital characteristic is her driving for success in every line of life, love, art, business—and disregarding the effort it takes to achieve it. They don't take discouragements seriously. It is all in that phrase which to me expresses America—'Forget it!' If little things annoy you, forget it! If big things bother you, forget it! Keep on! Go after it! Don't let anything stop you! Forget It! That phrase is unknown in Europe, but they feel it in American pictures."

To be unable to report a single, noble remark upon American film creations is, of course, from the point of view of critics and Artists, really shocking. To be forced instead to present Indian fighters and bathtubs and happy endings, along with Don't kid yourself! Be yourself! and Forget it!, should damn us even with our audience.

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The extras who are
Millionaires?

What kind of movies
You'll be seeing
Twenty years from now?

How women have changed
Charlie Chaplin?

What the Great Lovers'
Private love lives
Are like?

How three letters
Richard Dix wrote
To himself kept
Him going?

What a movie maniac is,
And who's pestered
By the species?

How to tell a star from
A good featured player?

What Clara Bow's new beau
Has to say about Clara?

What legs can express
On the screen (or off.
For that matter)?

What parlor tricks
The Hollywood boys
Have up their sleeves?

How and why Lupe Velez
Is changing?

Then you've been
Keeping up with
The best of them:

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Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. A Hollywood writer armed with a camera crawled through the hedge around the grounds of her home and, unbeknown to Greta, snapped a picture of Garbo taking a sun bath.

2. If you know Polly Moran, you know Pauline Theresa. It's her real name and Polly is just for the screen.

3. "Buddy" smoked a cigarette for the first time in a picture; he has grown a mustache; and he has just had his appendix removed.

4. Dolores Costello, absent from the screen since she married John Barrymore, has signed a movie contract. Her husband announced at one time that he wanted her to stay at home and be comfortable.

5. Marlene Dietrich, the Paramount Garbo rival, has received the most comment. Universal's contender for the Garbo rival is Tala Birell and Elissa Landi is Fox's candidate. Greta herself is at Metro-Goldwyn.

6. The death of the bride, Diane Ellis, while they were traveling through India, brought the honeymoon to an untimely end.

7. Pauline Frederick's fourth husband, Hugh Chisholm Leighton, sued her for divorce, charging he had been her husband in name only.

8. The blonde Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are being seen together pretty regularly.

9. Joseph Von Sternberg manages to get in a scene with a black cat in every picture he directs. The recent ones are: "The Blue Angel" and "Morocco."

10. Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd were married. The knot was tied December 19.

11. Because Esther Ralston, who is Mrs. George Webb, is expecting "a blessed event," movie offers will have to wait.

12. Many of them found themselves penniless when the Bank of Hollywood and The Guaranty Building and Loan Association closed their doors.

13. Marion Davies presented Marie Dressler with a modernistically decorated dressing-room-on-wheels. No wonder Marie was so happy.

14. Phil Plant composed "My Yesterdays with You," dedicating it to Constance, and he has Morton Downey, Barbara Bennett's husband, broadcast it, knowing that Connie tunes in on his programs.

15. Although John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex, has been reported engaged to Mae Clarke, all signs point to a reunion of this couple who, friends say, have never stopped loving each other.

16. Art Acord, the six-foot Western cowboy star, committed suicide by swallowing poison recently while he was working in Mexico in a mining camp.

17. The death of his mother, following an attack of sinus trouble took all the joy out of Christmas for Charlie.

18. Mae Busch, who was popular in the movies before the Talkies came in, has hung out her shingle.

19. Natalie Moorhead became Mrs. Alan Crosland when she married the director.

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See pages 40 and 41 of the February issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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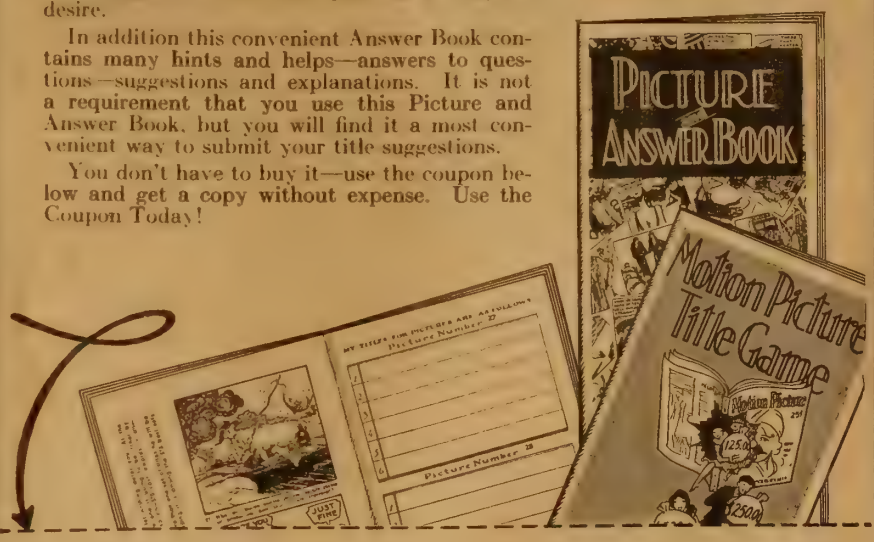
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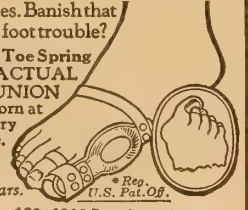
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George Bancroft's spats with Paramount may be hot news, but his golf score isn't. Like his salary, it's on the up and up. They both hit a new high after "Scandal Sheet," with George grinning.

The Hot News Story

(*Continued from page 8*)

understanding the ways of this strange new country, a large group of them entrusted their money to an agent who, never dreaming of impending disaster, deposited it in the fateful bank.

The crash of the Bank of Hollywood was a particular shock to everybody. The whole town, even to the movie colony, had taken a pride in the institution, considering it a local achievement. Its very name had inspired confidence. It sounded like *the* bank the movies had built.

And the suddenness of the crash was amazing. We have yet to hear of any depositor who had forewarning and withdrew his money. Usually, when a bank is on the rocky edge, there are rumors. But there were none this time. Even *Variety*, the theatrical weekly, which senses most Hollywood news before it happens, was caught unawares and with money in the bank. And *Variety's* Western office is right across the street.

Mother Knew Best

JACK OAKIE has always thought a whole lot of his mother, but he has reason to be even fonder of her now. For weeks Jack had been talking about taking his money out of the bank and investing it in bonds, but he never got around to it, somehow. Easy-going, that's Jack. Then one Saturday morning his mother took a hand in the matter.

"Jack," said Mrs. Oakie, "you've been intending to close up your bank account for a long while. Now I want you to go right up to the Boulevard and do it!"

"Aw, Mom!" protested Jack, "This is Saturday. And it's the Big Game day, and I can do it Monday just as well—"

But Mrs. Oakie persisted, and Jack departed, grumbling. He met a friend on the Boulevard and stopped to chat with him. When he looked at the clock, it was two minutes of twelve, and he had to do some tall sprinting to get into the bank before closing time, and take out his savings. A director friend of his at Paramount had intended to follow his example, but went to the Notre Dame game instead, planning to go around Monday and get out his money. Monday morning, the bank closed its doors!

Hollywood has met the situation according to its wont, with a shrug, a joke—even with a certain pride. "It's as I suspected," a local newspaper man remarked, resignedly. "Actors meet me and weep on my shoulder about their lost twenty-five thousand dollars, whereas I know that not only did they never see twenty-five thousand dollars themselves, but they never even *knew* anybody who *has* seen twenty-five thousand dollars."

"How much would you give for the Bragging Privileges on the lot?" a studio wisecracker wants to know.

A number of small shops on the Boulevard, buoyed up by local loyalty, offered to take checks on the closed banks in payment for goods. One jeweler's store was cleaned out in five hours. Maybe their faith will be rewarded and everybody will get his money from the banks in time.

Meanwhile, players who have been occupying four-hundred-dollar-a-month apartments are moving into cheaper quarters. One well-known star, reminded of a sixty-dollar florist's bill, offered to pay it off ten dollars at a time. A Universal featured player cancelled a Christmas Eve party he was giving. A character actor of note held an auction of his collection of Chinese porcelains. There were far fewer Christmas greeting cards at a dollar a piece.

In another town you would hear complaints, threats against the bank officials, lamentations over losses. Not in Hollywood. Actors have always regarded money more lightly than other people. Perhaps it is their heritage from centuries when they were classed as "rogues and vagabonds" and roamed the world joyously without enough in their pockets to jingle. They are a cheerful lot, invincibly optimistic—or they would never have become actors in the first place. They also dramatize their bad luck.

But I'm afraid they won't take Ben Franklin's advice about a penny saved being a penny earned . . . after this!

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

HENRY MCGEE—Well! how does your name look to you in print? Yakima Canutt was born in Whitman County, Washington, Nov. 29, 1899. Jack Perrin, Three Rivers, Mich., in 1903. Bob Custer, Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 18, 1900. William S. Hart, Newburg, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1872. Tom Mix, Texas, Jan. 6, 1879. Jack Hoxie, Oklahoma, no record of his age. Hoot Gibson, Tekamah, Neb., July 21, 1892. Bob Steele's latest picture is "The Sunrise Trail," Blanche Mehaffey plays opposite him.

E. L.—Dorothy Jordan and Ramon Novarro had the leads in "Devil May Care." Sharon Lynn was born in Weatherford, Texas, about twenty-four years ago. She has golden brown hair and brown eyes. Jean Arthur, New York City, about twenty-five years ago. She is five feet three, weighs about 105 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. That was Jeanne Eagels' real name. Robert Montgomery is married to Elizabeth Allen, they have a daughter who was born on Oct. 14, 1930.

ANN F.—Marguerite Churchill was born in Kansas City, about twenty years ago. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 124 pounds, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Her hobby is dramatic art. Appearing in "Charlie Chan Carries On." Barry Norton, Buenos Aires, Argentine, on June 16, 1905, five feet eleven inches tall, 145 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. Real name is Alfredo de Biriben and he's appearing in Marlene Dietrich's new picture "Dishonored," Paramount Studios.

SAN DIEGO FAN—Lon Chaney's first talkie and last picture was "The Unholy Three." Yes, Mr. Chaney is a great loss to the screen. Greta Garbo is five feet six inches tall and is appearing in "Mata Hari." Mitzi Green's real name is Keeno, latest picture "Finn and Hattie Abroad." Mary Brian's, Louise Dantzler, playing in "The Westerner." Betty Bronson hasn't appeared in any new production since "The Medicine Man." She was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on Nov. 17, 1906. Jack Oakie and Jean Arthur are playing in "The Gang Buster." Well! I'll be hearing from you and until then—ask me another.

R. H. M. H.—Joan Crawford has post- poned doing "The Great Day" for "Paid," which is adapted from the story "Within the Law" and "Dance, Fools, Dance." Joan hails from San Antonio, Texas, is five feet four inches tall, weighs about 120 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Gilbert Roland played opposite Billie Dove in "The Love Mart." Here are some of the stars who were born on and around Nov. 8. Marie Prevost and Marie Dressler, Nov. 8, June Marlowe and Paul Ellis, Nov. 6, Leatrice Joy, Margaret Morris and Mona Maris, Nov. 7, Wheezer was born on March 29. Andre Beranger and Louis Wolheim, March 28.

LEW AYRES FAN—Gosh! what a popular lad, practically every other letter has something or other about him, and we wish to correct a statement we made in saying he was married. He's still a bachelor and I'll bet you're tickled too, come on, 'fess up, aren't you? Lewis was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908, and appearing in "Fires of Youth," and receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios. He will be glad to hear from you. Armida was born in Sonora, Mexico, about ninteen years ago. She is four feet eleven inches tall, weighs 90 pounds.

CAMILLE—William Boyd, Elinor Faire and Victor Varconi had the leading rôles in "The Volga Boatman," which was released in April, 1926. Victor Varconi was born in Kirvarda, Hungary, March 31, 1896, he is married and his latest picture is "Doctors' Wives," Fox Studios. Upkeep is tremendous on Ed Wynn's "lucky shoes." The Perfect Fool has never played a performance without them during the last fifteen years, and he estimates they have cost him $800 in upkeep. He wears them in his first all-talking picture "Follow the Leader."

INQUISITIVE—David Scott, who played the rôle of the brother "In Gay Madrid," was born in Whitefish, Montana, Jan. 13, 1912. No, he is not related to Fred Scott. "Skeets" Gallagher played the rôle of *Johnny Bay* and Jack Oakie the rôle of *Ben Barnie* in "Close Harmony." I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of Charles Rogers pictures, there are too many to mention here.

C. L. GOODLIND—You forgot your address for a personal reply, so I'm answering you here. Anita Louise was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. She speaks French and German and has traveled through the principal countries of Europe twice. Is an accomplished pianiste, with many awards for special merit, an expert at fencing and a good tennis player, rider and swimmer. Conway Tearle was born in New York City, but went to England, his parents' native land, for his education. He attended Carlisle and Winchester schools. His childhood ambition was to be a pugilist, which profession he followed for two years before taking up acting. Has appeared in a number of stage productions in London and America. His most recent picture released was "The Truth About Youth."



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Now You're Talking

(Continued from page 6)

Picture This if You Can



I am writing a letter of appreciation to you for your generosity in giving the public the sepia finish pictures of the movie stars. We have our set thumb-tacked on the front room wall for all to admire and they are always the topic of conversation when we have visitors. Since I tacked the "stars" on my wall, I have never once had to desperately strive to break up one of those deathly quiet spells that occasionally strikes a party. And, incidentally, as one lady sweetly informed me, "they hide the cracks in your wall-paper, dear."

Mrs. Harriet Gilfillan, Port Albernie, Can.

Shocked By Cruel Criticism

I am so glad MOTION PICTURE gives the fans an opportunity to express their opinions, but as I read their remarks from time to time, I am greatly shocked and sometimes hurt to note the cruel criticism and brutal frankness of these letters concerning my favorites. I am sure everyone appreciates constructive criticism, but I feel certain the majority does not like the constant knocking of such marvelous and beloved players as Conrad Nagel, Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, etc.

Madoline Denton, Lexington, Ky.

I Can't Understand It



How such stupid, malicious utterances of Carmel Johnston's get space in your magazine is beyond me. Greta Garbo is superior to every actress on the screen. Her superb artistry and her interesting personality and beauty are qualities which I suppose Miss Johnston cannot comprehend.

Mrs. Anna F., Port Chester, N. Y.

There's No Comparison

Listen, Josephine M., no one can beat Buddy Rogers. Lew Ayres is a wonderful actor but I don't believe you're justified in even comparing the two. Their acting is entirely different.

And I think Clara Bow is still a good little actress in spite of the razzberries she's been enjoying of late. More power to you, Clara.

Let's stop telling them their bad points and give them a good boost instead.

"Snooks," El Reno, Okla.

"Hello" Girls Are Ladies



Why are characters exaggerated? For instance, when it is necessary for a scene to be shown in which a telephone operator takes part, she is pictured with her limbs crossed, chewing gum and with a silly grin on her face. I hope the instigator of this will visit an office soon and see for himself that these things are not true. Telephone operators are ladies too.

M. T. Athens, Pa.

Can You Solve This One?

After a wise crack or funny situation in a picture, we miss so much of the dialogue because of the laughter of the audience that follows. On the vaudeville stage the performers hesitate after a wise crack in order to have the audience quiet when the next laugh comes up. Why can't the same be done in the Talkies? But supposing on the screen when the comedian pulled a fast one, nobody laughed! What an awkward break that would be if there was silence and the operator had to slide on a "this is a laugh" sign for the benefit of the Englishmen present! And then again, some folks would laugh too long and loud and we would lose the whole of the next gag! Has anyone a solution?

L. P., West Los Angeles, Cal.

Gooey Stuff



Love on the screen today is a matter of flowery words, emotional appeal, silver tones and vibrant sounds. It is ludicrous. Kisses are long, slow, drawn-out agonies. Why must this be? Audiences laugh, snicker, and hiss at such love scenes. This gooey stuff is just about as sickening as spoiled food. Why can't we have the honest-to-goodness love-making as it is in real life? The quick laughing kiss is more welcome than such monotonous scenes.

Floyd Miller, Harmarville, Pa.

Give Zasu a Break



Zasu Pitts should have a leading part in a comedy. She would be a box-office attraction with that slow, drawling, humorous voice of hers. All Zasu ever gets is small parts. Why not give her a real part and then we would have a comedy worth seeing.

A Pitts Fan, Providence, R. I.

Nancy Scores



What's the matter with our cheer leaders? Why Nancy Carroll made a 100% touchdown in "Laughter." There's a little girl who has done big things in this small world. She has certainly shown the mad public real ability as a dramatic actress. I suggest that MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE give Nancy a great big hand, and that Paramount show us bigger and better pictures of this new bundle of S. A.

Isabelle Jordan, Detroit, Mich.

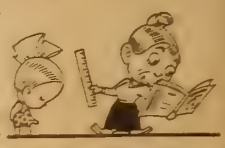
Basil's Clothes and Marlene's Eyelashes

In "Sin Takes A Holiday," Basil Rathbone, by reason of his clothes, was the funniest looking actor that I have seen in a long time. His suits were miles too large for him and he wore the "balloon" trousers which were stylish years ago. How he was ever let out of the costuming department in such regalia is a mystery. And Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" was very lovely until she was shown in close-up. The poor girl's eyelids must have been very, very tired at the end of each day. The false eyelashes she wore looked terrible. They marred every close-up and made me question her beauty.

J. P. V., Hartford, Conn.

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

What's the Matter With Teachers?



Why do the teachers when they see us with a screen magazine take it away from us and call it "trash"? Aren't movies considered an art? And aren't they educational? Who do they show "trash" in school then? (meaning movies). Don't the teachers ever go to shows? I was caught with your magazine once but it will never happen again. MOTION PICTURE is too good a magazine to be thrown away and called "trash"!

Mary Presly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

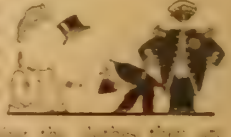
Married Life As It Should Be



I admire Joan Crawford for the way she loves her husband and she doesn't seem to care who knows it. She's just the type that would keep right on loving her husband. She has been in some pictures with some handsome fellows like Johnny Mack Brown and Robert Montgomery and other but she is [illegible] I think [illegible] I believe they will [illegible] together. If I ever find some girl that I think as much of as Joan does of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., I won't mind [illegible] I'll even go so far as to [illegible] it will make me [illegible] and Doug [illegible]

[illegible]

Forget the Clothes



Some pictures seem [illegible] players [illegible] clothes parading [illegible] stiff they're afraid to [illegible] bend their backs [illegible] rally for fear of spoiling the clothes they are wearing. The [illegible] are wonderful and so are the movie stars, but it's time [illegible] and talk and act like humans or I'll get up and leave the theater.

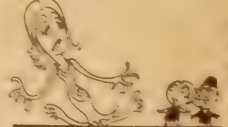
[illegible] Indiana

It's the Bunk

I am on the rampage against Garbo. What is she? Nothing. It's just the publicity mystery woman, silent—phooey. I've read numerous articles about her, every one the only true one. How could that all be if she is the silent woman. Mystery? Bunk!

A. H., New York, N. Y.

What's the Attraction?



Greta Garbo the personification of the most [illegible] all angles and [illegible] big hands and feet, an [illegible] lazy mouth, from which come low husky vibrant tones that send chills up one's spine, languid eyes, and yet I never miss one of her pictures.

What is the attraction? What is that gossamer web so tightly woven that it holds one spellbound to his seat. It is unreality. She is like a voice from another world that haunts me night and day. Give us more of this gorgeous unreality.

A. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

Such Catty Remarks

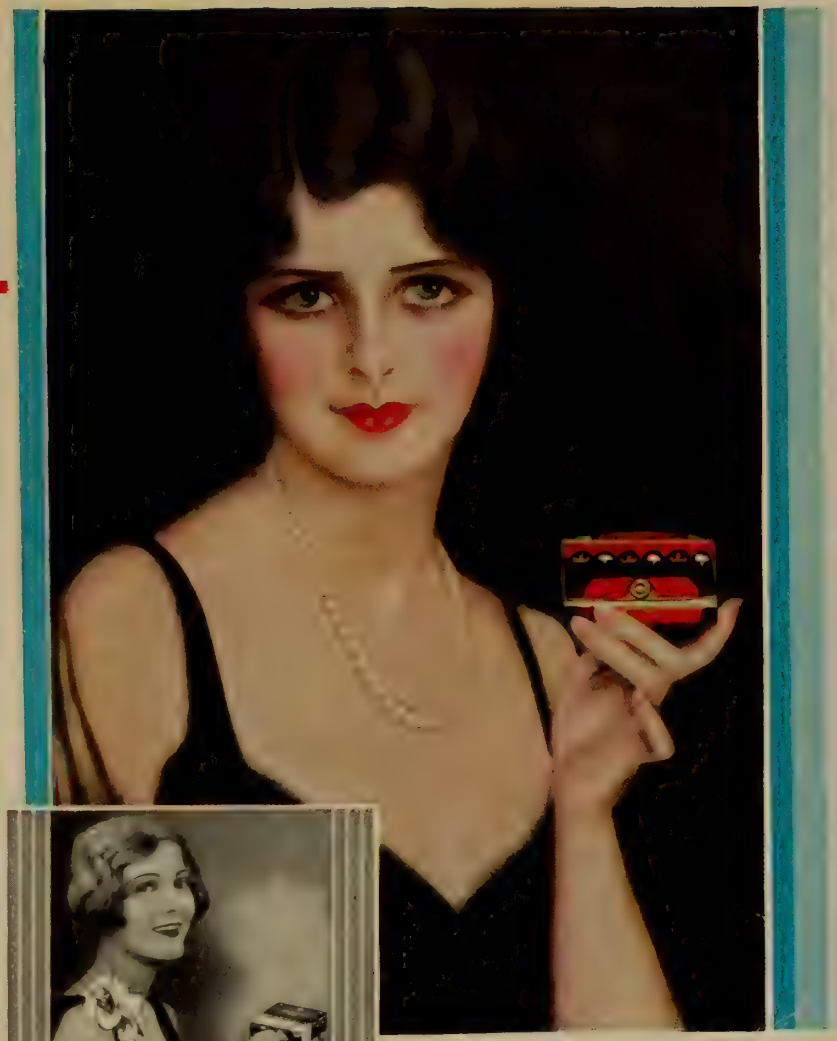
Oooooo!! It just makes my blood boil to read your panning of the actors and actresses. You are all so catty. Just because you don't like them is no sign no one else does. Say something nice or say nothing at all.

G. E. Brown, S. Paris, Me.

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Motion Picture

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IRENE RICH



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If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

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"Let's all go to the movies."



"I know what I wanna see." "Hey, get a move on, Fatty!" "Where you all a-goin' so fast?" "We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

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RANGO



JESSE L. LASKY

IN the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

Jesse L. Lasky

First Vice-Pres.
Paramount Publix Corp.

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Motion Picture

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Publisher*

APRIL 1931 / Twentieth Year Volume XLI, No. 3

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NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Marlene Preferred

I think Marlene Dietrich has it all over Garbo. All this about Garbo wearing skirts, sweaters and oxfords and living a life of seclusion is perfectly silly. And if she doesn't want to be in the public eye why does she bother to stay in American movies? I also think her voice is terrible. Marlene is better looking and at least she is frank.



B. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

A Fair Warning

This is only a warning, but Marlene, the German lady, had better take it seriously. Fame for this actress will be spelled in other letters than G-A-R-B-O. We, the Garbo fans, will accept her on this one condition: that she be herself and, furthermore, that "self" be plenty different from the Great Garbo. From where I sit the new woman looks like an actress, sure enough. But she's no genius, she's no goddess, she's no great idol.

Richard E. Pasamore, Media, Pa.

Something To Look Forward To

As a picture fan looking forward to another year of magic entertainment, here are some of the things I'd like to see transpire during 1931:

1. Clara Bow in straight dramatic rôles, with the Army and Navy relegated to the Newsreels where they belong.



2. Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen starred together in a picture where Buddy dies, Gary gets fat and Dick wins the girl, the gold and the glory.
3. The end of the Garbo-Dietrich controversy. Give Marlene a chance to be herself.
4. John Gilbert and Jean Harlow starred together in a romance so red-hot that all the censors who see it will drop dead.
5. Some new and original stories. No more war stories, prison melodramas, or that covered-wagon sort of stuff.

George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

Try It On Tibbetts

Who's next for the hot squat? Marie Dressler, Buddy Rogers and Charlie Farrell are okay by me. So is Constance Bennett. Maybe a brickbat made her head that way. Who cares? What I'm here to say is stop spanking Jack Buchanan. If he likes to show off his hands, which are good, and exercise his voice which is better I can't see why he shouldn't do both at once and save your money. Why not fire your pop guns at Lawrence Tibbett?

Evelyn Johnson, Hawkes Bay, N. Z.

Give John A Good Picture



Why not give John Gilbert a break? I went to see "Way For a Sailor" the first night it was shown in Dallas and the house was packed, which is a pretty good indication of his popularity despite the rotten pictures he has had recently. A good picture would put him back where he was three years ago. Why do they persist in giving him rôles befitting George Bancroft or Victor McLaglen? Neither Conrad Nagel nor Ronald Colman, popular as they are, could make good in such a rough neck rôle. Why expect John Gilbert to do so? His voice is as good as dozens of others in the talkies and far better than a great many.

M. C. Howell, Dallas, Tex.

Where Oakie Belongs



I agree with H. S. that Jack Oakie should be washing dishes. That sickly grin of his is disgusting. And who had the nerve to bring back Adolphe Menjou? Why do they wish him back on us? And where do they get that stuff that Greta is Great? She and Dietrich are the dumbest looking things on the screen.

What we want is more of Gaynor, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Anita Page and Lily Damita.

E. B. R., Arkadelphia, Ark.

Defending Jack Buchanan

With reference to a statement made by one of your readers, may I take up the cudgels on behalf of Jack Buchanan? To criticize an excellent actor because "he does such silly things" is absurd. However, in order to enlighten your correspondent who asks "what could be sillier than to sing and comb a girl's hair at the same time," I would say that it is by far sillier to gaze with the usual rapt, sickly, sentimental look adopted by most actors when singing love songs, than to sing while combing a girl's hair as in Jack's inimitable way.

Your correspondent is so used to the stereotyped mode of acting that any departure from the usual leaves him guessing. Hence, when a versatile and refreshingly natural actor like our Jack comes along, he is not appreciated.

Betty Hill, Grosshill, Glasgow.

How About It, Buddy?



Have you seen Buddy's mustache? He raised one when he was sick and it is terrible. I am sure that all his fans will agree he looks better without it. Buddy, won't you please shave it off for your fans?

Mary Ann M., Rochester, Ind.

Buddy Anything But An Actor

Who said Charles Rogers was an actor? I think he would be better as a nurse maid. In fact, almost anything but an actor.

Let us have some of our old favorites like the Talmadge sisters and Thomas Meighan.

Kathleen Wright, Chicago, Ill.

Not His Type of Stuff



Who was so dumb as to cast Eddie Lowe as the grouchy husband in "Part-Time Wife." Please give Edmund Lowe more "Cockeyed Worlds."

M. H., Michigan City, Ind.

Stars Have Feelings Too

I would think that Jane Woodrum didn't have a tiny particle of brain matter when she said in the December issue that "How could Constance Bennett be so beautiful with such a funny shaped head." According to her statements you'd think the stars had no feelings.

L. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

Ina and Fred Simply Grand



I'd like to hand Ina Claire a few bouquets for her superb portrayal of *Julie Cavendish* in "The Royal Family." And as for Fredric March in the same picture, I think he was simply grand. He did a John Barrymore to perfection and looked more like John than John could himself. And tell him to keep the mustache—it's swell!

Cynthia W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Few Can Sing

Of the hundreds of movie actors that claim to have good voices, only about six or seven are passable. All of the other men and women that try to sing are awful and this includes Buddy Rogers. It's much better to hear a poor male voice than a poor female one. A theme song sung badly by a woman that has a so-called gorgeous soprano or a hot and frenzied "hoop-de-doo-hoop" one or a drawling, moaning, crooning one, positively grates on the nerves. Jeanette MacDonald has an excellent voice, but Helen Kane can go back to the Bronx. She is nil, null and void. Here's hoping the situation grows better.

M. T., Winnetka, Ill.

Look Out, Skiddy B!



Who said Buddy Rogers is a sissy? Come on, step up. I'm waiting for you with a rolling pin in one hand and a frying pan in the other.

Helen Rockwood, Madison, Wis.

Come On, You Garbo Fans

Wouldn't I love to have Carmen Johnston here right now. So Garbo's dumb, is she? Well, my dear Miss Johnston, I'd just love to see you play in "Anna Christie" or "Romance." I'm sure you'd take our breath away. Come on, you Garbo fans, defend our Greta. Another young lady I'd like to meet face to face is the dear Miss Pickett. She thinks Charles Buchanan isn't handsome enough. I'm not so hot for Buchanan myself but he's a good actor. Miss Pickett would rather have Charles Rogers. Imagine Buddy as the sailor in "Anna Christie."

Betty Muller, Punxsutawney, Pa.

Everyone To His Own Taste



Why do some people like Westerns, thrillers and crook and airplane movies? Personally, I don't care for them, but everyone to his own taste. If I were a producer I would only make musical comedies and sophisticated, clever plays.

S. S., Reading, Pa.

Likes Motion Picture And Rudy Too

I think Motion Picture is the most intelligent movie magazine. It appeals to men and women to read its articles as well as many screen books do.

I have just seen "The Vagabond Lover" and I don't think Marie Dressler stole the picture. She was just great. I have not heard of Kate Valentine either, but she must be some star as she was handled. He and his band should have had the big feature part, a background for a star. Rudy has a wonderful voice. It increased the popularity of Hudson Maxim's poems and the songs of the [illegible] and personality to bring romance and glamour to a few hours of dreamy moments. He will have accomplished a great purpose. Rudy Vallee's voice is sufficient reason for starring him.

William H. Casey, Newark, N.J.

(Continued on page 122)

Try Your Skill – Pick the Winner



Become Eligible for Unique Prize Distribution
10 Prizes of $700.00 Each

"They're off!" Have you ever leaped to your feet at a race, cheering for your favorite—heard the crowd shouting "Come on! Come on!" as down the stretch—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—nerves atingle—the horses come with a rush—each rider and horse straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? Have you? If you have, then you've known the "Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

Do you think you can PICK THE WINNER in the great race pictured above—if you can, you will have a chance to win $700.00 cash. The total "purse" is $7940.00. Think of it! And a share of this purse can be yours—$700.00. What an opportunity for you if you can Pick the Winner! Read the instructions below now—then see how your luck is.

Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his stable may wear. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey wearing identically the same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home," the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest! If you can Pick the Winner, by all means send his number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of $600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of $100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten First Prizes a total of $700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just — PICK THE WINNER NOW AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO

W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director, Room 238, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

THE HOT NEWS STORY OF THE MONTH

Which Girl Was Being Tried---Daisy De Voe or Clara Bow?

By REGINALD TAVINER

IT'S A grand old song—but, like the old oaken bucket, it's all wet. Daisies do tell—and how! Take Miss Daisy De Voe, ex-hairdresser at Paramount Studios, and now most emphatically ex-secretary to the Brooklyn bombshell, the one and only Clara Bow. When Daisy started out to tell on Clara, she included 'most everybody else who came into her head—Gary Cooper, Rex Bell, Dr. Earl Pearson, Harry Richman. But the District Attorney says that when it came to the final showdown, Daisy actually told on Daisy.

Perhaps she didn't quite expect things to go so far. There is a saying in the theatrical profession that has become almost an adage. It's this:

Actors Don't Sue.

They don't—usually. There are probably not more than a half-dozen movie stars of any magnitude who have not paid out money to avoid publicity at one time or the other. In some cases they may have had real things to conceal, but in many more cases some unscrupulous person has played upon their dread of unfavorable publicity which might harm them in the eyes of the public. Richard Dix once admitted in an interview that he had paid thousands of dollars to avoid lawsuits over matters in which he was absolutely blameless. So have most other stars.

To be sure, William S. Hart once bravely dragged an unsavory case into court and insisted that it be tried. He would, he said at the time, pay every cent he owned to fight the charge, but he would not spend a cent to hush it up. He was vindicated, and for many years other actors were saved from the danger of similar attacks by scandal-mongering sharpshooters by his courage. Mostly, though, they have paid—and paid. Until Daisy De Voe, so it was charged, threatened to "tell" unless she was paid one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.





Acme—P. & A. photos

Daisy De Voe (left) kept the tabloids busy, "telling all" about Clara. Despite their smiles outside the courtroom (right), the trial *was* a trial for Clara and her faithful boy-friend, Rex Bell

The Last Straw

CLARA had stood for plenty in the past. She had stood for a forty-two-thousand-dollar "love-pirate" settlement to Mrs. Pearson, wife of the dashing Dallas dentist. She had stood for countless spongers. She had even stood her boy-friends their expensive watches. But this was a bit too much.

Daisy, she had thought, was her best friend. It didn't matter to her what people said about Daisy. It didn't matter that she had been warned against her.

"If anybody had told me Daisy would do the things she has done, I would have killed him," Clara declared passionately when the storm broke. Clara's loyalty to her family and friends always has been known. She had treated Daisy like a companion, a friend, a sister almost—not like an employee. Even after the trial was all over, she asked for mercy for Daisy.

Clara says that Daisy mistook friendship for fear and demanded a price for her silence. This was the straw that broke the Bow's beauteous back.

"The whole thing could have been very easily avoided," said Clara, "by submitting to Miss De Voe's demands. I don't believe for a minute that she thought I would dare refuse these demands and bring it into court. She felt, I think, that my reaction would be just the same as that of other motion picture players from whom money has frequently been extracted by unjustifiable schemes."

No Fun for Clara

BUT Clara is a fighter. "I owed it not only to myself," she says, "but to the whole motion picture industry to go through with it. I hated the trial. I didn't want to prosecute anybody. But I'm tired of us actors being made the fall guys."

It was not an easy decision to make. Clara dreaded the eyes and whispers of the courtroom as much as any other girl would have dreaded them. For weeks between the indictment and the trial she would sit evenings among her friends, sunk in gloomy thought, only to start up crying, "Oh, I dread the trial! I can't get it off my mind! All those people! Staring—and me up there on the stand—"

It took courage to invite unpleasant publicity, instead of taking the easier way and paying for safe silence. "But both Mr. Gilbert, my lawyer, and Mr. Fitts, the District Attorney, thought I ought to go through with it," says Clara, simply. "so I did."

It may sound odd to call Clara a heroine for her attitude, yet that is what she is. Any motion picture star who has been in the game as long as Clara knows what she was risking. There are Terrible Examples in Hollywood history. There was Mabel Normand, for instance, whose career was killed by clubwomen on account of unpleasant publicity. There was Mary Miles Minter, whose newspaper connection with the Taylor Murder Case was about her last appearance in print.

But even Clara could hardly have foreseen the way the De Voe trial would be played up to her harm in the press.

"You would think that it was Clara who was being tried for

(Continued on page 40)



Men danced with her *just once*

'B.O.' killed her popularity until . . .

(Body Odor)

THEIR first dance. But he vowed inwardly it would be their *last*. For though she was pretty, though she danced beautifully, one thing spoiled it all. The last thing you would ever suspect in a girl who *looked* so dainty. "B.O.", the polite name for a condition people dislike even to mention—*body odor*.

Of course, she didn't realize she was offending. She was horrified when—a few weeks later—another girl blurted out the truth. But she took the friendly warning—adopted a simple safeguard . . . Now she's popular with everyone, a favorite partner at a dance. She knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

Play safe—always!

Don't take chances with "B.O." Even though it is cool weather, we still perspire. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

We may not notice it in ourselves—*others do!* But with Lifebuoy to safeguard us, we need *never* offend.

Lifebuoy gives an abundance of rich, creamy, antiseptic lather—even in hardest water. It penetrates pores—removes all odor—keeps the body fresh and sweet. The favorite toilet soap of millions of particular men and women. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Complexions grow lovelier

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy—that's the quick, easy way to a good complexion, say women everywhere. Its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—gently frees them of clogged impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

How To Banish Beauty-Robbing FAT

Obtain charming, sylph-like figure, all while you're building up glorious health and energy.



Louise: *Just think of it—I've lost 20 lbs. and feel perfect.*
Sally: *For goodness sakes HOW—tell me quick.*
Louise: *Kruschen Salts—I can't tell enough people about it.*

The modern intelligent woman is careful to obtain and preserve a slim, supple figure—she well knows the loss of beauty as well as health-danger in excess fat.

Thousands of women the world over have relied upon and been joyfully repaid by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Not only do women succeed in banishing ugly fat but they build up superb daily health, greater physical attractiveness and fitness, keener mental force, stronger nerves and beautiful complexions as well. (Reducing results can be speeded by cutting out pastries, going light on potatoes and butter.)

Kruschen, a splendid blend of 6 precious health-giving minerals, is carried by your blood bringing new life and strength to every nerve, gland and body organ. Your system must be supplied with these minerals if waste accumulations are to be properly eliminated—Kruschen strikes at the CAUSE of fat!

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks. In 2 weeks Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va. lost 15½ lbs., a North Carolina woman lost 47 lbs. in 3 months—both are eternally grateful to Kruschen. And if YOU don't get the results *you're* after—money refunded. Kruschen is sold with this understanding by all good druggists the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *Big Business Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ames, Robert—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—recently completed *Gun Smoke*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—*Millionaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *The Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—recently completed *Behind Office Doors*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *The Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

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Bakewell, William—playing in *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—recently completed *Scandal Sheet*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *New York Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barrymore, John—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Finger Points*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Noah—playing in *Millionaire*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Lost Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Doctors' Wives*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *Night Nurse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in *The Flood*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Flood*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Working Girls*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Interference*, Husband—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *The Front Page*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *New York Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Broadminded*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bushell, Anthony—playing in *Lost Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Between Two Worlds*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Unfinished*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—recently completed *Girls Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Woman*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *We Three*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Dance, Fools, Dance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—last release *Tonight Is Ours*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Daniels, Bebe—playing in *The Woman*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Darrow, John—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances—playing in *Jane Mason*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dell, Claudia—playing in *Interference*, Apartment—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Air Police*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Big Business*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—last picture *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Business Apartment*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Ellers, Sally—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Errol, Leon—last picture *Fifty Fifty Husbands*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Fairbanks, Douglas—last picture *Knockout for the Movies*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Chance*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Movie Mad*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fay, Frank—playing in *Gold Dust Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Screenmates*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Ex-Flame*—*The Unwritten Law*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—playing in *Crowding Danger*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *It Pays To Advertise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garrick, John—playing in *Chances Case Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Movie Mad*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—*Paris*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gleason, James—playing in *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—last release *Finn and Hattie*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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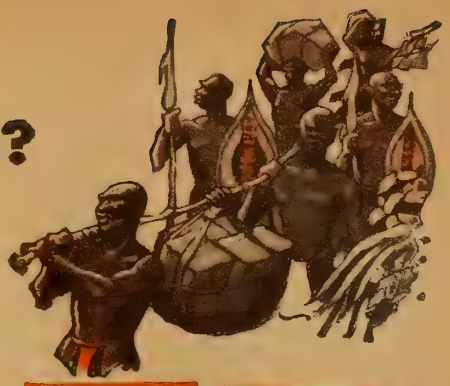
Haines, William—playing in *The Passionate Plumber*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—playing in *Danger Ahead*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Halliday, John—playing in *Disorderly Conduct*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Behind Office Doors*—Radio Pictures Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—playing in *Iron Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(continued on page 12)

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?



The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture!* **AT LAST—**

TRADER HORN



is completed and has been proclaimed greater than "THE BIG PARADE" greater than "BEN HUR," in fact

"THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME!"

FILMED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

Based on the famous novel by **TRADER HORN & ETHELREDA LEWIS**

Directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
with
HARRY CAREY
DUNCAN RENALDO
EDWINA BOOTH

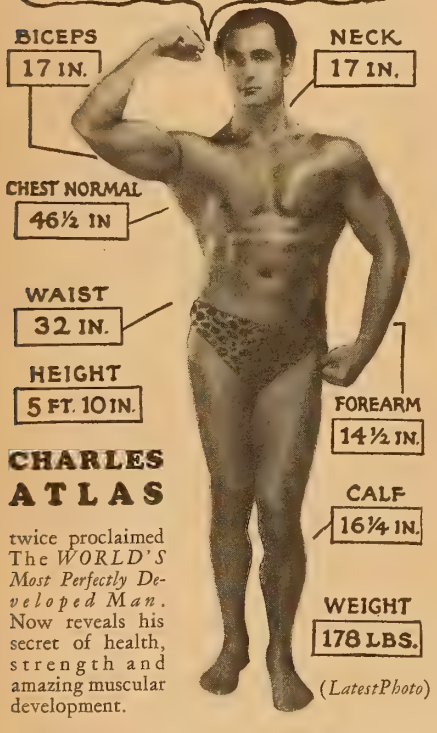


See it at your favorite theatre

A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER

All-Talking Picture

"Give me your measure and I'll PROVE that you can have a body like mine"



CHARLES ATLAS

twice proclaimed The *WORLD'S Most Perfectly Developed Man*. Now reveals his secret of health, strength and amazing muscular development.

(*LatestPhoto*)

IT'S easy my DYNAMIC-TENSION way. And quick! Just tell me what you NOW measure—and what you want to be.

I'll give you PROOF in just 10 Days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. I'll put a solid inch of smooth, supple powerful muscle all over your body.

If you are under weight, I'll add the pounds where they are needed and, if you are fat in any spots. I'll show you how to pare down to the fighting trim that I am always in myself.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you **through-and-through** health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one other ailments that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

FREE! "Everlasting Health and Strength"

First, do what my other prize-winning followers did. Send for a free copy of my 48-page book—"**Everlasting Health and Strength.**" Gamble a 2c stamp for the biggest prize that anyone can gain—a handsome, healthy, muscular body that commands the respect of anybody, any time, any place!

With my book I'll send you a chart so you can give me all your measurements. Then compare **your** biceps with **mine.** Measure your chest and put the figures beside mine. Do the same with arms, neck, wrist and all other parts of your body. Then get proof of what my secret of **Dynamic Tension** will do for you—in your home—spending as little as 15 minutes a day doing what I tell you—without apparatus—without special foods, pills, or baths—without any kind of fussy contrivance whatsoever! Give **me** 10 days and I'll give **you** the proof!

Remember, it's easy my way. No apparatus—**Dynamic Tension** does the work! You owe it to yourself to find out what my secret will do for you. Make sure of **your** free copy of my book—mail the coupon NOW. Address CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 4610), 133 East 23d St., New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 4610)
133 East 23d St., New York City

Dear Mr. Atlas: I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will give me, too, a healthy husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength,**" and the confidential chart for my measurements.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 10*)

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Confessions of A Co-ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Subway Express*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *The Front Page*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Hell Bound*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Among the Married*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *Phantom Hoofs*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kenyon, Doris—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—playing in *Bachelor Apartments*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Indiscretion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *Body and Soul*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lane, Lola—playing in *Hell Bound*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *God Gift To Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Laye, Evelyn—last release *One Heavenly Night*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Turned Loose In College*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—last release *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loder, John—playing in *Unfaithful*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *It Pays To Advertise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—recently completed *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Interference*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—recently completed *More Than a Kiss*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Working Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *Counsellor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Between Us Two*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolph—playing in *Morals*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing in *It's A Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Myers, Carmel—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Gambling Daughters*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Norton, Barry—recently completed *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Oakie, Jack—playing in *June Moon*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—recently completed *The Sap Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries On*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—recently completed *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *The Easiest Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—last release *Finn and Hattie*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Gentleman of the World*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *It's A Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ralston, Esther—recently completed *Lonely Wives*—Pathe Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Last Mile*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Fox Studios*, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *New York Nights*—Paramount Studios, Queens Plaza South, Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Night Nurse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Perfect Understanding*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Radio Pictures Studios*, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Svengali*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Fox Studios*, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Radio Pictures Studios*, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vareom, Victor—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Paramount Studios*, Astoria, L. I., Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Strangers May Kiss*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wayne, John—playing in *Fox Studios*, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Marjorie—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wolheim, Louis—playing in *The Last Mile*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, John—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Paramount Studios*, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *Fox Studios*, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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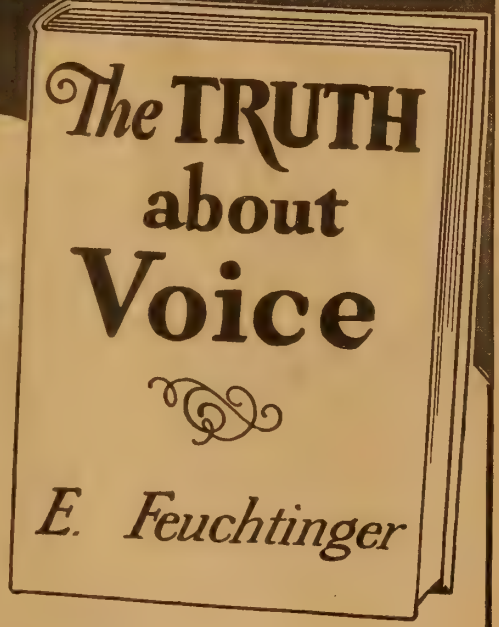
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Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1. When was your belief in the saying "Daisies won't tell" blasted? This is an easy one.

2. Do you know who the little lady is who has made Jack Oakie stop wise-cracking long enough to talk about love?

3. A heretofore dignified actor has been given a nick name by his sweetie. Who are they and what does she call him?

4. Who is the character actor who lost out when the talkies came in because he couldn't talk English and who has just been signed up by the same company that let him go at that time?

5. Can you name the Metropolitan songbird who had to reduce thirty pounds when she became a movie star?

6. Who is the star who received orders from her studio superiors to appear at the opening of the Marlene Dietrich picture, "Morocco," but refused to attend?

7. Who is the ten-year-old child actress who can be called "a million dollar baby"?

8. What's holding up the wedding of Jeanette Loff to Walter O'Keefe, Broadway songwriter and night club entertainer?

9. What event in the lives of a famous movie couple came as a surprise shortly after they adopted a child?

10. Who is the newcomer to the screen whose name Dame Rumor has connected with that of Charles Farrell?



Acme—P & A

Here she is—the girl who's getting three thousand a week for her first talkie. She's Tallulah Bankhead, Alabama gal, who's home after eight big years on the London stage to do "New York Lady" for Paramount. And more, if that clicks

11. Why is Lupe Velez going around with such a pleased look on her face?

12. Why should the fact that Katherine Gibbs and Leo Meilziner, Jr., were married recently be of interest to movie fans?

13. Who is the blues singer of stage and screen that proved herself a real trouper, living up to the tradition that the play must go on?

14. Do you know the name of the lucky girl who has taken Clara Bow's place in the Gary Cooper picture, "City Streets"?

15. What brought the life of a film star, popular in the days of silent pictures, to a peaceful and sudden end?

16. Can you name the movie star who repeatedly denies she is married to a popular screen idol and yet she is always seen wearing a wedding band?

17. A movie leading man faces deportation. Who is he and what are the charges against him?

18. Do you know the movie actor who is very fond of strong cheese and salami?

19. Are you familiar with the name of the star who already has a million dollars and who has just signed a contract which pays her at the rate of thirty thousand dollars per week?

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way



Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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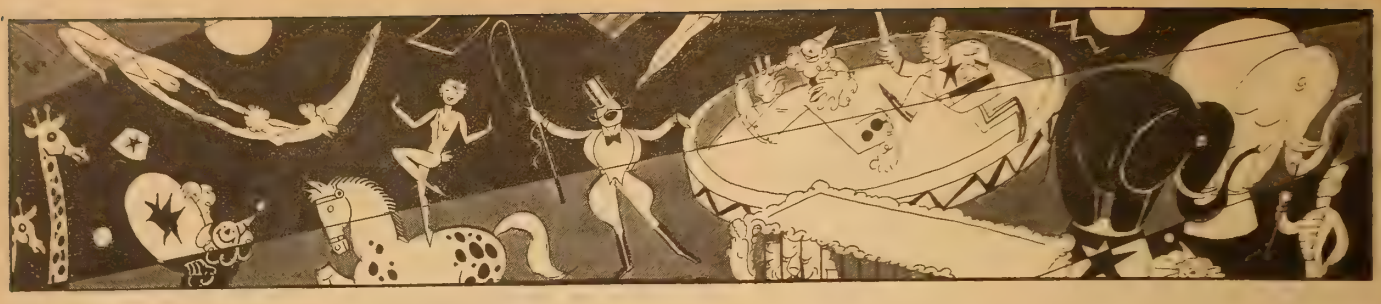
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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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The Hollywood Circus

The Show Must Go On — By ROBERT FENDER

Shocked and Surprised Department

At a Hollywood party the other afternoon the very modern **Jean Harlow** took valuable minutes out to (of all things) phone her mother from time to time.

The same **Miss Harlow** deserted a raft of gent hangers-on to baby-talk and coddle a batch of new-born pups belonging to the hostess. And the pups, being blind, couldn't even appreciate it!

Jean, incidentally, was dressed in her own idea of afternoon gown. What there was of it was black velvet. I *think* it was black velvet. Either black velvet or white organdie. Anyway **Jean** was inside it (or mostly inside it) and it was swell.

Everyone there was invited by **Jean** to attend a house-warming she's tossing soon. A **Harlow** house-warming, we can't help but add, should be several degrees warmer than warm.



Five years ago, sad-faced Alma Rubens was a leading star. Her quick descent and sudden end have taught Hollywood another lesson

---

Lew Cody was there, too, telling most of the old and several new ones. **Lew's** best crack of the evening was directed at **Jean.** "Stop looking at me like that," he piped. "You're just bringing back old memories."



This month, by the way, will see **Charlie Gray's** book, SPOTLIGHT MADNESS, on the stands. See Hollywood as Motion Picture Magazine's bright boy sees it.

It's mildly upsetting to learn that **Doug Fairbanks,** with "pullmotor director" and all, couldn't stage an impressive comeback in "Reaching for the Moon." The press notices that came our way gave **Bebe** and her blonde wig the best of it.

Now we know what "going Hollywood" can mean. Three short years ago he was one of the very best bets in pictures. His producers started building him toward stardom. The laughing waters and women got in their licks with him and the head grew fat and exceeding big.

Followed words with the execs. He told them where to get off, so they, in turn, showed him how to get out. But not before killing him first. (Any star can be "killed" by being kept out of pictures and the prints long enough.)

He went down and still down. Yesterday I watched him bum coffee money from an extra.

And the extra didn't recognize the face—it has changed that much.

Three short years ago—

Ruth Chatterton turned up at an affair the other night wearing something long and slinky **Howard Greer** had thought up for her. But with all its train the dress didn't add enough to **Ruth's** stature.

You'd be surprised, really, at **Ruth's** lack of height. She barely comes to here on husband, **Ralph Forbes.**

Ralph was there, too. (She calls him "Rafe" and he seems to like it.) **Forbes** left the party early (for **Forbes**) in order to be up bright and eager for a little duck shooting.

Also party-ing was **Charles Farrell.** He had a lot to say of boats and why his didn't win a late race. Just a little too "boyish," some thought. Nice, though.

On his left most of the time was **Virginia Valli, Charlie's** asserted personal delight. "Asserted," because unless these eyes need fixing **Charles** was more attentive than was absolutely necessary to his new leading lady, **Elissa Landi**—the local ladies' latest scare.

More, the smiles exchanged by the Misses **Valli** and **Landi** had that subtle something—

You really should know **Miss Landi.** Beauty AND brains. Real beauty. Real brains. Don't you believe **Miss Landi** is different? Listen: She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. And she assertedly told Fox officials she couldn't start her picture with **Farrell** until she'd finished a book she was writing! I swoon.



Most everyone cleared out after awhile to leave me alone with the bowl of punch and the **Chatterton.** We learned, after surprisingly little detective work, that **Ruth** and **Marlene Dietrich** do not get along. **Chatterton,** it seems, is the only one on the Paramount lot who refused to turn out for the opening of **Marlene's** "Morocco." Mmmmm. Putting two and two together and getting at least seven we realized that it's a battle between these two for Paramount's First Lady of the Lot. **Marlene** will have a clear field when **Ruth's** contract expires in October.

Hollywood has just witnessed a bloody battle. It may not be over as this is written. But today's bulletin from the Warner Brothers-Paramount front shows that at least two of Paramount's bigger and best stars, **Bill Powell** and **Ruth Chatterton,** have gone over to the Warner camp for a period of five years. Anyway, it's happened. **Powell's** contract with Paramount was up or nearly up at the time. His exit was more or less graceful.

But **Chatterton** still has seven months to go with her Paramount bosses. They'll no doubt be seven of the coldest months **Ruth** will ever experience.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

The $7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen
—and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine? To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps— but especially to find out just what it is that fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong about! Here's your chance to learn the secrets of *la vie Parisien* without crossing the ocean and getting your feet wet. » » » »



FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and Eddie Welch
Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON



CLAUDIA DELL — WILLIAM GAXTON



HELEN BRODERICK — JOHN HALLIDAY



OLSEN AND JOHNSON



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

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Vanderbilt..



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, née Gloria Morgan, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with Pond's!"

Morgan...



Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, is known for her clear, vigorous complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

Astor...



Lady Violet Astor, daughter of an Earl, has violet-blue eyes and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

Belmont..



Mrs. Morgan Belmont has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in less time at less cost."

Drexel..



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She follows Pond's Method and says: "Pond's is wonderful!"

du Pont....



Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont is a blonde with exquisite skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good and keep one's skin always at its best."

Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care



POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in choosing for the care of their skin the simplest and best of all beauty preparations — Pond's.

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly-groomed complexion is essential — it is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

Pond's Method — Four swift, simple steps, followed faithfully every day, assure the radiant charm of your complexion:

1—During the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float all the clogged dust, dirt and grime up to the surface.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, softer, more absorbent. Peach color and white.

3—Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone, firm, promote lovely natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face, but wherever you powder . . . arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelous to keep your hands soft, white, unchapped. Use always after washing.

At bedtime: Never fail to cleanse your face and neck with Cold Cream and Tissues.

• • •

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GLORIA SWANSON'S TIRED OF MARRIAGE COMEDIES, BOTH REAL AND OTHERWISE. SHE'S EMOTIONAL AGAIN IN "INDISCRETION"



HIS NEXT JOB ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY PIPE FOR GARY COOPER

HE HAS TO TALK - AND TALK HARD - IN AN UNDERWORLD OPUS



(Off The Screen, Myrna Loy's A Modest Siren. But
(On It She's A Wicked Threat To Any Fair Heroine



When Tallulah Bankhead Left London, Clive Brook Left Hollywood. He'll Be The Man She Loves in "New York Lady"



DOROTHY JORDAN WILL BE A-GARBOING YET. THE LITTLE GIRL IS GROWING UP, GROWING WISE, GROWING DRAMATIC



BEAUTY AND THE BREAKS DON'T ALWAYS GO TOGETHER. LOOK AT MARY NOLAN--ILL SINCE HER HIT IN "OUTSIDE THE LAW"



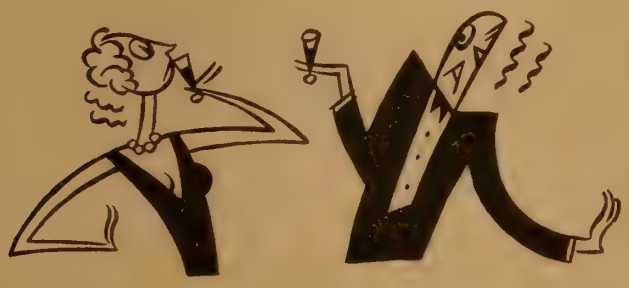
EVERY PICTURE'S A STEPPING STONE, AND DAVID MANNERS IS A FAST STEPPER. HE'S GOING TO BE NEAR THE TOP BY 1932



WE'RE TELLING YOU STRAIGHT—FROM HOLLYWOOD

Here's How

STUDIOS delight in debating among themselves. The universally accepted yes-man legend may or may not goad them into occasionally saying an emphatic no. The fact is, however, minor points of procedure take on major significance as the studios divide into opposing camps.



Currently a bitter controversy rages upon the question of what actors shall drink when they are supposed to be drinking fine liquors. Warners-First National head the forces that declare ginger ale is the only proper substitute for whiskey on the screen. That an actor dislikes ginger ale has no bearing on the matter. They're actors, aren't they? Let them act as though they enjoy it.

Paramount and M-G-M are among those that cater somewhat to personal tastes. "Coke" is a little too dark in color for close-ups but, if the cameraman is agreeable, may be used in longer shots. Sarsaparilla, root beer, *et al.*, are consumed in large quantities.

Then there is the opposition faction headed by Radio. They will have nothing to do with soft drinks. Carbonated water fizzes and you can't have that much collar on whiskey. Cold tea or plain water, colored with caramel or amber, is the proper thing. What if the coloring does mildew under the lights and tastes a bit unpleasant? It is perfectly in character to make a wry face after taking a drink.

And so the battle is fought on the Western front.

It might be pertinent to report our inquiries into screen drinking met with refusal to answer on the part of one studio. This organization stuck to its policy of issuing no information that tends to destroy the public's illusion.

Greetings

HOLLYWOOD faced the necessity this season of improvising something that would do for Christmas spirit. Failure of a popular local banking institution and the muddle left by an eight-million-dollar deficit in the accounts of a building-and-loan association added little to the Yuletide festivities. About the only articles Boulevard stores found saleable were greeting cards that spoke of stringent financial conditions.

Lew Garvey, publicist (a word that soothes publicity men like deep slumber), had a better idea. He gathered together the Christmas cards he had received over a period of five years or more. Dusting off the greetings so they were again legible, he took his pen in hand.

His work was simplified by the messages already engraved on the cards. The one we received read "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Gloria Swanson," then in ink, "*and Lew Garvey.*"

Reaction

IT is reported, though not authenticated, that Lewis Stone received a card from Garvey. Stone, you know, is not noted for a sense of humor. The greeting sent him was signed "Pola Negri *and Lew Garvey.*"

"Odd," Stone is said to have mused, "I didn't know Pola was in town."

Alibi

THE closing of the Bank of Hollywood, by the way, helped more actors than it harmed. While probably less than a hundred members of the film fraternity had accounts in the institution, several thousand of the struggling brotherhood found a fresh alibi for inability to pay their bills. It was a swell excuse that even irate landladies accepted.

One of our comedians saw the possibility of grabbing a little



free publicity from the event. He had his picture taken in front of the closed doors. All trouser pockets turned out pathetically to exhibit cleanliness, his face wore a celebrated wobegone expression.

The comedian's ill-advised stunt brought an unwelcome statement from one of the bank officials. "It has reached my attention," he said, "that Mr. X claims to have lost $25,000 in our bank. This gentleman not only did not have any such sum but I doubt if he even knows anyone who has $25,000."

The Talk Of A Town

Cry of Wolf

THE number of actors out of work on this coast has only slightly curtailed social activities. The ability to put on a front is still thought a paramount factor in ultimate success.

Listen to an actor conversing with a friend in the Roosevelt Hotel lobby:

"How about coming home with me for dinner tonight? That is, if you like wolf. There was one at the door when I left this morning."

And Taketh Away

IF you wish an even more graphic example of present-day conditions in Hollywood, we offer the coin box which is fastened on a bench near the corner of the Boulevard and Highland Avenue. Beneath it lies a very neat pile of Christian Science *Monitors*.

The coin box (probably empty) bears a padlock half its size.



Acme-P. & A.

Who's "It" now? Sylvia Sidney, stage flapper (above), was rushed into Clara's rôle in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper. But don't worry about Clara (below). She's still in good standing

Eyes for a Mole

JUST as if things weren't complicated enough as it is, Fox added to the confusion by importing a set of twins from the Broadway musical comedy stage. That was several months ago, and the Keating Sisters have walked through only one picture to date. Nevertheless, the publicity department has obligingly drawn up a chart to aid prospective interviewers.

Helen, it seems, is the elder by some minutes but Elizabeth, in tipping the scales at ninety-four, weighs a half-pound more. They dress exactly alike and have since childhood. Both are fond of the same food and go to bed at exactly the same time. Their hobbies, pastimes and inclinations are identical. Neither smokes. Both deny having an interest in boys or thoughts of marriage. They jointly owned a dog recently, but he died—probably of too much attention.

Fortunately, there exists one slight point of difference—a mole about the size of a pinhead on Helen's cheek. Or maybe it's Elizabeth's.

Specialists

STRANGE as this business of making motion pictures seems, even more weird are the off-shoots in by-products of the industry. The census takers had their work cut out for them in enumerating all the occupations of the residents of Hollywood.

There is, for example, the spider woman. She has established the world's only trade in spiders, furnishing the studios with web-spinners of every variety. She refuses to rent her product, demanding an outright sale. The invention of a synthetic web-making machine—you saw this device in action as part of the plot motivation in George Bancroft's "Drag Net"—seriously curtailed profits, but the spider woman still manages to eke out a handsome living.

Jack Altman conducts a ranch that harbors acres and acres of snakes—lean snakes, fat snakes, good snakes and bad snakes, from all climes—furnished for the films, with or without muzzles. And, so his slogan reads, "If I haven't got it, I can get it." The neighborhood youths delight in the Altman ranch. They make pin money, eventually spent for the movies, by gathering frogs, insects and other animated tid-bits calculated to appease reptilian appetites.

An establishment known as the Evergreen Nursery specializes in growing all sorts of living backgrounds for studios. If it grows, they have it. They will build in one day a forest that Nature could not duplicate in a hundred years. They will grow a hedge overnight and, in emergencies, have been known to produce a full-grown evergreen bush in one hour.

"Fat" Jones runs a remunerative horse business and has, as a side-line, wagons of every era. Period tally-hos, phaetons and all manner of buggies are for hire and some of those old vehicles cost more in rentals than a sixteen-cylinder limousine. "Fat" could retire from his profits on the hundreds of Nineteenth Century wagons he rented to Radio for "Cimarron."

The La Jeiune Company supplies foreign-made automobiles. Walter Robins, himself an ex-jockey, caters in racetrack supplies. There is a butterfly man and the denizens of his zoo are available by the minute, hour or week.

In fact, you can rent anything you want, at any time, in Hollywood. There is some place somewhere specializing in it.

Worst Gag Department

OUR nomination for the worst gag of the month is the story of the San Francisco chap who wrote Paramount applying for a position. He said he felt himself qualified for a studio job as he has "sound teeth."

Temperament

HOW Hollywood loves that word "temperament." No one apparently can accurately define it, yet nearly every player of importance has had the trait attributed to him at one time or another in his career. Now it is Jeanette MacDonald.

It all started when she stamped her foot one day in public and by chance, a reporter, interviewing-bent, passed by, opportunely. Prima donna—rampage—ah, news.



Now, Jeanette can sing "I Want What I Want When I Want It" as well as any aria in her repertory. Moreover, she does when the provocation is at hand. She also stamps her foot if necessary to punctuate each "want." You see, a long time ago she learned that those who allow themselves to be walked over, get walked over. What she hasn't learned, among other things, is that Hollywood calls it "temperament."

During the script reading of "Monte Carlo," Jeanette found cause for disagreement with Ernst Lubitsch on a point under consideration. The end came

when she threw down her script and left the room.

A few minutes later Jeanette returned to apologize. She found the room in utter quiet, everyone seated with arms folded and thirty odd scripts on the floor beside hers.

Jeanette made her apology and Lubitsch without speaking pointed to the pile of scripts. Gathering them up, she solemnly returned each one. And the conference continued.

If that's temperament, our dictionary is no good.

Gentleman Known as Lu

EVEN at the cost of being accused of allowing a lovely lady to subjugate this department, we cannot resist telling another story of Jeanette MacDonald.

Ernst Lubitsch discovered Jeanette disliked being called "Mac." Which meant but one thing to a man with his joking complex. Promptly he addressed her only by that diminutive. Hoping to discourage him, Jeanette retaliated by calling the director "Lu."

So it became a ritual before every take: "Ready, Mac?" "Ready, Lu." "Sure, Mac?" "Sure, Lu."

A gag occurred to Lubitsch one day, but he waited nearly a week to spring it. Choosing an evening when the company had been working overtime, he called as usual, "Ready, Mac?"

"Ready, Lu," Jeanette replied wearily.

"Sure, Donald?" Lubitsch switched the routine.

"Sure—Oh no, you don't! Mother taught me always to be a lady."

R. I. P.

CHARLIE HATCH, a character in one of Donald Ogden Stewart's books, made a valiant effort to put an insane asylum on a paying basis. Will Hays, ofttimes styled Czar of the Movies, now seems bent on emulating that fictional task.

The latest Hays ukase is against sensationalism in film advertising. The sex angle, says Deacon Will's office, must be abolished. No more legs, no more salaciousness. Never mind the box-office—clean up those ads. A few choice words were likewise delivered on the present-day glorification of crime in ad copy.

In all likelihood, the Hays office will succeed in taking all the joy out of our life before long. Reading the blatant blurbs of motion picture ad writers has been a favorite pastime, lo these many moons. This passion for increasing our vocabulary was born with perusing circus posters and, as the circus passed, transferred to the movies. And now even this is to be taken from us.

Be that as it may, they cannot legislate against our memories. We still recall such juicy verbal morsels as the following trade ad from the old F. B. O. studio. We quote:

F.B.O.'s Record Blaster—
Tearing—Ripping—Splitting
Records Everywhere





Acme-P. & A.

No, Marlene's husband (above) isn't Mr. Dietrich. Rudolf Sieber is the name, and he's coming to Hollywood with her this time. Lupe ('way down yonder) won't say she's Mrs. Garee yet

"CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT"

Rich Red Blood for Anaemic Box-Offices!

Gun-men virtuosi—Machine-gun Paderewskis—Riot-gun Romeos—Hard-boiled detectives — Heroic, indomitable police—Hoofer—Cabaret dancer — Bootlegger — Highjacker! In a City of Silken Sin—A City of Golden Greed—A City fighting for its Soul—Crushing—Stamping—Trampling down arrogant pretensions of a Gat-Swinging Underworld!!!

You Wouldn't Shoot Elephants with Caviar—
Give 'Em a Show with Guts!

We don't know what it means but it's swell language.

"Hello, Everybody!"

AS usual, a dense crowd of several thousand assorted people lined the sidewalks, the promenade to the foyer and overflowed into the streets. They had been there for hours, looking for familiar screen faces—hearing celebrities introduced over the radio to another audience numbering a million or more. It was merely another opening night in the best Grauman première manner.

On these occasions, Freeman Lang is inevitably the man behind the mike, officiating as master of ceremonies. Lang well remembers the first time he so officiated. Radio broadcasting was then in its infancy—a familiar word—and the stunt of putting a film première on the air was a departure and therefore a welcome novelty.

No one thought of asking movie stars to speak. In those days they weren't supposed to have voices. All that could be hoped for was a description of the affair and the costumes worn.

Lang had two feminine assistants whose duties were to tell him the details of the evening finery. In the excitement, first one girl, then the other, was lost in the crowd, leaving Lang to his own devices. Totally unacquainted with feminine fashions, and dress vocabulary, all he could do was to tell his listeners the color of cloaks and slippers.

As one after another lady entered, clad, according to Lang's limited powers of description, only in shoes and a cape, Sid Grauman grew more and more worried. Finally he hurried over anxiously to whisper, but to the radio audience his words were thoroughly audible, "For God's sake, can't you put a dress on one or two of them?"

Lang has an explanation for the inability of the majority to say anything but "Hello, everybody" when called upon to speak over the radio microphone. He says it is a form of nervousness.

(*Continued on page 120*)

That Knows How To Talk

Do You Look Like

By ROSALIND





If your eyes are like Joan Crawford's (above), you are sensitive and impulsive, with a tendency to flightiness. If your nose is like William Powell's (left), you are forceful and impatient

WHEN you long for the high arched brows of Greta Garbo, and torture yourself with tweezers and get your eyes full of mascaro trying to achieve this effect, have you ever stopped to think what brows like that mean about the character? When you go into ecstasies over that firm, dimpled chin of Richard Dix, and resolve your hero must have a chin just like it, do you know what you are wishing on yourself? If you are a man, perhaps you have wished you had the clean-cut, hawk-like nose of William Powell; do you know what your disposition would be like if you had it? Have you ever wished for naturally curling ringlets like Janet Gaynor's? If you had them, do you know what trait would come with them?

But before you pan Mother Nature, or rush to a plastic surgeon to fix you up with some much-admired feature, you may want to know what it means. To match, you'd have to change your personality to go with the new model, and that would be an awful lot of bother.

We intend to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and a little bit more than the truth, about the outstanding features of the stars, and then let you make your own choice of what you want, after you know what's what.

The Eyes of Joan Crawford

EVERYBODY admires beautiful eyes. That's one reason for the popularity of Joan Crawford. Large, set well out in the face . . . that is, protruding . . . liquid and expressive, they are her best feature. The cold light of characterology says that such an eye reveals a mind at attention to every detail of what is before it, but incapable of performing profound reasoning. The large eye is associated with delicate health, sensitivity, craving for knowledge, impulsiveness, good memory.

Some of these traits . . . such as the ability to note detail, sensitivity, and a good memory . . . make the large eyes of Joan Crawford an asset for an actress. Joan's eye also reveals white between the iris and the lid when it is fully opened; this means flightiness. Joan has this quality well under control nowadays, and the height of her forehead shows where Joan got the sense to pass up youthful frivolities for more worth while things.

High-arched brows usually accompany large beautiful eyes. They mean much the same thing . . . that is, that the possessor has a good memory and sensitivity, but lacks deep reasoning powers. Poor judgment in business, and often in personal affairs, frequently accompanies the high arching brow.

Greta Garbo possesses such a high arched brow; the fact that it comes a little lower in its point on the nose gives her better reasoning powers than a girl whose brows start their inner end higher. Such a brow also indicates an appreciation of beautiful things.



The bulges at his temples prove Doug Fairbanks (above) doesn't take things too seriously. The straight eyebrows of Anita Page (right) keep her busy watching herself for pouting

The Twist to Ronald's Smile

THAT slightly twisted smile of Ronald Colman's and the drooping lid of one eye, both bespeak a cynical sense of humor. Yes, girls, Ronald knows all about Life. But his level brows indicate thoughtfulness and reasoning powers of no mean ability. He probably would not be stirred to temper on small provocation, for



If You Do - - Or Want To - - Here Are

A Movie Star?

SHAFFER





If your eyebrows are as odd as Lawrence Tibbett's (above), your plans seldom go awry. If you have high, arched eyebrows like Greta Garbo's (right), you have a mind of your own

he has too much caution. He is not a man to be caught off guard; neither is he the sort that would "kiss and tell."

Curling hair generally suggests an excitable, sensitive temperament, one quick to take offense. Janet Gaynor, with her curling red-brown hair, shows these traits in her repeated squabbles with her employers. The slightly open mouth suggests indecision; this, too, is one of Janet's traits, as it is well known she looks to others for advice. The cleft dimpled chin is indicative of affection, but also of fickleness. There's Charlie Farrell, Herb Moulton and Lydell Peck in that chin, so, boys, when you look for a sweetheart, if you pick one with a dimpled chin, be sure she has made up her mind to love you and you alone.

Joan Bennett has a profile that could never be mistaken for anyone else's. The cleft under the lower lip tells you that Joan will never be satisfied with a marriage unless it is a love match. You may remember she is divorced, though young; hubby's moods evidently did not coincide with Joan's. While Joan demands, by her profile, a perfect emotional mating, her tilted nose with the blunt end shows that ambition must also be satisfied. Her present beau, John Considine, studio executive, looks like a good bet from this ambition angle, and if the pair can ever stop their spatting, he might be a mate for Joan.

Another girl with the tiptilted nose with the blunt end, showing ambition with love, is Dolores Costello. Her marriage with John Barrymore, while it was a love match, was also a very good match for her financially, professionally, and socially.





The lower third of Mary Pickford's face (above) reveals determination is her strongest trait. Ronald Colman's twisted smile and drooping eyelid (left) show a cynical sense of humor

Richard Dix shows the most typically masculine of all Hollywood male profiles. The upper face in profile is convex and the lower face is concave, revealing a man who thinks before he acts; he is practical, impressed by facts rather than by theories, and wants to see results. He is patient, good humored, but determined. The protruding round chin shows the determination; but there is the deadly dimple in the chin that betokens fickleness.

The tempestuous career of Charles Bickford in pictures, beginning with the oddly prophetic "Dynamite," could have been forecast by one good look at him. Physical strength is obvious; determination and force of mind are written in the red hair, the protruding chin, the heavy sketching of the whole countenance. The upturned nose tells of the sensitivity that makes for a good actor; its breadth on the face tells again of strength and courage. Caution is in the long jawbone; Charles the Red saved money and had whaling vessels to fall back on before he obeyed the dictation of the curling, wrangling red hair.

Those odd eyebrows of Lawrence Tibbett's . . . which come so low to his nose, and rise so high, fading into nothingness about the middle of the eye . . . denote seriousness and an ability for detailed planning. The wide space on each cheek, beside the corner of the eye, shows the great artistry in his make-up. His ascent meant hard work; yet we know he had a lot of laughs on the way by the wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, which are the result of humor, not age.

Gloria Swanson's long retroussé nose

(*Continued on page 108*)

The Things You Ought To Know

HER

By
Wallace Beery

Marie Dressler and so well in "Min and Bill" celebrate once each year In the meantime, they're they frankly think



BILL

HER? Gee, I don't know just what to say. Most anything I *do* say, she'll likely tell me to shut my big mouth. Women like her ain't like a lot of the others. She don't fall for the old applesauce. She knows what it's all about.

I'll say she knows what it's all about! And that's why I sure love to work with her. She's natural, and human, and real. It's just about impossible to do anything that's at all true with most of these players. They're just a lot of scenery-chewers. They start acting all over the place, and before you know it, you're taking your cue from them and doing the same thing.

But nothing like that ever happens with her. She's got too much good background. Why, she was a star at eighteen, with her name in lights on Broadway! She's fifty-odd now, and she's been a top-notcher all those years between. There's a reason for that. She never gives time a thought. She doesn't worry about her figure or her diet or the shade of her hair. She'll never grow old. Age is just a state of mind—and she's got it licked. A woman like that can't miss.

Of course, she's no beauty. I don't think she'll crown me with something for saying that, because I know that she realizes in the end a good-looking pan is only a trifle compared with all the qualities that she has. She never had any looks—did you ever read her book called "The Life Story of An Ugly Duckling"?—and because she never did, she just went out and found a substitute that's better than all the looks in the whole wide world.

The world has, as a matter of fact, been at her feet for so many years that you'd think it would sorta be an old story to her now. But is it? I'll say not! She's just as excited over all this recent fame of hers, these parties and receptions and things, where they've got to have the police to keep the crowds back—as she ever was. And it's all the nicer when you consider how close she was to missing it.

You see, just a few years ago, she was on the verge of quitting the theatrical business. The stage had been changing a lot during the past few years, and not changing any for the better. Clean plays didn't seem to have any place at all, and she just wouldn't appear in the dirty ones. It looked like her day was done, that she was washed-up. She was on the verge of giving up and going to Europe to live. She had been offered the managership of a big hotel in Paris, where she is a tremendous favorite, and she had accepted. She was all packed and ready to go when one of the movie boys asked her if she wouldn't go to Hollywood to make just one picture. She said okay—and you know the rest.

It sure is a fine thing to see such a swell person like her make such a great hit. I don't know anybody who deserves it more, or who enjoys it more. For one thing, her success has brought her a lot of money, and she sure loves to spend money! She's just about the most generous giver that ever lived, I guess. She gives that big salary of hers away so fast that it would make your head swim. She never thinks of saving a nickel as long as there is somebody whom she can do something for.

Shucks, I guess I sound kinda like a fool, going on this way. But you don't often run across such a grand combination of trouper and human being. Fact is, it's just about impossible to beat a woman like her!

HIM

By
Marie Dressler

Wallace Beery clicked that M-G-M is going to and team them up again. here to tell you what of one another



MIN

HIM? What do I think of that homely mug over there? Listen! I think plenty about that lazy, plug-ugly of a marvelous actor. Him, huh! Why, if he wasn't just about the best trouper that ever came down the pike, I reckon I'd have killed him long ago.

Not that I wouldn't be pretty sorry, though, if somebody did. Let me tell you, I've been in this business of making comedy for quite some time, and I realize just what a blessing it is to have a partner to work with like that big palooka. Oh, don't ever believe that creating laughs is easy! Why, alongside of the grind of comedy, straight parts are child's play. And that's just why I appreciate that lug over there. He understands how it's done.

It's like this: laughs grow out of a careful timing of situations. They come if you bring your scene to the right spot on a split second. Naturally, that's hard to do. For while you're keeping the mechanics of timing in mind, your face and body must be acting out the character you're playing. And that's why, because he knows those things as well as I do, and therefore is as comfortable to work with as an old shoe, that's why I'd rather have that brute opposite me than all the pretty leading men in the movies.

He's been at it for quite a time himself, you know—well over twenty years. He was a stage comedian with dear old Henry Savage, and a very good one—in shows like "The Prince of Pilsen," before he went into pictures with Essanay. His first parts were as a Swede servant girl—and he's been at the trade of making laughter ever since, with a success that the whole world knows.

He is the salt of the program, I'd say. And that is because each picture in which he appears is sure to be marked by one bona-fide, honest-to-gosh characterization. The best part of it is that there is no professional death through too many similar rôles for a man like him. He can go on indefinitely—because he is prepared to go on! He is no mere Hollywood actor, no ex-bond-salesman or counter-jumper. He put in years and years learning how to create those grand characterizations - - - those well-remembered parts that he always manages to sprinkle with real comedy.

Why, do you know that a good percentage of his funniest lines aren't in the script at all? He just makes them up as he goes along. Remember, for instance, in "Min and Bill," when we were on the boat and I was leaving, he told me to go home and brush up on my miniature golf? And when I was reading the letter from *Nancy* and she asked me to say "hello" to *Bill?* Who else but that great lummox would have thought of answering "Hello," right out like he did?

He gets the *feeling* of the part. Even though it was only a line of dialogue, I don't know when anything has touched me like the way he gave that line, "Aw, leave her alone - - - she didn't do nothing" at the end. That was real. That was elemental.

He's brought a lot of laughter to the world, but things haven't always been so funny in his own life. He's had his share of tough spots, and more. The recent financial depression cost him his entire fortune, something like three-quarters of a million dollars. But does he complain? He does not! He just says, "Well, I still got my appetite, ain't I?"

But I better quit this gassing about him, it never would do to have the big ape find out how wonderful I really think he is!

What's Wrong With

Are All The "Geniuses" Slaughtered Here, As Europe Says They Are?



Europe said Lubitsch ruined Jannings and "The Patriot" by "a bestial display of bad taste." America called it a great picture

"MR. LUBITSCH, in studying European criticisms of American motion pictures, I have discovered that our pictures are just 'movies,' while European pictures are 'art films'; further, that European directors, upon coming to Hollywood, cease to make art, because they find themselves 'surrounded by an atmosphere of dollars and unintelligence, where culture and sincerity seem to be unknown quantities.'"

Mr. Lubitsch's only answer was to slouch down a little lower in his wicker chair and smile through his cigar smoke. It was a European smile, of course, but there was something oddly familiar about it.

"They say," I went on firmly, a chip on my shoulder and reproach in my tone, "that all you European artists, with a few camera tricks, bluff the movie magnates and the American public into thinking American pictures are now colored with the purple of pure European art. And you have your tongues in your cheeks all the while."



Ernst Lubitsch, Europe says, has fallen farther than any of the others. He says: "I am happy—happy!—to work in America"

I held up a tome of such criticism by one John Rotha, Englishman, entitled "The Film Till Now." Lower still sank Mr. Lubitsch, his deep-set eyes glowing with amusement.

"For instance: they say Hollywood 'dismembered' Murnau; that 'Sunrise' was 'a masterpiece of bluff.' They say 'the lyricism of Seastrom, of the Swedish film itself, with its snow, its wind, its trees and flowers, its depth and width of landscape cannot remain unblemished in the American factory.' In 'He Who Gets Slapped,' 'The Scarlet Letter,' and 'The Wind' he used a little wind and snow but they were American products distributed across America's scanty little landscape. And as for you—"

"They say I, too, make bad pictures here?"

"Oh, What a Fall Was There!"

"OH, unspeakably bad! They say you are the perfect example of 'the subordination of genius to the demands of the box-office type of mind.' That you ruined Pola Negri and made Jannings ridiculous; that your 'Patriot' was 'an absurd, melodramatic, bestial display of bad taste'—developed in Hollywood. To be sure, you did make 'Forbidden Paradise'—'a satire on the entire American movie system' and 'a *most satisfying* exposure of the false glamour in which Hollywood lives.' This was brilliant. So brilliant Americans thought it was about Catherine the Great. But for all that, you are dead as an artist. That you, and your pictures are Americanized!"

He is undoubtedly a brave man, for he stood this bitter arraignment awfully well. Or, rather, he sat it out; still smoking; still smiling that elusively familiar smile.

"That book—" he waved his cigar at it. "Let me say that America's contribution to the art of moving pictures—and when I say art, I mean Art!—is tremendous. Plenty of pictures done by American directors I would be proud to have my name on! Every country can be criticized; so America; but with knowledge and intelligence, not with jealousy and conceit. I am German, my training is German; I find many things different here; but I am happy—happy!—to work in American pictures.

"The basic things in art are the same everywhere. Me—I do

American Movies?

By JOSEPHINE LITTLEJOHN



What was wrong with Seastrom's "He Who Gets Slapped," which raised Lon Chaney, John Gilbert and Norma Shearer to new heights?



Victor Seastrom (below) objected to repair work on "The Wind" and went back to Sweden. He'd like to return to Hollywood

not like here the inevitable, illogical, almost commanded, happy ending: the kiss and the clinch. But! I do not like it anywhere! Many Russian pictures are truly magnificent! We find tragedy, drama, the immense drama of woe—then at the end comes Bolshevism and everything is hotsy-totsy! As Ted Lewis would say, 'Everybody happy?' Same as the kiss and the clinch!

"The yearning for the happy ending is a universal note; America admits it; uses it. Yet no country is more subtle than America. I know that. I can prove that. I like that. And I like American humor—its subtlety, its frankness. And, sometimes, it can be brutally frank—you know?—even about me—"

A European Will Rogers

I LOOKED up half-afraid, wholly amazed. It happened that the newspapers were being brutally humorous just then about an episode of his private life. I need not have feared. His smile had deepened to a grin—at himself. And I recognized its resemblance: European he may be, Lubitsch, but his smile has the same quality of a very American American named Will Rogers. Over here a man who smiles like that can get away with murder. He can even talk about Art. He did.

"In America, art—please spell it big, ART!—is just beginning a great new life. That is why America is a vital place for an artist to live and work! I, Lubitsch, say that!"

"And this book—"

He waved his cigar at it. "That book—why bother?"

But I have bothered. I have asked several famous makers of European art pictures, who are now making pictures in Hollywood, for their frank opinions upon Hollywood as an artist's workshop.

Jacques Feyder, indubitably the intellectual type, was very frank. M. Feyder is a Belgian who directed the French master pictures, "Therese Raquin" and "Les Nouveaux Messieurs." Over here, he has made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the English version of "The Kiss" and the French films "Le Spectre Vert" and "Olympia"; "Anna Christie," with Greta Garbo, in German; and "Day Break" with Ramon Novarro in English. His erstwhile European admirers accuse him of degenerating, in Hollywood, into "a clever mixture of picture sense and filmic intelligence."

("Filmic intelligence" supplies food for the soul. "Picture

(*Continued on page 110*)



Fraker

News *and*

THE town was all het up, waiting to see Clara Bow and Gary Cooper together—co-stars, no less. And in an underworld picture, no less. But Clara's court troubles with Daisy De Boe kept her too busy, and Sylvia Sidney, stage flapper, will oppose strong, silent Gary. Plans are afoot to put Clara in another picture as soon as she cools down a little.

LUPE VELEZ was a French-Canadian in "The Storm," a Chinee in "East Is West," and a pale Rooshian in "Resurrection." And now she's a Vanishing American in "The Squaw Man." What next? Well, she's in receipt of an offer to appear in Al Jolson's new stage show. But maybe rehearsals will start too soon for her, even if she's willing. And then there's that invitation to come down South America way and meet some of the fans. But South America is a long, long way from dear Garee. And, by the way, is he her husband, or isn't he? They still have everybody guessing.

"I AM GLAD," said Harold Lloyd, "that it was a boy." The secret of the expected coming of the stork was marvelously well kept—until the proud grandma-to-be simply couldn't refrain from whispering it to a few friends. Harold has worked hard and invested carefully, until he has perhaps the largest substantial movie-earned fortune. And naturally he wants a son to hand down his name.



Did anybody ask what had become of Sally Starr? Or were we muttering to ourselves again? She's still around, still cute (see top) and still waiting for That Big Break

WHEN LITA GREY CHAPLIN, Charlie's ex, who now is playing vaudeville, was kidnapped in New York and robbed of fifteen thousand dollars' worth of jewels, every New York daily went for the story in a big way. Not one of them smelled press-agents—that is, until later. But Lita let them keep their self-esteem when she hired lawyers

At the left, you see the handsomest Christmas present left in Hollywood — the dressing-room-on-wheels that Marion Davies and St. Nick left at Marie Dressler's house





Jones

Gossip

immediately to go after the insurance she had on the valuables.

Georges Carpentier, the French boxer, who lived in Hollywood once for a few weeks, was with Lita when the gangsters boarded her high-priced horseless carriage.

IT'S no secret that Paul Lukas resents the "smiling villain" rôles that have been keeping him busy. Which explains why, for a change, he was allowed to capture the girl in "The Right to Love." Pleased, Paramount cast him as the lover in Chatterton's newest, "Unfaithful." He had the tough luck to fall ill. Clive Brook was assigned the rôle. The "rushes" of the first scenes persuaded studio officials that either Clive wasn't made for the part, or the part wasn't made for Clive. They ended up by handing the prize to young John Loder. Lukas suddenly recovered, [illegible] that was Loder's tough luck.

CLIVE, however, isn't complaining. He's the lad who's going to make love to Tallulah Bankhead in her first talkie. She's the Alabama girl—daughter of a Congressman and niece of a Senator—who has been London's favorite actress for the last six or seven years. She has just been tempted back to these shores by Paramount's offer of six hundred pounds ($3,000) a week for twelve weeks—and a raise if the picture clicked. To make her feel that she is still among the English they gave her the very British Brook for a playmate. And they're also keeping her away from ultra-American Hollywood, the picture being made in the New York studios. Its title, "New York Lady."

SOON after she arrived, she gave a luncheon at the Elysee, one of the Big Town's snootier taverns, for the sob-sisters. If you want to know, they liked her. They even went so far as to say that she is a combination of Tallulah Bankhead, Greta Garbo and Jeanne Eagels. She did the expected and came out with the inevitable English adjective, "divine." And, on the other hand, she did the unexpected and came out with such good homely Americanisms as "damn fool" and "what the hell." And she wouldn't discuss her caree-ah, beyond admitting that she wants to stay as long as she can.

AND CHEVALIER'S back, and also at work at the Paramount New York studios, this time as "The Smiling Lieutenant." He confirmed rumors that he had had a profitable vacation—and didn't hear the questions about his reception in Paris. . . . Jeanette Loff was also among the skyscrapers for a few weeks, and wouldn't let anybody see her. They do say that her romance with Walter O'Keefe, master of ceremonies at a Greenwich Village whoopee factory, is progressing. Some say they're married; some say they're not. . . . And Doug, Jr., and Joan have been around. While in town they had a private taxi chauffeur, whose name was Fred. He had strict orders not to exceed eighteen miles an hour, and not to zigzag, especially around "L" pillars. And hard-berled Noo Yawk reporters had to admit that those lovey-dove stories about them *weren't* the bunk. . . . They complained that the jangle of New York kept them awake, as did Helen Twelvetrees, back in town for a rest that she didn't get. And it was only two or three seasons back

When Natalie Moorhead, the blonde hero-snatcher, and Alan Crosland, the director, returned from their honeymoon, they started married life by swinging croquet mallets

Sidney Fox, the little girl that Universal says is going to be a sensation, takes time out between scenes to think romantically of her dream-man—who, the press-agent says, is Lew Ayres



Marion Davies gives more and better parties than any other star in Hollywood, but she's taking things easy these nights, learning all about "It's a Wise Child"

that Helen was making a hit in "An American Tragedy" and didn't have any fault to find with the local sound effects. . . .

WALTER WINCHELL, the Main Stem's loudest speaker, gossips that Ina Claire saw "Once in a Lifetime," Broadway's laugh at Hollywood, and, when asked if she had ever seen anything funnier, replied, "Yes. Hollywood." Maybe Mr. Zukor thought it would be a good joke on Ina if she had to stay on and on in Microphonia. Anyway, he has just sold her the idea of signing a long-term contract.

But Ina probably thinks it's a joke on Hollywood. That quick-judgment town once said out loud that she couldn't act.

HUSBAND JOHN GILBERT, whom the meanies used to say Ina married for his reputation, has been showing some attention to Mona Maris. Nothing serious, we hope. Incidentally, when is Greta going to accede to another Garbo-Gilbert picture? They say John's willing.



Don English

THE scandal sheets did their best to have Lawrence Tibbett separated from the missus and the twins. Lawrence, just after the stories broke, sang Moussorgsky's devilish ditty, "The Flea," over the radio and had a good laugh. Mrs. Tibbett, returning from a long sojourn in Europe (which sojourn started all the chit-chat), denied all rumors, reports and insinuations of a house being divided against itself. And Mrs. Tibbett has a convincing way. That's one reason why Lawrence is up where he is.

AND did you notice that no division or divorce rumors speeded the departure of Doug Fairbanks for India and China and big-game hunting, with only director Victor Fleming and his secretary, Charles Lewis, for company? United Artists saw to it that the press was forewarned that after Doug bagged his tigers, elephants, *ingagi* or whatever it is people shoot in India and China, and after he visited the buried city of Angkor, Calcutta, Mt. Everest, the Taj Mahal, Karachi and Cairo, he would meet Mary in Baden-Baden, Germany. He was loaded down with motion picture equipment when he sailed. He has been everything else in the movies—now he's going to be a cameraman.

WHEN KAY FRANCIS and Kenneth MacKenna applied for that marriage license, it all came out. Her name is (rather, was) Katherine Gibbs.

Two candidates for the rôle of *Peter Pan*, when and if it's done again. Rosita Moreno (in front, left) and Frances Dee don't mind admitting they haven't grown up

News--Gossip--Comment

THE biggest and best news in many a month is that Emil Jannings *is* coming back—even if he didn't get here by January first, as it was previously intimated he would. Paramount has bought the play, "The Man I Killed" (good title, *nein?*), from Frenchman Maurice Rostand, and Jannings's name is on the dotted line. The date of his arrival isn't set yet. The increasingly valuable Phillips Holmes is to be with him in the film, and present plans call for the latter to be *Clyde Griffiths* in the long-delayed (and suppressed) "American Tragedy" first.

THE story is that "The Blue Angel" was more or less of a test picture. If America liked the vocal Jannings, back he would come. But when he lands, he won't head straight for Hollywood. The picture will be made in New York. Paramount's getting positively superstitious about that Eastern studio. Wasn't "Laughter" made there, and "The Royal Family," and "Follow the Leader"? And weren't they all noble experiments?

THE battle of the close-ups is on once more. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen are paired up anew in "Women of All Nations," in which, apparently, they are going to mugg their way around the world. Hollywood didn't expect them to put on the act again, after the trouble they had last time. Maybe Vic said he'd do it and let Eddie have the breaks with the bimbos, if he could have the breaks with the close-ups. Or maybe Eddie told Vic to take the femmes, and *he'd* take the close-ups. Or maybe—and this is more likely—Fox told them to forget it, and make those cash registers jingle.

females! It's the brother teams in Hollywood that win the rose-tinted battle-axe. Ask Al Jolson to talk about his brother Harry, for instance. Or find out from the Torrences which one originated the "Torrence stuff." Or get the Beery boys talking in



You'll probably never see him in this garb, but you ought to know how Warner's new find, Robert Allen, got his first press notices. He was one of Dartmouth's Green Ghosts

Fryer

Of The Stars And Studios



Hurrell

Leila Hyams, who has become John Gilbert's favorite leading lady, has a new winter outfit that matches the snow, a scarf that matches holly berries, and buttons the color of her skates

Hurrell

Conchita Montenegro knows a thing or two about bull-fighting. She's from Spain. A few months ago she knew little English. Now she's the femme lead in "Never the Twain Shall Meet"

a confidential mood. But this is the first time one brother has gone to law against another. In a recent "life story," Victor praised each of his brothers to the skies—and no doubt he would have gone on doing it, if Leopold had stayed away from Hollywood.

WITH the close-up contestants in "Women of All Nations" is none other than Greta Nissen, who hasn't been seen in these parts since "Hell's Angels" was two years old. She was the femme lure in the never-released silent version. Her then-broken English eliminated her from the talkie rendition, and that's how Jean Harlow was able to start wearing ermine. Another ex-local light who'll be seen in the picture is Louise Brooks, the most press-agented chorus girl that ever left Broadway. The last few years she has been in Europe, like Anna May Wong, emoting in foreign films. And they say she's a better actress than when she was here the first time. Anyway, she will be seen not only in this opus, but in Warner's "The Devil Was Sick" and Paramount's "Have You Got It?" Three studios can't be wrong. That is, not all at the same time.

SPEAKING of "Have You Got It?" the story's out that they had to re-shoot some scenes to make them intelligible to English-speaking people. We Americans are up on our slang, but our British brethren—quaint folk—can't seem to catch on to our lurid lingo.

IT cost First National twenty thousand dollars for every week of rehearsal on the new Arliss opus—and he rehearsed his company three weeks. But F. N. didn't complain. After the surprise wow he has been at the box office, they were more than willing to "let George do it."

THE recent death of Dr. Louis Berne in New York didn't mean a thing to you, if you saw the item, but to Hollywood it meant plenty. He was the plastic surgeon who changed many a film face. That was a few years after the War, when he had returned to America from studies abroad. He headed straight for Hollywood, stayed there until the list of potential customers was exhausted. Then he moved to New York, and got some Broadway people ready for the talkies.

SAM GOLDWYN, who has more swank than any other producer in Hollywood, is back from a jaunt to Europe. It was partly a vacation trip, but mostly it was a tour in search of "new faces." You might think his saying so was just a gag to get the public all steamed up about some little gal he already knew about. But Sam's contests are always authentic. Remember his famous "new faces" contest in 1921 that brought forth Eleanor Boardman and William Haines? You'll know the results of Sam's latest hunt in a few months.

BEFORE he left Germany, Einstein was besieged with movie offers. In New York, he was bombarded. In Los Angeles, he was asked to surrender. Nothing doing. The movies didn't get him. But California did, they say. He's thinking of staying here—or, that is, coming back here to stay after he gives that lecture course at Oxford next summer. Check some-

Gossip That Is Gossip



thing else up to this climate. You've heard of our climate?

WHEN EVELYN LAYE wired the Brothers Warner from London that she was too busy resting to accept their offer of the leading rôle opposite Barrymore in "Svengali," Hollywood said, "Aha! Doesn't want to come back!" But Evelyn, who was resting by appearing in the London hit, "Bitter Sweet," was only kidding us. She dropped out of "Bitter Sweet," hopped a boat West, and here she is, doing some more resting, while Mr. Goldwyn gets a picture ready for her.

HAVE you heard about the False Friend Club? All the young blades belong—William Janney, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, and so on. The only requisite for membership is that the aspirant take a member's girl away from him. The one who does the meanest trick to a friend is thereupon made president *pro tem.* Marguerite Churchill has made more members for the club than any other girl so far, though Maureen O'Sullivan is a close second. It's got so now in Hollywood that the boys go to call on a girl in pairs to keep an eye on each other. Just before the Notre Dame game, Russell Gleason and William Bakewell went to call on Maureen O'Sullivan, whom Billy intended asking to the game. "Maureen," began Billy, "will you please—" "go to the Notre Dame game with me?" finished Russell. He is now president of the False Friends. And he took June Collyer to Agua Caliente for the day on New Years. Perhaps she went with Russ because she caught a glimpse of Buddy Rogers's new mustache. . . .



Lupe Velez is acquiring all sorts of things these days, from canaries and accents to wedding rings. (The mystery of the latter is still unsolved.) Now it's a circular mirror (right)

JEAN HARLOW is setting the styles for Hollywood these days. At an informal afternoon tea the other day she wore a black gown, dècolletè to the waist in the back, with long tight sleeves, and a hat with a curling chevalier's feather over her shoulder. And what's more, they drank tea at the tea-party. Though there is a theory around Hollywood that tea is very harmful to health. No foolin'. They have stopped using it for wine on the sets in drinking scenes because it is a dangerous drink.

(*Continued on page 94*)

There are a few newcomers you are going to hear and see plenty this year, and Joan Blondell (at the top) is one of them. After "Illicit," Warners gave her a soft berth

News That Is News

FAME

By Dorothy Calhoun

Illustration By Shellhase



"It must be terrible for you, living so far away"

"BORN in Bogada, a small Middle Western town," her biography read. There had been a date but it had been removed recently by order of the publicity department. Not that Lorna Divine was getting old, or even older . . . but beautiful blonde stars shouldn't be dated.

She reclined, in purple satin pajamas, on the chaise longue in her boudoir. She tried to remember the white frame houses, and the brick blocks of Main Street, Bogada.

"Imagine if I had stayed in that hick town!" she laughed to the sleepy Peke beside her. "Imagine me married to some local Elk, cooking beef stew and playing bridge for whoopee!"

It had been seven years since she had left, but towns like Bogada don't change. The golden-oak rockers still stood in a row in the hotel windows, she knew; the high school girls still giggled over sundaes with gawky youths, as she had giggled; the Movieland Palace still hung out gaudy posters. But there was one difference. The face of the heroine on these posters was often the face of Lorna Divine nowadays. "That Lorna Smith" Bogada had called her.

A thousand times in the years of struggle and dazzling success she had thought, "If the folks back home could only see me!" Some subtle flavor had always been lacking in her triumph because she could not flaunt it in Bogada faces and see the envy of her. And now at last someone from home had come to Hollywood.

Rumor had Lorna Divine courted by millionaires and titled aristocrats, but she had never been more excited than when a familiar name had come to her on the telephone: "You remember me . . . Millie Bowman . . . don't you, Lorna? I've been visiting relations in Pasadena and I'd love to see you before I go home."

The room was everything a movie star's boudoir should be . . . modernistic black and silver, mirrored walls, a froth of rainbow gowns showing in a pink padded wardrobe, French dolls asprawl, autographed photographs in silver frames.

She drew an exultant breath. "I guess Bogada will sit up now!" she said. Unconsciously, her carefully cultivated English accent took on a Middle Western twang, "When Millie goes back and tells 'em how I live, I guess they'll be *sick*."

Millie Bowman had been voted the prettiest girl in high school, but seven years of Bogada had done things to her prettiness. Her gallantly stylish suit could not conceal her increased plumpness But Millie seemed to be entirely satisfied.

"How do you like my suit?" she asked immediately, after the first greetings were over. "I got it at the Paris Shoppe back home. I guess the Paris Shoppe wasn't there when you left. Oh, you wouldn't know Bogada now, Lorna——"

She opened her hand bag. "I knew you must be anxious for news about everybody, so I brought you a lot of snapshots Fred took last summer. Fred Bartlett, you know. You remember Fred, Lorna? We're going to be married in June. We're building a house, Dutch Colonial out in the Lakeside addition—oh, I forgot. You don't know where that is." She looked at Lorna pityingly. "It must be terrible for you, living so far away. Here's the new Country Club, and this is a picture of the bunch at the Martha Washington dance. That one in the powdered pompadour in the middle is Alison Grey—Jim is doing awfully well in the bank and they have two children."

Dazed, Lorna gazed obediently at snapshots, listened to old familiar names coupled to births and deaths and marriages. Her surroundings, her clothes, her beauty went unnoticed, while Millie spoke of the Fortnightly Bridge Club, the new Masonic Building, babies, the fire in the box works, the kitchenware shower the girls had given her, and everything dear to the average woman's heart.

Under the spell of Millie's words, a strange thing happened. The modernistic room became as unreal as a stage setting, and Lorna herself seemed as incredible, as artificial as one of the sprawling French dolls.

With a word, Millie made the movies a child's game; with a wave of her hand, Hollywood vanished. She suddenly felt small and unnecessary.

Then Millie rose to go, gathering Bogada up with the snapshots and shutting it into her handbag. "You have a real pretty place here," she said, glancing around, politely. "And you are really looking awfully well, too. I suppose you have an awfully interesting life, Lorna. What do *you* do to while away the time when in this interesting place?"

Lorna Divine, who got a thousand fan letters a week, but who didn't have any babies or fortnightly bridge parties or kitchenware showers, shook her glittering golden head. She spoke almost apologetically. "Nothing much, Millie," she said, "nothing except make pictures."

Long after Millie had bustled away, she sat staring unseeingly out into the dazzle of sunshine. She knew now that she might be a famous screen star to the rest of the world, but to Bogada she would never be anything except "that Smith girl who went away."

Another True Short Story of Hollywood



ıth tasting

or Out They Go





If Edmund Lowe (above) didn't take daily horseback rides, and if Bebe Daniels (left) didn't fence, they might not have such high-priced, long-term contracts

You Don't See Your Stars Unless They're Healthy

like Sitting Bull's sweat-shirt, and you might as well cut your throat!"

And so Hollywood has been brought up from its headlong rush with a jerk. Its aspect to-day is more Spartan than Babylonian. No group of people on earth safeguard their health more carefully than those stars popular in the public eye to-day. There is not one of them but has placed himself in the hands of a competent physician for constant observation and advice. They submit to regular examinations and insist that the slightest defect be immediately corrected. Even those whose weight must be kept down diet rationally under the supervision of a good dietitian.

"Valentino," says Dr. H. B. K. Willis, whose patient Rudy was, "would be alive to-day, had he lived as sanely as stars do now. Rudy laughed at the thought of taking advice about his health and if any man ever deliberately threw his life away, Valentino did!

"Lila Lee," continued Dr. Willis, "owes her present condition entirely to her own neglect. In spite of my warnings, she worked in sixteen talking pictures in less than eighteen months and as a result both her health and her career may be permanently injured."

Deliberate Patients

AS an example in contrast, let us take the Gleason family. They are not alone, for dozens of others are following the same routine.

Twice a year all three of the Gleasons are subjected to as thorough a medical examination as modern medical science can devise. Monthly trips are made to the dentist. Under the direction of Bob Howard, a physical culture expert, a well-balanced system of daily exercise is practised. A trained masseur is employed to call regularly at their home and their diet, while not restrictive, is prepared under the direction of their physician.

"Once a year," says Lucille Gleason, "I go to the hospital. I engage a private room for a week, go to bed and stay there without even so much as reading or thinking any more than I can help. These seven days of absolute rest and relaxation actually make a new woman of me."

Golf, swimming, tennis; riding and other forms of healthful outdoor sports are more popular in Hollywood than ever before. Dozens of sanitariums and physical culture institutions have sprung up and are being heavily patronized. A trip out-of-town used to mean hell-raising and whoopee at Tia Juana. Now such results as the Lake Norcotian Club, Palm Springs, Noah Beery's Trout Farm, Arrowhead, Big Bear and other resorts on shore, mountain or desert are the rendezvous for picture people.

The great Malibu Beach colony is a direct result of this new seeking for health. There, millions of dollars have been spent to establish a hide-away where the stars may laze on the sands under the sun, far from the maddening crowd.

A recent interview with Ruth Chatterton, in her bungalow on the Paramount lot, was interrupted by the arrival of her osteopath.

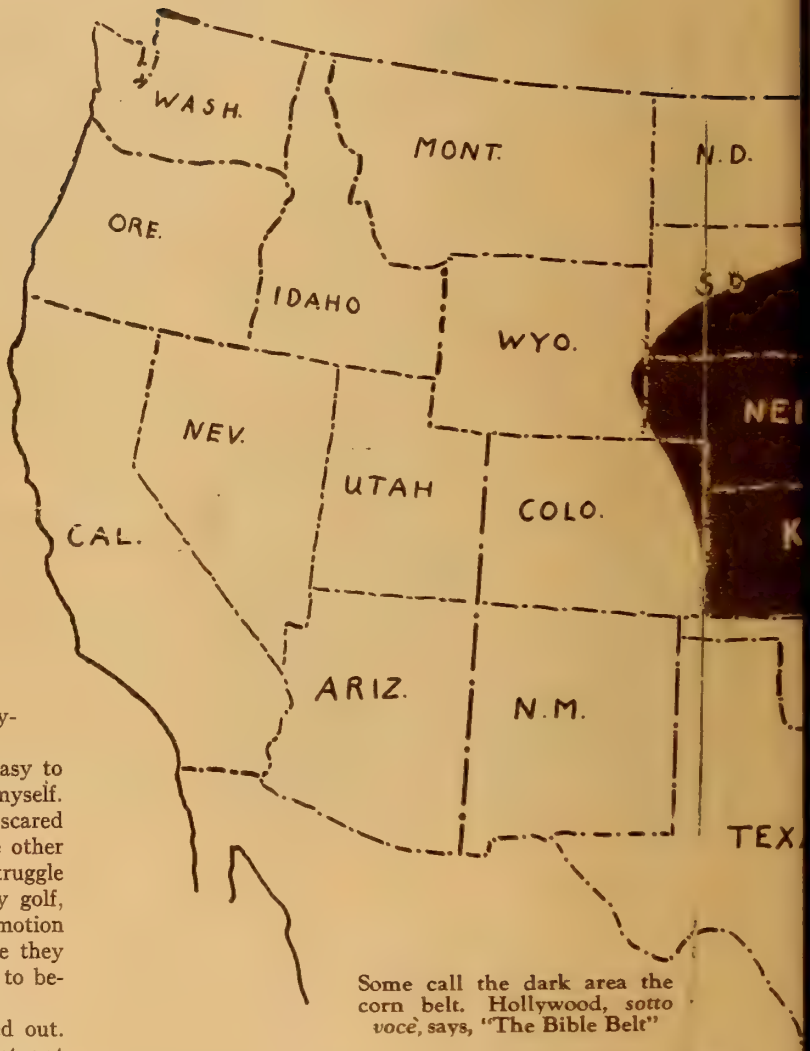
(*Continued on page 103*)

Are Movies Run

By

Helen Louise

Walker



Some call the dark area the corn belt. Hollywood, *sotto voce*, says, "The Bible Belt"

"WHAT *is* this thing you call 'The Middle West'?" Clive Brook inquired once, in great bewilderment. "Every time I find a story I like—an amusing, sophisticated story of the kind I do best—I take it to the front office triumphantly. They glance at it, smile and then shake their heads.

"'Yes, Clive, it's a good story,' they tell me, with indulgence. 'But we can't do it.'

"And when I ask *why* we cannot make a light, intelligent picture, they reply, in sinister tones, '*The Middle West!*'

"What is this Middle West of yours? And why is everyone so afraid of it?"

An Englishman's bewilderment about this matter is easy to understand. I have frequently been bewildered about it, myself. I was born and grew up in the Middle West and it never scared me particularly. So far as I know, it's quite a lot like other places. People there go to school, marry, have babies, struggle for a living, read books, listen to Amos 'n' Andy, play golf, learn contract bridge, drink bootleg liquor, patronize motion pictures, divorce each other, feel a little uneasy because they do not go to Church more often—in short, they appear to behave in a pretty average and normal fashion.

They may be dull, as Mr. Sinclair Lewis has pointed out. But they have never seemed especially dangerous. At least, not dangerous enough to send people scuttling under beds at the mere mention of them.

They Have to Think of It

YET it is perfectly true that the Middle West has come to be the especial bogey of motion pictures.

When someone has a new idea and wants to experiment a bit with it in a picture, producers shake ominous heads and mutter, "What about the Middle West?"

When a director goes subtle and adds those delicate touches designed to wring loud huzzas from critics, those in the know smile with a superior air and remark, "What will the Middle West think about that?"

When sophisticates sneer at pictures as the products of callow minds, Hollywood hangs its head and murmurs, shamefacedly, "We can't help it. It's the Middle West, you know——" in the ruefully apologetic voice of an elderly gentleman explaining that he cannot ask the pretty lady to dance because of his rheumatism.

It was the Middle West that, for years and years, caused all pictures to end happily under rose arbors with little kiddies romping about upon the greensward. The Middle West, you see, would have none of tragedy.

The same influence long ago forbade young wives to be seen upon the screen, sewing on tiny garments. We were given to understand that the Middle West wished it to appear as if babies were delivered at the ripe age of two or three years, without any biological elements being involved in the transaction. The very existence of biology, it seemed, was not admitted in those sections of the country.

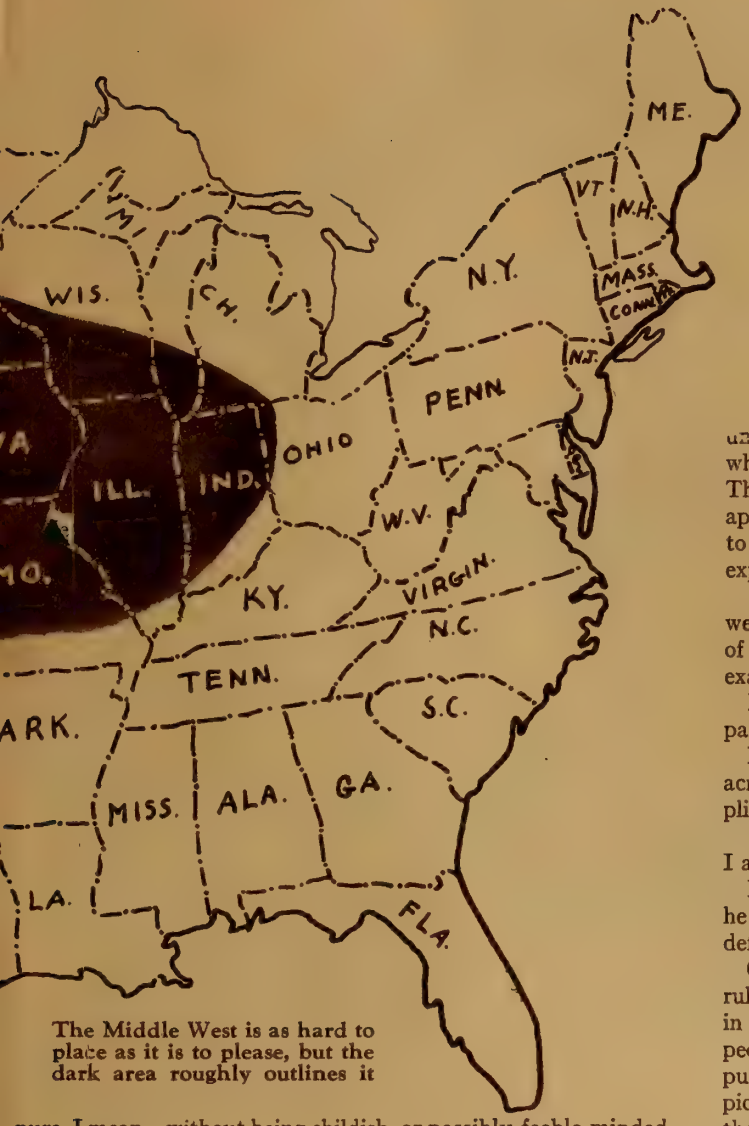
They Keep Us Pure

MOREOVER, it is the Middle West that banishes bad little actors to limbo when they become embroiled in scandals that reach the public prints.

The agricultural sections of our country are at once our scourge and our conscience. They keep us pure. It is also charged that at the same time they keep us in a state of immaturity—that it is all their fault that pictures are ga-ga and that our product is not Art. Apparently you cannot be pure—Middle West

By the Middle West?

Can The Corn Belt Make Or Break A Picture?



The Middle West is as hard to place as it is to please, but the dark area roughly outlines it

pure, I mean—without being childish, or possibly feeble-minded.

It's all very puzzling.

A great deal of time and effort is spent in Hollywood, in the attempt to gage the temper of those sections which are, after all, the main support of the industry. It makes very little difference to anyone how a picture is received in Los Angeles or New York. It is "in the sticks," as the Hollywood phrase goes, that money is made or lost on a production.

Critics may turn handsprings and sing hymns of praise about it. It may run for months on Broadway or in first-run theaters on the Coast. But if it "goes on its nose" in Keokuk and Sauk Center and Shelbyville, its producer is going to find himself "in the red" and he may get whatever rueful satisfaction he can out of reading the printed praises of metropolitan critics in his clipping book.

That is what makes the Middle West so dangerous an ogre. It must be spoken to politely, in words of one syllable. It must be kept soothed and happy. It must be treated with respect. It has Power.

The things we do to keep from hurting its feelings! Oh, my!

When the first Ruth Chatterton pictures were released, I understand that the terrible Middle West laughed derisively at what was considered first class, if not really elegant dialogue. The carefully cultivated intonations of stage actors struck it, apparently, as being effete and ridiculous, and it simply declined to take them seriously. Suffering aroused no sympathy when expressed in proper English.

So in subsequent productions of the same type, stage accents were noticeably modified to something approaching the twang of those dangerous sections—or, at least, to something not too exaggeratedly different from that twang.

No wonder foreigners in our midst are bewildered and appalled at our bogey!

I was interviewing Joseph Schildkraut once when he leaned across the luncheon table, obviously intending to pay me a compliment. "Surely," he remarked, "you are not an American!"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I admitted, shamelessly. "Not only that. I am from the Middle West!"

He surveyed me with shocked sympathy. *"Oh! What a pity!"* he cried—exactly as if I had told him I had some sort of deformity!

Of course, censorship has something to do with it. Censor rules are notoriously much more stringent in those sections than in other places. And yet one wonders whether the notions of people on censor boards can be taken as a reliable reflection of public opinion. Might it not be mere apathy on the part of picture audiences that allows such busybodies to dictate what they shall see upon the screen?

What They Will Accept

THE Hays office tells me, cautiously, that the Middle West "will accept some sophisticated pictures—if they are well done!" Which doesn't seem to get us anywhere in particular.

Pictures of the big outdoors, however, are better received in that moot territory, I am informed. Which brings up an interesting point in my mind. Does a picture have to be shot in the house to be sophisticated? Seems odd!

The lavish, the expensive and the bizarre are popularly supposed to please those audiences. And that is why no picture is complete without a "production value" sequence in which lots of extras wear evening clothes upon an expensive set.

That is why, when a studio undertakes to adapt a play like "Little Accident" for the screen, it changes the story so that the rather shabby young man of the play becomes an extremely well-to-do one in the picture—able to afford an embellished apartment with lots of servants. That is why the hospital in

(*Continued on page 93*)

What's Gilbert



Hurrell

Going To Do?

One Thing He *Isn't* Thinking Of Is---Quitting

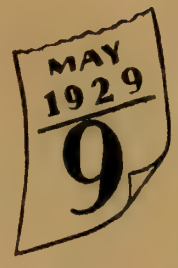
"TO be," says the book, "or not to be. . . ." To-day John Gilbert's question reads like *Hamlet's:* " . . . Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles. . . ?"

He has chosen the "slings and arrows."

For one, he refuses to be interviewed. It is an ultimatum, never, he declares, to be violated. The day of the volatile Jack is over. No more outpourings of his soul on love, life and filial duties. No more diatribes. No more invectives. The Jack who lived and told is no more.

Perhaps it is well.

But in his heyday there was no one more colorful, more glamourous, than the Gilbert of the interviewers; talking well, if not always wisely, on subjects that ranged from movies to Masefield. Spouting vivid words, flanked by superlative adjectives. "Colossal!" "Magnificent!" A bundle of vitality, breathing fiery sentences: not a little heady, perhaps, because of dizzy heights to which he had been tossed.







The Gilbert of to-day is quiet, aloof, self-contained; reluctant, apparently, to give his confidences, lest they be betrayed. A man sorely tried. A man who has taken it three times on the jaw—hard. One—two—and three! Each time he has felt the sickening sensation of the world slipping from beneath him.

The Three Blows

FIRST, the talkies—with new demands, different requirements, and an early recording mechanism that played him false and converted the particular quality of his voice, that Utah quality, into a girlish treble.

Second, the stock market crash—with many of his investments suddenly scooped away.

Third, stories, stories, stories. Insinuations. Abuse. Ridicule. Cruel rumors.

Like all actors, like all artists, like all humans, he thrived on worship. He withered under ridicule.

First came the pitiful "Romeo and Juliet" sequence with Norma Shearer in "The Hollywood Revue."

With it came the taunts of the press, glad, presumably, to be able to tickle the idol's ribs with a satiric knife.

It hurt.

(*Continued on page 90*)



Three significant dates in John Gilbert's life were May 9, 1929 (marriage to Ina Claire), October 17, 1929 (first talkie "His Glorious Night"), and October 21, 1929 (the stock market crash). Opposite is John's latest portrait

By Dorothy Spensley

Dark-Starred *Dolores*

Just Beginning To Live - - After Being Desperately Ill

By CHARLES GRAYSON



George F. Cannons

ON A BED in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles a young woman lies staring up at the uncompromising whiteness of the ceiling. She is registered as Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Her more familiar name is Dolores Del Rio.

She is very ill—very. She has been in that hospital now for several weeks, the victim of a recurrence of the illness that previously held her there for many weeks. The relapse was bitter—in that it cruelly swept away the strength that she had so laboriously been gathering for a return to the screen.

But harsh as it was, it seems but a portion of the train of misfortune that has trailed her for years, trailed her so faithfully that the poet Swinburne, writing decades ago, might have had her in mind when composing his sad chant:

Mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

Surely it would require the protagonist of such a poem to declare, as did Dolores Del Rio, that she "had never been happy —never been free."

A seeming promise of happiness was held out to her when, a girl in Mexico City, Jaime Del Rio offered himself as a husband. She did not love Del Rio. She did not know what love was. She did not know what life was. Just out of the gentle confines of a convent, she cared for this suitor only as a young girl cares for an older man who has been good to her.

But there was that kindness—of such value to a carefully shielded child—and the Del Rio name. Security.

She Wanted Laughter

SHE accepted Jaime, and went to live in his great gloomy stone palace in Mexico City. There she found but little laughter. The Del Rio family is of ancient Castilian stock, and to them dignity has been an active symbol for generations.

Accustomed to the gay chatter of the girls in the convent, the soft white manners of the nuns, the transition to servants as stiff-backed as the chairs they held for her, the austerity of family inspection, irked the new bride. *Hola*, was this for which she had married? No!

She had married for—for what? She did not know. But it was not for this creaking brocade and these gloomy rooms, of that she was certain. The thing she was seeking had nothing to do with stuffy confines. She wondered what lay beyond the horizon.

Beyond that magic line, she knew, was Paris—the ever-bright beacon for the world's restless youth. There might be happiness. Jaime needed the experience of changing scenes if he were to become a great writer, did he not? And in Paris, so she understood, there was laughter and dancing all the day and all the night. To Paris!

At last Jaime capitulated to her pretty pleas. They would go to Paris, more expressly to the Latin Quarter, and join the merrily mad colony on the Left Bank. To Paris! They started . . .

Years later they reached the golden city—independently. For on the way they decided to stop awhile in Hollywood . . .

Who Was To Blame?

TO write of Dolores and Jaime Del Rio in Hollywood is to write an old, ever-new, ever-terrible story . . . The story of a young and pretty wife dazzled by the glitter of the town,

(*Continued on page 97*)



Bull

This is the face that Ann Harding calls "a vivid dramatic mask." The face that cameramen call the most perfect, photographically, of any on the screen. It is the fortune of an ex-chorus girl now appearing in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Her name is Joan Crawford

And When the Pie

By Reginald Taviner

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

The Boss was in a conference
A-counting up his reels;
The Star was in a tantrum,
A-stamping down her heels.
And when the film was finished,
What do you suppose?
Away went the Public,
A-holding of its nose.

—Mother Khayyam.

AND so the filming of "The Priceless Passion" began. Even Hollywood was awe-stricken by the preparations for the picture. Everybody remembered "Ben Hur," "The Ten Commandments," "Noah's Ark," "Hell's Angels," and "The King of Jazz," but compared with "The Priceless Passion" these epics of lavishness were just quickies.

"With a title like that we can't lose," declared the general manager, "and it's no use fooling with bathtubs when swimming-pools will do."

So an army of workmen toiled day and night to build the massive set for the final scene, which was being shot first. Its towers reared to the very roof of the huge sound stage, and its broad marble stairway swept in a majestic arc clear from wall to wall.

"After what Goulding and Swanson did with that little staircase in 'The Trespasser,'" the production manager told the director, "this ought to knock 'em loose from their seats."

The dress rehearsal was gorgeous. Two thousand extras were massed on the set as Rosie Glow, the star, descended regally between them. Trumpets blared and the organ re-echoed. It was the ultimate in production value and cinema splendor—the like of which was never seen in any kingdom on earth.

"Marvelous! Wonderful! Superb!" gasped the general manager, the director, the production manager and the scenario editor in unison as they gazed upon their own handiwork. "Let's give it to the world!"

Only Half Shot

BUT when the cameramen came in and began setting up their cameras, they peeked through the finders and started moving back. They peeked again and again—and kept on moving back. Finally they brought up against the farthermost wall of the gigantic stage.

"We're back as far as we can go," they announced, "and we're using the widest lenses made. But we can get only half of the set in the picture!"

Little things like that will happen in the movies. They frequently do. So the final scene in "The Priceless Passion," like the final scene in the "Bridal Veil" number of Paul Whiteman's picture, never did get on the screen. A "miniature" set two blocks long, upon which Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith were supposed to climb to the moon, was never seen by the public, for the entirely adequate reason that the cameras couldn't get it on the film!

"Never mind," said the general manager, "we'll figure out another climax for 'The Priceless Passion.' Meanwhile, we'll shoot the rest of it."



"We're back as far as we can go," they announced, "and we're using the widest lenses made. But we can only get half of the set in the picture!"

Was Opened

"The Priceless Passion" Was Nothing But Hollywood Hash



Nothing could be done, of course, while the next set was being built, but the same army of workmen rushed it to completion at time-and-a-half, so the company was kept waiting on salary for only four days. Once more everything was in readiness for shooting to begin—everything, that is, except Miss Glow.

Although it was past eleven o'clock and everybody else had been sitting around since nine, Rosie Glow's wicker-trimmed Igotta-Cheesini hadn't yet purred past the studio gates. Between trips to the telephone the production manager stormed up and down the set, tearing his hair.

Garbo's Always on Time

"BELIEVE me," he remarked to the director, "she wouldn't get away with this at M-G-M. Over there they have a timekeeper with a stop-watch posted on every set, and he keeps tab on everything. He even reports how long it takes to shoot each scene."

"Yeah," replied the director ironically, "I've heard about that. He's the guy who yells out every morning: 'Hey, Garbo, it's nine bells—begin to emote!'"

"Yeah," echoed the script clerk seated beside him, "like fun he does! *She* tells *him* when it's five bells instead—and Garbo t'inks she ban go home I should like to see anybody try to stop her, too!"

The director drew a pencil across a page of his script and handed it to the girl.

"Here, Gladolia," he instructed, "we won't need these four scenes anyway—chalk 'em off. Then we'll call it a morning and go to lunch; that puts us 'way ahead of our shooting schedule."

Shortly after the company got back on the set Rosie Glow, herself, did arrive. She swept upon the stage followed by her maids, her secretary, her chauffeur and her press-agent, all with their arms full of her effects. Her business manager would be along presently, and she had left her housekeeper at home, her voice teacher in the beauty parlor, and her police dogs in her dressing-room.

(*Continued on page 92*)



Longworth

After his tussle with that inflated whale in "Moby Dick," John Barrymore had a longing for the sea. So he steamed up the *Infanta*, and headed south. He caught some tuna and some jungle fever. He brought the fever home with him. Ever since, it has been delaying "Svengali."

Esther's Blessed Event

By
Faith
Service



C. S. Bull

They Told Esther Ralston She Could Not Be A Mother, But - - -

ESTHER RALSTON is going to have a baby. In June. And thereby hangs a tense story. For here is no ordinary baby, no "Little Stranger" complacently awaited in a complacent home by a complacent mother. Here is Esther's "Miracle." Here is Esther's "Gift from God."

Something they said could never happen to her is happening to Esther. A dream that had gone forever is coming true. A romance that had turned to bitter semi-tragedy has returned the long, long road.

But let's begin at the beginning:

A few years ago, when Esther first married George Webb, they drew up a home-made contract between them. And on the little scrap of paper a promise was written—from George to Esther: that in a certain year she should have a baby. And that little sheet of paper was Esther's most precious possession. In those written words lay the promise of a triumph no screen contract could ever give her.

A few years ago, too, when Esther first married George, she took his two young daughters into her home and into her heart. She made them love her because she loved them. To herself, to George, to the children she seemed a born mother. It was a happy foursome they made.

Had to Begin All Over

AND then—in the stock market crash of 1929, Esther and George lost most of the money they had worked for and saved during their years together. Some ninety-six thousand dollars was gone as though it had never been. Their home was threatened. There was opened up to them the prospect of beginning at the beginning again, stripped of everything.

George Webb took it hard. Perhaps he blamed himself. He couldn't sleep nights. He walked the floor. He grew nervous and thin and irritable. And Esther learned how unimportant money can be, compared to the alteration of a being you love.

She went to him and said, "Daddy, let's forget the money. Let's count it gone—all of it. Let the house go if we have to. We're still young. We made it once. We can make it again. *I* don't mind. I don't mind living in a little apartment and trying to get work and starting all over. It's not worth your feeling this way—it isn't worth it to me."

But George shook his head. "I'll get that money back," he said, "if it's the last thing I ever do."

It was almost the last thing *they* ever did—together.

A few days later, George came to Esther and said, "Can you dance?"

Esther said that she had danced once. She didn't know, now. Why?

George told her of the repeated vaudeville offers he had had for her and of the one he had then. It meant hard work. It also meant quick money and lots of it. Enough to save their home and to recoup their losses and more besides. It meant enormous publicity. The kind of publicity that would show the talkies what they couldn't seem to see without demonstration.

Work—Work—Work

ESTHER began to work. She took tap in the mornings. Ballet in the afternoons. Voice in between. Routines at nights. She worked until she was a shadow. And George worked with her, encouraging her, driving her, trying to give her the vaudeville tempo, teaching her to forget that she was a "movie queen" with a shadow appeal, making her break down her delicate reserves and get close to the people. They sweated like laborers to get the act into shape, and then they set out on

(*Continued on page 101*)



When a player breaks into the Big Money, he usually leaves town. He "goes Beverly Hills." At the left is the new home of Robert Montgomery, Dorothy's pal in "Love in the Rough"



When Lawrence Tibbett finishes his contract with M-G-M, he'll have earned a cool million. No wonder he can sing! At the right is the place where he lowers that potent voice

You're Now Passing

Dorothy Shows You All Want



You probably thought Marie Dressler lived down near the waterfront somewhere. Not so! The midget castle (left) is where she invites all her dearest cronies for Sunday night supper



For its size, Beverly Hills is perhaps the richest town in the world—and it looks it. At the right is swanky Beverly Drive, also called by the town boosters "The Boulevard of Palms"



Dorothy turns into the drive leading up to the Beverly Hills Hotel (left). When anybody's throwing a party that's going to be A Party, this is where the crowd usually congregates

Through Beverly Hills

Jordan Where They To Live



Dorothy couldn't get that big chariot of hers into the driveway, but you can get an idea (right) of the place where John Gilbert tries and tries and tries, oh so hard, to lead his own life



Richee

Maybe they *didn't* grow such gals in them days, but Lily Damita was put into "Fighting Caravans," anyway. Out of place, a girl's conspicuous. Conspicuous, she's talked about. And Lily is as modern as next year's slang

Me---*And Men*

BY GLADYS HALL



Lily Damita Thinks Of Herself First--*And Why Not?*

SOMEONE recently described Lily Damita as "a French Clara Bow." They probably meant more in general type, in youth and flame and vivacity (and s.a.), than in newspaper type. For thus far they have not shared alike in free publicity. If there have been sensational boy-friends and sensational suits in Lily's life, they haven't come to these cocked ears.

There do not appear to be any particularly similar traits or tastes or likes or dislikes. Lily gives the impression of being just on the threshold, just beginning. Clara, Lily's junior a bit, no doubt gives the contrary impression of having reached a stone wall, a high hurdle.

Lily lives alone at the Chateau Elysée, in Hollywood. Her apartment looks homelike and lived in. Things are strewn about. A copy of "Grimms' Fairy Tales." Copies of "Vogue" and "Vanity Fair" and "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE." Lots of cigarettes and expensive candies. Sewing going on. No framed photographs to betray secret yearnings. Telephones going. Telegrams arriving. Life all about.

It was four in the afternoon. Lily wore a black satin bathrobe, mannish style, her monogram in white on the left lapel. Her hair, un-hennaed, un-blondined, un-golden-glinted, hung down her back and over her eyes and this way and that way in charming and chaotic confusion.

She is a warmly tinted, amber-colored girl, with a lot of vivacity, a lot of laughter, flashing white teeth, and a piquant bit of shyness.

Couldn't Be a Hermit

SHE is probably unconventional. She looks it. If she is, she knows how to draw curtains and close doors.

She says she has changed since she first came to Hollywood. She said it rather sadly, but did not explain the sadness. Hollywood is not responsible for the change. Old Man Time is. "A lot can happen in three years—"

She says she could not be like Garbo, a hermit. She has to have people about her, things going on, places to go. She likes to live in New York better than in Hollywood because there are so many more things to do. After a season in New York, one is exhausted, needs a rest.

She says that she used to be awed and impressed when she first went to big Hollywood parties, at the Zukors', the Goldwyns' and such. Now, she knows that the Hollywood Great, so enormously advertised in Europe as to give Europeans a complex, are "just people," like all people. She is no longer in awe. She just "has fun."

Lily has fun wherever she goes, whatever she is doing. Why not?

She is more important to herself than men are important to her—or ever will be.

Lily talks as a French poster might talk if a French poster *could* go talkie.

Can't Tell About Lindy

"I DO not get impressions of men unless I hear them talk to me. You ask me about Lindbergh. Lindbergh—I do not know him. I should say of him, if I have to say, that he would be the 'good friend' type. More the good friend than the husband, even. Maybe both. The kind of a man you would take walks with and tell your troubles to, and *do* things with. And be what you call here 'chummy.' But I would have to get his reactions first, before I could say. He may be so very different from how he looks. *Men are more different from how they look than women.*

"It is hard for me to say about a man unless I have had contact with him. I do not ever think of men in connection with me. I think of *me* in connection with men. I do not want to be influenced by a man. I want to be the influence.

"I am always afraid of these so *very* great people. And I do not like that. I always let them begin the talk and then I take the line they have take. Doctors and scientists and big explorers—I do that way with all of them. I would not like that for long. I would not like that for a husband. It is all right for a little time, to learn things.

"Mr. Eisenstein is a man I would be interest' to meet. Not only because of the great pictures he have made. Not because he is a Russian. I feel I could learn many things from him. He

(*Continued on page 100*)

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



LADIES FOR HIRE

Fair-To-Middlin'—Will Do: The pure street walker is with us again. On her first night in the business an English gentleman invites her in to dine with him in the place of an expected guest. Which seems to make the ensuing love-making quite right and proper. A flamboyant and hackneyed situation becomes believable with the sincere acting of Gilbert Emery as the father who hires the attractive unknown from the night streets to win his son away from a Soho adventuress.

The plot gives Betty Compson the opportunity to wear a bewildering array of gorgeous gowns, but even these plus the kindliest lighting and most skilful make-up cannot hide the traces of her recent illness. However, her work is competent.

Farce, melodrama, and tragedy mark the ensnaring of the youth, played by John Darrow, a newcomer with dramatic hair, and a likable personality, but the pattern part of a beglamoured boy does not give him much chance.



MILLIE

Rather Gloomy—Take It Or Leave It: Wandering rather aimlessly to an unsatisfactory ending, "Millie" is heavy handed and dull. Direction is partly at fault though the novel from which the picture was adapted offered little fresh screen material. Life stories of frustration seldom do.

From humble beginnings, *Millie* marries millions only to leave her husband and child when she discovers the inevitable other woman. Divorce leaves her free to remarry but she refuses further marital entanglements. Then she catches her boy friend philandering and takes to drink. Years pass and with them *Millie's* reputation. But she is still capable of making discoveries. Her latest concerns a threat against her daughter's honor. So she kills the man. The picture ends in typical Madame X-courtroom style.

Helen Twelvetrees cannot be held accountable for the monotony of the title rôle, in fact, at times rises above it.



TRADER HORN

Heroic Picture, Well Worth Seeing: No other movie company need try to make any animal films after "Trader Horn." For one thing, there aren't any more animals. The most secret of the savage citizenry of the jungle has not escaped the camera. Director Van Dyke, who took his heroic company into African wilds to bring us back these thrills, resisted the temptation to make the picture a glorified travelogue. He built up a simple, but gripping plot from the adventures of the old African trader and young companion who dared to rescue the White Goddess of a fierce tribe.

Thus Harry Carey's splendid work as the wise and grizzled *Trader Horn*, Edwina Booth's startling and feline blonde loveliness and suggestion of savagery, Duncan Rinaldo's virile portrayal, and the remarkable work of the native African tribesman, Mutia Omoolu, as the heroic gun-bearer, stand out even among the rhino fights, lion attacks and savage dances.



GENTLEMAN'S FATE

Gilbert Still Needs A Picture: It seems to be John Gilbert's fate not to find the right picture for his spectacular personality. In this typical gangster story he is almost submerged by the winning ugliness of Louis Wolheim, the dazzling blondness of Anita Page and Leila Hyams, and the cuteness of Marie Prevost—who is utterly new, refreshing and *piquant* as the plump little desk girl at the underworld hotel.

Gilbert does some really fine work throughout the picture, but his part of the gentleman brother of the uncouth gang leader is colorless except for one drunken scene. There are interesting directorial touches, especially in the comedy of the "peace banquet" where the two rival gangs get together for a love feast with revolvers hidden in the floral decorations and their molls parking gats in their evening gowns.

The pity of it is that Gilbert does so well a part that is hardly worth doing at all.

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



THE PAINTED DESERT

Outdoor Drama—Worth Seeing: It's a Western, but not "just another Western." In the first place there is the setting, the painted desert, beautiful beyond description, in the second place there is an honest story of honest men, played sincerely by William Farnum and J. Farrell MacDonald.

It is the unfolding of their lifelong feud which grips the onlooker's interest rather than the love story of the desert *Romeo* and *Juliet*, played by Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees. Call it hokum if you will, it's the hokum of which life is made and the spectacle of the clasped hands at the end brings an authentic thrill.

There are expensive thrills scattered throughout the picture, but one of the most thrilling scenes costs little or nothing. "The Painted Desert" will add nothing to the fame of Bill Boyd, who is too mature for boyish bashfulness, nor to that of Helen Twelvetrees, but it's worth seeing.



KIKI

Mary In Fine Performance—You'll Like Her: Perhaps more discussion was aroused by the decision of Mary Pickford to play *Kiki* than any other single bit of casting has caused this season. Some regarded Mary foolhardy to follow Lenore Ulric and Norma Talmadge in the rôle. Others avowed Mary would be ideal as the Parisian *gamine*.

Whether *Kiki* is among Mary Pickford's best characterizations is still open to debate; but she gives a splendid performance. Her *Kiki* is more lovable and refined than Ulric's—more animated and spritely than Talmadge's.

The plot, such as it is, revolves entirely upon the central character and concerns *Kiki's* infatuation for the manager of the theater where she works and her subsequent campaign to win his love. Joseph Cawthorn, Reginald Denny, Margaret Livingston and Edwin Maxwell are outstanding in support and Sam Taylor's direction merits praise.



NO LIMIT

Not Clara's Best, But Recommended: "No Limit" is the answer to Clara Bow's maidenly prayers for a good picture. It has all the elements which caused her earlier confections to be so universally popular, and in addition, George Marion, Jr., has supplied an unusually good plot. Clara, as a little usherette who, through the dumb worship of a Swedish patron of the theater in which she works, briefly if unknowingly, becomes proprietress of a *de luxe* gambling establishment, has one of those *Cinderella* rôles which have done so much to establish her in the affections of movie-going America.

Stuart Erwin, as the hopelessly adoring suitor, and Harry Green as the theater manager, once more are Stuart Erwin and Harry Green—and quite delightfully so. Norman Foster also is competent in the part of an unsympathetic gentleman crook. Clara looks better than she has for some time past, notably in the wedding scene. The settings are excellent.



DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE

Not Up To "Paid," But Interesting: Another step forward for Joan Crawford as a dramatic actress and obviously an attempt to afford her a successor to "Paid." In this latter respect the vehicle leaves something to be desired. "Dance, Fools, Dance" cannot be dismissed as just another underworld picture. Recent Chicago gang killings evidently formed the basis of the plot but the fast tempo combined with expert performances and well-knit story values lift this underworld drama out of stereotyped routine.

Joan plays a dancing daughter of wealth suddenly forced by financial reverses to earn her own living. She adopts the newspaper game as a profession. The gangland killing of a reporter on the staff brings her an assignment to work on the case. She discovers the murderer to be her brother who has turned bootlegger as a result of the family's financial crash. The boy's crime is expiated in attempting to defend his sister.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



LONELY WIVES

Reliable Farce, Should Please: There is a faintly old-fashioned flavor to this type of wrong-bedroom farce and mistaken identity which made us blush and titter at such shocking doings a decade ago. Edward Everett Horton, as the philandering husband who "blooms" every evening at eight and also as the vaudeville lightning-change artist whom he hires to impersonate him, plays the double rôles in the spirit of broad farce, as do Patsy Ruth Miller as the stenographer, Laura La Plante as the inebriated blonde charmer and Esther Ralston as the unexpectedly returning wife.

Such broad lines as "Tell me—what happened last night," such naughty answers as "Mmmm, if you only *knew!*" are still capable laugh getters, as are slamming doors, comedy butlers, coy mother-in-laws and references to possible babies.

The spectacle of Laura La Plante staggering about, dainty, but undeniably drunk, may offend some of Laura's admirers, of whom [illegible] one. But I am afraid "Lonely Wives" is [illegible] the writer is [illegible] rce seems to be always reliable. [illegible] going to be a success. Pas[illegible]



THE SOUTHERNER

Tibbett Has A Winner Here: Here is the Rogue of "The Rogue Song" in trampish disguise, a swashbuckling hero in rags and a stubble of beard—and, of course, a fine Southern family and a stately mansion in his background. There is a healthy relish for Life in Laurence Tibbett's personality which makes him the most vital figure on the screen today, even without that glorious song of his which raises the tawdry lyrics he has to sing in this picture to the level of beauty.

The plot revolves around the dubious situation of the scapegrace younger son who returns home from his wanderings to fall in love with his brother's wife, but Esther Ralston's sweetness and sincerity and Tibbett's gaiety make it all seem wholesome enough.

It has more story value than most plots built around a voice, and contains many laughs—furnished by Cliff Edwards and Roland Young as Tibbett's tramp companions, and one tear in the scene where the Southerner leads the plantation negroes in singing while a child is born in a nearby hut.



DRACULA

Creepy Doings Make Super-Thriller: Calculated as a hair-raising evening for strong men and stronger-minded women alike, "Dracula" also offers a substitute for the conventional bogie man in scaring children.

The locale is a sanatorium for mental cases. A specialist in obscure diseases diagnoses the mysterious anemia suffered by a young girl as the work of a vampire. According to ancient belief, vampires are half-dead souls who, grave-bound by day, none the less roam the earth by night sucking the blood of their victims. Cure may be effected only by finding the vampire's grave and driving a stake through the heart of the corpse. As an epilogue of the picture, one of the characters appears to assure the audience that vampires really exist.

Bela Lugosi, who created the rôle on the stage, again plays *Dracula*, the half-dead. His excellent work receives admirable support from Helen Chandler, Dwight Frye, Edward Van Sloan. Tod Browning and the cameramen divide credit for sustaining the eerie atmosphere. See this super-thriller.



THE SEAS BENEATH

Good Entertainment—Take The Kiddies: Something out of the ordinary in adventure tales and eminently satisfactory entertainment for those who desire only to be entertained. In these days of problem dramas it is a treat to relax.

The picture is laid in war times. A particularly active German U-boat is to be baited by an American-manned schooner. The decoy is apparently unarmed and so disguised in hope of luring the enemy submarine into gun range. In a neutral port the schooner takes on supplies and foreign entanglements ensue when our valiant skipper loses his heart to an attractive German fraulein, sister of the U-boat commander. The final battle on the high seas is thrilling.

The acting is uniformly good. George O'Brien, thoroughly seaworthy, finds a welcome change from his Western rôles. Marion Lessing makes an attractive heroine and Gaylord Pendleton a snappy Ensign. The wholesome comedy is in the capable hands of Warren Hymer, William Collier, Sr., and Walter C. Kelly. Send the kids by all means or, take them.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



KEPT HUSBANDS

Threadbare Story Saved By Intelligence: The combination that made "Office Wife"—Dorothy Mackaill, directed by Lloyd Bacon—scores again. Starting with the threadbare story of a poor boy who marries a rich wife, Bacon has avoided obvious situations, emphasized humor and sincere acting, and achieved a picture that is more than delightful.

Dorothy Mackaill, as the wilful, pampered society girl who gets her man by the simple method of doing her own proposing, has the complete sympathy of her audience in what might easily have been an unsympathetic rôle. Her brilliant comedy sense would suffice alone to recommend the film. "Kept Husbands" will have further interest, however, since it marks the return to the screen of Clara Kimball Young and Bryant Washburn.

Joel McCrea, in his first leading rôle, is RKO's latest gift to women, but should be welcomed as well by his own sex, for his virile charm is such that even as a "kept-husband" he is able to remain a he-man.



LADIES' MAN

Good For The Grown-Ups: "Ladies Man" is the story of a boulevardier who "loved and lost," and is a good illustration of the new sophistication of the screen. As the man whom all the ladies love, Powell is especially well cast. The rôle is tailored to his talents. Women shower gifts upon him to win his coveted attentions and he, in turn, converts the gifts into money. It is a situation that calls for nice handling.

A middle-aged matron (Olive Tell) lavishes largesse upon him that is paid for by her unsuspecting husband. All goes well with the affair until a younger charmer (Kay Francis) meets Powell, who finds himself sincerely in love at last. Unfortunately his elderly sweetheart's daughter (Carole Lombard) is also in love with him.

After the subtle comedy handling of the picture the tragic ending is unexpected and a trifle disconcerting. Lothar Mendes has directed this Rupert Hughes story in a rather daring manner, which with its ultra-modern settings make it film fare for the sophisticates rather than for grandma.



RESURRECTION

Don't Miss This One: Lupe Velez, the *gamine*, is no more! In her place is a highly-emotional actress, completely justifying the director, Edmund Carewe, who surprised the film world by selecting her for the rôle made famous in silent days by Dolores Del Rio.

Leo Tolstoy's masterpiece, in which the love of a proud Russian prince for a peasant girl leads them both to the barren snows and exile of Siberia, differs little from its previous versions. Always a fine drama, however, it gains importance now for its new Lupe Velez, and for its repeated emotional climaxes that hold the audience spellbound.

John Boles, as the prince, forgets that he gained fame as a singer and goes in for acting, although there is one song, excellently motivated, that is, for a wonder, all too brief. It falls to his lot, also, to put over with a single expression the entire theme of the picture . . . a hard task. For its strong story, intense emotion, splendid acting and beautiful photography, we recommend "Resurrection."



FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

Pep And Color Here: You won't be wrong either, if you go to see this technicolor farce of tourist Paris, a couple of correspondent school detectives, a bet between two gorgeously tailored (though rather mature) youths and a drink or two at the Ritz bar. *Jack* (William Gaxton) makes a bet with *Baxter* (Lester Crawford) that without a cent of money he can live in Paris and win the blonde (Claudia Dell) in two weeks. Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson are hired to shadow him.

The lines are hilarious in effect, and improper in spots. The gags are old and reliable, including the chase along the newly asphalted street, except for the one of the spilled perfume and the dancing policemen which is new so far as I know. Helen Broderick, as the tourist schoolma'am, is very funny.

For a musical comedy with the music left out there is a surprising amount of plot. The settings are more Parisian than Paris and will put everyone who has ever "been across" in a delightfully reminiscent mood, and the color adds much to the charm of the picture.

Where Hollywood

By

ELISABETH

GOLDBECK



RAGGED chimneys and a few futile-looking bathtubs are all that remain to mark one big night at Malibu Beach. Building your house upon the sand is a risky business. If one element doesn't get you, another will. Flames seem to be the great menace at Hollywood's favorite playground. This is the second time in two years that a big fire has attempted to oust the famous beachcombers, and sooner or later it's going to get them all.

The settlers at Malibu are paying the price for their incorrigible sociability. Jammed up against each other, with hardly room to get by between the houses, they make of the resplendent Malibu fire-engine nothing but a huge red-and-gold joke. With flames leaping easily from roof to roof, at least a dozen houses are pretty sure to go each time, before the destruction can be halted.



At top, Louise Fazenda in her Malibu Beach house, where her valuable gifts from fans fed the flames. At left, Mr. and Mrs. Bud De Sylva, the heaviest losers

Though the Malibu colony has been in existence for only three years, it has already become a tradition, with what seems like a lifetime of memories and anecdote behind it. When the first batch of beach cottages burned, more than a year ago, everyone sighed for the lovely scandals, the romances, the whoopee—all the history that had been made there.

But little tradition perished with the fifteen houses razed by the last fire. Except for Louise Fazenda's and Ben Hendricks', which were among the first houses to be built at Malibu, they were all new, built on sites that have never before been occupied.

Where It Hit This Time

THE devastated area this time is a section in the middle of the colony—numbering from 44 to 59. Marie Prevost's, Buddy De Sylva's, Bernie Toplitzky's, David Butler's, Al Rockett's and Frank Fay's were all new houses, completed last summer. The rest were owned by non-professional people.

It happened just ten days before Christmas, at two-thirty on a Monday morning, with a fifty-eight-mile gale howling over the ocean. Almost before anyone could summon a pang of regret, it was over. Within three-quarters of an hour all the buildings had collapsed, and by seven the next morning there was nothing left but smoldering ashes.

The elegant fire-engine with its chemical apparatus arrived on time, but it was utterly helpless, with the wind and the wooden houses cooperating to destroy everything. All the owners got word and arrived on the scene before their houses were down. But there was no weeping and wailing. Everyone was quiet and philosophical—probably stunned into stoicism. They looked at their homes crackling away and just said, "Well, that's that."

They were covered by insurance, and none of them realized, as they watched, how great their losses were. The deprivation was not so much financial as sentimental. Things that can never be replaced, little, treasured things that they forgot completely in the first excitement, have been recurring to their

Plays With Fire

The Movie Colony At Malibu Is Bait For The Flames



International Newsreel

minds ever since, causing little sentimental pains. Their friends were losers, too. Almost all of them had their Christmas presents there, wrapped and ready to send and delightfully inflammable.

What Caused It?

NOBODY is sure what caused the fire, and nobody is making any particular effort to find out. The newspapers laid it to an explosion in the house of Elizabeth Graham, where the flames started, but seemed to have no curiosity about what caused the explosion.

One theory is that a fire was left in the fireplace of the Graham house, a spark flew out on the rug, ignited the furnishings in the room, and crept through the house until it reached the huge gas tank, which immediately exploded. The night was enlivened by several explosions, as the fire reached each gas tank along the line.

It was spreading both to the north and south, making a problem for the firefighters. In one direction, Allan Dwan's private hose successfully soaked the next house, so the fire would travel no farther. And in the other direction, a vacant lot stopped the flames.

Fortunately, only a few of the tenants were staying in their houses that night. Louise Fazenda was at her Los Angeles home. But Ben Hendricks and his family, the Buddy De Sylvas, Marie Prevost and her guests, and several occupants of the houses owned by non-professionals were sleeping blissfully when the bonfire began.

Marie Prevost rushed out without saving anything. Buster Collier was on hand to comfort her. They stood in the road together. "Never mind, darling," he consoled, "it won't take any time to build another one." An hour later, they were still standing in the same spot, fighting like a couple of cats. "I could have saved so-and-so," Marie was scolding, "if you had just let me do as I wanted to."

Ashes in 17 Minutes

THE Ben Hendrickses got out just in time. It took exactly seventeen minutes for their house to burn, leaving them with nothing but their pajamas and overcoats. The Hendrickses had rented their Hollywood house and had brought every possession to the beach, where they were living—as they optimistically thought—permanently. All their worldly goods were there, and all were lost.

But what they seemed particularly broken up about were some Christmas tree ornaments that Ben has had for twenty years.

Mr. Hendricks was working in a picture at Pathé, and had brought his wardrobe home with him. At the first alarm he grabbed that and threw it out the window—true to the tradition of the old trouper.

(*Continued on page 114*)



Fryer

At top, all that remained of seventeen Malibu homes the morning after. Note how close together they were. At right, Louise Fazenda, one of the Malibu pioneers

PETTING

Some Have Dogs, And Some Have



Dyar



Autrey

Down on Thoid Avenue, they think Clara Bow (above) is a hot mama. And "Kalgoordie," her Australian bear, thinks likewise. Claire Luce (right) is bringing up a dog named "Diamond Lil"

WHEN one encounters Greta Garbo in a Santa Monica pet store buying a silver chain for her pet monkey, Josephine; and a little later meets Kay Francis on Sunset Boulevard, just entering a Japanese establishment to discuss the likes and dislikes of goldfish; and a day or two after that listens to Janet Gaynor anxiously inquiring as to the well-being of a pair of motherless ducks, it may be set down to mere coincidence. But if a little later Lupe Velez appears at the studio, tired out because she's been sitting up all night with a sick canary, it's apt to start a person wondering.

"All these girls have pets of one sort or another," said a friend to whom I spoke of the four stars mentioned. "It doesn't mean a thing."

But when, a little later, I overheard an anxious discussion about the indisposition of another pair of pets, I was sure there was something more than just a fad in the almost inevitable and absorbed interest the girls showed in the odd animals they have adopted. So whenever I met a young lady star, I asked about the particular pet she owned—first having cannily discovered the principal facts about it. For instance:

"Someone told me you brought back a beautiful little capuchin monkey from Sumatra," I said to Claudette Colbert, "and that you call him Pericles. Is he amusing?"

"Amusing?" she replied a little doubtfully. "He's awfully dear, of course, but—"



Kay Francis has two canaries named Sears and Roebuck that need a lot of care

More Than Just a Fad

AND then I saw that I'd hit entirely the wrong note, and that this affection for and interest in the little animal people is something far deeper than just a fad. The players who have children don't go in for pets to any extent. They may have a dog or a bird, but their mother instinct is too thoroughly expressed and centered in their sons and daughters to need expression in any other direction. It's the other women, who are constantly making heavy drafts on their emotions, building these up and cultivating them professionally, that simply have to find an outlet when the work is finished.

It wouldn't be quite the thing to say such affection as they display is misplaced love. But even if they are unconscious of it, the feminine stars of the screen who are childless do shower a lot of extremely

PARTIES

BY LILLIAN SHIRLEY

Some Have Birds Bears And Goldfish





Woodbury

Dorothy Lee (left) didn't acquire a kinkajou because she was insane, but because it needed a mother. And Jean Harlow has "Whimsy" to keep her worried, and keep her awake at night

valuable affection upon their pets. Often they treat them much as if they were children, caring for them, being anxious for them, and suffering acute pangs when something happens to them.

I mentioned Lupe Velez sitting up with an ailing canary. Lupe has two hundred of these little companions, which occupy a roomy aviary she had built for them behind her home in Beverly Hills. The house for the birds is built about a pair of trees, and is electrically warmed and lighted. One of them was taken ill, and Lupe was greatly distressed. Several times in one day she telephoned home to inquire about the bird; a man familiar with feathered ailments did his best, but she anxiously hurried home from the studio. That night she sat up with the bird, holding it to her breast to keep it warm, but to no avail, and the next day the Universal studio discovered that Lupe could handle a tearful emotional rôle better than ever before. It wasn't acting. Lupe had suffered a real loss. Something she had showered her love upon had died.

Why They're Odd

IN the more or less thwarted mother-love urge lies much of the individual oddity of this or that famous player. Every girl has the maternal instinct in her, and if she is anywhere near normal she simply has to mother something. And this looks like the proper spot to explain how it comes about that this mother instinct is thwarted in the movie world.

The gentlemen who run the studios have some very definite ideas about what you theatergoers like. To hear some of them, one would think they ran a confessional at which all of you appeared every Saturday night to unburden your souls. They're so very sure about you.



Gary Cooper isn't Lupe Velez' only worry. She has two hundred canaries, more or less

So they pick out a girl who has screen personality and make a contract with her. According to that contract she is not even to *think* of getting married, and if she does —or is—the studio at once organizes a society to keep it secret, because the studio folk think that you think marriage and motherhood is just about twice as unromantic as ditch-digging or bill-collecting. They shudder with cold horror if anyone even mentions babies. Consequently, the result is what you see in the accompanying pictures.

Take a girl like Clara Bow, for example. Clara is supposed to be hard boiled and flapperish to the extreme—on the screen.

(*Continued on page 112*)

It's The FANS Who Give

From The Wide World Come Strange Gifts To Hollywood





An unknown admirer in France sent Leila Hyams a valuable antique chair (right). And June Collyer (left), thanks to a fan in England, has a solid gold key that once locked up some royal groceries

IF AN utter stranger summoned you to his death-bed and offered you $350,000 as a gift, free of any obligations or entanglements, would you take it? Uh-Uh! So would most of us.

However, Robert Montgomery, who has been climbing to stardom this past year, turned down that sum recently from a generous fan; refused a legacy of more than a quarter of a million dollars because he didn't know the donor socially!

Since Montgomery has been reticent in talking about it, and this is the first publication of the story, I bid you listen to the tale of how a dying man in a Hollywood hospital tried to get the young actor to accept a fortune.

Seated at dinner with his attractive young wife one evening recently, Bob was summoned to the telephone. On the other end of the line was a hospital superintendent.

"There is a man here in a dying condition, who has been urging us to summon you to his bedside," the hospital official explained. "He doesn't have long to live, and if you could possibly come here for a few minutes, you would be doing an act of great charity."

Montgomery asked the name of the sick man. It was someone he had never heard of before, but the plea of the superintendent was so earnest the actor decided to go.

As Montgomery entered one of the private rooms at the hospital, a weak voice greeted him from the bed. There, pale and drawn, was a young man about twenty-five years old. Montgomery murmured a conventional consolation for the man's plight. His host, however, dispensed with all formalities.

The Strange Will

PROPPING himself up on a wasted arm, the sick man stared at Bob for a minute and then, with an effort, blurted out a question:

"Have you just become a father?"

Montgomery, a little startled, replied he and his wife had enjoyed "the blessed event."

"My wife did most of the having, but why did you ask?" Bob added, wondering now if he was being kidded.

"Good," said the sick man. "Sign this." And from under his pillow the invalid drew a formal-looking document and handed it to Montgomery.

It was a will leaving $185,000 in gilt-edged securities to the Montgomery baby and another $165,000 to the actor himself.

"But I can't accept this," argued Montgomery after twice reading the weird will, which also named him as executor of a sizable estate. "I can't take this. I don't know you."

"Ah, but I know you!" The sick man was smiling now. "I've watched your career with interest. I admire you and want to give you some protection against the future."

and The STARS Who Take

By

WILBUR MORSE, Jr.



Bull



Richee

Some Swiss convent girls made and gave to Marion Davies the lounging pajamas she is wearing (left). A fan in Java sent Mary Brian (right) this costly copy of Ganesha, the Javanese god of good luck

"But how about your family . . . ?" began Bob.

"I don't want to give it to my family. I want to give it to you!" The sick man's voice had grown shrill. He repeated his wish in a shriek. "I want to give it all to you!"

Montgomery argued a moment more about the fantastic idea of a stranger leaving him a fortune. Then he saw that the nurse was signaling him. She indicated too much excitement might be fatal to her patient. So Bob humored his host with a tacit acceptance of the bequest and left.

Bob Still the Heir

OUTSIDE the sick room, the nurse and doctor on the case declared the strange young man, a wealthy Easterner, was incurably ill. He was perfectly sane, but the victim of a fatal disease. He might die that day. He might recover sufficiently to live a few more years. But he was not very long for the world of picture palaces and autograph books.

As this is written, Montgomery is still the heir to that $350,000 fortune. It being a little embarrassing to call a hospital to ask after the health of a dying testator, Montgomery never communicated with the hospital again. But the writer of this story learned the Easterner had recovered sufficiently to be moved to Arizona, where he is now convalescing in a sanitarium.

Most fans send requests for autographed photographs. Some beg money from their favorites. But Montgomery's experience, unique as it sounds, is only one of several extraordinary adventures different picture players have had recently with unknown admirers who wished to give them everything from a miniature sail-boat to a real honest-to-goodness locomotive.

Christmas time, of course, swamps the Hollywood Post Office with odd gifts for the stars. This year was no exception. But strange presents arrive every day in the year for filmland's favorites.

One actress to be presented with actual cash was Dorothy Burgess. An old Oklahoma Indian, wealthy in oil lands, saw Dorothy in her rôle of the dark-skinned *Tonia* in "In Old Arizona." Her charm so captivated the Indian's fancy he sent her a check for five hundred dollars.

Dorothy, like Bob Montgomery, was considerably embarrassed by a gift of cash. She did not refuse it, however. Instead she gave it to Actors' Equity—to buy shoes for needy players.

Strange as these gifts of money from unknown fans may seem, some of the other presents that arrive at the studios for the stars are even more fantastical.

A crate carrying a pig and bearing the tag of a town in Iowa, was delivered one day to Marion Davies, and Bebe Daniels still blushes when you mention mules. A Missouri farmer liked the

(*Continued on page 106*)

What They Eat and

BY MARQUIS BUSBY



At the left, June MacCloy, Eddie Sutherland, Wynne Gibson and Jack Oakie lunch at the Paramount restaurant. Below, Wallace Beery has lunch with a studio girl at the M-G-M commissary. At bottom of page at left, Kent Douglass and Karen Morley, M-G-M newcomers, talk over the bill-of-fare

AS A WISE old chef once confided to me, you can tell an awful lot about people by what they eat and how they eat it. They may be famous to the public, but they're just hungry to a cook.

That chef knew his business. He had stirred up mousses à la Russe and Terrapin Richelieu for European kings. He had even catered to the de luxe tastes of wealthy American bootleggers. Now he is tickling the palates of movie stars in Hollywood. He has seen no reason to change his opinion. He can tell more about the newest screen sensation by watching her surround a platter of calves' liver and bacon than by reading her confessions.

The stewards, chefs and waitresses in the studio cafés could write several libraries on the fads and foibles of the cinematic great.

When the stars eat out at the gilded dining halls along the Boulevard, they expect to see and be seen. They wear their store clothes, order fancy groceries, and remember their table manners. Emily Post outsells even Harold Bell Wright in the Hollywood bookstores. You wouldn't see Gloria Swanson, for instance, drinking her Postum out of a saucer at the Embassy. (You wouldn't see her do it in private, either, but that was just thrown in as an example.)



The studio café is a different story entirely, as Kipling said. Here the stars are themselves, if they are ever themselves. They are like other working people. They have an hour for lunch. They eat what they like, and talk to their friends. Here, at least, they are safe from the gaze of the curious tourists, and there are more tourists in Southern California than there are Soviets in Russia. Mr. and Mrs. John Public, and little Minnie and Johnnie Public, have about as much chance of getting inside a studio commissary as Calvin Coolidge has of entering the presidential race on the anti-Prohibition ticket.



George Likes It Raw

AND the things you find out by eating around in these hideout cafés! Hortense, you'd better have the dyspepsia tablets handy. This is no story for people with weak constitutions.

Now what does George Bancroft stow away when he rushes out for lunch? You'd be surprised. Take a tight hold on something.

In no time at all, for the service in these cafés *must be fast*, the order is staring George in the face. First of all, there is soup; then comes the dainty, appetizing entrée—ground, raw filet steak, with a raw egg and onions rampant. He usually eats a head-lettuce salad with it, and tops off with dessert and coffee. His leading lady spends her lunch hour in meditation and prayer. During the afternoon she usually takes a slight repast of *sal volatile*.

From that diet you will never doubt that George is a big he-man with alfalfa on his chest. I can hardly believe those whispered stories that he sleeps in a black-and-gold bedroom that would have been a credit to Marie Antoinette.

How They Eat It

The Studio Cooks Can Tell You Plenty About The Stars



In "The Munchers" (Fox studio restaurant) at the right, Luigi Liserani, the steward, and Eugene K. Maier, the chef, make up the daily menu. Below, Frances Dee and Regis Toomey lunch at the Paramount restaurant. At bottom right, John Miljan and Adolphe Menjou put on the feed bag at M-G-M



Greta Garbo has lunched only twice in the M-G-M commissary, though she often drops around for tea. Her luncheon comes to her dressing-room on a tray. It usually consists of grapefruit and romaine salad, caviar and large slices of American cheese and black coffee. She pays fifty cents extra for lunching "solo."

Marion Davies keeps a cook in her bungalow dressing-room, and Cecil de Mille has a special chef at the studio. John Gilbert also has his own cook on the lot, but John sort of likes to lunch in the commissary as often as possible.

Thrifty Marlene

THE foreign players go in for the trickiest luncheons. Marlene Dietrich has an amazing assortment of stewed fruits. With it she will often take salami and rye bread. And if it must be told, she takes home with her what is left on the plate. Can you imagine Constance Bennett wrapping up bologna and rye bread to take out? Chevalier often brings his own special bread into the café. For that matter, Hedda Hopper brings her own health biscuits to the table, and Joan Crawford totes along her own salad dressing.

When it comes to good appetites, the Spanish players are hard to eclipse. They begin a luncheon with a cocktail, go through the soup, have one and sometimes two entrées, and top off with a heavy, sweet dessert. One Spanish beauty usually eats about three dollars' worth of food at a sitting, and these cafés are not expensive.

Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Gwen Lee are also pretty heavy eaters for girls. Fortunately, they don't have to worry about figures. Charles ("He-man") Bickford eats heartily. So does William Haines, who really shouldn't. Ramon Novarro, always being in a rush to get some place else, eats too fast. William Powell eats funny combinations, but is regarded as a connoisseur. Maybe it's because he looks that way. He is fond of truffles, and anyone who eats truffles is supposed to be somebody. The larder is always stocked with truffles awaiting Powell's order. Incidentally, a platinum sandwich would be cheaper.

"Buck-Shot and Hair Oil"

JACK OAKIE sometimes experiments with caviar. He calls it "buck-shot and hair oil." The established Oakie repast is chicken-on-rye-toast. Charles ("Darling of the Debs") Rogers eats salads. No one can remember June Collyer eating anything for lunch except bacon and eggs. The "again-she-orders-chicken-salad" people might get in touch with June. Maybe she should be told. Charles Farrell goes for lamb chops, and coming from a sea-faring stock, he also goes in for sardines.

Will Rogers eats the way he looks, talks and writes. He likes plain American food—stews, hash, corned beef and cabbage, and apple pie. Polly Moran is "nurts" about chop-suey, of all things. Ann Harding eats broiled lobster in the months that have "r" in them. Conrad Nagel gets excited over a "Fireman's Sand-

(*Continued on page 115*)





Lookit what Charles Rogers is sporting! It got that way when the Buddy mans was divorced from his appendix in a Toledo hospital during the holidays. The new ornament makes him look like a younger Gilbert, but will the fluttering *fems* prefer Buddy this way? Come on, big boy, give 'em a break and shave it off, or Tully Marshall will get sore!



in HOLLYWOOD

they advise this way

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Palmolive is recommended by 76 of the 80 beauty experts in Screenland's capital



Here's the popular "Jim," beauty specialist to numbers of stars. "*It gives us great pleasure and satisfaction that 76 of the 80 Hollywood salons recommend Palmolive Soap, and we specially use and recommend it in our complexion advice to stars.*"

James Charles
1608 No. Highland Avenue

HOLLYWOOD knows. Hollywood can't afford to guess. Beauty is too important, movie cameras far too faithful to permit haphazard facial care. So 76 of the 80 Hollywood beauty experts insist upon one thing, to begin with. "Use Palmolive Soap," they say.

When the close-up flashes, you look for YOUTH! And youth means, first of all, a schoolgirl complexion. Here's the way advised by 76 experts in the center of Screenland: first, a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water applied gently to face and throat. Then, a thorough, refreshing rinse with warm water, and an icy-cold after rinse. Ice (wrapped in a towel or piece of linen) is advised by many beauty specialists. And, after that, make-up.

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"Nowadays a man doesn't even try to guess a woman's age. Women know so marvelously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

"Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!"

★ ★ ★

Indeed they do, for they seem always young, charming, magnetic—*you can't believe they ever have birthdays.* What is their secret?

"We guard complexion beauty above all else," the lovely actresses will tell you. "A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is *always* alluring."

Important actresses in Hollywood—on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap. Regularly! That is why it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—is the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap.

Of the countless stars who use this very white soap, some have the skin inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find in Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX

any girl more alluring

says WILLIAM POWELL



Nancy Carroll

Paramount star, says of fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap: "Talking and technicolor pictures require so many close-ups and close-ups demand flawless skin. For the very smooth skin a star must have, I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."



Mary Brian

Paramount star, is another of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who rely on Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "A screen star must always take the very best care of her skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap marvelous for the skin."



Claudette Colbert

Paramount star, says: "To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisite skin is essential. On the screen and stage we must always give especial attention to the condition of our skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth."

Toilet Soap..10¢

By Word *of* Mouth

Joe E. Brown Tells Enough To Explain His Reputation



Longworth

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

DID you ever stop to think what might be the private life of a man like Joe E. Brown? As a trademark and breadwinner, nothing could compete with that wide area known as his mouth. But what about taking it home with you at night? It might result in all sorts of embarrassing moments.

Less cavernous mouths than his have warped many a life, because the owner's friends couldn't restrain their sense of humor. Anything that can make audiences break into belly laughs at the theater, is apt to unbalance people to the extent of a few titters, even if friendship is at stake.

Picture the riot in the schoolroom when Master Joe Brown made spitballs. And imagine his confusion if he ever tried to stifle an unseemly yawn. You could always be sure of being the life of the party, with a mouth like that. But it might tend to mar life's more serious moments.

What chance would romance have if Joe opened that maw for a long moment and then whispered, "Kiss me!"

I can't go on. I can't bear it any longer.

"Well," said Joe cheerfully, when I asked him about it, "if they noticed my mouth, they never let me know. They never laughed out loud anyway. I wish they had."

Then he sprang the big surprise. I was flabbergasted.

"The truth is, I never realized that my mouth was especially large, until a few years ago. It's not that I'm sensitive about it, or that it's a sore subject or anything. But you'll notice my mouth isn't abnormally large, actually."

It's a fact that Joe E. Brown doesn't look much like himself off the screen. He's a pleasant looking, rather natty young man, and much trimmer and more compact about the face than you could possibly imagine. His mouth is slantwise and horizontal, and gives the impression of not opening vertically at all. Even when he laughs, it doesn't budge very far from its static position. Joe does most of his smiling with his bright blue eyes.

Discovers His Mouth

"I WAS a comedian—or tried to be—for years before I discovered I had a big mouth," he explained. "I put on funny clothes and make-up and tried to make people laugh, but I didn't succeed very well.

"Then, about ten years ago—in 'Listen Lester'—I had a part that was smaller than I would have liked it to be, and I wanted to make the most of it. You know how you always do—have a one-line part and rehearse it a thousand times, and then say it wrong when the time comes.

"I only had a few of the answers—a few laugh lines, and they were all just one-word laughs. I've always been more or less of a psychologist—more so than people who make that their profession. I've always been able to feel what an audience is going to do—when they're going to laugh, and when they're going to cough, when they're with me, and when they're against me.

"This time I was afraid they'd be coughing at just the moment when I said my one word and that the laugh would be lost. So I formed the habit of opening my mouth and holding it open until the exact second when I knew they weren't going to cough, and then saying the word."

Something to Remember Him By

JOE demonstrated with a gap that amazed me and made him look much more familiar. I was sure then that I was talking to the right man.

"I had no idea that was going to make it funnier. But people began to comment on it, and several reviews mentioned my style of comedy—the mouth opening very wide as if I were going to say a whole lot, and one little word coming out. So I seized upon

(Continued on page 95)



DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.



JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;
Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry;" Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why. "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.



25¢

The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder—Colgate's comes in this form, also.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 979, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

You, Too, Can Get the Breaks

Take Some Tips From Evalyn Knapp, Who Knows

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Chidnoff

YOU, too, can have a long-term contract, an apartment at the romantically named *Villa Carlotta*, a little coupé and a promising career on the talking screen. You may support Charlie Bickford in a "River's End" or George Arliss in one of his successes. An exotically beautiful face isn't necessary. Nor a drawing-room accent. Lack of dramatic inheritance need not deter you. The only requirements are courage, the perseverance of a bill collector and the patience of a mule-trainer.

Briefly, that is Evalyn Knapp's story.

She is a triumph of made-to-order personality over Mid-Western normalcy. Not so easy to believe, if you saw Evalyn in "River's End"—a poised young lady with the complete illusion of grace and charm, speaking the lines of the Canadian débutante with just the correct hint of old England. Pictorially, she has flair. Over the sound track she might have been graduated from the same class of accents with Ruth Chatterton. And when the Warners cleaned house recently with a dusting out of unrenewed contracts, Evalyn remained to greet the cashier every pay-day.

It was no little triumph in the history of a girl whose only bid to being an actress was merely the burning desire.

In the first place, she was no bee-u-ti-ful child prodigy who gave a hint of her future talents by reciting pieces or dancing folk-steps. Evalyn, born Evelyn, was a Kansas City kid with smooth blonde hair, gray eyes, a tallish build and a tendency to "break out" when she ate sweets. She had a father and mother, two brothers, a high school education, a knowledge of Right and Wrong, and a bicycle. To all outward appearances, she was no different from thousands of other girls equally equipped.

But two years of dramatic art in high school had been her undoing. In "rare old Western twang" she had read lines in the school plays and the urge to be an actress had engulfed her. It might have been a crummy trick of Fate, building desire in the heart of a girl no more equipped for Fame than your sister, or the girl next-door. But wilful Evalyn didn't think of that.

She managed to secure engagements with the local stock company in Kansas City. Other girls, prettier girls, more experienced girls tried, too—and failed. Somehow, when the final decision was made, that Knapp girl, who tried so hard, who wanted the part so much, came out on top.

She wasn't sensational. Often the papers forgot to mention her presence in the cast. But it didn't discourage her. It just made for later burning of the midnight oil in learning next week's part. She was always the first to learn her lines—and learn them well. Often she learned other parts that appealed to her—and in the inevitable moments of "stock" forgetfulness, could cue the bewildered actor in his own part. One day she sought out the manager of the company:

"Do you think I would have a chance on Broadway?" she asked, and held her breath.

(Continued on page 104)

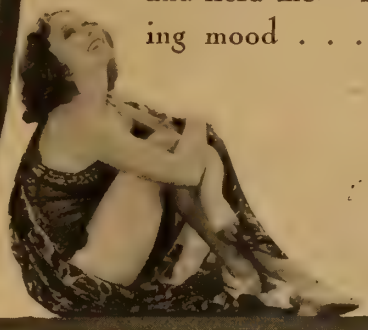
"How *thrilling* . . . to find the fountain of youth in a perfume bottle!"

says

HELEN TWELVETREES

"Goodness knows *I'm* no explorer! . . . yet I've found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a *precious* flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no *ordinary* perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!"







To impart the skin-tone of Seventeen . . .

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as Seventeen Perfume brings youth to your mood! Seventeen is a *two-tone* powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. Thus, Seventeen imparts the true skin-tone of youth to your complexion . . . the combination of tones gives life and radiance, and avoids the flat appearance of ordinary powders. In four fascinating shades. *Other Seventeen toiletries* . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water . . . and the blithe perfume, Seventeen.

Seventeen

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



THREE HOLLYWOOD GIRLS

You've seen, off and on, how girls break into the movies. And here's still another version—a satire of all the others, and a good one. The three girls are (1) a wise blonde who thinks she ought to be in Garbo's place; (2) her pal, who is only slightly less snappy with the comebacks, and moreover is working—as an extra; (3) and a little baby face from Omaha who won a beauty contest and a ticket to Hollywood (ha! ha!). The blonde's boy-friend, who works in a studio office and who's dumb himself, falls for the latter, gives her a break, and she pulls a Dietrich. Good, clean fun. (Educational)

THE NAGGERS GO ROOTING

The old, old gag of a wrangling married couple, with some new variations. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norworth, recruited from vaudeville, are the bright pair. It starts off with their heading for the football arena in their Baby Austin, and parking the toy in a maze of other cars. Then the long fight to their seats, with plump *Mrs. Nagger* getting manhandled on the way. She's still squawking when they get settled, and keeps it up. *Mr. Nagger* takes it, but near-by fans start some trouble, and there's a battle royal. Except for the sad slapstick ending, it's breezy and new. (Vitaphone Varieties)





THE SUPPRESSED CRIME

There's one thing that nearly everyone enjoys, and that's a good short story. There aren't many told on the talking screen. Of the few that have appeared, the true tales of William J. Burns, the famous detective, are easily the best. In this, the latest of the series, he has one of his operatives describe in detail how he saved a bank a large sum of money, and caught a clever swindler. Sharp eyes and a good memory turned the trick. None of the faces in the little drama are familiar to you, which heightens your belief in the story you are hearing. An eleven-minute treat. (Educational)

NINE NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM

If you have a good memory, maybe, you'll remember Joe Martin. Joe was a monkey—moreover, an ape with a sense of humor. It was his success in the silent era that led to the chimpanzee comedies you're seeing in talkies. But they're funnier than Joe's quiet efforts ever were. The latest one—a travesty of the old stage moral-pointer, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"—seems to us the funniest of the lot. It's a classic of mimicry of the human species while in a state of stew. "Hardly elevating," you say? Ah, we'll concede the point, but you'll rock in your seat. (Tiffany)





MARRIAGE ROWS

If you're tired of marriage movies and jealous husbands, here's the tonic you need. Lloyd Hamilton has never been funnier than in this one. He's a happy husband, and thinks he's loved, until his wife's old sweetheart springs a surprise visit. Consumed with jealousy, Lloyd gets histrionic as only Lloyd can. Finally, in agony, he begs his rival to test his wife's love. His wife overhears the plot, and gives Lloyd Cause To Kill. However, he is persuaded to play the piano instead—and when Lloyd sits down to play the piano you'll laugh. Whatever he does, you'll laugh. (Educational)

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Don't let the title fool you and make you look for your hat. Here's a scenic with action that will grip you, whether you've ever fished or not. To the accompaniment of a witty monologue, you are taken on board a boat bound for tuna waters south of California. First, you see the bait snared. Next, you see some fancy angling for small tuna. And finally you see some *real* fishing—namely, for tuna weighing more than a husky sailor. It's a picture you'll remember long after you've forgotten a hundred features. And if you think we're exaggerating—well, see for yourself. (M-G-M)





HUMANETTE

Here is something new, and something to watch for. It's a one-man show that's funnier than six ordinary comedies, long or short. Benny Rubin sticks his variously made-up face through an invisible curtain, sets it on top of various marionettes, and plays all the parts in a burlesque murder trial. He's the Broadway butterfly trying to escape the chair, the soft-hearted judge, the hard-boiled taxi driver, and several other people. Benny does some quick and comic shifting, some sprightly acting. And the dialogue is hilariously funny. Clever all around. Let's hope for some encores. (RKO)

TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY

With the present deluge of Westerns and other drammers of the Great Outdoors, some of which you've seen a hundred times already, you ought to get a kick out of this one. It's a burlesque of the he-man horrors. All the characters you always see are here, and you won't have any trouble recognizing them. The cowgirl is pretty and looks innocent. Her father has bristling mustachios and is a downright villun. But ah! there's the noble hero, the pride of the rangers, who arrives in the nick of time, clickety-clack, clickety-clack. It will give you some healthy guffaws. (Vitaphone Varieties)

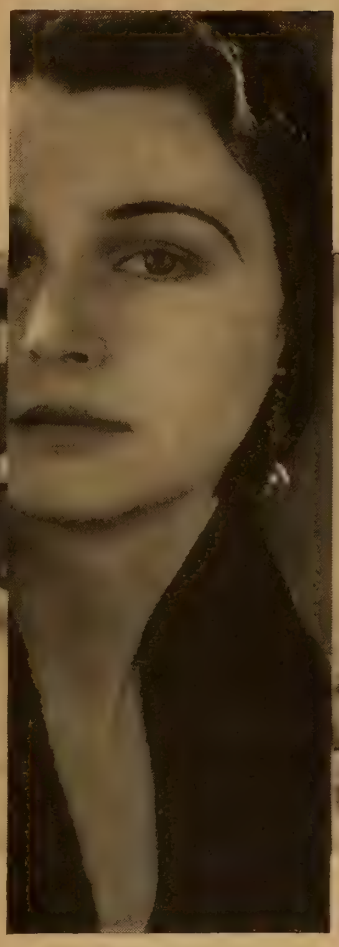


Perhaps LIKE CASE #91 *Coarse Pores* are *Your* problem

PROOF!

"The statements made in this advertisement are in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists . . . They are known to me as specialists of the highest standing."
(Signed) Walter J. Kilgman M.D.
(ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS)







Once each week skin examinations were made by the supervising Dermatologist in each of the 14 cities.

Here's thrilling proof that there IS a remedy! Here's a conclusive Case History from the Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic, conducted by America's leading Dermatologists.

On the morning of August 19th, Miss Mary M—— appeared at the office of a noted Philadelphia physician.

"Case No. 91" . . . so he designated her in his case-book " . . . *coarse, enlarged pores* . . . "

Then he instructed her to follow a prescribed daily beauty ritual for 30 days . . . washing the right side of her face each night with the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Using any other preparation of her choice on the left side of her face.

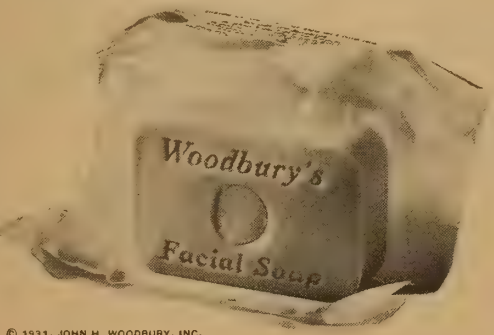
Simultaneously, in this and 13 other cities, 611 other women followed this same interesting daily beauty procedure . . . under the direct supervision of 15 of the nation's leading dermatologists.

In Miss M——'s case, as in 82 out of a total of 113 cases of enlarged pores, Woodbury's seemed, literally, to transform the texture; pores became less conspicuous; skin finer and silkier.

Woodbury's benefited Acne in 106 cases and restored normal skin lubrication in 196 cases of excessively dry or oily skin. And even in many instances where the skin was already clear and lovely, Woodbury's brought still lovelier tone and texture.

In case after case the evidence was built up—that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

Conclusively . . . Science has confirmed what millions of women already know —that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap . . . That it is a complete and incomparable beauty treatment in *cake form.*



© 1931, JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

For your complexion's sake, won't you follow the findings of Science . . . and at least try Woodbury's? Start this proven beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . at but 25¢ a cake . . . may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or send coupon for generous samples.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
904 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.
I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily skin ☐	Flabby skin ☐	Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐	Coarse pores ☐	Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐	Blackheads ☐	

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Along Came Youth—The trivial adventures of two young Yankees stranded in England. Charles Rogers smokes his first cigarette, and Stuart Erwin steals his sixteenth picture (Par.).

Are You There?—For her first talkie comedy Beatrice Lillie plays a female *Sherlock Holmes*, and the fun is surprisingly dull (Fox).

The Bachelor Father—Under the delusion they'll give him comfort, a wise old bachelor rounds up the three progeny of his amorous youth. Amusing adult fare, and Marion Davies' best talkie (M-G-M).

The Bat Whispers—One of the people in a terrified wealthy home is an undetected killer, until Chester Morris does some clever trapping. A good, old-fashioned hair-raiser (U. A.).

Beau Ideal—The further Foreign Legion adventures of *John*, the last of the three *Geste* boys. Not equal to "Beau Geste," but Ralph Forbes makes it worth your while (RKO).

The Blue Angel—Emil Jannings as a tragic professor who doesn't practice what he teaches—all on account of cabaret-dancer Marlene Dietrich (Par.).

The Boudoir Diplomat—Between loving one girl, being loved by another, and having orders to love a third, Ian Keith has some mildly amusing moments (Univ.).

Captain Applejack—John Halliday decides his life is too dull, dreams of being a pirate captain, but doesn't have to leave home to find adventure. Amusing melodrama (W. B.).

Captain Thunder—Victor Varconi as another good-hearted movie bandit, who (believe it or not) doesn't get The Girl (W. B.).

Charley's Aunt—The old comedy of the college youth who had to be a lovable old lady is made funnier than ever by Charles Ruggles (Col.).

Cimarron—Edna Ferber's novel of early Oklahoma becomes a great and exciting picture, and Richard Dix scales new heights as the colorful *Yancey Cravat* (RKO).

The Cohens and Kellys in Africa—Charlie Murray and George Sidney go to the Dark Continent after piano keys. Low-brow Irish-Jewish comedy (Univ.).

The Command Performance—An actor who resembles a prince plays the prince's rôle in a courtship, and Neil Hamilton has twice as good a time as usual (Tiffany).

The Criminal Code—Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes show you how a man is sometimes sent to prison and how, when he gets there, he can't be made to talk. Strong stuff, with a strong cast (Col.).

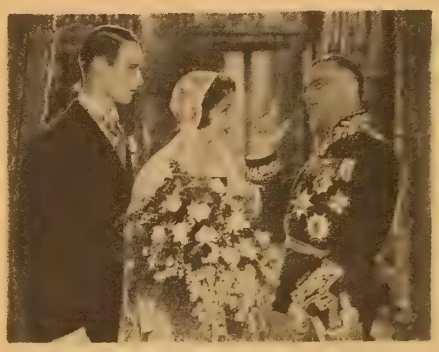
Derelict—The best tempest yet manufactured in the talkies, and some potent fighting between George Bancroft and William Boyd (Par.).

The Devil to Pay—Ronald Colman turns out another smooth comedy about a likable scamp who's equal to any situation (U. A.).

A Devil with Women—Victor McLaglen again on the chase, with poor lines more or less spoiling the fun (Fox).



Warden Walter Huston tries in vain to get prisoner Phillips Holmes to "squeal" in the tense "Criminal Code"



Anthony Bushell and Mary Astor help Lowell Sherman make "The Royal Bed" a clever satire of queens' husbands

Divorce Among Friends—A neat little domestic comedy, with James Hall and Irene Delroy a quarrelsome couple who are almost separated by Natalie Moorhead and Lew Cody (W. B.).

Ex-Flame—That ancient tear-jerker, "East Lynne," in disguise. Marian Nixon and Neil Hamilton are practically wasted (Liberty).

Fair Warning—George O'Brien, out in God's country, gives notice before he shoots. A fair-to-middlin' Western (Fox).

Father's Son—A tense triangle story, with the triangle in this case a mother (Irene Rich), a father (Lewis Stone), and a young boy (Leon Janney) (W.B.).

Fighting Caravans—A sequel to "The Covered Wagon," which it greatly resembles. A good story, great scenery, and some memorable acting by Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall (Par.).

Fighting Thru—A Western that moves faster than most, with Ken Maynard a tough, but honest *hombre* in a crooked gold-mine town (Tiffany).

Follow the Leader—Ed Wynn, the funniest face on Broadway, breaks into the talkies. An insane comedy about the dangers of being even an innocent gang leader (Par.).

Free Love—Genevieve Tobin is a philandering wife until Conrad Nagel uses the Dempsey punch. This is the one novel touch to a conventional triangle story (Univ.).

The Gang Buster—Jack Oakie as an insurance agent whose big prospect has been "put on the spot" by a gun-crowd. By dumb, amusing luck he prevents the execution (Par.).

Going Wild—Joe E. Brown takes up aviation, and a good slapstick time is had by all (F. N.).

The Great Meadow—John Mack Brown and Eleanor Boardman acting their best in an exciting tale of the earliest pioneers (M-G-M).

Hell's Angels—The greatest of all aviation spectacles, despite a trite story (Caddo-U. A.).

Hook, Line and Sinker—Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler are two insurance agents who get involved in a gang war and a wild comedy (RKO).

The Hot Heiress—A pleasantly trivial comedy about a society deb (Ona Munson) who chooses to love a steelworker (Ben Lyon) (F. N.).

Illicit—Barbara Stanwyck finds free love more successful than marriage until she almost loses James Rennie. An adult story, well told (W. B.).

Inspiration—Greta Garbo as a woman of Paris who tosses aside the men to whom she has been "inspiration," when Robert Montgomery comes into her life. Before he goes out of it, they love as no one has loved before in talkies (M-G-M).

Just Imagine—El Brendel goes into a coma and imagines he is living in 1980, when babies will arrive differently, people will week-end on Mars, and other interesting changes will be wrought. Amusing and original (Fox).

Kismet—Otis Skinner again enacts the wily beggar whose kismet it is to go from rags to riches and back again, all in one dramatic day (F. N.).

The Lash—Richard Barthelmess turns Robin Hood in old California. Interesting, but unexciting (F. N.).

Lightnin'—As the slow-motion husband of *Mrs. Bill Jones*, who runs a refuge for divorcées on the California-Nevada line, Will Rogers proves to be something besides a wit—namely, a swell character actor (Fox).

Little Caesar—The life of a gang chieftain, from beginning to end. And this is no movie gangster. Edward G. Robinson shows you the real thing (F. N.).

Kiss Me Again—Victor Herbert's old operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in Vitaphone and Technicolor. Inclined to be dullish, except when Bernice Claire sings (F. N.).

Madonna of the Streets—As a hard-boiled girl who gets along in the world, Evelyn Brent is her old familiar self (Col.).

The Man From Chicago—An English idea of a Windy City yegg, who is, of course, trapped by Scotland Yard. Unintentionally ridiculous (British International).

Man To Man—Some money is lost by a bank. Phillips Holmes thinks his father, an ex-convict, stole it, and the father (Grant Mitchell) thinks the boy took it. Each dramatically takes the blame (W. B.).

The Man Who Came Back—A wealthy young wastrel sinks to the depths, and his cabaret sweetheart does ditto, but **both** come back. A sombre sob story unsuited to poetic Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell (Fox).

The Midnight Special—A railroad thriller giving you everything from he-man fights to midnight wrecks. Glenn Tryon is the lad who is kept verra, verra busy (Chesterfield).

Min and Bill—A curious combination of comedy and tragedy down on the waterfront, made not only intensely interesting, but almost believable by Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery and Marjorie Rambeau (M-G-M).

Morocco—For her American début, Marlene Dietrich has a good story about a lost lady who is desired by a wealthy roué (Adolphe Menjou) and a Legionnaire (Gary Cooper). She lives up to advance notices (Par.).

Mother's Cry—Two of her children (David Manners and Evalyn Knapp) turn out as hoped, but her other two (Edward Woods and Helen Chandler) go the opposite way. Take your handkerchiefs (F. N.).

My Past—The cinema version of the hot novel, "Ex-Mistress," all about a shady lady whose various affairs leave her unblemished. Bebe Daniels almost makes it plausible. Previewed as "Beauty and the Boss" (W. B.).

The Naughty Flirt—A flippant flapper and her "love" affairs, done to a turn by Alice White (F. N.).

New Moon—Lawrence Tibbett as a lieutenant who dares to fall in love with a princess (Grace Moore), thereby inviting death. Their singing makes up for the story's shortcomings (M-G-M).

(Continued on page 105)



Edward G. Robinson shows Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the world what a gang chief is like in "Little Caesar"



Every Screen Star in Hollywood Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of

MAKE-UP

In COLOR Harmony

You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.

DO you want new beauty . . . new magnetism of personality . . . new fascination . . . quickly, almost instantly . . . then listen to this message from Hollywood . . . learn about the one make-up that's used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have entranced you with their loveliness . . . discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.



A discovery by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, revolutionized the use of cosmetics in filmland. Make-Up to really work wonders in creating and enhancing beauty must be in color harmony . . . Cosmetics must blend perfectly in the make-up ensemble. Off-colors ruin beauty . . . often produce unattractive, grotesque effects. All this Max Factor learned in his work with motion picture stars during twenty odd years.

Then came the revolutionary idea . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites . . . all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type . . . to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.

Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you . . . and now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood . . . it will be a beauty revelation to you.

And you may have your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up charted for you by Max Factor . . . who will analyze your complexion, and tell you personally how to make the most of your own natural beauty; how to reveal the alluring charm and fascination you have admired and longed for. Accept this priceless beauty gift from Max Factor . . . and copy of this book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon below

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

© M. F. Studio, 1930

JOAN CRAWFORD

M-G-M Star of "Paid", approves her correct color harmony tone in lipstick, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*



Sixty Famous Stars write about make-up in this book.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-4-30

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

JUST DEE-LIGHTED!

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Frances Dee Reached The Electrics After Long Extra Hours



A MAN biting a dog may be news to some people, but an extra girl crashing the talkies at this stage of the game reads more like headlines to me. They just haven't been doing things that way.

A couple of hundred Sally O'Neils and Sue Carols could have been doing a marathon around the Cocoanut Grove in the past couple of years and still have been too late to do themselves any good.

A rich man's getting through the eye of a needle is a cinch compared to an extra girl's being "discovered" and coached for movie stardom since the microphone.

And yet, right in the midst of these impossibilities is Miss Frances Dee, late of the University of Chicago (though a native Southern Californian), a brunette with a long bob, about five-feet-four, vivacious and totally inexperienced, holding down a new Paramount contract with a leading ladyship to Maurice Chevalier and Charles (Buddy) Rogers for a send-off.

"The last time I worked in a Rogers picture," remarked Frances, with her tongue in her cheek, "I was that dark speck in the mob scene!"

"Thees Ees the Girl"

AS a rare specimen, Frances just isn't. I don't know what I had expected. Probably a throaty contralto voice with an Ethel Barrymore diction, a Garbo personality, a singing voice like Jeanette MacDonald's and Marilyn Miller's gift for toe-dancing thrown in.

But, no! The amazing gal doesn't sing—that is, not much; doesn't dance, except ballroom, of course; has known only amateur theatrical experience; and never saw a motion picture camera until six months ago!

In personality, she is no different from our fifty other nice girls, including Fay Wray, Mary Brian, Janet Gaynor and Lois Moran. Her conversation runs vivaciously along such lines as permanent waves, California climate, fresh peach ice cream, a new evening gown, the folks back in Chicago, the relative merits of Eastern *vs.* Western football, and the general "niceness" of being under contract to a swell layout like Paramount.

And yet it was the incomparable Chevalier, himself, who spotted Frances one day at lunch in the Paramount café and gave out the astounding dictum: "There ees the girl for 'The Leetle Café.' Thees one I want!" Having arrived at his story, Maurice stuck to it through thick and thin. To all logical explanations that Frances was an inexperienced extra, a girl with no box-office name, and untested talents, Maurice only shook his stubborn French head. *Thees* was the girl!

"He was wonderful," insists Frances with all the zest of a testimonial. "He did everything in

(Continued on page 81)

TWICE AS EASY

to become a popular musician this simple home-study way



DOES the very thought of harsh-sounding scales—compulsory practice and impatient teachers put a damper on your ambition to become a popular musician?

With such excuses as—"It takes too long"—"It costs too much"—"I don't know the first thing about music"—are you alibiing yourself right out of good times and a highly enjoyable attainment?

You're the Boss

You'd take up music in a minute, wouldn't you—if you thought there was a way of learning that made *every* lesson easy—that allowed you to study *when, where and as much or little as you please*—that encouraged rapid progress—that did not cost too much?

All right. Such a method is far from being imaginary. It is so real that inside of a few short months you can learn to play your favorite instrument. Without taking lessons from a teacher! Without paying expensive fees! Without any tiresome technique as dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through!

Thank the U. S. School of Music for the utter simplicity of this remarkable system. It removed completely the difficulty, boredom and extravagance from music lessons. It made possible the reading and playing of music from print and picture instruction. Now to begin your musical career you don't even have to know "do" from "re" or a sharp from a flat. Isn't that good news?

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THE ANSWER MAN



Phillips Holmes Has The Girls Excited But They Aren't Neglecting Janet Gaynor



The Answer Man will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to the Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York



MARIE—Loretta Young has been married to Grant Withers since January 26, 1930. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Jan. 6, 1913. She is five feet three, weighs 98 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Stanley Smith in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1905. Has light brown hair and blue-grey eyes, and is still a bachelor.

BORDONI FAN—Miss Bordoni, Ann Pennington and Lenore Ulric are appearing on the legitimate stage at this writing. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will be seen next in "Merely Mary Ann." Janet was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1906. Her first picture was "The Johnstown Flood," which was released in 1926.

EVELYN BRASSETT—I receive lots of mail from Poughkeepsie. Yes, you have to wait your turn to be answered in the column, but it wasn't so long. What do you think? Robert Montgomery's latest picture is "The Easiest Way," Constance Bennett co-starring. Jackie Coogan was born on Oct. 26, 1914. Mitzi Green's next will be "Finn and Hattie," and Gary Cooper, "City Streets." Drop in again real soon.

JOHN SIMS—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has red gold hair and blue eyes. Married to Rudolf Sieber and she has a daughter. Appearing in "Dishonored" and receives her fan mail at the Paramount Studios.

FRIENDS—Old friends are like good gloves, they wear well. William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo. He is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Has spent ten years on the dramatic stage. Entered pictures in 1921, his first rôle being in "Sherlock Holmes" with John Barrymore.



MARY C.—You refer to Frank Richard- son who played opposite Marjorie White in "Happy Days." He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6, 1898. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in "L'Aviateur." Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, Clara Kimball Young in "Kept Husbands." Renee MacCready was *Betty* in "Lovin' the Ladies," starring Richard Dix. Anita Louise has signed a five-year contract with Radio Pictures. Miss Louise entered pictures as a child player about ten years ago in "The Untamed Lady," she played Gloria Swanson as a girl. She also played on the stage with Walter Hampden in "Peter Ibbetson." Went to Hollywood in 1927 and appeared with the Henry Duffy Players in "The Bad Woman" and "Why Men Leave Home." Some of her pictures were "Just Like Heaven," "The Third Alarm," "The Great Meadow" and "Millie."



FAY BURTON—Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1, 1907. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Real name is Lois Darlington Dowling and she's not married or engaged. Latest picture being "Under Suspicion." J. Harold Murray was born in South Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17, 1891, five feet eleven, has light gray hair, blue eyes, he is married and has a son.

MRS. T. WINSON—The Fuller people might add to their line a brush you could use to sweep the wolf off the front porch. You're right, Bebe Daniels played in comedies with Harold Lloyd which he produced himself. Did you know Joe E. Brown doesn't smoke, and detests it, although he is frequently called on to do it in pictures, such as in "Going Wild." And that Laura Lee is a licensed airplane pilot? Also that she sang to Commander Byrd at the South Pole?

PETE—Ruth Elder's last full length picture was "The Winged Horseman." Recently she played in a "short" called "Gliders" but is not planning to return to the screen at this writing. Zasu Pitts is five feet six inches tall and was born at Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. Mary Nolan, St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 18, 1905, and is five feet six inches tall. Julia Faye's real name is Julie Corell. Sue Carol's latest picture is "Check and Double Check."



LEFTY—Richard Arlen has been appearing in pictures since 1923. Jean Arthur has been married and divorced from Julian Ancker and her latest picture is "June Moon." Mary Brian was born Feb. 18, 1908. She has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, latest production, "Gun Smoke." Loretta Young receives her fan mail at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

EDDIE—Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, France, July 18, 1899. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is married to Yvonne Vallee, no relation to Rudy Vallee. The productions Maurice has appeared in up to this writing are "Innocents of Paris," "The Love Parade," "The Big Pond," "Paramount on Parade" and "Playboy of Paris."

PEGGY S.—Maureen O'Sul- livan is not related to John McCormack. Mary Pickford was born in Montreal, Canada, Apr. 8, 1893. Her latest picture is "Kiki." Her first husband was Owen Moore and his most recent picture "Extravagance." George O'Brien and Dolores Costello had the leading rôles in "Noah's Ark." Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio in "What Price Glory."



JOHN BOLES FAN—John, after grad- uating from High School in Greenville, Texas, entered the University of Texas where he received a B.A. degree. This was to be the preliminary education for a course in medicine, Boles considered becoming a physician. When the United States entered the World War in 1917, he enlisted and was sent to France where he served in the capacity of interpreter for the English, French and American governments. After playing on the stage for a number of years, Gloria Swanson selected him to play opposite her in "The Love of Sunya."



SUZANNE—Evelyn Laye was born in London, England, July 10, 1900. She is five feet five, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Real name is Froud and her first picture is "One Heavenly Night." John Boles in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898, six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair, grey-blue eyes and is married to Marcelite Dobbs.

BECKY MARTIN—If you will send along a remittance of twenty-five cents, I will be glad to forward you a new picture of Barry Norton. His latest productions are "Dishonored" and the Spanish version of "The Criminal Code." Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Educated in New York public Schools, Trinity College, England, Paris, France, and Princeton University. He is the son of Taylor Holmes, of stage and screen fame. Unmarried, weighs 155 pounds. Is of American ancestry, blond hair and blue eyes.

MARY L. ROBERTSON— Glad you like our magazines and this department and that you will soon be a new subscriber. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 15, 1879, he was educated in the public schools of Worcester and at the Bernard Military Academy. He is a veteran of two wars, the Spanish-American War and the World War. He made his first stage appearance in 1900. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has grey hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture "Inspiration," starring Greta Garbo.



LILLIAN—Richard Tucker felt right at home in the rôle of an overseas officer in "Beyond Victory," as he served with the A.E.F. in France and is a prominent member of the Military Order of Foreign Wars. John Wayne was born on May 26, 1907, he is six feet two inches tall, has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Real name is Duke Morrison and he's playing in "Girls Need Excitement," receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios. Of course he'll be glad to hear from you. Jeanette MacDonald and Constance Bennett are not married. I believe you are referring to Joan Bennett, who has a little girl. June Collyer's real name is Dorothea Heermance.



ALBERTA—Nowadays the shortest distance between two points is a straight eight. Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Ala., Apr. 21, 1903. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Was married to Bill Boyd on Dec. 19, 1930. Buck Jones in Vincennes, Ind. He is about forty-one years old, five feet eleven and a half inches tall, weighs 173 pounds. Married to Odille Osborne and his real name is Charles Jones.

CONNIE DALE—Neil Hamilton was an "Arrow Collar" man before he became a film actor. That is, he posed for the artists who make these and other pictures. He also posed for art schools and photographers. He is now appearing in "Three Girls Lost." Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City, Dec. 24, 1899. Esther Ralston, Bar Harbor, Maine, Sept. 17, 1902. Playing opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

A. WOODLEY—I receive a number of letters from New Zealand. Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels have the leads in "My Past." Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, 1904. She has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes, married to William A. Seiter and her latest picture is "Lonely Wives," Pathé Studios. Monte Blue hails from Indianapolis, Indiana. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Tove Jansen, they have two children. His latest production is "The Flood," Columbia Studios.



JUNE—Stanley Smith's lat- est picture released was "Follow the Leader." He is not married or engaged. H. B. Warner, Nils Asther and Mary Nolan appeared in "Sorrell and Son." John Boles, Carlotta King in "The Desert Song." Zasu Pitts played the rôle of the maid in "The Squealer."

A. E.—What is the best thing to do when the brakes of one's car give way? Hit something cheap. Buddy Roosevelt played the rôle of *Tex* in "Way Out West." Billie Dove has brown hair. Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Janet Gaynor, red. Alice White has blonde hair and blue eyes. Warner Oland's latest picture is "Dishonored," Paramount Studios. Wallace Beery was born on April 1, 1886, his latest flicker being "The Secret Six." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Purnell B. Pratt was Lewis Ayres's father in "Common Clay."

CHARLOTTE—Nick Stuart was born in Roumania on April 10, 1906. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 159 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Married to Sue Carol and his latest picture is "Sheer Luck." Grant Withers was born on Jan. 17, 1904, he is six feet three, weighs 197 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue eyes.



DANNIE OF CLEVELAND—And as no one seems to have figured out just what the Einstein theory can be used for, it ought to make a good bridge party prize. Jack Oakie's latest picture is "The Gang Buster." Charles Rogers has recovered from his appendix operation and will be seen next in "Manhattan Musketeers," Paramount Studios. Maurice Chevalier has returned from Europe and is appearing in "The Smiling Lieutenant," Claudette Colbert is playing opposite.

DOROTHY—Inez Courtney was born in Amsterdam, N. Y. She has appeared in vaudeville and in musical comedies consisting of "Snapshots," "Sweet Lady," "Spring is Here" and "Song of the Flame." Her nicknames are "St. Vitus," "Mosquito" and "Lightning," because of her small size and quick movements. Her screen career consists of "Loose Ankles," "Spring is Here," "Song of the Flame," "Bright Lights," "The Hot Heiress" and "Sunny." You may write the Armida Fan Club, Jane Scott, 2008 Elm Street, Youngstown, Ohio; Irene Rich Club, Irma Rheims, 4401 Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo. J. Harold Murray Club, Florence Inschio, 214 Clinton St., Findlay, Ohio.

(Continued on page 119)

FIND THE TWIN TOWERS

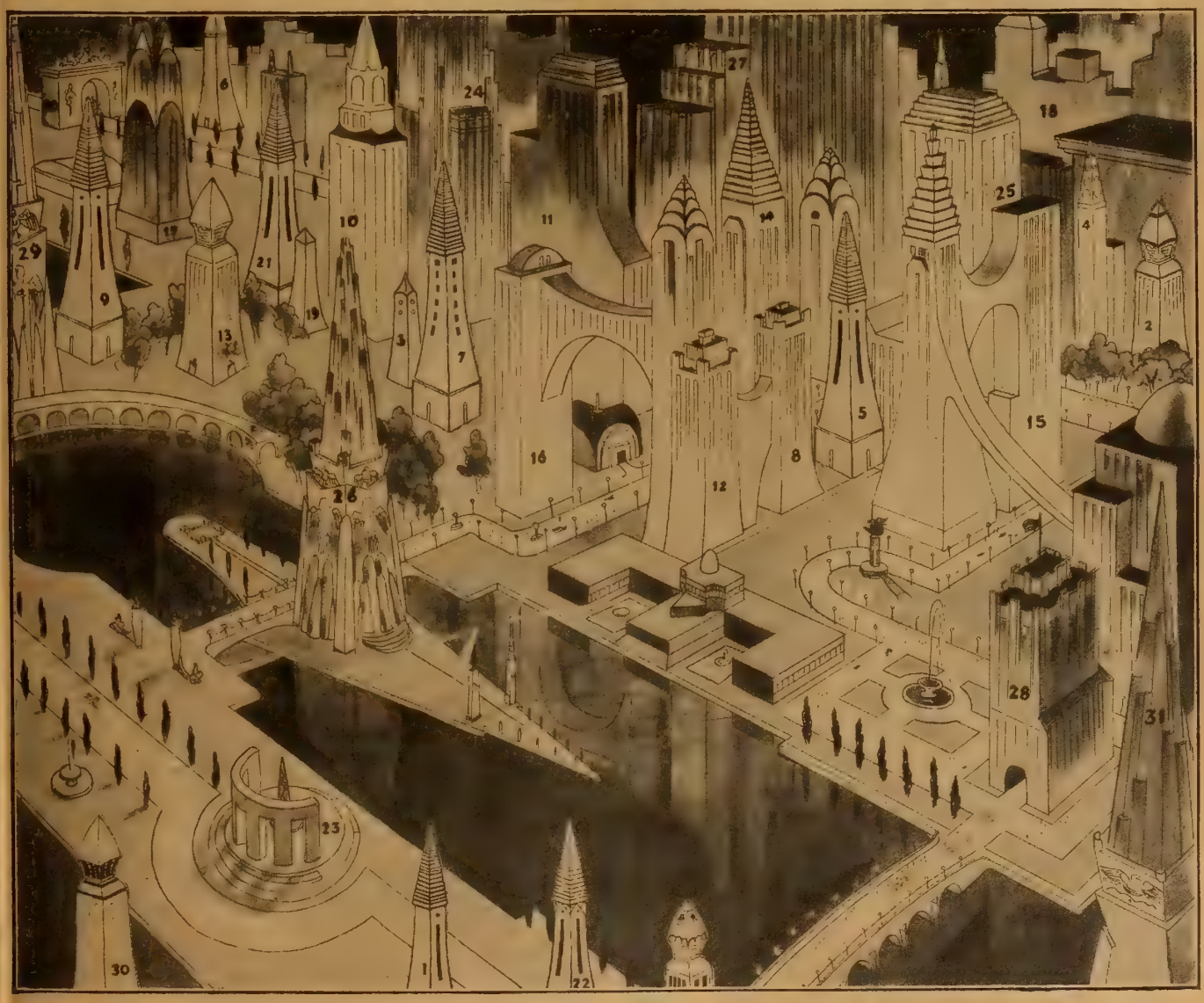
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If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers together with your name and address. Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid as first prize, with an extra prize of $850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of $3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U.S.A. Mail your answer today.

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Ball

It's rose gardens to-day for Norman Kerry—not beer gardens. His friends said he would come back, and he didn't disappoint them. Here he is. And the gate to fame is wide open again, after his swell performance in "Dishonored"

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Star No. 2—
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Star No. 3—
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in this issue.



Nancy Carroll

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

What's Gilbert Going To Do?

(Continued from page 49)

Then came the "Olympia" of Molnar, released as "His Glorious Night," replete with the intimate chit-chat of the drawing-room and the boudoir, full of lines that would be a knock-out in Vienna, but bologna in Sauk Center. It flopped. America's natives were weaned to the Gilbert-Garbo osculations. After that came his second full-length talkie, "Redemption." It was a pathological study such as a man like John Barrymore would only attempt at the height of his career, and in a medium of which he was master. Gilbert's medium was the silent gelatin. This picture was made before "His Glorious Night," but released afterward. The producers were afraid to start Gilbert off in it.

The Record for 1930

LAST year he made only one picture, the unfortunate "Way for a Sailor." In it was Wally Beery, any year's star menace. In Long Beach, California, the marquees carried foot-tall electrics reading "Wallace Beery in 'Way for a Sailor.'" And in diminutive letters "with John Gilbert." The same thing occurred in Hollywood, a town that usually honors its prophets. The film, slowly unwinding, gave credit to John Gilbert *and* Wallace Beery in "Way for a Sailor," in equal-sized letters. They were co-stars. Even the star's billing had been taken from him. More wormwood.

At the same time his buddies of the press, those who had gathered around the wassail bowl so many times in the past, were writing of his fall from graceful eminences. They were alas-ing and alack-ing; mingling their crocodile tears with suppositions of what would happen to the poor guy, drat his pink-livered soul. Others were writing stories to the tune of "Is Gilbert Through?" People in whom he had trusted and confided were selling his confidences for paltry checks. All is fair in love and the newspaper racket.

"My God," said Gilbert in honest emotion, that day he refused me an interview, "it's—it's an indictment of any man to have that said of him—'Is Gilbert Through?' And I—" he laughed a short laugh and nervous; he was sincere and appealing; fine beads of perspiration stood out above his mustache,"—and I was bruised, as it was...."

This is not the old Gilbert, so full of ego, outward enthusiasm.

This man is a stranger who has at last met himself.

Not Through at Five O'Clock

HE is none the less enthusiastic, however, if you ask Mervyn LeRoy, the kid director, just out of his twenties, who has just made Gilbert's fourth talkie, "Gentleman's Fate," the story of a gallant gangster. But his enthusiasm is deeper rooted. It takes form in a desire to rehearse his lines, privately and at length, with his director in his dressing-bungalow. (The lavish dressing-bungalow, four rooms with kitchenette, that the M-G-M officials presented to their leading star several years ago—before talkies.) He stays, and wants to stay, to wrest forth another scene, in violation of his self-ordained five o'clock quitting time. He discusses accents and voice inflection with his director. He talks over scenes before they are shot. But, then, he always did that.

Away from the studio he plays tennis with his good friend, Willis Goldbeck, scenarist; or spends long hours at his beach house.

Those who accused Gilbert of cowardice in the old days—he's been in the business for fifteen years—have no such claim against him now. Even the proximity of picture-stealing Wally Beery in "Way for a Sailor" gave him no fear. On the contrary, he came up for more and Louis Wolheim, no slouch as a scene winner, plays in his current picture. And so do Anita Page, rapidly developing into one of our best emotional tempests, and Leila Hyams.

Instead of playing for sympathy, Gilbert turned thumbs down on interviews. He doesn't want the sob sisters gushing over him.

What He Wants

"YOU put us into an awful hole," I said. "We'll have to psychoanalyze you, from afar, as we do Garbo and those other inaccessibles."

"Yes?" and he smiled ruefully, "and you'll probably say that I—I'm" . . . he fumbled for the word . . . "frustrated." This with a short laugh.

All he wants to do is to be left alone to make pictures—good pictures, he emphasizes. Many good pictures. It is said that he wants to do another picture with Greta Garbo because he thinks they make a fine team. He says he would like to work again with his present director, forming such a team as the King Vidor-John Gilbert alliance, which turned out six pictures—several of which were box-office knock-outs.

He has had enough, presumably, of the ripe fruits that life offers—fame, fatherhood, the love of three wives, the adoration of many beautiful women, wealth, adulation—incredible adulation, beyond even that of an Oriental fantasy. Millions of women deluging him with fan letters. Envy. His name and Garbo's a symbol of passion from Walter Winchell to Vladivostok.

And now there is malice.

"No man could possibly have been as great and as glamourous as I was said to be." There is truth in what he says. "And," with a quick movement of the hands, "no man could have been as great a failure. . . ."

Five Years' Improvement

HIS hair is graying at the temples. His eyes, hazel, look slightly harassed. The mouth that was once wreathed in confident smiles has a shadow about it, like that of a man who, in adversity, in doubt, is trying to keep faith with himself. But, as a person, he is ten times finer than the man I interviewed five years ago, in the flush of his "Big Parade" success.

"They said everything," he continued. "They accused me of everything. Even effeminacy. . . ."

Those who know Gilbert intimately say he has wept honest tears over an unkind jibe, a printed sarcasm.

Nothing falls so low as an idol. A leader is a leader only so long as he commands respect.

But he has no bitterness. In the face of three talking pictures that have flopped; a marriage that has become apparently one of convenience, although no statement has been made concerning its dissolution; and a huge hole in his bankroll, Gilbert has chosen not "to take arms against a sea of troubles."

He will not bemoan his fate in print.

He knows that one good picture will set them fawning again. But it is not for that that he is straining for his lost heights. I rather think that it is because he likes the companionship of this stranger whom he has discovered is himself.

Did You Know That—

Dolores Del Rio, Edmund Lowe and a flock of other stars have taken out gun permits for their chauffeurs, now that some of Chicago's "public enemies" have been seen in Los Angeles?

Just Dee-lighted!

(*Continued from page 84*)

his power to help me. I think he felt rather responsible to see that I gave a good accounting of myself, after he raised all that fuss about using me. He coached me so patiently. Sometimes I felt as if I was in a classroom back in school, with Mr. Chevalier the patient teacher and I the dunce pupil!

"At every opportunity, when he felt I would have a chance to register, he would give me the scene. Several times, he had to be reminded to keep his own face to the camera. I tried to show my appreciation by really trying to be a help on the set. If the least prop was out of place, I tried to be the first to see the mistake and correct it. Mrs. Chevalier used to laugh and tell her husband, 'Eef you don' make an actrees out of Fran-cees, she will be a good *prop* boy!'"

It all sounded just right for the exciting and glamourous part of the deal, but what I wanted to know is what had inspired her to tackle the difficult talkies in the first place, when most of the other little *Cinderellas* were giving up the ghost since the advent of Chatterton and the sound stages. With Frances, it was this way:

"I got started at extra work just for want of something better to do, during my vacation out here. Even going to the beach every day and seeing the sights doesn't keep you occupied all the time. So when an aunt of mine called up that they were casting a few college girl types in a picture at Fox, I went down and offered myself as a University of Chicago brand. After that came other calls for extra work. I worked at almost all the big studios, but until I came to Paramount I received little or no encouragement. I believe Greta Garbo could work on some lots as an extra and never be discovered.

"But the strange thing about my going into the movies at all is, that had the suggestion come in the good old days of silent pictures I would not have been interested!

"I'm sure I would never have had the courage to tackle pictures at a time when a beautiful face and body were so vitally necessary to screen fame. I haven't that much confidence in my looks. In appearance I certainly have no illusions about myself in comparison to Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor and other stars of the old silent screen. I often wondered at the extreme vanity that prompted thousands of girls to come to Hollywood, looking for movie glory, in those days.

"But with the coming of the talkies, it seemed to me that with a chance to use one's voice and natural personality, there was really much more of a chance for a girl like myself. I had done several school plays back home and if I was ever to consider acting as a profession, I felt the talkies offered the one chance of a lifetime. Instead of returning to Chicago at the end of vacation time, I wired my Dad I'd like to make a real try at this work and he said I could. He'd probably heard of the difficulty of getting into talkies and figured I would tire of the effort soon enough.

"I'm awfully glad that Mr. Chevalier happened to decide on me just at the time he did, though! I'd given myself just six months to get somewhere in this game and if the contract hadn't come along just at that time———"

You get the idea that Frances with her cute little pointed face and her long bob and all her enthusiasm would have been back in Chicago, finishing out those other two years in the University, and Hollywood would have been minus the surprise of its life!



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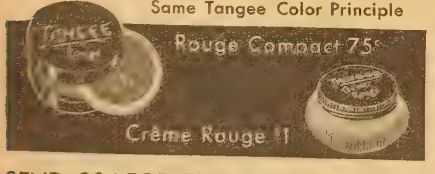
"The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones," says this world famous fashion magazine, "are the ones which flatter all types alike and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931."

"This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate and intensify the actual skin tones of the individual because of an interesting change of color when applied to the skin. For this reason they are becoming alike to all types; the blonde, brunette or Titian-haired woman."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. MP2
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

And When the Pie Was Opened

(Continued from page 53)

"Were you waiting for me?" she inquired with soft, guileless eyes, gazing innocently into the director's. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

The director and the production manager looked at each other and gulped together. Rosie fixed her make-up in something less than an hour—with the assistance of two maids, one black and one white—and the cameras began to grind.

Ninety Cents Saved

THEY ground solidly for twelve weeks—solidly, that is, between waits for Rosie Glow, stops for set conferences, buckled motors, blown-out mikes, and other trifles that never happened during the dozen or so "N.G." takes, but always in the middle of the best "O.K." scenes. One of the most frequent of these trifles was when one or another of the cameras ran out of film and held up all the others.

"Another short end," the cameraman would grunt, "that's the Front Office economizing again. They throw away ninety grand on a set they can't photograph, and then try to save ninety cents' worth of film."

During those twelve weeks, "The Priceless Passion" unit shot three quarters of a million feet of film, at an ultimate cost of three dollars a foot, of which a maximum thirteen thousand feet could be used in the picture. For a Super, though, that wasn't at all bad.

While Mary Pickford was making "Forever Yours," which was not a Super at all, as many as eight cameras were used to photograph scenes played by not more than six people, in sets no larger than an average Beverly Hills dining-room. The booths were so close together, shooting at slightly varied angles, that at times they actually touched. Then, after half the picture had been made at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars, Miss Pickford herself threw it all into the ashcan.

So "The Priceless Passion" was really doing very well. But even those thirteen thousand feet weren't in the picture—yet.

Every night, after shooting was finished, the general manager and his staff, the director and his staff, the production manager, Rosie Glow, the scenario editor and his staff, the male lead and the camera crew, the film editor and the cutting staff, the publicity department and the prop boys all went into the projection-room to see the "rushes" of the scenes taken the previous day. Nobody else was allowed, because although the title and the cast, the director and the cost and the synopsis had all been broadcast from one end of the earth to the other, the picture itself was kept a secret.

"Look at those five-dollar extras in that scene," the director would say. "Do they look like a Newport society crowd, I ask you? Why don't we get seven-fifty people who really look the part?"

"Look at that close-up!" Rosie Glow would scream. "Do you think I'm going to let my public see me like that? We're shooting that over before I do another solitary scene!"

But the scenario editor, no matter what he saw in the projection-room, kept on rubbing his hands.

"That title! That title!" he breathed over and over to himself. "And I picked it cold out of the heap!"

Eventually Rosie Glow got all the close-ups she wanted, the director got all the footage he wanted, nobody else got anything they wanted and the cameras were "wrapped up" for the last time. Shooting was over and the last set was struck. Two-and-a-half million dollars had been expended on the highest salaried talent in the business, and then the entire mass of film was taken to the cutting-room.

There it was turned over to a young cutter to assemble as he saw fit. He could use what he chose and reject what he chose. Until he had finished, nobody else could even guess what the picture would be about. The young man worked with a lot of wheels and things in a little room six feet by eight, and he was paid thirty-five dollars a week.

At least fifty per cent. of all the motion pictures made in Hollywood are cut in exactly that way. And it may be the answer to many of the questions that the critics ask.

Hollywood Hash

THREE weeks later, after having been locked in his room day and night, the cutter took "The Priceless Passion" to the projection-room in a rough cut of twenty reels. Only the general manager, the director, the scenario editor and Rosie Glow were allowed inside. When they came out they looked like four bulldogs who had been left overnight in the same bathtub.

So the cutter went back to his little room, locked himself in again, and cut out five more reels. This time he had to lift two entire sequences, but that couldn't be helped. It had to come down to footage, whether it meant anything or not. Besides, he left all of Rosie Glow's close-ups in because she had told him privately what she would do if he didn't.

Preview time came and the picture was rushed surreptitiously to San Bernardino only to find the rest of the industry all there ahead of it. At the sidewalk conference that followed, the whole film was pulled apart, turned inside out and upside down, reversed end for end and put together again. The first audience "reaction" had determined that—and there would be more, many more previews to come.

But it was right then that the general manager had his greatest inspiration.

"Boys," he said, "we've got a great picture—a stupendous epic of the ages, and we'll advertise it off the boards. But we've changed the story so much that 'The Priceless Passion' isn't the right title at all. So we're going to call it 'A Slave to Sex!'—ain't that a wow?"

Did You Know That—

Dolores Costello has come back, and is even now at work on "We Three"?

Ruth Chatterton, Paramount's ace actress, has signed a five-year contract with Warners?

William (*Philo Vance*) Powell has done ditto?

Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston are That Way?

Hollywood can now sing Bow, Dough, O, De Boe, Woe?

Are Movies Run by the Middle West?

(*Continued from page 47*)

that picture looked like a futuristic ballroom.

It was consideration for Middle Western propriety, no doubt, that caused the adapters to go to elaborate pains to have the young couple in the story married and then have the marriage annulled. You can't show accidental babies to those audiences!

Basil Rathbone, explaining his little tiff with Universal over "The Command to Love" (later called "A Boudoir Diplomat"), said that they wanted him to play the bedroom scenes in the parlor! I suppose that would discommode an actor a little. But perhaps the idea was that if they were played that way, the Middle West might not discover that they were bedroom scenes at all!

They Like Sensations Too

THE Middle West, however, I am informed by a gentleman who must have been snooping, will patronize the snappier type of picture, as well as the more *risqué* type of play, when it is visiting New York. "When the Middle Westerner gets away from home, where his neighbors can't see him and where he doesn't have to take his children to the theater with him—there's *nothing* he won't patronize!" the gentleman reports.

That, you will admit, is pretty disillusioning.

I begin to wonder, despite all these things, if producers, frightened by cataclysms of the past, are not inclined to underestimate, if not the increased intelligence, at least the growing tolerance of those sections. Pictures with unhappy endings and nary a rose bower—even without any women in them at all—have enjoyed success all over the country in the last few months.

Clara Bow's little—er—escapades have gone almost unrebuked by Women's Clubs or Purity Leagues.

The suave, smart comedies of Ruth Chatterton are growing in popularity every month.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," dripping with blood, crowded with tragedy, purveying no sweetness and light whatever, has been spectacularly successful.

Perhaps our bogey is losing its strength and becoming less of a menace.



Seeing's how "The Big Trail" gave her a big break, Marguerite Churchill had her script made into a souvenir

Wear Colors *that make your hair gleam with* BEAUTY *says* DOROTHY DIX



"SO many letters from girls—all longing for loveliness. Dear girls—nowadays *no* girl needs to be plain.

"Any girl who wears the right COLORS can seem radiantly charming!

A Shining Halo

"Your hair, for example—the right color in your frock can make it gleam with beauty (and men will be quick to tell you so!).

"Only remember this: once you've chosen your best colors, take care not to risk fading. For two reasons:

1. **Fading diminishes the emotional thrill of the color.**
2. **Fading—even slight fading—may make a color 'off' for YOU.**

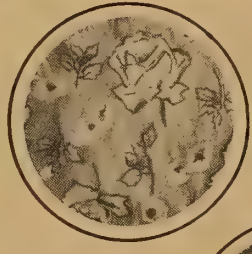
"But you need not fear fading if you wash your colorful frocks, gay blouses, in Lux. For Lux is made *to preserve color.*

"Ordinary 'good' soaps often do take away color as they cleanse, but Lux is safe. 'If it's safe in water, it's just as safe in Lux!' That's absolutely true.

"Not only in your clothes, but in your HOME, fresh lovely color adds charm and glamour to YOU. Dainty curtains, sofa pillows, table linens—keep them *all* colorful as new with Lux!"

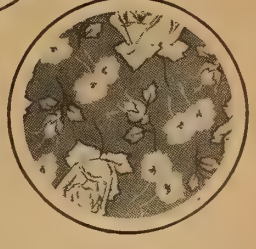
Dorothy Dix





Left

This lovely printed chiffon, washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap, has faded and run, lost all charm. The distinction of the pattern is lost, too!



Right

Another piece of the same chiffon Luxed 10 times is unfaded; the colors absolutely true and the fabric like new. All its distinguished beauty is retained.

If a color is safe in water . . . it's safe in LUX



This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself . . . have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house...and her children, too...*and yet always has time for other things!*



She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She *plans* her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free book tells exactly how she does it.



She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely—makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)



And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless...and *happy!* How does she manage?



FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. K4 MPM 4-31
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 41*)

HELEN CHANDLER has put Hollywood on Probation. She gives it just six months to prove to her that she wants to stay in the movies. A year of Fox contract pictures almost sent her back to Broadway. "They had me standing on benches waving prep school flags and shouting 'Hooray,'" sighs Helen, who was a dramatic actress on Broadway, "and I'm not the type. I watched my schoolmates from the Professional School for Children grow up into people with beautiful large eyes and grand profiles, and I supposed I was automatically barred from the movies. But if there are enough 'Outward Bounds' and 'Draculas' for me, I'll stay."

THE JIMMIE GLEASONS aren't going to starve in Hollywood. Not as long as producers call in Jimmie to write dialogue for their scripts. While he is writing the dialogue, Jimmie confesses, he always slips a character into the picture which no one else but Jimmie Gleason or Mrs. Jimmie Gleason could possibly play. There wasn't any rôle for Jimmie in "Beyond Victory"—till he did the adaptation. But just go and see the picture and see the grand rôle he wrote in for himself!

ALMA RUBENS had a premonition of sudden death. She was in New York at the time, trying for a vaudeville engagement. She dropped all her plans and, terrified, hurried West. She did not want to die as Julia Bruns had died. Julia, a stage actress, also a victim of drugs, had called for her mother, hundreds of miles away, those last few horrible hours. Alma came back to Hollywood. She did not have to face what Julia faced.

IT was at the Friday night fights at the Stadium. The two boxers were feinting in a half-hearted way. "One of 'em practically accused the other of B.O." the local columnist reported, "and the management had hard work averting a fight."

HERE'S Hollywood at its Hollywoodest! Here's the real grand gesture, the actor swagger for you! On Christmas Day, a huge truck drove up to Marion Davies' home with two hundred and fifty dozen roses for Marion from John Gilbert! Three thousand roses! Los Angeles was swept bare of American Beauties—and every bathtub in Marion's house was filled with fragrant bloom. Imagine Marion frantically trying to find vases for three thousand roses! Imagine the superb wave of the hand with which Jack gave his order! Imagine what fun it is to live around people doing gorgeous, impossible, royal things like that!

REMEMBER last Fall when the Notre Dame team visited Hollywood? Well, the studios combined to give them a dance. "Who do you boys want for hostesses?" they were asked. In one voice they answered, "Anita Page. June Collyer. Mary Brian." And you couldn't have told the occasion from a college frat dance. The funny part of it was that motion pictures were totally ignored as a subject of conversation.

NOAH BEERY'S trout farm is claiming a lot of visitors these days, sharing popularity with the more exotic charms of Agua Caliente. Yola D'Avril was married there to Eddie Ward, composer, last month, but matrimony is not what brings most visitors there. They come to fish. And since each fish caught is paid for at so much a pound, several screen sportsmen have discovered the way to have all the fun of fishing without any expense. They simply throw the trout back into the water as soon as they pull it out, practically as good as new. In time, to be sure, a trout might get a bit worn out and frayed by continually being caught and thrown back, but Noah's fish seem to know it's all in good clean fun and stand in line for the chance to swallow the hook.

AND NOAH knows his little charges. You can't fool him on fish. The other day Evalyn Knapp ordered "Noah Beery Trout" from the menu of the new First National cafeteria and was about to start on her lunch when a huge shadow fell across the table. "Pardon me," said Noah. He bent and scrutinized the fish on her plate earnestly. Then he reached for her fork and took a bite. "Just as I thought," shouted Noah triumphantly, "that isn't my trout at all!" And he rushed for the kitchen from which the rumble of the Beery bass issued as he upbraided the steward for passing off common everyday trout as Noah Beery trout.

AND the funny part of it is that Noah probably really could pick out his fish by the taste. The Beery trout are fed on hamburger steak, while most trout raisers feed their fish on horse meat.

NOW LAURA LA PLANTE returns triumphantly. When Pathé signed the blonde dimpled comedienne for "Lonely Wives," Laura had been "between pictures" for seven months. To be sure, she had turned down the chance to play opposite Chevalier in "The Big Pond," but except for this and one or two more opportunities her telephone had been silent. Hollywood yawned and murmured that Laura was "through." Then Pathé sent for her. Word went around town that "Lonely Wives" was a grand farce, and now four of the biggest studios are quarreling over Laura. That's Hollywood and the movies for you. When you're not working, you're through. As soon as one studio wants you, all of them discover they can't do without you. It's a great game but Laura kept her blonde head and it looks like a large La Plante year.

THERE aren't many screen comediennes, after all. Connie Talmadge's small French heeled shoes have never been filled yet. Of course, there is Louise Fazenda. There is always Louise. Some director told me the other day that Louise was the only woman in pictures who could be kicked and get a laugh from the audience.

POOR LOUISE lost her valuable antiques in the Malibu fire. Two boxes of German souvenirs purchased on her recent whirlwind European tour were burned and her last year's birthday present to her husband, Hal Wallis, went up in smoke. *The present was a second story on their beach house* which Louise had built as a surprise for Hal, who hates to sleep on the ground floor.

(*Continued on page 90*)

By Word of Mouth

(*Continued from page 76*)

that and made it my specialty. When I made up, I put a line at each corner of my mouth to make it look wider. From then on I was a success. You have no idea how many things happen that way on the stage. Some of the best comedy you see is just accidentally discovered."

But even if he'd known about his mouth sooner, Joe wouldn't have been laughed at in school, because he didn't go to school. He joined the circus when he was nine years old.

"But I'm the man who didn't run away with the circus," he smiled. "My parents were perfectly willing to have me go, and I didn't have to steal away in the night.

"I'm also the clown who doesn't want to be a great tragedian. I'm perfectly contented to be a comedian—although I do think 'Hit of the Show,' in which I had a serious part, was the best thing we ever did. The theater was my school, and I haven't graduated yet. I learn something at every performance."

One of the tricks Joe has learned is to make an audience laugh in whatever key he chooses.

"I demonstrated it," he said, "to a psychologist and a musician. I can't do it with just a slight laugh—it has to be a good hard belly-laugh."

This is pure virtuosity, for the gratification of the master, as it doesn't make any difference at the box-office what key the audience laughs in.

In outlining his career, Joe said, "We came out to Hollywood in the musical show, 'Twinkle Twinkle,' and Ralph Ince, the director, saw us, and took a chance on a man completely inexperienced in dramatic work to play the lead in 'Hit of the Show.' That's how we happened to make our first picture."

I was puzzled by his persistent use of "we." I thought you had to have either an aeroplane or a newspaper to be entitled to that, so I asked him if he had a partner.

"No," Joe smiled in self-defense. "But an interview was written about me in which I was accused of being the Great I-Am. I was quoted as saying 'I, I, I,' all through it. Now, that was very unfair of her, because she came for the purpose of getting me to talk about myself. But what could I do? I have no colyum—and if I had I wouldn't pay any attention to it. However, I'm careful now always to say 'We'."

I hope we interviewers will never cause Joe to say anything worse than "We."

As for romance—Joe has been married for years, and all the little Browns (there are three now) have very conservative mouths and are as handsome as can be.

During a recent stage appearance in Hollywood, Joe made a curtain speech every night. "I'm glad to be able to meet you in person," he said in effect, "and to have you see that I'm not really that bad-looking after all."

And I swear that if you stood Joe up in front of an audience who had never seen him open his mouth, and said, "Do you notice anything?" they wouldn't know what to say.

Did You Know That—

Marlene's husband's name isn't Dietrich, but Rudolf Sieber, and that he's an official in UFA, German film company?

Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez own some stock jointly which strengthens those Mr. and Mrs. rumors?

There are four McLaglen brothers now in Hollywood—Victor, Leopold, Cliff and Arthur—with Cyril reported on the way?

Bert Wheeler will next be seen without Robert Woolsey?



Why I changed to Marlboros

Hundreds of thousands of new smokers change . . . develop . . . progress . . . graduate to Marlboros. Help us put into words the *REASONS* for this ever-increasing recognition.

First Prize $100 Cash

100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

THOUSANDS of cheap cigarettes, of course, are still sold for every carton of Marlboros. But . . . past year's figures show Marlboro sales forging ahead at a record-breaking rate. Can you say *why?*

We know many reasons. We want *yours.* For the best hundred reasons submitted before the last day of next June, we will award 100 prizes as listed. No strings. No conditions. Write in your own words your own reasons for changing to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

100 Prizes!

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$75
Third Prize	$50
Fourth Prize	$25
5th to 10th	each $10
11th to 50th	each $5
51st to 100th	Library

package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

Good Reasons for Changing to Marlboros:

Marlboros are *machine* packed, *tips DOWN!* Nobody's fingers—not even your own—can soil them.

IVORY TIPS

Are Lip Insurance

. . . they prevent dangerous infection. Protect torn, chapped, or rouge-roughened lips.

Ivory Tipped *or* Plain, Marlboros show always a dainty hostess. Particular people are careful to avoid cheap cigarettes for dinner and bridge party guests. Smart debutantes recognize Marlboros as a suitable accessory. Successful men demand Marlboros as the cigarette of distinction.

You, yourself, may have just progressed . . . developed . . . graduated to Marlboros. Write us a few words about *your* reasons. This courtesy may win for you one of 100 prizes.

SELECTED winners will be published in magazines and newspapers. No fees or payments beyond the prizes. We cannot undertake to return suggestions nor enter correspondence. Prizes duplicated in any tie. Judges, R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris & Co., K. M. Goode, advertising consultant, and Lee Brown, advertising agent.

Contest Closes June 30th, 1931. Address Marlboro Contest J, 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MARLBORO

Mild as May

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20¢ FOR THE BEST

THIS *old, old dilemma of the* MARRIED WOMAN



need never bother her any more

WHAT a dilemma it has always been for the young married woman . . . this whole question of feminine hygiene! She desires, she *demands*, the security which can only be provided by real *surgical cleanliness*. On the other hand, some of her friends advise her to use caustic and poisonous antiseptics for the purpose. She is worried. She is fearful. And nobody can blame her. The truth is that such advice is completely out-of-date. It is no longer necessary to run the risks of these poisons.

Don't use poisonous antiseptics

Much as doctors approve of feminine hygiene itself, they do *not* approve of the old-fashioned methods which included bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. The germicide and antiseptic of *today* is Zonite. For Zonite offers great germ-killing strength combined with perfect safety.

There is no danger that Zonite will harden delicate tissues or leave areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is non-caustic and absolutely non-poisonous. *Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Send for women's booklet

When a woman reads "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" she stops worrying. She knows the facts—for this little book is full of information. Why don't you send for it? Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1



Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MP-14
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 94*)

WHEN EDMUND BREESE, who's playing in "The Last Parade," went to the East-West football game, he left word with his wife to have him paged in case the studio called him up. As Mrs. Breese was listening in to the game, the 'phone rang to ask whether Edmund could come down to the studio right away. She called up the Stadium only to be told that no one except ministers or doctors were ever paged at a football game. And so presently Breese, watching a punt on the thirty-yard line, was startled to hear an usher shouting up and down the aisles, "Reverend Edmund Breese," he was calling, "Reverend Edmund Breese is wanted on the 'phone."

THE Mayfair New Year's celebration is usually the biggest social event in the movie year, but this time many famous faces were missing. There was a huge house party at William Randolph Hearst's ranch which called Bebe and Ben and others, and Agua Caliente enticed a smart film crowd. However, the evening at the Mayfair wasn't entirely without incident. There was von Stroheim, for instance, who seemed put out with the fact that a famous character actor found so much to say to a lady member of his party. It almost looked at one time as if the familiar von Stroheim cane might come into practical use before the evening was over.

And then there was the estranged wife of a former movie hero who happened to be passing the table where her ex-husband sat with a large party just as midnight struck. Rising from the table, the screen idol gave her a kiss, while the onlookers applauded.

It wasn't on New Year's eve but a night or so later that Myron Selznick staged a scuffle at the Cocoanut Grove, supposedly over a remark made about a member of his party to which Myron took exception. Jean Harlow was with the Selznicks, with her amazing white gold hair its natural color, though they say that for picture purposes she has to change its shade in order to photograph as a blonde.

ONE holiday party was given, by the way, in Hollywood's Haunted House. It seems there is a desk in the library which simply won't stay locked. Lock every drawer in it at night and they're pulled wide open the next morning. Probably some former occupant was a movie star who can't be happy in the Hereafter because he (or she) left behind his (or her) press notices in that desk!

WHENEVER I read the descriptions of costumes worn by the movie stars, I think of what Corinne Griffith once said to a newspaper woman. "I don't care what you say I wore," said Corinne, "if you dress me becomingly." And Billie Dove's comment to the same gossip-gatherer: "I've always wanted to meet you. You do dress me so beautifully in your articles."

NOW BILLIE DOVE denies the chinchilla coat! After the whole United States was palpitating with excitement over that eighty-five-thousand-dollar coat, she says that she has never even *seen* one! But even if Billie has to make over her old last year's sables, she's wearing a diamond necklace that gives all the other girls headaches. Billie's hair is lovelier than ever but she has reduced and looks not more than eighteen, or nineteen at the very oldest. Her millionaire boy-friend, Howard Hughes, now holds Billie's contract.

WITH another mouth to feed (and if Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown takes after Daddy, it's quite a mouth!) Joe E. Brown is eking out a living by playing on the El Capitan stage in "Elmer, the Great." "I'm delighted you folks are here, and can see for yourself that I'm not as ugly as I photograph," Joe greeted his first audience, which has been followed by many more. "Say, when I saw myself on the screen for the first time, I got right up in the projection room and yelled 'That's a lie!' "

JOE E. was invited by the faculty of Glendale High School to speak to the pupils recently. But he won't be again. Not that Joe E. didn't get along well with the students. He panicked 'em! But while they were shrieking and applauding his best drunk stories, the faculty was sitting in frozen horror. That's what you expect of those Hollywood actors, they say now, bitterly.

THE BROWN baby was a complete surprise to Hollywood, when she arrived in a basket on her Daddy's arm, after the family had been East for a few months. Somehow or other, the word was wafted around that she was adopted, and the whole Brown family is pretty sore about the rumor. Don, aged thirteen, even offered to fight over it at school, and Mrs. Brown went about the Derby the other noon, telling all her friends that it was really and truly a Brown baby. Some of the most famous stars in Hollywood went to the christening, which was a great success, even if Joe did refuse to sing, claiming that the crowd wasn't worth it.

AFTER three weeks of Hollywood, pretty little Sidney Fox, the new Universal flapper, has retired into the depths of her own house and refuses to appear in public again. She knows that whoever she steps out with will be rumored engaged to her in the next morning's papers. But she gives intimate little dinner parties at home, presided over by her companion, a lady who boasts the impeccably proper name of Mrs. Bridget Price. Sidney is going to take a lesson from former movie cuties and avoid any whisper of scandal.

IT was a writer for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who witnessed Sidney's first meeting with Lupe Velez on the Universal lot. He introduced the two and waited for the sparks to fly. Lupe regarded the newcomer with unwinking gaze and Sidney met it without faltering. There was a moment's silence, then Miss Fox spoke in cool clear tones. "Miss Velez," said she, "who does your hair? It's all wrong!" Lupe gasped. She raised her hand—but no! It was only to feel of her elaborate coiffure. Then she leaned closer. "Mees Fox," she reparteed, "'oo does your make-up? Eet's *tarrible!*" The first round with Lupe putting on Sidney's make-up from her own kit in the way she had been taught long ago by Mary Pickford, and begging her, "Don't weegle so!"

VERA STEDMAN is seen around town again, recovered from two automobile accidents, one in France and one more recently in Hollywood. "We were motoring along the Corniche road at a hundred miles an hour," Vera relates, "you know how

(*Continued on page 98*)

Dark-Starred Dolores

(*Continued from page 50*)

reaching for its tinsel, swept from her balance by its promises . . . Of a husband forced to relinquish his pride and watch her achieve starry heights under the sponsorship of a veteran director . . . Of the initial high hopes of youth guttering in a tallowy socket, dim and negligible light beside the hot, white incandescent light of movie fame . . .

Who was to blame for what happened to the young couple here in Celluloidia? Dolores—inexperienced, unawakened to passion, untutored of life, finding herself illumined by the spotlight of sudden popularity? Jaime—so completely forfeiting his distinctive dignity, that he accepted the job of script-clerk on her pictures? Carewe—accepting a genuine screen talent as it came, developing it without question of the effect upon the other two?

Blame? Who can speak of blame before the so-normal actions and reactions of the puppets in this little drama? Frailty is the heritage of human nature. We do not blame the falling leaf. We should not blame men and women who succumb to changes no less inevitable. Suffice it to say that the little bark that had put out so bravely from Mexico City, in Hollywood found shoal-waters and was wrecked.

Tragedy

AFTER four years of trying to put a face on the situation, Jaime Del Rio could stand no more. The New York production of his play, "From Hell Came A Lady," offered an excuse to be quit of the hated film village. "Go away and Dolores will appreciate you all over again," friends assured him.

Jaime went East. His play failed. He tried unsuccessfully to write fiction. And no sustaining word came from Dolores. He sailed for Europe, to obtain a divorce in Paris and to die in Berlin.

The death certificate gave blood-poisoning as the cause. But his friends knew that was but the minor cause. Jaime Del Rio started releasing his hold on life the first day he let slip his grip upon his pride.

With the little Castilian gentleman actually upon his death-bed, Dolores was wrenched from her preoccupation with fame to a realization of what her husband really meant to her. She sent frantic wires: "Fight, Jaime, fight"—"Keep courage, darling." But it was too late. Man does not live when his reason for life is gone. Jaime died—died, as the headlines blared, whispering his wife's name.

That death had its effect upon Dolores. It was genuine tragedy, with its catharsis of pity and fear, and from it she emerged to a clear-eyed valuation of herself. The dazzled child was gone and the woman arrived.

There were things she wanted from life, and these she set about attaining. "I am going to be free," she declared. "I am going to do what I please—when and where I please—as a girl having a good time and not as a motion picture actress on schedule and exhibition."

Gay Wedding

SHE went about a great deal. With young and charming men—Roland Drew, Larry Kent, Ivan Lebedeff, John Farrow, Cedric Gibbons. Then, questing for a marital happiness she had never known with Del Rio, she married Gibbons.

It was a gay wedding, with every promise of success. The handsome art-director long had been considered one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors. And Dolores at

(*Continued on page 99*)



"I use Kleenex and know my complexion's *safe*"

Why cold cream should always be removed with Kleenex . . . a beauty talk with one of the loveliest actresses of the screen.

Marian Nixon

SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleanliness. Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—in the very cleansing process! They attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden "cold cream cloth" or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten . . . why pores grow large and relaxed.

Beautiful women of the stage and screen have discovered that nothing *cleans* like Kleenex. Kleenex . . . the delicate, powerfully absorbent tissues that attract dirt like a magnet.

One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon. Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing. "I shouldn't feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream," she says.

"Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unsanitary, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores."

"Occasionally I see girls invite skin trouble by ignoring recognized methods. This has always seemed absurd to me. When there's one *right* way, why take chances? I use Kleenex, and know my complexion's safe."
MARIAN NIXON



Use for Colds—in Place of Handkerchiefs
Kleenex prevents constant self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. It is used once, then discarded.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in three sizes — 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

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Please print name plainly

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IF your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

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You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

News And Gossip

(*Continued from page 96*)

curving the road is (*nice of her to take that for granted*) and I got worried. So I made my escort slow down. Later, when we were jogging along at twenty-two miles an hour we hit a telephone pole!" Vera was six weeks in a Paris hospital. Then she came back to Hollywood and hit another telephone pole and spent more weeks in bandages. And once she was a Christie Girl and could fall down two flights of fire escapes!

SPEAKING of Christie comedies, there's little Frances Lee. Frances wants to go into dramatic rôles and shake off all her slapstick trademark, so she is thinking of changing her name to her real one, Merna Tibbetts. She was taking a test for the part of Gloria Swanson's sister the other day, and my bet is that because she is so unlike Gloria she'll get it. The other girl who was taking a test for the same part, Joan Pierce, looks more like Gloria than Miss Swanson herself, so I'm mortally certain she *won't* get it!

THERE was Eric von Stroheim, getting out of his car before the Embassy. He glanced about as if to make sure there were people looking and then—a coin tossed to the newsboy with a grand gesture. Three graceless Hollywood High School youths looked on. There was a consultation and one of them disappeared to rattle up fifteen minutes later in a disreputable Ford, wearing the most ancient and battered tall silk hat in existence and a long golf cape in imitation of the Stroheim Continental opera cloak. With a grand gesture, he took out a handful of pennies and flung them right and left, while the two friends in the crowd of onlookers cheered.

SAYS WALLY BEERY, "A year ago I could have signed my name to a check for seven hundred thousand dollars. Now, thanks to the crash, I'm starting life exactly where I started it thirty-five years ago, without a cent." But he's not downhearted. He was eating his lunch with as good appetite as ever at Metro when he made the statement. And by the way—have you ever noticed? They always make Wally eat in a picture ever since he gnawed a bone so sensationally in "Robin Hood." In "Way For a Sailor" it was an apple, in "Min and Bill" it was watermelon.

EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN, who tells the truth about Chicago and its gangsters, is working as technical director at Tiffany. The other day a small, rat-faced, shifty-eyed individual called at the desk. "Have you got a guy nemed Edward Dean Sullivan woikin' here?" he inquired. "I want to see him, *see*?" "But what is your business with Mr. Sullivan?" asked the girl at the desk nervously. The visitor smiled out of one corner of his mouth and patted his hip pocket reflectively, "Plenty!" said he, "But it's me own business, see?" They sent hurriedly by a back entrance to warn Sullivan to leave the lot over the rear fence. But after a short wait a tall, good-looking chap sauntered out and smiled pleasantly at the tough one. "You wanted to see Mr. Edward Dean Sullivan?" he asked quietly. "Sure, I want to see him," declared the visitor thrusting out his jaw. "And when I *do*—"

"When you do," interrupted the tall chap pleasantly, "you're going to get thrown out into the street on your ear—like this—" And he picked up the tough one by his collar, shook him gently and tossed him through the door of Tiffany Studios; then, dusting his hands, Mr. Edward Dean Sullivan sauntered away to write some more revelations about gangsters.

CHARLIE MURRAY has bought a new house and his wife called in an interior decorator while Charlie was away on a vaudeville tour to surprise him. When he returned, she escorted him proudly to his bedroom, all done in period furniture and pink hangings. "And it wasn't Sennett Period either," grins Charlie. "Say, I'd feel more at home sleeping in the garage."

THEY tell me that just as Chevalier's broken English captured American movie fans by storm, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s quaint, curious, broken French has panicked Paris. Doug has just finished playing "The Aviator" in French. He probably won't appreciate this story, because Doug has always rather prided himself on his Parisian accent, having lived in that town for part of his adolescence.

ANN HARDING, by the way, is young Doug's best fan. "He is," she says, "the greatest young actor on the screen." And she adds that Mrs. Doug, sometimes known as Joan Crawford, is one of the most beautiful women before the camera. "Her face," says Ann, "has the structure and shape of a perfect tragic mask."

NOW if you want some gossip, here it is. Somebody told somebody else that she knew somebody who had been talking to somebody at the Good Samaritan Hospital who said that Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had engaged a room there for some months from now. And since that is where most movie babies have been born lately, one wonders—but probably we are all wrong. But Mrs. Nils Asther is trimming a bassinet, and so is Mrs. George Webb and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. Or, translated, Vivian Duncan, Esther Ralston, Mildred Davis and Diana Kane.

THEY claim now that Greta never did say her famous line: "I tank I go home now," but I met a studio grips the other day who claims that he heard her say that very thing while they were working on "Inspiration"—and more than once, too. There isn't much secret that there was trouble over the shooting of this picture. One scenario writer, it is said, retired in despair and a famous novelist was hired to rewrite the dialogue. Then Greta struck. The lines were not right for her. She would not speak them. Friction developed between the lovely Swede and her director Clarence Brown, it is said. And Mr. Brown told the world what he thought of Greta—and still lives. And what is more, still keeps his Metro contract.

NOW JUNE COLLYER has a rival. If Prince George of England showed her a good time when he was out here, the young Duke of Sutherland, who was attracted to Southern California by a publicity picture of John Barrymore catching tuna fish, made it clear to Hollywood that Mary Brian was just about his idea of a girl. The English seem to like our fems.

Dark-Starred Dolores

(*Continued from page 97*)

twenty-five—having been maiden, wife, divorcée, widow, and now wife again—had known enough men so that in making her final selection she could be sure . . .

A week after the ceremony she was stricken with an attack of acute pyelitis and removed to the hospital. Six weeks later her physician, Dr. F. C. Fishbaugh, issued a statement to the effect that she had been "critically ill," and would "need another month in which to convalesce."

Due to the protracted nature of the illness, it was necessary for United Artists to cancel what promised to be the big picture of her career, "The Dove," in which she was to appear with the able Walter Huston.

A number of weeks limped painfully by, and urged by her tremendous desire to get back to work—to get back and defend the place in pictures that had cost her so dear—she left the hospital.

But her absence from its confines was not for many days. There was a relapse, a serious return of her malady, and she was forced back to her bed for an indefinite stay. Perhaps for—who knows?

The Hot News Story Of The Month

(*Continued from page 8*)

something instead of Daisy," someone said. "And any way it turns out it will probably be Clara who is judged 'Guilty' and Clara who will be condemned to suffer for it."

Clara did suffer. She was sick in bed when the jury debated her ex-friend's guilt. Sick with nerves and grief, and the shock of finding that the press was condemning her in such headlines as these: "BARE BOW POKER PARTIES ON STAND"—"READ 'IT' GIRL'S LETTERS"—"LOVE MISSIVES IN BOW CASE" (In "Bow Case," notice not in the "Daisy De Voe Case")—"BOW RUM PARTIES TOLD"—"BARE BOW LOVE SECRETS," and so on.

She has been flagellated in headlines. The other day an extra girl in Hollywood tried to commit suicide, explaining that she thought Clara Bow was getting a dirty deal and didn't want to live to see her suffer.

A new actress, imported from New York, Sylvia Sidney, has stepped right into Clara's shoes at the studio, being substituted for her in "City Streets," in which Clara was to have been co-starred with Gary Cooper. If she makes good, who knows? Certainly not Clara, who has heard the rumor that she herself was "through" many times this last year.

Paramount has announced that it is backing her to the limit—and preparing another picture for her. A New York newspaper asked its readers: "Should Clara Bow be kept in the movies?" The answers were overwhelmingly "Yes."

Consider the Evidence

BUT ominous rumblings have been heard from the public. In certain towns in Texas, they say, Clara Bow pictures have been withdrawn. The Riverside (California) Board of Censors has barred her latest film, "No Limit," from a local theater, "because of the unpleasant notoriety of the recent trial."

In pink, yellow and green papers the whole country has read that Clara Bow played poker, received love letters and occasionally patronized a bootlegger.

"Clara Bow's Boy-Friend In Court" flared the headlines. It sounded, for some reason, scandalous. Yet what girl in the

(*Continued on page 118*)



Results are Immediate

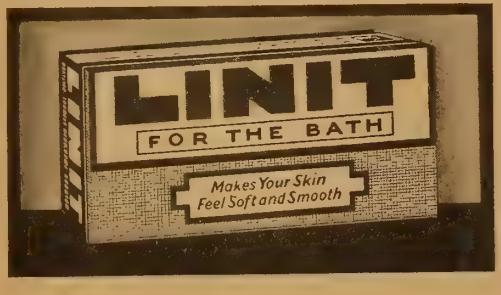
with this Soothing Beauty Bath

. . . astonishing to fastidious women

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft — it leaves an invisible light "coating" of Linit so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. The thin "coating" of Linit that is spread evenly and without excess is so light it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores. • • • • • To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's. • • • • • Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn (the main ingredient in Linit) for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

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The bathway to a soft, smooth skin



"a new cosmetique that WON'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE"

"GIVE US"—women said—"a cosmetique that won't make lashes brittle, beady or coarse looking... one that *will* give a natural, not a theatrical effect."

Here it is: The new Liquid Winx with the Double Treatment formula... First, it darkens and beautifies lashes. It makes them look fine and long. Smart? Yes—but always natural. Then Winx actually softens lashes... You never have to fear brittle or coarse lashes. Try the new Winx! Send 10¢ for the new Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

For Lovely Lashes **WINX**

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. S-2
243 West 17th Street, New York

Enclosed please find 10c for Vanity Size of the new Liquid Winx....Black.....Brown.

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Me---And Men

(Continued from page 59)

would not be like other men. He would give the doubt. The doubt is the most important thing of all. If the ugliest man or the plainest woman can give the doubt, they are more attractive than all the others. I feel I could learn different kinds of things from him. He would not say like other people. I wish I could hear him talk to me. It is not how a man looks to me, so much as how he can make me think.

A Genius, Not a Husband

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN? I know him very well. I like him so much. When he is in a party, there is nobody else in that party at all. He is the all of it. I think he is a very great genius. A real one of those. He doesn't need people around him. He doesn't need brilliant people or clever people. *Everything comes from himself.* He has no need of external things. He can be all things, all alone by himself.

"He is an egotist, too, of course. All great people are that way. They *know* that they are greater than the other people. But they are simple, too, great people. They like simple things and other simple people. They never make the show-off or the carry-on. And if they do, it is because they are amused to do.

"Charlie Chaplin would probably not be a husband for any woman. He is too much, he has too much himself. He has no need of anyone for very long at any time. He couldn't share with anyone.

"I think the world would not have been the same if there had been no Charlie Chaplin.

"Douglas Fairbanks is a great man, too. He is a great entertainment. But not in the same way as Charlie Chaplin. The world would have been just the same without Douglas Fairbanks. It could not be the same without Charlie.

"People say to me if Chaplin and others are really great or if we only think they are because of the things that are written and said. I think they are really great or the things would not be written or said. People do not get into their high places unless they have something great to put them there.

"Mussolini I do not know about either. He is great. A genius. But he is not for women to think about. Men like that have no time for women. And I have no time for men who have no time for women. That is how I am. Love does not matter to a man like that; only power. They look down upon women as something far beneath them. I would not like to be looked at, far down. It would never interest me.

These "Give the Doubt"

"VALENTINO was, and is, the greatest lover we have ever seen. He was every woman's ideal of what her lover should be. He was mine. I did not know him, but he was one who did not have to be known. His face was the face of the lover. The way he walked. The look in his eyes. The close-ups where we could see him, face to face. There has never been and there may not ever be again so perfect, so compelling a lover. For me, the perfect lover must be like that—perfect, beautiful to look at.

"It is strange, when you think, how the men highest up in your box office and in everything have all died. Wally Reid. Valentino. Lon Chaney.

"I like Ronald Colman. His looks. His manner. He is one who gives you the doubt.

"I like Gary Cooper. He is quiet. He is easy-going. He doesn't make much ado about nothing. It was hard work making that 'Fighting Caravans,' but it was hard fun, too. Gary was so nice to work with. I think he was very fine in 'Morocco.'

"I like Jannings—and Jean Hersholt—and Victor MacLaglen and George Bancroft. Those are such very male men.

"I admire strong men, dominant men, conquering men, successful men, geniuses. I admire them, I like to listen to them talk to me. But I could not ever love the Mussolinis, the Fords, the Edisons, the Lindberghs of this world—I would not marry with one like them even if I could. I have not ever been marry, so perhaps I should not say. But that is what I think now.

He'll Get the Idea

"I COULD not live in the house under the idea of some man. I have to live in *my* house under my own idea. I would like to marry with someone like your American athlete. A great polo player, perhaps, or a football hero or a swimmer. Then I would put *my* ideas into *his* head. I would want to do that. I would bring him up the way I would want him to be. I would not be bored, *non*, because after awhile he would think and talk like me and I do not bore me.

"I would want him to be a Someone in the world, so that all people would know him and turn their eyes at him. So that I could be proud of him. I would want him to be very handsome and beautiful to look at. Tall and fine, like this, and *strong!* Physically strong only. But his mind and the way he would do things would be my making. I would be the influence in the home, the real, dominant spirit. That is the only kind of a man I could love and live with and be happy with.

"The American man, I have found—except perhaps the American athlete—is too independent. In Europe, a man is more faithful to his ideal of one woman, if not to the woman herself. Here, if a woman does not please a man or if they have the fights or something go wrong, the man will not come on his knees, sending flowers and asking forgiveness. *Non, non!* He will walk away and say, 'Well, that for you!' And he will find for himself some other girl or woman and will be just as happy and forget all about the other woman. I have been more surprised at that than at anything in this country. It is so big and there are so many girls and women all over, one is not of such importance.

"I am more important to me than men are important to me—that is the best I can say it."

There can be no better than best.

Did You Know That—

Lawrence Tibbett is not in the title rôle of the new Metropolitan Opera, "Peter Ibbetson," but steals the show just the same?

Maureen O'Sullivan has had to go back to Ireland for two months to comply with American immigration laws?

Will Rogers has permission to say anything he thinks of in his pictures?

John Barrymore gets to work at 7 a. m., it taking him an hour and a half to make-up for "Svengali"?

Esther's Blessed Event

(*Continued from page 55*)

what came close to being a last journey.

One town after another. One city after another. One state after another. Five shows a day. Quick changes in every show —one after the other—as fast as they could be made. Keys of the city presented. Interviews between the rapid-fire shows. Luncheons for sororities. Advertising tie-ups. Visits to local hospitals where news photographers waited to snap Esther with tiny, crippled children who wrung her heart. Day after day and night after night. Catching late, cold trains. Arriving in chilly dawns. Hustled into and out of taxicabs. Hurry—hurry—hurry—work—work—work—driving, forcing herself, desperate and harried. George driving her on and on, faster and faster, a *Simon Legree* with a goal in view.

There came a time when exhaustion reached such a pitch that Esther did not know what time it was or where she was. One time when an interviewer said to her, "What do you think of our town, Miss Ralston?" And Esther answered, dully, wearing her painted smile, "What town *is* it?"

Hate Replacing Love

GRADUALLY, on this tour, irritation, exhaustion, ill-health and jaded nerves began to work their slow and deadly poison in Esther's veins. She, who had never felt anything but loved at home, began to feel abused. Her company—who loved her and didn't understand the destination to which George was, with seeming ruthlessness, driving her—resented that whip. They sympathized with the fatigued and distraught girl. They told her she was ill-used, ill-treated. And that little seed, planted, grew like a rank weed in the tired soil until Esther began to hate him, too—the man she loved beyond anything else on earth, the man whose signature was fixed to that little scrap of blue paper.

After that, the growing apart was rapid and bitter. They said violent, burning things to one another. Esther came to believe that there was nothing left to live for. The love that had transfigured her whole life had turned to a lash, evilly used. The children who loved her—but they were George's children, after all. She could not claim them as her own.

There came a night when Esther opened a window in her solitary hotel room and stood, considering—that drop into oblivion in front of her. She was so tired. She was in such pain. It was hard to say which ached the most terribly, her body or her soul. She didn't *want* the money back, nor even the beautiful, harmonious home she had left. She stood there a long, long while —and then she turned away.

Again and again, she begged George to take her home. And again and again, the answer would be, "I have booked five more weeks in Toledo" or "I have booked three more weeks in Philadelphia." And the words "I have booked" became so many death knells to Esther. At each repetition of them her tired spirit shrank farther and farther away from the man who seemed to be sacrificing her, her body, her soul, her health, her love for—*money*. The man who was twisting her life out with ruthless fingers as the hands of a sadistic sculptor might twist the supple clay.

"You see," she said, "I didn't understand—"

But It Was Impossible

AND then it came to Esther that perhaps —perhaps if she should have a baby of her own — of their own — everything might be different. It was one chance in a million chances. She might find herself again—then they could go home and George

HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'



SHE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She's active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

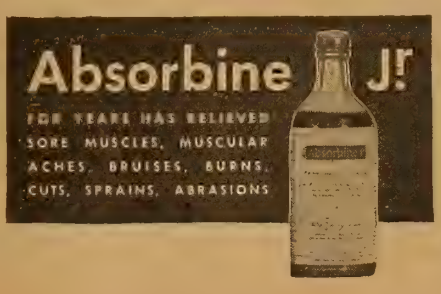
Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.



Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors*. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

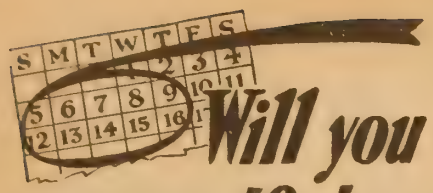
"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

(1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.

(2) If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.

(3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously *inside* your shoes at night.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores — $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



Will you give me 10 days TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER

—Annette Kellermann

HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How, many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust, waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the proof that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch *for over ten years.*



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And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. I use no drugs or pills; prescribe no starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 384, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose.....pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

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might find her again, too—his gentle, lovable girl left behind in the Hollywood hills. It never occurred to Esther that she couldn't have a baby. So many girls do—so many unwanted babies.

George agreed with her. Perhaps a baby might help. He said, "It might make a woman of you." And Esther, weary, agreed that it might.

But no baby came. Weeks and days and even months went by and so, at last to the offices of a great specialist in New York. A tense and terrible time—terrible hours waiting for the verdict to fall. And then the doctor and George summoning her into the private office. Their faces, averted from her. Her own voice, and yet not her voice at all, crying out, "If you have anything to tell me, TELL IT!" And then George's voice answering, "I told the doctor I'd give you the whole truth, Esther—*you can never have a child of your own.*"

That was the eminent specialist's ultimatum. Unarguable. Final. Fatal.

And then a blurred and hideous time in which she heard the roar of wheels from the city streets, the hum of voices growing fainter and fainter, and thought, "So this is death." And never knew that she was back in the hotel, put to bed, fed and hovered over by the little company who loved her in their way and by George, who loved her in his. Days in which she was dead. "For if anyone ever died and yet breathed I was that person," Esther said, and the tears welled up in her blue eyes and ran down her face and on to her clasped hands.

Nothing Mattered Then

"AND when I came to life again, George said, 'Esther, now we'll go home.' But it was too late. *Now* there was nothing to go home for. It didn't matter any more. And I laughed and said, 'No! If you have any more bookings, take them. Take all you can get—I don't care—let's GO!'"

And they did go. Town after town. City after city. State after state. Taxis—interviews — luncheons — presentations of the keys of the city—and in between, bitter words and ugly, bruising fights—the dead body of their love dragged hideously with them—along with their other baggage.

Esther, who had never touched a cigarette, smoked one after another. Esther, who had never tasted the lightest wine, called for drinks before she went on. Into her work there came an abandon that thrilled her audiences—audiences who may or may not have seen the tears raining down the face of the beautiful, blonde girl who sang and danced for them. A pale and feminine *Pagliacci*, fainting nightly as she left the stage.

And after one such night, a night of more abandon than usual, George dragged her from the stage and rang down the curtain in the face of the tumultuous applause. "*You are through,*" he said, "to-morrow we go home." No one can know what that meant to her.

"*Home!*"

But before "to-morrow" came, a scene took place between them that it will take all the years of their love-to-come to heal. Words so brutal, so cruel that Esther shrinks from them now, afraid of their very memory. And then, suddenly, brilliantly, as she was hurling cruelty after cruelty at him and he at her—suddenly she saw—"*the young boy I'd married.*" A hurt, frightened young boy. *Badly* frightened and covering up his fright with bitter words. A defiant boy, grimly trying to wrest triumph out of defeat, even though he murdered love in the doing. A young boy who loved her and was too proud and too angry to show it—and something hurt within her dissolved.

Strangers No Longer

SHE saw what he had done. She saw what she had done. She saw what had—so nearly—been done to them. And she cried out, "George!" His name rang out on her lips as it had not rung for months. "George, do you know why you are saying these things to me and why I am saying these things to you? *It's because we love each other so.*"

The tautness left the defiant boy's hands. Tears came. The awful tears of a man. He cried—and cried—and Esther cried with him—locked in one another's arms for long, healing hours, hours so set apart it seems intrusion to tell of them—until the hate that had grown up between them was routed. And in its place welled that tenderness, that mutual solicitude, that lovely passion, that togetherness with which they had begun their life together, with which they had signed their names and set their hands to a tiny scrap of blue paper.

Esther and George came home. Esther saw a woman, a practitioner of science. And she learned that if it was meant for her to have a child of her own, if God cared to send her a baby, *not all the laws of man or medicine could prevent.* But if God did not so intend, then the well-spring of maternity within her would somehow find a place, a use in this mother-needing world.

Into their home, saved and secured, came the peace and harmony they had lost. The tide turned. Producers called Esther. The voice that had found no place in the talkies had changed. There was power ringing in that voice now. Fulness and depth and strength. Pain had given it its power. Tears had mellowed it. The threat of death to love and love's deepest hope played the whole scale of life.

Esther Ralston is going to have a baby. In June.

The physical things the great specialist found wrong with her are no concern of hers. "For if ever God sent a baby to any woman, He is sending my baby to me. You see, *this is a Miracle.*"



Ten little women, all in a row—what's up, anyway? Musical comedies coming back? Not just yet. These girls are merely the two best-looking girls' basketball teams in California. They're on view in "Girls Demand Excitement"

They Must Keep Fit or Out They Go

(Continued from page 45)

"You'll have to excuse me," smiled Miss Chatterton, "but I don't dare miss my treatment."

Private swimming-pools, once peopled exclusively by inebriated gentlemen in full dress who thought they were porpoises or damsels who wanted to be mermaids, are now used by their owners to swim in. The daily plunge, after a day at the studio, is part of the prescription.

"There's a difference in Hollywood parties," says a society reporter who attends them all. "It is noticeable that where drinks are served, one sees the stars limit themselves to one cocktail, if they take any. It is the visitors and the mob on the fringes of picture society, not the stars, who keep Hollywood bootleggers alive these days!"

"I don't have to remember very far back," says a physician long in the colony, "to recall that unless I had three or four patients under treatment for alcoholism, I thought business was going to the dogs. I haven't had such a case for more than a year."

If the stars have learned the lesson of the value of health, so have the producers, their employers.

Wanted: Only the Healthy

"WE would no more put under contract a player who was in bad health or who was known to drink too much," says a prominent studio official, "than we would buy defective film to shoot pictures on. Either would be a poor investment."

There can be no question that more than one nervous breakdown, more than one retirement in the past has been due to the fact that producers regarded those under contract to them as mere "camera fodder," work horses, to be driven until they dropped. Players were forced to jump from one picture to another without a moment's rest and were forced to undergo hardships in the line of duty that were injurious to health. In one case a young comedian, just rising in popularity, was forced to work in water while suffering with a severe cold. It resulted in his death.

The tempestuous Clara Bow once declared in the old days:

"To the outside world a picture star may be a pampered darling, but she certainly isn't to a producer! Studio heads often make a star do things they wouldn't dare ask the studio scrubwoman to attempt!"

The leopard may not be able to change its spots but Hollywood can, and has, changed its habits—though it has taken broken lives, ruined careers, sorrow and stark tragedy to accomplish it.

Don't think, because of all this, that Hollywood has lost all its delightful wickedness, for there is still *almost* as much hell-raising there as in the average corn-belt community. The only difference is that the movie colony has at last come to look upon sin as a side-line, and although it hasn't become saintly, at least it has become sane.

Did You Know That—

Sylvia Sidney, who replaced Clara Bow in "City Streets," will replace Mary Brian in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," and then play the feminine lead in "An American Tragedy"?

Pola Negri is reported on her way back to Hollywood?

Charles Bickford, let out by M-G-M, has signed up again?

Roscoe Arbuckle is directing comedies at Educational?

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AND SOME ONE WILL WIN **$1000.00**

Write a letter to enter in this month's "Thank You Letter" Contest

"MANNERS," once said a wise man, "are the happy ways of doing things." They are the cream on the milk of human kindness . . . the only courtesy that even kings can show.

And now that fashion brings a statelier decorum, ten years of calls that we should have made, ten years of letters we ought to have written, rise up to reproach us. For in this mode so newly ours, these pleasant formalities have an established and historic place.

The note of acknowledgment, brief but sincere, is one of our most gracious manifestations of the art of manners. It has a charm not measured by its length, not conditioned by its occasion. It may, if you please, vividly and truly reflect a portrait of its writer. And whether you have received a glass of home-made jelly or a silver coffee service, you very much want the giver to realize the warm glow of appreciation that was yours when you opened the gift.

For the best letter sent in to the "Thank You Letter" Contest, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer a first prize of $150, and 22 other cash prizes. You may win a total of $1000. Read the rules below, and watch for the final contest next month sponsored by John Held, Jr.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

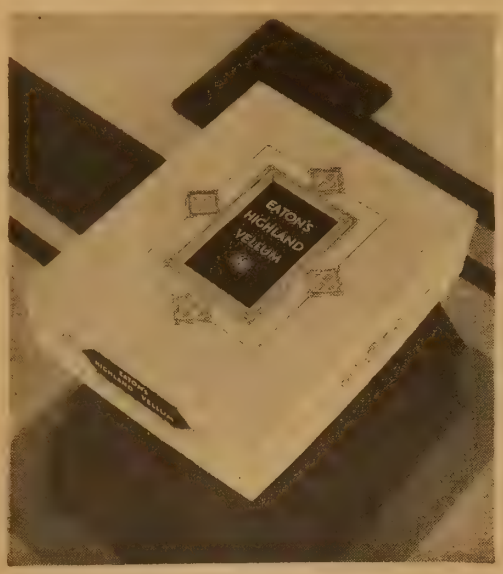
DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For March they will award prizes in the "Thank You Letter" Contest as follows: first prize, $150; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; five fourth prizes, $15 each; five fifth prizes, $10 each; ten sixth prizes, $5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of $850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win $1000! All letters in the "Thank You Letter" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of March 31, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Thank You Letter" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. This is the second of three consecutive monthly contests.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page of your letter. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the November issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr.



You will be quite particular about the paper on which you acknowledge a gift. It must not be too casual . . . nor yet too formal. Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Highland Vellum are suitable in every way. Men and women, alike, prefer them. 50c to $3.50, wherever social stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

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You, Too, Can Get The Breaks

(*Continued from page 78*)

That veteran of much Broadway experience looked her over. He saw a girl in a neat little blue suit, about five-feet-three inches tall, weighing about 105 pounds, a soft wave of straw-colored hair showing under her hat. A girl little different in appearance from the average run of shiny, nice girls on the other side of the footlights, who trekked to matinées. The difference lay in the spirit he knew she had.

"I think you've got a chance," he told her. "But first you've got to get rid of your Western accent."

What She Learned First

TWO weeks later, in spite of family objections, Evalyn went East to join her brother, Orville Knapp, who had dramatic ambitions himself and had managed engagements with several Broadway shows. He knew the ropes. He told her about actors' agents and how one went about getting a job. "I've got to study first," Evalyn explained. "I've got to get rid of this Kansas City accent."

For six months she went to a school of dramatic art. With the patience of the proverbial Job, she stood long hours in front of a mirror saying "ah, ah, ah" in various keys of diction. She learned that vowels are more musical when pronounced "long" and that consonants should not hit harshly through the nasal organ. She learned that shyness and embarrassment are caused through lack of poise, and that poise could be cultivated. All you girls who fidget when you are spoken to, and are timid about meeting strangers, why not try this little recipe of Evalyn's first lesson in *savoir-faire?*

Lie flat on your back on the floor. Open a book of Shakespeare at any random passage, and calmly and coolly read it aloud!

"Naturally, you feel like a ninny at first," explained Evalyn, who was in the make-up room at the Burbank studio. A clever young man was coating her face with yellow greasepaint for the purpose of a camera test with George Arliss. "But it is a wonderful lesson. At first you want to giggle. That is complete proof of lack of poise. After all, what is poise but the ability to meet ridiculous situations well?" Evalyn must have learned that particular lesson well. Even the greasy antics of the make-up artist left her as cool as though she had been having her portrait painted.

You Can Stop Being Awkward

"ANOTHER valuable lesson in acquiring a made-to-order personality," she went on, "is this:

"Stand before a mirror, or, if possible, some friend and come out with some foreign phrase you know. If you don't speak a foreign language, then make a noise that sounds like it. Gesture as though you were speaking French—German—Italian. If you are really serious, you will be surprised to find how your facial expression changes and the little differences in your manner will fit the sounds you are making. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? It did to me, too—at first. But soon you begin to notice that you aren't just an average personality with one or two awkward mannerisms . . . that there actually is grace and variety to your actions. You will find that you are moving your arms, hands and body more freely and without self-consciousness."

Carefully, the make-up artist touched Evalyn's blonde eyelashes with a mascaro brush. It was as though a magician's wand had waved over her eyes. Oddly, you hadn't realized how long her lashes were, nor how seductively they curved. Her eyes seemed larger, framed. I tell you this business of self-cultivation has its very good points.

"For graceful carriage and erect posture, there's nothing like that old trick of walking across a room with a book on your head. It's the best test in the world for bringing your shoulders up and poising the head at a graceful posture. Try sitting down with a book on your head, too. It keeps the spine erect.

Let Your Mirror Be Your Guide

"THE best teacher and critic in the world is your own mirror! Have you ever noticed how pleasant we all look when we glance in a mirror? We assume a 'looking-glass' expression. Yet the moment we step away, we relax into a far less pleasant look. If we only could get in the habit of greeting the world as we greet our reflection, there would be more bright faces. With just a little patience and the desire to improve ourselves, there's no such thing as an 'average' personality."

But poise and learning to walk with a book on your head are not the only factors in the job of being an actress. There's good hard work into the bargain. For instance, Evalyn began her career by barnstorming through New England in the dead of winter with a tent show! "The Patsy" (in a heated tent) ran for ten weeks through various short stops on the road. When Evalyn told George Arliss about the tent show, he said: "My child, you came the hard way—but the right one." After the tent experience she went on the road with "Broadway"; played a season in "Billie Moore"; and another season in "Mr. Moneypenny" on Broadway. At the close of the latter Pathé signed her for a series of two-reel shorts and she made twenty-nine of them. Along about there is where the Warners stepped into the picture with a West Coast contract, bringing the self-made maiden to Hollywood for you and all to see.

"I like it here, everyone has been so nice to me. I feel I've had more than my share of luck in being kept on with the company —." The make-up man was finished with her now. She stood there in the mask of the actress, inscrutable eyes, soft curving scarlet lips drawn a little fuller than the natural outline, sleek, blonde hair capped closely to her head. Her voice was rich and cultivated. Her slim body was erect and graceful. She was ready to step before the cameras with George Arliss. It shows you what can be done with a few simple lessons—and the grit and determination of this Knapp girl.

You, too, can get the breaks.

Have You Heard That—

Tom Mix is going to pay that alimony by galloping back to the screen?

Mary Nolan's big bodyguard is her brother, Ray Robertson, an ex-motorcycle-cop?

Lilyan Tashman was tossed several feet in the air and slightly injured when a bomb went off ahead of time in "Women Like Men"?

Marlene Dietrich's next will be "Cobra," in which Nita Naldi (remember sinuous Nita?) vamped Valentino in silents?

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 82*)

Oh, for a Man—Jeanette MacDonald is an opera singer who insists upon romancing with Reginald Denny, a second-story man. Sprightly comedy (Fox).

Once a Sinner—Dorothy Mackaill has some interesting difficulties on account of her past (Fox).

One Heavenly Night—A notorious singer (Lilyan Tashman) is exiled, a flower girl (Evelyn Laye) takes her place, and a nobleman (John Boles) mistakes the latter for the former. A light operetta slightly above the average (U. A.).

Only Saps Work—Leon Errol is a comedy crook who hooks innocent Richard Arlen in on a bank robbery and almost costs Dick his girl. Funny in spots (Par.).

Other Men's Wives—You'd never guess it from the title, but this is a good yarn about railroading, with Grant Withers acting as if he meant it (W. B.).

Outward Bound—A fanciful conception of The Last Voyage, made intense by such Voyagers as Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler (W. B.).

Paid—An innocent girl is railroaded to prison, there becomes embittered, and deliberately turns to "lawful crimes" when she gets out. A great performance by Joan Crawford (M-G-M).

Part-Time Wife—Edmund Lowe's too busy to pay much attention to his wife, and Leila Hyams is too busy playing golf to pay much attention to Eddie. A light comedy on the necessity of golfing (Fox).

The Passion Flower—Charles Bickford finds himself between two flames—Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. A serious and involved triangle story (M-G-M).

The Princess and the Plumber—Maureen O'Sullivan is the princess, and Charles Farrell the plumber, and presumably they live happily ever after (Fox).

Rango—A sensational glimpse into a Sumatran jungle, where you see the desperate struggle of *Rango*, an orang-outang, against his enemies. Unfaked and unforgettable (Par.).

Reaching for the Moon—Doug Fairbanks in a sparkling, fast-moving comedy about an insanely busy man who falls insanely in love. The best thing he has done in ages. Don't miss it (U. A.).

Reducing—Countrified Marie Dressler arrives in the Big City to help in her sister's (Polly Moran's) beauty shop. There isn't much left of the shop or your breath when she's finished (M-G-M).

Remote Control—William Haines wisecracks as the announcer of a radio station used by a gang leader for his tip-offs. Occasionally funny, occasionally silly (M-G-M).

The Right to Love—Ruth Chatterton plays (1) a young girl tragically in love; (2) the same girl years later; and (3) the latter's daughter. A dramatic argument against parental objections, with Chatterton superb (Par.).

Rogue of the Rio Grande—José Bohr, hero of Spanish versions, gets his chance in English as an amusing, good-hearted bandit (Sono-Art).

The Royal Bed—The queen goes off to America to raise money, and the king, long suppressed, rules like an iron man—until the queen returns. Clever satire, cleverly done by Lowell Sherman (RKO).

Scandal Sheet—George Bancroft as a hard-boiled editor who creates a story for his scandalous daily when he terminates the love affair of his wife and Clive Brook. Strong stuff (Par.).

Sea Legs—Jack Oakie gets shanghied into the navy of a mythical republic, with slapstick complications (Par.).

See America Thirst—Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville get mistaken for beer barons, with a spotty satire of racketeering the result (Univ.).

She Got What She Wanted—Betty Compson in search of a bigger and better husband. Uneven comedy (Tiffany).

The Sin Ship—Ian Keith and Mary Astor, wanted as crooks, skip the country on Louis Wolheim's tough boat. Plenty happens (RKO).

Sin Takes a Holiday—A witty Cinderella story, about a stenog (Constance Bennett) who marries the boss, takes a year's holiday in Paris, comes back to win her husband's love (Pathé).

Sit Tight—Winnie Lightner is kept busy, running a health farm, making a wrestler out of Joe E. Brown, and singing two good numbers. Sure-fire comedy (W. B.).

(*Continued on page 109*)

Here's That New 8-Hour Lipstick

Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. A new 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof. Wear-proof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



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What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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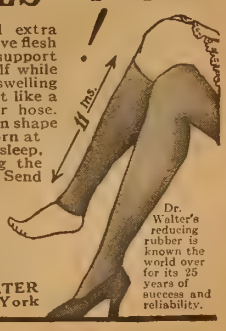
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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of *fascination*. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a *lifetime*. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman *with her free trial* of my beauty aids. Remember, you have *everything* to gain—absolutely *nothing* to lose. So TODAY—

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Absolutely without obligation on my part, send your wonderful FREE OFFER and Booklet. This coupon only tells you I am interested. It does not commit me in *any way*.

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"HOW much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

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BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!



M. Trilety's new lipshaper, together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick, unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

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After the way two of her children turned out in "Mother's Cry," Dorothy Peterson took to mothering a plain, everyday vulture

It's the Fans Who Give and the Stars Who Take

(*Continued from page 69*)

way she rode a mule in "Rio Rita" and sent her one on a truck moving some of his neighbor's furniture to the West Coast. He said he'd heard some folk rode a lot on the sands at Santa Monica and he thought Bebe would probably enjoy having a mount of her own!

Robert Montgomery was another to receive live stock. A rich man on Long Island sent a pedigreed polo pony all the way West to Bob. Helen Twelvetrees, Lupe Velez, Claudia Dell and Harold Lloyd are among the film folk who own dogs presented them by fans.

Louis Wolheim had great difficulty in turning down an old locomotive the railroad men of Miles City, Montana, wanted to give him when he was there on location for "Danger Lights." Railroad men are sentimental about their old "hogs" and Louis finally evaded acceptance of their unusual offer by saying he couldn't keep it in the manner to which it was accustomed, coal being somewhat rare in California!

The Surprise of Joe's Life

THE most amusing gift ever given a star was a large chocolate pie. While Joe E. Brown was in Cleveland for a week of personal appearances, he received a letter from a young girl saying that she was baking him a pie and would deliver it during the week.

Instead of taking the pastry to the stage door, the fan sat through an entire evening's performance, holding the pie in her lap and then, while Joe was making his bow from the stage, walked down the aisle and handed the chocolate pie to Joe over the footlights. Another odd gift presented the comedian was a noiseless electric fan, as big as an airplane propeller, sent by an inventive fan from Texas who recommended its use on the set during hot days.

An appropriate, but none the less original present was received by the Gleasons—Jimmie, Lucille and Russell—when they bought a new home in Beverly Hills. A fan in a veterans' hospital at Sawtelle, California, who had learned wood-carving as part of his reconstruction program, made an ornament for their gatepost, consisting of the figures of the three Gleasons and their dog, copied from a picture he had seen in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The Gleasons use it to bear their house number at the foot of their auto drive.

A Key to the Groceries

SOME of the more popular players could start a curiosity shop on Hollywood Boulevard with the gifts they receive from fans each year.

June Collyer has a big following in England. They follow the fashions set by royalty there, you know. Anyway, a fan who apparently envied Prince George his opportunity of actually ordering food for June during his Hollywood visit, sent her a solid gold key that locked the princely pantry of the Bourbon Court of Naples some two hundred years ago. It was worn around his neck by the Court Chamberlain. June has it hung in her dining-room and uses it for a gong.

Speaking of food, Irene Delroy has a spot in her heart for a Philadelphia fan. In an interview with a chatter writer for one of the Pennsylvania city's newspapers, she mentioned that one of the greatest treats she ever had was the strawberry meringue they serve at a famous restaurant there. One hot day late last fall, Irene came back to her dressing-room at noontime to find a large pail containing several quarts of strawberry meringue. It was from the aforesaid restaurant proprietor.

A majority of the gifts received by the stars come from abroad. Latin-American fans are especially generous, a check-up at the studios shows. Everything in a mail-order catalogue . . . everything that can be found in the most exotic bazaar of the Orient . . . every sort of gift imaginable finds its way to Hollywood.

To Greta from Sweden

ONE of the most colorful appointments in Greta Garbo's dressing-room is a handsome screen. It bears a scene of a sun-

rise over one of the mountains in Greta's native Sweden. The girl who painted it wrote the star she had been offered a good price for the screen by an art dealer, but preferred to send it to the actress in her self-imposed exile from her native land.

Pickfair is filled with an odd assortment of gifts from hundreds of fans all over the world. One of Doug and Mary's prizes is an exquisitely carved sedan-chair a Chinese fan gave them. An early American lamp of wrought iron is a show piece in young Doug's household. An old lady of Boston's Back Bay so far forgot herself as to correspond with a stranger, and sent it to Joan Crawford.

For two years after Harold and Mildred Lloyd proudly told the world they had become parents, every conceivable sort of hand-made garment arrived for little Gloria, a beautiful set of dolls' clothes made in Switzerland being one of the precious gifts.

It was from Switzerland also that Marion Davies' favorite lounging pajamas came. Twenty girls in a convent at Lucerne embroidered them.

The helmet Lew Ayres wore in "All Quiet on the Western Front" had been through more realistic battles than the ones Lewis Milestone shot at Universal City. The bucket hat was sent Lew by a German veteran who had worn it for four years of the war. He sent it to "Uncle Carl" Laemmle with the request that the actor chosen to play *Paul Baumer* use it in the picturization of the story. Lew has it over his mantelpiece at home, a souvenir of his first big rôle.

Good Luck from Java

BECAUSE a fan living in far-off Java wished Mary Brian health, wealth and happiness, he sent her a hand-carved marble idol more than three hundred years old. It was a copy of Ganesha, the Javanese god of good luck. Weird idols, elephant guns, rare ivories and voodoo charms were brought back from Africa by Edwina Booth, who made the trip to the dark continent for scenes in "Trader Horn."

As an example of how varied are the gifts that come from unknown fans, Leila Hyams received a valuable antique chair from a fan in France the same day the postman left Dorothy Jordan a cactus plant, the gift of a moviegoer in Idaho.

While they were making "Hell's Angels," James Hall got two rolls of bath towels from a fan in Baltimore and Ben Lyon was sent a parachute by a mechanic at Kelly Field. The aviation fan wrote Ben to send the parachute back if it didn't work!

But, as Uncle Ezra probably told you this Christmas when he sent you that leaky fountain pen instead of the hundred-dollar check you had hoped for, "It's the thought, not the gift, that counts." And be it a five-cent souvenir spoon from the Crystal Caves in Kentucky or a star sapphire from Paris, these odd and varied gifts they receive are among the proudest possessions of every star in Hollywood.

Did You Know That—

A local taxicab chauffeur overheard two "fares" planning to burgle Ann Harding's home, and tipped off the constabulary?

Duncan Renaldo overstayed his passport permit and got into difficulties with ol' Uncle Sam?

Lewis Stone, Cecil de Mille and Hal Roach are all majors in the R. O. T. C.?

Warners want to see Lew Ayres and Edward G. Robinson together in a gangland opus?

A talkie pointing "the evils of drink" is actually being filmed, somewhere in Hollywood? The nation's drys are behind it.



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EASE IN 5 MINUTES—COMFORT IN 5 HOURS

Use a "counter-irritant" for real relief

THAT miserable chest cold—rub on Musterole and see how quickly you'll feel better! Rub it on again ***every hour for five hours*** and you'll be amazed!

Musterole gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients actually draws congestion to the surface. You can feel how it warms and penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

And don't be satisfied with the almost instant relief you'll experience on the first Musterole rub. Keep at it ***every hour for five hours*** and see how wonderfully it works.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 14200 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.**

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.** RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-374 FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.

"My Fat Shall Go"

Say That Today—Then Do This

You know that it can go, because people all about you have reduced. In the past few years, excess fat has been disappearing fast. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, not by harmful drugs. Science has found a new way to fight fat. Doctors now employ it the world over. They supply a gland secretion—a big factor in nutrition. It is now known that the lack of that permits too much food to turn to fat.

Profit by this modern knowledge. Supply what the system lacks. It is easy, pleasant and effective. Start now.



Listen to the Warnings

Doctors everywhere are proclaiming the dangers of fat. It is a blight to beauty, health and vitality. It shortens life, over-taxes the heart, robs life of half its joys.

Listen also to the warnings against starvation and over-exercise. Fight fat as modern doctors fight it—with a gland food. A world-famous laboratory now supplies you what they use, in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola tablets have been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. It has stood the test of time, while false treatments by the hundreds have failed and disappeared.

Users have told others, and the use has spread. Now in every circle one can see its results. The burden of fat has been lifted for multitudes in a helpful, vitalizing way.

Go do what they did. Excess fat is folly in these scientific days. Get a box of Marmola. Price $1.00. A book in the box tells you how it acts and why. It also states the formula complete.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce



What SHADE is your HAIR ?

. . . . *Tell me and I will tell you*—an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Your hair has a very definite shade of its own—a shade at least slightly different than that of anyone else. If you want to know its full beauty, you must pay as careful attention to its shade as you do to your complexion when you apply your "make-up".

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. Simple directions tell you how. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

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"THE BEST AT ANY PRICE"

BlueBird powder puffs

Do You Look Like A Movie Star?

(Continued from page 31)

bespeaks imagination, sensitivity and emotional power. The short lip shows love of applause. The slightly parted lips express lack of determination, counteracted by the firm chin. Her whole profile, which is concave, means an easy-going nature.

The oval face of Mary Nolan is a study. Of fine delicate quality, it is the face of an impractical person, a dreamer of dreams, one hesitant to face the realities of life. There is a great deal of the mystic in the potentialities of her head, which rises at the top. Mary Nolan may have been raised in an orphanage, but there is aristocratic blood in her, whether she knows it or not . . . for only through such a heritage could come the narrow nose, the fine brows, the modeled mouth.

Dolores Del Rio's charming face defies the law of proportion in its make-up. The rule for harmony in disposition and nature is: a third of the length of the profile from chin tip to nose base; a third from nose base to nose root between the eyes; and a third from nose root to the edge of the hair on the forehead. Her forehead is low in proportion. This shows that the delectable Dolores possesses the power to dominate, and that in extremes she could be ruthless to gain her desire. The high cheekbones show ambition. And this is the story of her life as Hollywood knows it.

"Opposites Attract"

THE features of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are well enough known to prove most interesting when one sees how the traits seen in the two faces complement each other. Doug's face is that of a man who enjoys life and work, an oblong face showing a love for physical exercise and activity, as well as society. Bulges at the temples show humor, the ability not to take things too seriously. This, Mary's physiognomy lacks. The lower third of her face, from the nose to the chin, is much larger in proportion, showing the traits of determination stronger than anything else in her character, stronger than sentiment or intellect, which in turn are expressed in the forehead and nose lengths. Mary is the more purposeful; Doug the more sociable.

We hate to confirm your suspicions about John Barrymore's profile, but the truth is, the man is intellectual. The delicate modeling of the features suggests excellent mental powers. The long nose, imagination. Reason and intuition in the pointed tip of the nose . . . also cynicism. The back of his head, noticeable chiefly by its smallness, suggests lack of industry. The front face, with its wide nostrils, shows passion and strength. The dimple-cleft chin bespeaks a man whose affections might wander. The lifted eyebrow reveals a sardonic streak.

The identifying feature in the profile of William Haines is the bulge at the eyebrow line. This shows a strong sense of beauty, color and form. These traits are well known to his friends, though not exhibited on the screen in the smart-aleck rôles he has been playing. His beautiful home, with every item the object of his personal selection, denotes a man sensitive to beauty, as does the swanky antique shop he operates.

Norma Is Like John

THE profile of Norma Shearer exhibits the same refinement and mentality for a woman that John Barrymore's shows for a man. In addition, it is a most harmonious profile, showing a well-balanced disposition and character, suggesting excellent poise. In the years to come, when the business of being beautiful has sunk into the background, Norma will exhibit more of her mental qualities.

Since Ricardo Cortez has suffered something of an eclipse, from which he is emerging at last, the foremost exponent of what Hollywood calls "bedroom eyes" on the screen is William Powell. Both men possess eyes with white surrounding the iris. Just so, these eyes possess a lot of "it," they may be naughty, but they're nice. As for Bill's handsome nose, mentioned earlier, it means an aggressive go-getting personality. If you like your men strong and forceful, pick them with noses like Bill Powell's. He won't be patient with you, he'll be excitable, and demanding; but you'll probably like it. If you have the tact to take your time about what you want, you can "wear him down," for he can't stand pressure.

The straight eyebrows of Anita Page and the other beauties who affect that style of make-up are frankly somewhat artificial in their outline; but there is a basis in Nature for this style of eyebrow. If you imitate the brows of Anita Page, you are taking on yourself the responsibility of proving that you are not petulant and pouty; this would be the natural inference drawn from this kind of brow in a woman.

Not a Head for Business

THEN there's Reginald Denny; have you ever wondered about how his head goes straight up in back? There is little development on the back of his head; this signifies a lack of determination and force. Denny is a charming fellow; but he is prone to listen to what other people say, and it is difficult for him to accumulate money. These things might have been inferred from the back of his head, where the centers for aggressiveness and acquisitiveness are found.

After opening this Pandora's Box for you, with its multitude of stinging gnats, it is only fair to say that many of the qualities shown in one feature are modified or balanced by qualities shown in another feature.

Thus a good mind, with a balanced judgment can overcome flaws in the original endowment given by nature, and when this is done, the balance shows up in a feature that can be modified . . . for instance, the mouth, and the soft end of the nose, and the lids of the eyes. While the prominent features discussed in this article give you many a key to personality, do not take them too seriously; you may know the potentialities of a person, of which he may perhaps be unaware. They may not be actualities; perhaps the actualities have been modified into potentialities, and natural faults have been overcome by character.

But don't take them too lightly, either. Consult your mirror and ask yourself if some of these things aren't true of you.

Did You Know That—

A New York daily ran a questionnaire, asking if Clara Bow should be kept in the movies, and the vote was overwhelmingly "Yes"?

Doris Kenyon, the widow of Milton Sills, is coming back to the screen?

Monte Blue is returning, after a year's absence, in "The Flood"?

Howard Hughes is going to go all the way and produce a picture called "Scarface"—all about Signor Capone?



Director Alan Crosland and his new wife, Natalie Moorhead, are out to show you what a happy Hollywood couple look like

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 105*)

A Soldier's Plaything—Harry Langdon and Ben Lyon in Germany with the Army of Occupation, where Lyon falls in love with a **fraulein** he doesn't dare take home. Meaningless monkeyshines (W. B.).

Sunny—Marilyn Miller dances and sings her way from musical comedy rags to musical comedy riches, with comic Joe Donahue helping mightily (F. N.).

Suspense—A realistic English version of the horror of war, featuring Cyril McLaglen, brother of our Victor (British International).

The Third Alarm—The old thriller of the heroic fireman and the burning orphanage, put across again by James Hall and sound effects (Tiffany).

Tol'able David—Richard Barthelmess did it in silents; newcomer Richard Cromwell, in talkies, is the mountain lad who is the last of his clan. Both versions are memorable (Col.).

Tom Sawyer—There are a few deviations from Mark Twain's great story, but Jackie Coogan, all in all, is the sort of *Tom Sawyer* that Twain imagined (Par.).

The Truth about Youth—Loretta Young turns down one of our best young lovers, David Manners, for the older Conway Tearle. Strange, but it's the truth (F. N.).

Two Worlds—The tragic love story of a Christian and a Jewish girl in a war-wracked town on the Austro-Russian frontier. Slow, but intense (British International).

Under Suspicion—J. Harold Murray and Lois Moran struggle through a thick plot about a falsely accused hero and a girl who believes in him (Fox).

Viennese Nights—The attractions of old Vienna set forth again in an operetta that happily boasts the voices of Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon and Alexander Gray (W. B.).

The Virtuous Sin—Over in Russia, where such things could happen, Kay Francis, married to Kenneth MacKenna, falls in love with Walter Huston—and stays That Way. The acting makes it passable (Par.).

War Nurse—An over-dramatized, but exciting story of the women—good and bad—who went to war. Soldiers Robert Montgomery and Robert Armstrong do better than Nurses Anita Page and June Walker (M-G-M).

Way for a Sailor—John Gilbert minus mustache and brass buttons—a rowdy sailor with a gal in every port. His best talkie, but it fits Wallace Beery better than it does John (M-G-M).

Win a Buick Sedan —or $2,900.00 in Cash

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-passenger Buick Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00) and $900.00 in cash for promptness. We are also giving away 6 Three Window Fordor Ford Sedans, an Eastman Home Moving Picture Outfit, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, Gold Watches, Silverware and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash to people who solve our puzzle and win our prizes. Already we have given away more than $200,000.00 in cash and prizes to advertise our business. Miss Jewell Casey won $3,720.00, Mr. I. Nystrom won $3,375.00, Miss Anna Linke won $2,320.00, Mr. M. D. Reidman won $3,920.00, Mrs. Robt. Ellington won $1,750.00 and Mr. E. N. Garrett won $2,320.00. More than $7,500.00 in prizes will be awarded in this offer, which is guaranteed by an old reliable company with a reputation of many years of honest dealings and is open to anyone living in the United States outside of Chicago.

Solve This Puzzle



Find the Hidden Soldiers

There are a number of soldiers hidden in the trees and bushes in the picture above. Only their helmets and faces are visible. See if you can find them. When you find 5, draw a circle around each one, fill in your name and address on the coupon below and send it to me right away.

$900.00 Extra for Promptness!

In addition to the 7-passenger Buick Sedan, 6 Ford Sedans and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give an extra added Cash Prize of $900.00 for Promptness to the winner of the Buick Sedan, making a total of $2,900.00 you may win. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 total grand prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

Mail Today

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(A) PHOTOGRAM Bracelet—Two initials as desired and frame for photo. Platicroyd finish—never tarnishes.
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Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. If you don't believe you have it, *try the finger-tip test:* gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes.

Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. Try it today. Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores.

Send for free trial size and booklet.

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Please send me generous free trial package and 32 page educational booklet "Your Hair and Scalp."

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BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

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A Woman's Charm



EVERY man admires a winning personality, bright eyes, a skin glowing with health and color.

So often a woman loses charm because her nervous system is run-down. Strong nerves and good looks go together. A woman's feminine make-up is strengthened, she regains her fresh youthful complexion and bright eyes, if she takes a tonic which is sold by every druggist . . .

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

What's Wrong With American Movies?

(*Continued from page 35*)

sense" is one of the awful things the matter with Hollywood. Pictures that have it please the eye but starve the soul; and they often sell when genuine, European soul-food will not. America invented picture sense. America *would.*)

Too Much Here; Too Little There

"I THINK," said M. Feyder, "that there is too much organization in Hollywood; and yet I admit that there is not enough in Europe; and that, if a company is to produce sixty pictures a year, organization seems necessary. In Europe, a little mushroom company springs up to finance the making of one picture by a certain director. In this case, the director is the picture: his personality is expressed in it without restriction. The picture made, the company dies; only to live again if the proceeds of the picture warrant it.

"Here production never dies and that is good. But for constant production there must be constant adequate return of production costs, and this has developed a supervision of theme, story and treatment that tends to level the artistic director to the plane of safety as the Supervisor sees it, with the new and the merely commercial directors. A director has not the same freedom to express his personality here as in Europe. And that is not good. I make concessions here, hoping, with box-office success, to make more and more my own pictures."

Paul Stein, of Vienna, who recently made "Sin Takes a Holiday" for Pathé, was quite as frank.

"In America, the motion picture is an industry with one purpose: manufacture films, sell them, and make money. Just as you make Fords. Big artists have come to Hollywood and have not been able to do the high artistic work America expected of them. That is the fault of Hollywood. But—from time to time, big successful producers here have wished to make pictures that were only Art: not only for their own pride but to advance the whole industry. Their directors have made artistic pictures. That, too, is Hollywood.

What? An Artist From Texas

"LUBITSCH is an artist; more here than ever. He has developed here. Murnau's 'Sunrise' brought two people very close to me—until I knew them. That is art. King Vidor's 'Hallelujah' brought a whole race close to me; so close I understood the primitive emotions and artistic feelings of this race—and that is great art. For me King Vidor is the greatest living artistic motion picture director. And he, too, is Hollywood."

Now, King Vidor is really worse than Hollywood, much worse: he is Texas. Probably Mr. Stein did not know this. But somehow, I have a feeling, that in the consideration of craftsmanship and artistry, Mr. Stein is not geographically minded.

One of the newest of directors, although not unknown, one might say, upon the lots or screen, is Ramon Novarro. When I saw him, he had just finished directing his first picture, the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh"; it's called "Sevilla De Mis Amores." He is frankly in love with his new profession. Given time and leisure, I think he would indite poetry and music to it. He almost did to me. He said:

"An actor is a person who can express any given emotion, any time, any place. Make love at eight o'clock in the morning, when it is cold, and the electricians are looking down from above, chewing gum. An actor is like the first violin in an orchestra. But a director controls all of the instruments; he creates the symphony! Great art will never exist in motion pictures until one man writes, casts and directs a picture all himself. I have the greatest hopes of doing that some day. Meanwhile, if you are going to let environment ruin you, you can be ruined in Europe. Everywhere, always, you must stick to your ideals. Happiness is detrimental to accomplishment. It is the struggle of the oyster against an alien grain of sand that makes a pearl!"

There are, no doubt, several alien grains of sand in the Hollywood workshop. To find Mr. Novarro taking them on in this particular spirit may seem intelligent only to Americans. We not only like that sort of spirit, but we are accustomed to consider it an integral part of success over here. The truth is, very few men who have accomplished things worth while in this country have been encouraged much when doing them.

The Art of Hard Work

WHEN went over to the British. Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser" and "The Devil's Holiday" and more recently "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks, is English. Very English. Accent, flannels, blazer, afternoon tea no matter how busy—all that. Yet he works with what we are wont to call "American energy." During this last picture he even slept in his bungalow on the lot; certainly he takes his work seriously. As do others. Douglas Fairbanks said, "There are three things outstanding in the development of the sound picture: Will Rogers, the actor; the Mickey Mouse Animated Cartoon; and Edmund Goulding, the director." I felt hopeful of art talk, even purple art talk from a man who has accomplished so much in the Hollywood shop. I even felt he might ignore the shop idea entirely. But he took to trade at once.

"The foreign gentlemen who come here to make pictures," said Mr. Goulding, "are rarely able to throw away their European walking sticks and take off their coats and go quietly into a cutting-room at forty dollars a week—there to learn how Hollywood makes pictures. Such a man, as a rule, does not want to learn how Hollywood makes them; he usually comes with a theory of how Hollywood *should* make them, according to his theories; and Hollywood is too busy to listen. Experiments are too costly. Schedules are too definite. He usually complains of the people, misses his boulevard, misses his bars, his coal fires, his umbrellas and his rain and he usually leaves, a disgruntled, disappointed artist, leaving a very nasty taste behind him.

"Sometimes he may have a good idea. If he has, Hollywood takes it—and if he is any good, takes him. A great many such foreigners think themselves, and are thought by others, to be great artists. But if you notice their films, they are good successful American films with a touch or two that suggests the man had more taste than the man whose picture you saw last week.

"The motion picture is not an art; it is hard work. And any thinking man who looks at the figures, the trading and distribution, will say it is just another great American industry, peculiar to America, initiated by America, made for America. The rest of the world likes this merchandise and buys it. The foreign merchants are annoyed that their public would rather have American faces, American humor and California backgrounds, but so it is."

He feels, I think, that Hollywood—or America—is the only place to make pictures, but he was certainly hard upon art. As for purple art, I didn't even bring that up.

FRECKLES



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Do You Know - -

Who is the frankest girl
In Hollywood?

Why movie millionaires
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Ensenada, Mexico?

The real history
Of Jean Harlow?

Why Robert Montgomery
Is never the same
In two pictures?

How Claudette Colbert
Went around the world
For seven hundred dollars?

What the stars buy when
Their press-agents
Aren't with them?

Who is the screen's
Busiest lover?

Why money is the thing
That has always counted
With Norma Talmadge?

Who is the real boss
Of the movies?

What five Hollywood stars
Were tough youngsters?

Why Irene Dunne
Envies Greta Garbo?

What coming star was sent
To college, but became
An actor just the same?

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We Have Ideals, at Least

I QUOTED the critics to Josef von Sternberg, here and there, in Russian or Austrian sets all over the Paramount lot. He was making "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen, working eighteen hours a day (and a director works!) —yet, between times of telling Miss Dietrich, aloft on a stove, how to drench Lew Cody with beer; or play a piano; or roll a gun—he answered the critics.

"I have just made 'The Blue Angel' abroad. The Germans are doing nothing but imitating the Americans. There are no ideals involved in the making of pictures in Germany to-day; while there *are* here. If European artists, brought here because of their artistic qualities, choose to misinterpret the American producers, it is their own fault: Furthermore, I insist that an artist cannot do inartistic work; if he does, he is no longer an artist. Lubitsch has relinquished none of his standards here. Most American directors have learned from his standards. And I think he would say he has learned from America. He is to-day not only capable of as great, but greater, work.

"If I may analyze myself, I owe everything I am to an American analysis of Europe: I am completely practical and I am an artist. I have never had a supervisor. But I accept the responsibility of the investment involved in the making of my pictures. We directors have no right to take a half-million dollars of the producers' money and then say, 'To hell with the company.' Leonardo da Vinci, on the payroll of Ludovico, did not cease to be an artist.

"It is nonsense about the chance here or there to make artistic pictures. I have made pictures in America and Germany. I expect to make them in England, France, Japan, Russia and Italy, probably in the order named. An artistic picture can be made wherever there is a camera and film!"

He did not add, "And that's that!" but it was in the air; my pencil, purely American, almost jotted it down. There are many stories afloat in Hollywood of Mr. von Sternberg's beginnings, his manners and his mannerisms; and many people who love to tell them. But, watching him work, one discovers that he restricts his mannerisms to his long bob and his white spats. His working directions are so simple they seem commonplace; and his comments on picture-making so easily understood that they seem common sense.



If George M. Cohan's daughter, Helen, is as good in the kitchen as she was in "Lightnin'," her screen début, she need never eat out



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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Petting Parties

(*Continued from page 67*)

But Clara lavishes a wealth of affection on her Australian bear, "Kalgoordie." Because this chap found most satisfaction in the leaves of the eucalyptus tree at home, Clara has provided such a tree for him and built a house for him about it. If he seems under the weather, Clara worries about him. If he is unhappy, she holds him in her arms and rocks him—he's very small. She's never careless or snippy with "Kalgoordie." He's just a little fellow with childish instincts that needs a lot of mothering.

Not So Ridiculous

YOU'LL be inclined to believe, perhaps, that it is ridiculous for a supposedly sane screen star to get upset about an animal, but please understand that their pets are *not* just animals to these highly strung people. By a sort of emotional legerdemain they have become almost their children, with troubles and joys and reactions that are no different from those of human children—even, if they're not so important to the world nor likely to remain in it so long.

A mentally alert girl like Louise Fazenda is expressing something distinctly fine when she bothers about the old duck, "Waddles," who shared many of her trials and triumphs in the making of Sennett comedies. "Waddles" followed her about, recognized her as someone he could depend on, and when he grew too old for comedy, Louise took him home to a special pool and kindly care. It was more than sympathy, more than pity. It was the affection a mother might lavish on a crotchety child.

It was decidedly more than a desire for something bizarre that led Dorothy Lee to adopt a forlorn little visitor to Hollywood. He's a South American kinkajou, and when Dorothy saw him he appealed to something deeper than curiosity or the need for a pet. I'm not sure just what sort of animal he is, but he's grateful for the care that is taken of him, and he serves as an outlet for one of the greatest of all human emotions.

Janet Couldn't Mother Lydell

WHEN Janet Gaynor became Mrs. Lydell Peck, she was forgiven by the studio, but I suspect it was a reluctant forgiveness. Now a hundred-pound girl can't exactly mother a hundred-and-sixty-pound man whose face is apt to be rough and scraggly by evening. She can't make much headway in petting him and doing the little odds and ends of things that women love to do for the helpless and immature. So when an admirer sent Janet a pair of ducks to use in a picture she was doing, with a suggestion that they might be eaten later, Janet was horrified. They are pets; she regards them affectionately, and "Nip" and "Tuck" have no cause to complain. I don't suppose there's really much difference between a duck and a doll. The main thing in the duck's appeal is that it needs help.

If you ask Kay Francis why she has a variegated menagerie consisting of one frog named Alexander, seven goldfish named Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta and Omega, a cat named Felix, a Scottie yclept Burns, a rabbit called Peter and two canaries who are respectively Sears and Roebuck, she merely laughs and says she likes to have a lot of dependence placed on her. But it is an apologetic laugh, because what she really means is that they are helpless and she finds happiness in doing things for them.

There is a long list of screen ladies with dogs and birds, and Alice White has brought up a young mountain lion she appropriately calls "Spot" to behave nicely in company. But the point I'm laboring to get over is that while there may be some who have pets much as they would own a bit of curious pottery, most of them want a *live* object to which they are necessary.

Sometimes They Spoil Them

AND they do spend care upon these pseudo-children of theirs. At times this care may seem to be extreme, as when a dog is overfed and pampered and gets most of his exercise climbing in and out of a motor car, but the star herself gets back a feeling of satisfaction. True, many of these pets are treated far better than the children of many parents, but that is hardly an argument for abandoning them or making their small lives unhappy by rigorous discipline. They are in some way contributing to the proper balance of a young woman's life, for being a woman she cannot stifle or eliminate a world-old heritage.

No one can say how much the little dog "Chico" has contributed to Dolores Del Rio's screen work, nor to what extent Jean Harlow's little canine companion, "Whimsy," helped her give the finished performance she contributed to "Hell's Angels," but all these lesser people of the screen star's household do justify their existence, for without them repressions and dissatisfactions would play a greater part than they do to-day.

So long as there is a fairly definite ban on motherhood for the younger married women of the screen—which seems unfair to me and probably to you—something must satisfy it. And while a few screen players have adopted children—like Polly Moran, for instance—there are drawbacks often to this, and the urge must find its outlet with the dogs and cats and birds. Um—that reminds me, very few of the feminine ornaments of the screen have adopted cats. I wonder why.

Well, anyway, there is a royal precedent for kindness and affection toward the humbler household companions. The Prince of Wales has an aging dog that now finds it difficult to jump to the foot of her master's bed, so His Royal Highness has had a few steps built to aid that old terrier, Cora, to make the grade.

Did You Know That - -

Jeanette Loff, despite a promising film future, is deserting Hollywood for Broadway?

Enid Bennett, a star of silents who now has three boys of her own, will return to the screen as the mother of "Skippy"?

Bill (Movie) Boyd is now married and William (Stage) Boyd is now divorced?

Alice White is looking better than ever—which means that some studio will be after her again before long?

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

MAYHEE—Now that they're playing football games for charity, someone ought to be really charitable and let the East win an intersectional game. Frank Albertson was the blond haired chap who played in "So This is London." Phyllis Crane, the sister in "The Girl Said No." The Marx Brothers are really brothers, Chico the eldest is thirty-eight, real name, Leonard. Harpo is thirty-six, he is Arthur; Groucho is Julius and is thirty-four; Zeppo is Herbert and he's twenty-eight. Harpo got his name from playing the harp, and he is good on piano, flute, and trombone. Chico plays the piano, cornet, zither and violin. Zeppo, the saxophone, piano, cello and flute. Warner Oland, screen portrayer of character rôles, is a native of Sweden.

HELEN CHANDLER FAN—Miss Chandler was born in Charleston, N. C., about twenty years ago. Educated at the Academy of Our Sacred Heart, a Charleston convent, at the Professional Children's School in New York and at the Bennett School at Millbrook, N. Y. She appeared on the stage when she was nine years old, before she was thirteen she appeared in three plays produced by Arthur Hopkins, two of them "Richard III," and "Macbeth" with John and Lionel Barrymore. She has played in "The Music Master," "The Joy Girl," "Salute," "Rough Romance," "The Sky Hawk," "Outward Bound," "Mother's Cry" and "Dracula." She is five feet three, weighs 102 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes.

MITZIE—Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. Walter Pidgeon played opposite her in "Her Private Life" and the theme song was "Love is Like a Rose." I would suggest you write the music department at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., for the name of the composer and where you may secure a copy of it. Junior Durkin is about fourteen years old. Jackie Coogan was born on Oct. 26, 1914. Glad you liked him in his first talkie "Tom Sawyer." Jackie's parents were both stage folk. His father, Jack Coogan, was one of the best soft-shoe, eccentric dancers of the vaudeville stage. His mother was Lillian Dolliver, who at the age of five was known as *Baby Lillian* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and was later in vaudeville with Rena Rogers.

GUDREN—Bet you're having great times out your way with all the snow, to say nothing of the skating and skiing. But mind the bumps! Ted Wells was born in Miles City, Montana, about thirty-one years ago. He attended the Culver Military Academy, then the Sewanee Military Academy, where he excelled in all-around athletics. He graduated second in his class and was chosen for West Point without examination but waived this honor to manage his father's ranch in Montana. His performance in local rodeos led him to Los Angeles and the movies.

ELEANOR—Fred Kohler was born in Kansas City, Mo., April 20, 1889. He attended grammar school and was graduated from the Kansas City High School. Has played on the stage and entered pictures in 1910. He has appeared in a great many pictures which are too many to mention here, but if you'll send along a self-addressed envelope I'll be glad to forward you the complete list. Mr. Kohler is six feet one inch tall, weighs about 200 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Married to Marjorie Prole.

DOROTHY WALTER—Well! Jack Buchanan has another new admirer. He was born in Scotland about thirty-seven years ago, he is six feet two inches tall, weighs about 160 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes. Mr. Buchanan was imported from London to play the leading masculine rôle opposite Irene Bordoni in "Paris." He is said to be one of the most versatile young men on the stage, he is a combination of romantic leading man, singer, dancer, comedian and slapstick comic. He has played in the following screen productions, "Paris," "Monte Carlo." He's planning to return to the stage at this writing.

VERMA TURNER—Thanks a bunch for the season's greetings. Charles Farrell was born in East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, and is still a bachelor. Janet Gaynor, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907, has red gold hair and her next picture is to be "Merely Mary Ann." Charles is playing opposite.

F.M.G.—Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wis., Apr. 5, 1900, he is five feet ten and a half inches tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Louise Treadwell, and they have a son about six years old. His latest picture is "Skyline." Fox Studios. Nancy Gardner, who is playing in "Doctors' Wives," changed her name upon signing with Fox Studios. She was formerly known as Minna Gombeli.

TOM CAMERON—How's Lyndhurst? Gosh! I do believe you were jealous of Charles Rogers and his appendix. But I hope you are also recovering nicely. George Bancroft was born in Philadelphia, Pa. He is six feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He is essentially an outdoor man, fond of rowing, swim-

(*Continued on page 117*)

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Where Hollywood Plays With Fire

(*Continued from page 65*)

His was about the only display of coolness during the fire. It's a well-known fact that people in fires lose all judgment and triumphantly save the most useless articles they can lay their hands on. The Malibu victims were no exception.

Mr. Hendricks' mother never uses perfume. Consequently, her first act was to seize a large bottle of it and run out of the house, leaving her jewelry to perish in the flames.

One woman wandered into the Bills' grocery store dressed in nightgown and slippers, desperately clutching an armful of empty coathangers.

Mrs. Buddy De Sylva had just received three thousand dollars' worth of new gowns. She walked out of the house in her nightgown and an old coat. Going to her closet, she looked at her expensive mink and ermine coats and evidently decided, in an automatic, dazed sort of way, that they weren't just the thing to wear to a fire. So she selected her oldest and plainest sports coat and went out into the night.

The Heaviest Losers

THE De Sylvas were the worst sufferers. Their new house was unusually elaborate for the beach. It was equipped with all the latest electrical gadgets, the floors were of special design, the bathrooms beautifully tiled, the whole structure and furnishings luxurious and expensive.

Mr. De Sylva lost a large music library of great value, and a beautiful piano, as well as a number of original manuscripts by famous authors—Poe, Conrad, and others. All things that he valued highly and cannot replace.

Sixty thousand of the eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry lost by the De Sylvas was recovered the next day by patient pokers in the ashes. Mrs. De Sylva's diamond wristwatch and a huge diamond ring were found after much prodding.

All the next day, anxious householders were sifting ashes in an attempt to find the treasures they had hysterically abandoned the night before. But nothing else of much value was found. The flames were so hot that heavy copper kettles were melted completely, the iron skillets and the glass from windows were all merged together, and some tall iron fire-tongs owned by Louise Fazenda had shrunk until they would have been better for sugar than for logs.

When Louise heard that her house was burning, she and her father jumped into a roadster and started for the beach.

"We should have taken the big car," her father said. "We'll need more room than this for the things we save."

But they didn't even have to open the rumble seat.

Pioneer Playgirl

LOUISE was one of the first settlers at Malibu. She thought of it then as a remote place where she could rest and work in peace, never dreaming that it would become as densely populated as the slums. She built a comfortable but unpretentious house, which was adequate then, but had lately begun to seem not quite elastic enough. Just before the fire she had added a second story—a present, she said, to her husband, Hal Wallis—with two big bedrooms and two baths. The house was insured, but everything inside it was a total loss.

There were antiques that Louise valued more because they were irreplaceable than because they were costly. Her greatest regret is for a table and chair set made of old Spanish ship timbers.

She had just returned from her first trip abroad, loaded down with treasures for her house and her friends. Everything she had so carefully selected in Europe was burned. Most of the things had never even been unpacked.

Louise has a taste for strange and appetizing *hors d'oeuvres* and other piquant foods. These she had collected in the markets of Europe, with the zeal of an epicure, and shipped them home in boxes—all sorts of cheeses, pâtés, and other delicacies. Her various friends, to whom she had loaned the beach house, nobly curbed their appetites and said, "We mustn't touch Louise's things." The flames were the ultimate consumers.

Louise also lost all the bargains she had bravely fought for in Macy's basement on her way through New York. And a whole wallful of cherished pictures, autographed by her greatest friends in Hollywood.

But all these things seemed like minor details to her mother, who bewailed nothing but the blankets. Every year Louise treks to Vancouver and provides herself with as many woolly English blankets as she can get through the customs. Over a period of years she had managed to accumulate sixteen for the beach house. They made wonderful tinder.

Furnished by Fans

LOUISE'S house is of particular interest to fans, because it was largely outfitted by them. Unknown admirers from all over the map have sent things for that house. Her silverware was a gift from a fan. The lamps, pillows, pottery—dozens of things were contributed by people whose enthusiasm for La Fazenda seems to take a very palpable form.

Immediately after the fire, telegrams poured in, and letters of sympathy as genuine as if she had lost a member of her family. And not only that, but gifts—more gifts. A lamp. Pictures. A set of dishes. Her new house, if she wants one, is practically furnished already. Even her close friends in Hollywood are collecting antiques and pewter to replace those she lost.

Louise could hardly let her friends down after this handsome treatment. She will rebuild immediately. So will most of the others, including Marie Prevost. People considered Marie lucky because her house didn't burn to the ground. But actually Marie had the toughest break of all. Everything was so charred and defaced that it was ruined forever—and she had to pay to have the remains of the house removed so she could rebuild. The others at least had their ground cleared free of charge.

They are all starting over again. But they realize it's just a pleasant folly they're permitting themselves. For Malibu is almost certainly doomed. The wooden houses, the close proximity, makes extinguishing a fire virtually impossible.

People shake their heads over the impracticability of building expensive houses on leased land. The lease isn't the greatest hazard at Malibu. If the houses don't go up in smoke long before the leases expire, it will be a clear case of the grace of God.

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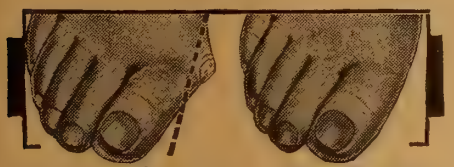


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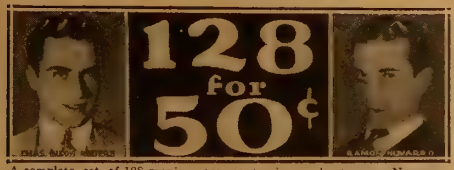
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What They Eat And How They Eat It

(*Continued from page 71*)

wich." This is a hot mouthful with assorted cold cuts. You'd expect Conrad to have more regard for the alimentary canal.

Mrs. Cooper worries about Gary's diet, so over at Paramount they tactfully suggest things that will add pounds. Gary is a good-natured person and he eats them without a word of complaint. In turn, he worries about Lupe's feeding system. Lupe, if left to herself, would subsist on rare beefsteak.

Quite often Clara Bow has her maid bring her lunch to the dressing-room. She likes salmon salad without the chopped celery. It seems that celery doesn't vibrate equably with Clara. La Bow is now the possessor of Pola Negri's elaborate dressing-room, the largest and grandest on the Paramount lot. Pola had a magnificent appetite. She was excessively fond of trout and frequently disposed of three orders at a sitting.

Fifteen Cents for Breakfast

PARAMOUNT, being spread out over twenty-eight acres, will not send waitresses out with trays. It took too long and the wear and tear on the waitresses was considerable. Besides that, a lot of culinary equipment never showed up again. Apparently, some of the two-thousand-a-week stars carried the spoons home in their pockets. Metro has tray service and so does Fox. Metro opens for breakfast, but Paramount and Fox can't see it. The waitresses don't care much for the breakfast trade. The average check is fifteen cents, for coffee and sinkers. And people don't tip much in the morning. Speaking of gratuities, the average luncheon tip in the various studio eateries is twenty-five cents on the dollar. Most of the stars are careful about leaving the little remembrance. Eddie Lowe, they do say, is liable to forget, and Ernest Torrence, being Scotch, is reported to have left a pants button. I don't believe half of what I hear, though.

M-G-M rather goes in for naming food after the stars. The Joan Crawford salad is an ever-popular item. It is chilled tomatoes stuffed with chicken. Joan frequently orders it. By the way, Joan used to amaze the lunchers at this studio by nibbling away on crackers with a thin spreading of mustard.

The Lon Chaney sandwich, tomato and bacon on toast, still has its place on the menu. After the death of the great character star there was some talk of giving the sandwich a new name. It was finally decided to leave it as it was for the time being. Strangely enough, more people order it than ever before.

Commissary Comedy

IN all the commissaries the feeling is as friendly as a class reunion. The wisecrackers josh the waitresses:

"Breast of lamb to-day," snorts one of the funny boys. "Give me an order without the brassieres."

"Waitress," calls another, "there's a clam in this clam chowder. Don't let it happen again."

Once William Haines, the old cut-up, chased Mrs. Edwards, in charge of the commissary, all over the place, brandishing aloft the business end of an ice-cream freezer. Lawrence Tibbett sings lustily at the luncheon table, although it is considered frightfully bad form. Cliff Edwards and Tibbett carried on a long conversation in song one day.

The most interesting table, if not the "prettiest," at M-G-M is the directors' table. After luncheon the megaphone-wielders shake the dice to see who pays the bill. The debt usually runs from sixty



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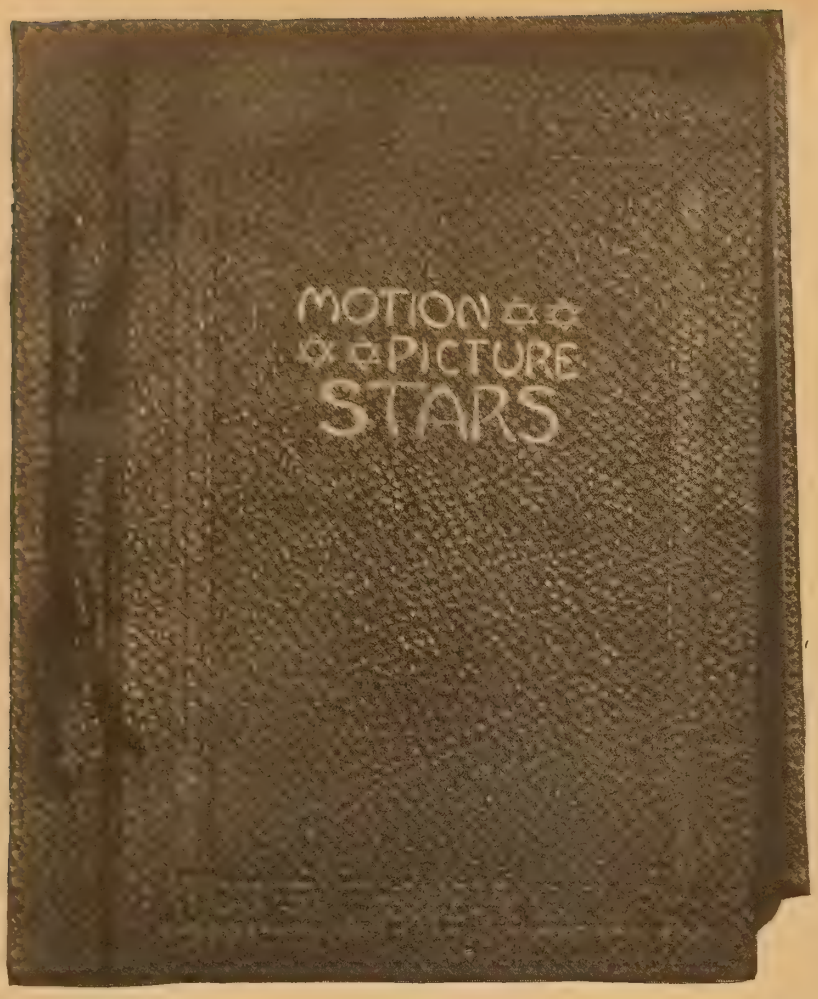
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dollars upward a day. They have special fixings, for one thing: *hors d'œuvres*, celery and olives, fruit and cheese, and Poland water. The rest of the people drink water out of the faucet, and like it.

Each studio has its prized specialties. At Metro it is the chicken broth and rice. Huge chunks of bona-fide chicken arrive with it. Paramount swears by its special trout and Southern baked ham with cider sauce. At Fox it is the chef's salad. Everything is in that salad but pistachio ice cream and weiner-schnitzel: lettuce, cress, chives, romaine, chicory, avocado, lobster, shrimp, crab, chicken, tomato and garlic. It really is delicious, although it sounds like what was found when the cook swept out.

And Only One Place Wide Open

SOME of the personalities on the staffs at these commissaries are as interesting as the famous people who sit about at the tables. There is Ann, the waitress at M-G-M. She has been there for years, and she has a ready answer for any comeback. She knows more "inside" stuff than the government secret service. Mrs. Moore, in charge of the commissary at Paramount, is young and pretty enough to be a star. Over at The Munchers, as the commissary is named at Fox, Eugene Maier, the culinary wizard, is a perfect example of a European chef, even to the skyscraper starched cap.

Is there any way to get into these cafés?

At every studio you must come as the guest of someone on the lot. Herbert Hoover, himself, couldn't get past the gateman without word from within the walls. The Universal café is a bit different. It is just outside the studio and has always been open to the public. There, at least, you can watch the stars eat "at home." Both "see and hear them," as they say of the talkies. Uncle Carl Laemmle prides himself on his fine poultry and eggs, direct from his own ranch. You can be perfectly safe in ordering Southern fried chicken and omelettes. All sorts of dishes with foreign names appear on the menu on this lot.

Best of all (and you usually think of the stars as being magnificently extravagant), the food is reasonable at all these places; if you don't think the stars argue over a five-cent overcharge you should hear them for yourself. There is a blue-plate luncheon that any stenographer could afford, but a star has never been known to order it. It might look cheap, and stellar reputations must be guarded, even in semi-privacy.

But, in the commissaries, the stars are like one big, happy family. Like Heck!



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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 113*)

ming and golf. At Annapolis he was stroke oar on his class crew. He is appearing in "Scandal Sheet."

M.E.P.—With all of its evils, unemployment has done some good in bringing the Army and Navy together again. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25, 1896. He received his education in Nebraska and New York. Is of French and Irish descent, six feet three inches tall, weighs 181 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Married to Vilma Banky since June 26, 1927. Yes, he appeared on the stage before entering pictures.

MARION—James Rennie was born in Toronto, Canada, and is of Scotch and Irish parentage. He was educated in that city and his early ambition was to become a sea captain. He attended the Collegiate Institute at Toronto, majoring in literature. When the war came along, he enlisted in the Canadian army, and went to France as a pilot in the British Royal Flying Corps. He served for two years, and after the armistice returned to Canada where he went on the stage.

CO-EDS—David Sharpe is the chap you refer to who appears in "The Boy Friends" series. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 2, 1910. He went through grammar school, and in 1917 joined the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Acrobatics and tumbling, that is his hobby, and he studied it for years under that great physical culturist, Al Treloar. In 1925 he won the Tumbling Championship of the United States; the youngest athlete ever to hold this title.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Of course, it was when Clara Bow's former secretary, Daisy De Voe, on trial for embezzling large sums of money from Clara, told tales out of school.

2. Mary Brian has Jack Oakie all a flutter, which squelches all previous rumors about Jack's fondness for Frances Dee.

3. Carole Lombard has nicknamed her best beau, William Powell, Willy Pool. Cute, but silly, don't you think?

4. Emil Jannings will be welcomed by millions of fans who never forgot him during his two years' absence from the screen, and they can thank Ernst Lubitsch for putting the deal over with Paramount.

5. Grace Moore weighed 165 lbs. but reduced herself to about 135 lbs. by strict dieting.

6. Ruth Chatterton, who has been first lady on the Paramount lot since she made her first picture at that studio, failed to attend the opening to give the Dietrich gal a big hand.

7. Mitzi Green can be called that because her father has taken out life insurance for her for one million dollars, the annual premium on which will be fifteen thousand dollars.

8. The fact that Jeanette is a divorcée is holding up the wedding, as Walter O'Keefe's religion forbids divorces.

9. When the Lloyds revealed they were expecting an heir, everyone was surprised. Harold Lloyd, Jr., arrived January 25. Before there were prospects of "the blessed event" the Lloyds adopted a little girl as companion for their own daughter.

10. The fact that Farrell is engaged to Virginia Valli doesn't keep rumors from linking his name with that of other girls. Now it is his new leading lady, Elissa Landi.

11. Lupe is happy because Clara Bow was taken out of the cast of "City Streets" in which she was to play opposite Gary Cooper. Remember Clara was Gary's sweetie once.

(*Continued on page 119*)

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THIS MAGAZINE HAS SOME INTERESTING NEWS

ABOUT OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS

WHENEVER you find an item about someone you used to know, or see the picture of a once-familiar place, there's an extra thrill in the day. Fading memories grow bright . . . in a flash you begin to "remember when—"

Actually every magazine you read is full of good news about friends of yours . . . friends that come into your home every day to help get the work done . . . friends you take with you when you go out . . . friends that make life easier, brighter, richer.

These friends are the foods, the clothes, the furnishings—the many modern comforts you meet in the advertisements. You know them well . . . know how they look and what they can do. Naturally you like to read all the news about them, for even old friends are constantly changing, growing more interesting, offering new ideas.

Advertisements bring you fresh and reliable news of things you could hardly do without. Form the good habit of reading them thoroughly every day. Watch them for news of your friends—old *and new*.

The Hot News Story Of The Month

(*Continued from page 99*)

United States doesn't have a boy-friend? Rex Bell, the current boy-friend referred to faithfully squired Clara to, from and in the courtroom daily. He had written her naïve, sentimental and boyish love letters which—for some reason—were read as evidence.

Evidence of what? That Clara received love letters? Why not? Nearly any woman who reads these letters to Clara from various men could have matched them with similar ones. They weren't even very hot.

Poker? The testimony showed that Clara sometimes lost two dollars at a game, and sometimes two hundred. Joe Schenck, Al Jolson, Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge, Junior Laemmle and others have played for larger stakes without arousing the land. Yet Clara's piker poker games were made to seem a sin.

What Did Clara Get?

WHEN Daisy began to accuse Clara from the witness stand with buying liquor and drinking some of it, the judge brought his gavel down. He said that he didn't see what these things—love letters, poker games, an occasional drink—had to do with the matter that had brought them all together—a trial for grand theft.

"That was simply an effort to present Miss Bow unfavorably to the millions of people who admire her ability and enjoy her pictures," said Mr. Gilbert, her attorney. "Miss De Voe came to my office and demanded one hundred and twenty thousand dollars upon pain of 'divulging' to the newspapers; she has 'divulged.'"

After all, Clara Bow wasn't the defendant. She wasn't being tried for anything—except in the court of public opinion. But Clara Bow's name sells newspapers.

The tabloids get increased circulation out of it all. The motion picture profession may get immunity in the future from the menace of blackmail threats. The lawyers in the case got splendid publicity. Rex Bell has been offered a vaudeville contract to be billed as "Clara Bow's Boy-Friend." Daisy De Voe seems to have obtained clothes, furs, jewelry and money. Everyone connected with the case got something out of it—except Clara.

If the American public is fair-minded, Clara will get sympathy. She deserves it.



Fryer

This is one leading lady you never knew Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had. She's Jeanne Helbling and played opposite him in the French version of "The Aviator" (not yet done in English)

In League With The Babies

When little girls wore copper-toed boots and tight-waisted dresses, and little boys wore kilts—what of the babies? Swathed in yards of clothes. Scrubbed with unknown soaps. Few of them expected to live during the dreaded second summer. Many of them suffering countless ailments because nobody knew what to do.

A glance back only a generation or so is enough to reveal how fortunate babies are today. Now there are soft, cool soaps . . . every aid in food that care and knowledge can prepare . . . sensible, light little clothes . . . and such knowledge of sanitation, and control of disease, that every little baby should live and grow.

Mothers are indebted to advertisements for their news of these nursery aids . . . just as they are indebted for news of fascinating menus, fadeless curtains, sprightly dinnerware. Constantly, ways are being devised to make life happier, more comfortable for baby, the whole family. Laboratories clean and bright are scenes of goods being tested—being made safe and pure. When the testing is over — advertisements hasten the goods to you.

No longer marvel (the next time you buy something widely known) at how fresh, immaculate, fine it is. These are qualities you can be sure of in buying advertised merchandise . . . qualities you *must* be sure of in buying for the health of babies, children, anyone. It is surprising how timely and vital the news in advertisements can be! Read them regularly.

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 117*)

12. Because it means that two of their favorites, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, are now Mr. and Mrs., having been married at Catalina under their real names.

13. Heartbroken, Lillian Roth, having heard that Herbert Oshinsky, the man she was to marry, had just died, sang and danced at a performance, her audience never sensing her grief.

14. When Clara Bow was taken out of the cast of "City Lights," Sylvia Sidney, popular Broadway stage star, fell in luck.

15. The sudden death of Alma Rubens was the outcome of an attack of double pneumonia and worry over her arrest on a narcotic charge.

16. Although Lupe Velez emphatically denies she and Gary Cooper are married, she wears a wedding ring. Our spy tells us they were married in Mexico several months ago.

17. Unless he can clear himself of the charge by immigration authorities that he entered this country illegally, Duncan Renaldo will be deported to Roumania.

18. You'd hardly believe it of John Barrymore, but his weakness is strong cheese and salami. He always takes a generous supply with him on all his trips.

19. Constance Bennett signed a contract to make two pictures in ten weeks for Warner Brothers, earning about eight hundred dollars per hour. The million she already has was settled on her by Phil Plant when they were divorced.



Educational's newest "find" may be Irish, but Doris McMahon is going to appeal to the sheiks

Did You Know That--

Gary Cooper, when interviewed, is not allowed to talk about love?

Rex Bell, Clara's flame, is working in a Pathé two-reel comedy?

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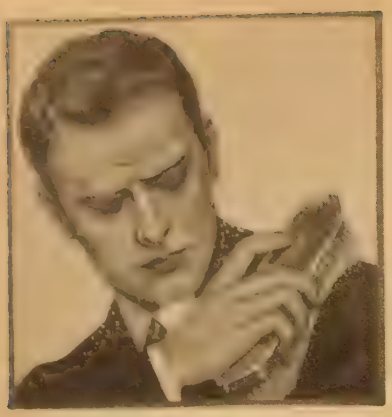
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We're Telling You Straight —From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

Why They Come

LANG also has an interesting theory to explain the phenomenon of the crowds who turn out to stand in line for hours at premières. Contrary to popular belief, the same people come time after time. Over half of them know Lang by name and he speaks to a goodly share in return.

It is one charming, gray-haired matron, a Mrs. Bergin, to whom Lang owes his theory of opening-night-crowd psychology. Mrs. Bergin seldom misses coming. After about every third première she sends Lang a huge cocoanut cake, home-baked, that must weigh ten pounds. It is her courteous return for his favor in loaning her a chair from his sound truck.

Because she seeks her only amusement in motion picture theaters, Mrs. Bergin has come to look upon film players as friends. She is alone in the city and modest circumstances make the cost of a five-dollar première ticket an extravagance.

Yet she derives considerable pleasure in seeing familiar faces pass in review on opening nights. Hers is not an idle curiosity, but a friendly companionship to people she knows well. Her gesture is comparable to that of a member of the family standing on the sidewalk to watch an entire parade, in which, of the thousand marchers, only one is her boy. She is always interested to see if they are all out of step but Jim.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 117*)

JUNE—Jeanie Lang is the girl you refer to who appeared in "King of Jazz." She's nineteen, looks younger and, on her first visit to Broadway, is playing a principal rôle in a musical comedy. The show is "Ballyhoo." She started stageward by playing in high school dramatics in St. Louis. Later she obtained singing rôles in St. Louis movie theaters, and then went to Hollywood to appear in film musicals.

LUPE VELEZ FAN—Lupe was born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18, 1909. Her full name is Guadeloupe Velez Villalabos. Her mother was an opera singer, her father was a colonel in the Mexican army. When fifteen, Lupe got a job dancing in a musical comedy, "Rataplan," in Mexico City. Later played in the Music Box Revue and in comedies for Hal Roach. Her first full-length production was in "The Gaucho," starring Douglas Fairbanks.

CHARLES ASCOH — Sent you a personal reply but the letter was returned to me stating it was "unclaimed," so I'm answering you here. Zelma O'Neal was born in Rock Falls, Ill. Laura La Plante has returned to the screen and is appearing in "Lonely Wives" for Pathé Studios. Claudette Colbert's first picture was "For the Love O' Mike." Thelma Todd played the rôle of *Ruth Van Horn* in "Follow Thru." Tommy Clifford was Tad in "Song o' My Heart."

CLAIRE LUCE FAN—Miss Luce was born in Syracuse, N. Y. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair, real name is Clara Snow and she is married to Clifford N. Smith. Gary Cooper and June Collyer had the leads in "The Man from Wyoming." "Skeets" Gallagher was the King in "Let's Go Native."

AYRES—Lewis Ayres attended the Lake Harriett School in Minneapolis until he was ten years old, when he moved to San Diego, Cal. After graduating from high school in San Diego he entered the University of Arizona to study medicine, but left at the end of a year and found a place as a musician with Henry Halstead's orchestra at the Plantation Cafe and the fashionable Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, in Los Angeles. From here he went to play at the Addison Hotel, in Detroit, but returned later to Los Angeles where he joined Ray West's orchestra playing at the Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.

ROSE-MARIE—Did you know that Edmund Lowe was the youngest graduate of his alma mater, Santa Clara University, owns 1500 head of cattle on his ranch at Santa Cruz Mountains, recently perfected a new vegetable which is now on



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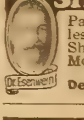
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the market called Topepo, a combination of green pepper and tomato? Edmund was born on March 3, 1893, and has been married to Lilyan Tashman since 1925.

CHARLES—Warren Hymer's picture rôle was that of the heavy in "Speakeasy." Has also appeared in "Lone Star Ranger," "Born Reckless," "The Big House," "Up the River," "Oh, for a Man," "Men Without Women," and his latest is "Charlie Chan Carries on." Bebe Daniels is an expert fencer and has one of the finest collections of swords in Hollywood. You will see her next in "My Past," Ben Lyon, her husband, plays opposite.

LONESOME PRINCESS—Well, I guess that's the way with all royalty. Now don't get high hat! Helen Twelvetrees' real name is Jurgens and she is appearing in "Millie." Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in "Confessions of a Co-ed," Paramount Studios. Monroe Owsley is a Georgia boy who started in the newspaper business. After a year on the Philadelphia Public Ledger he went on the stage, and played in stock. His latest production is "Indiscretion."

NEMESIA—You should consider your-self lucky on receiving that picture of Miss Dove. I think that for the short time you have been trying to master the English language, you have certainly succeeded in doing so. Ricardo Cortez is appearing in "Big Business Girl." Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett are sisters. John Boles is playing in "Resurrection" and he is married and has two children.

BLUE BELLE—It won't be long before we'll be able to pick 'em and start with miniature golf again. Cliff Edwards was born in Hannibal, Missouri, haven't a record of the year. His latest production is "Dance, Fools, Dance." Bruce Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas, July 3, 1910. Joe E. Brown, Holgate, Ohio, July 28, 1892. Jeanette MacDonald, Philadelphia, Pa., she is five feet two. weighs 110 pounds.

WALLY—Your wish has been granted and we're glad to have you for a new reader. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, Feb. 17, 1908. If you'll send along a self-addressed envelope, I'll be glad to forward you the complete list of pictures Miss Brian has appeared in. Lila Lee, Dorothy Lee, Gwen Lee and Dixie Lee are not related. Lila's real name is Gussie Appel. Dorothy, Marjorie Millsap, Gwen, Gwendolyn LePinski, Dixie, Wilma Hyatt.

J. C.—Dorothy Gish was born in Day-ton, Ohio, in 1898. She is five feet tall, weighs 125 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Educated in Dayton and private tutors. Colleen Moore is not appearing on the stage or screen at this writing.

A. G. LAMB — Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien had the leading rôles in "The Iron Horse." John Bowers and Madge Bellamy in "Lorna Doone." Edward Hearn, Pauline Starke, "The Man Without a Country." Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, she is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, red gold hair and blue eyes. Married and has a daughter.

JACK B.—John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 187 pounds, has dark brown hair and gray eyes, real name is Duke Morrison and his latest production is "3 Girls Lost," Fox Studios.

DOROTHY—Marion Byron was born in Dayton, Ohio, Mar. 16, 1911. June Clyde, St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 2, 1909. Joan Marsh, Porterville, Cal., July 10, 1914. Sally Starr, Pittsburg, Pa., on June 25th. Robert Woolsey, Oakland, Cal., Aug. 14, 1889. Leon Janney, Ogden, Utah, Apr. 1, 1917. Marian Marsh is playing opposite John Barrymore in "Svengali." Charles Rogers in "Manhattan Musketeers."

EVELYN—You refer to John Darrow who played in "Hell's Angels." John was born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., July 17, 1907. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Real name being Harry Simpson and he's appearing in "Turned Loose in College," Radio Pictures Studios. Ralph Graves' latest picture is "Dirigible."

HELEN MARTIN—Glad you dropped in again as you said you would. Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 28, 1908, she is five feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs about 105 pounds, black hair, blue eyes and her real name is Chatsy Noonan. Molly O'Day, her sister, also in above town, on Oct. 16, 1910, is the same height and weighs about 108 pounds, black hair, dark hazel eyes and was formerly called Sue.

MARION Z.—Kent Douglass was Joan Crawford's husband in "Paid." He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., Oct. 29, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, blonde hair, hazel eyes and his real name is Montgomery. Changed it so it would not conflict with Robert Montgomery's name. He appeared on the stage before entering pictures and his latest production is "It's a Wise Child."



Fryer

David Manners and Barbara Weeks are two of the last people you'd expect to see romancing on the range. Like the rest of us, they just got to wondering if love *is* like that, out where the cactus grows

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Now You're Talking

(*Continued from page 6*)

Not So Many Bedroom Scenes



Here's wishing the producers would give us more plays and pictures with good substantial plots like "Billy the Kid" and omit a few of those bedroom scenes which appear so frequently in pictures. Honestly, when the lover slobbers over the heroine every two seconds, it really becomes very tiresome. *Lulu Glasenfield, Los Angeles, Cal.*

Put the Blame Where It Belongs

The Talkies have taught us to cease finding fault with Garbo's eyebrows, Bow's hair and Doug Jr.'s haircut and put the blame for cinema failures where it belongs:

On the companies who present the same cast of actors repeatedly in the same type of rôle.

The cheap publicity which reflects on the morals of a star and kills instead of enhancing the box office value.

The fadeout of a scene onto a darkened screen with the voice echoing from the great beyond.

The cutting of a feature to make way for short subjects, thus ruining the original plot.

The carelessness in checking up on sound reception in various parts of a theater.

The lack of originality in plot.

The publicity men who cover sign-boards with lurid and vulgar scenes which are nowhere to be found in the finished film.

These and countless other technicalities if corrected would save the stars much unwarranted criticism. *A. C. N., Oakland, Cal.*

Just Keeping Us Guessing



As a father once said to his son in the woodshed — "this hurts me more than it does you, my boy"—so say I. I don't like to knock anybody, but I'm fed up on Garbo this and Garbo that. I could actually crochet boxing gloves for gnats! Every article about her makes her a "different" from any other star that I'm beginning to wonder whether she's really so or just using plain hokum. She won't do this; she won't do that; she walks by herself and wants to be alone with her thoughts; she refuses to see this one and that one.

It's a question as to whether the girl is sincere or purposely creating a "different" personality just to keep us guessing. Personally, I believe she's just another female star only that she realizes that the value of being so "different" is a big asset to her. It's her private life that has so intrigued the fans. She has shown that she is bored to death by all but a favored few. If that's the case, why not pick up the money bags and go back to Sweden? We can do very well without these foreigners.

Raymond Greaves, Ashford, Ariz.

Keep Maureen Sweet



A number of us were terribly disappointed in Maureen O'Sullivan in one sequence of "Just Imagine," where she comes downstairs in a most revealing negligee which dipped too low at the neck line and kept slipping. I began to feel embarrassed. It was a shock, particularly because John Garrick had just very feelingly sung about his "Old Fashioned Girl" to her. Excuse the rambling, but we do want to keep Maureen unsophisticated. There are so many who can play Flaming Youth without Maureen doing it.

M. Stevenson, Cleveland, O.

Clara and Daisy



I sure think Clara Bow is getting an awful deal from that former secretary of hers. Did you ever hear such cattiness in your life? Just because Clara wouldn't stand for Daisy De Voe robbing her out of house and home, she thinks it is time for her to tell tales out of school. If I was Clara I'd pull her hair out one by one like pulling petals off a daisy.

Another Clara from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bring Back Slapstick Comedies



Where are the good old side-splitting comedies? Have they gone forever? I hope not. A good laugh and a hearty one will do the neurotic super-sensitive movie audiences worlds of good; therefore, in the name of good old-fashioned laughter, let us have more pie throwing. *M. L. H., Brookland, D. C.*

Movie Mistakes

The Hollywood Follies of 1930 or the outstanding mistakes of the past year are:

FOX—Letting Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell sing (?). (Mis)Casting Charles Farrell as *Liliom*.

PARAMOUNT—Losing Lillian Roth. Wasting good material in "Let's Go Native." Continuing Clara Bow's "It" rôles.

M-G-M—Continuing Bill Haines' "Fresh Guy" rôles. Injecting Laurel and Hardy into "The Rogue Song."

UNIVERSAL—Losing Laura LaPlante. Adding Graham McNamee to "White Hell of Pitz Palu." Cleaning up "The Little Accident."

RADIO—"The Vagabond Lover."

Lester Asheim, Seattle, Wash.

Whom the Boys Like and Dislike



All the boys in my company agree on the following:

That Gloria Swanson should be tied to a post and shot.

That Marie Dressler is the best actress in the movies today.

That Mary Brian is a honey and the sweetheart of our company.

J. G., U. S. 14th Inf., Panama Canal Zone.

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gilbert Type of Rôles for Harold



Why doesn't Harold Lloyd come out of those head first—"Feet First" comedies? Make him discard those horn-rimmed goggles (if he can see without them) and get him to play the John Gilbert type of rôles. He'd be a regular "Devil with Women." *Hilder Sather, Minneapolis, Minn.*

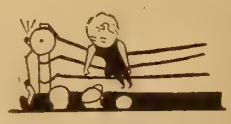
Different, Not Crazy

Someone said in the January issue, "Let's have more Mary Brian pictures and less Nancy Carroll." I say "Amen." And also more Gary Cooper and less Buddy Rogers. And Greta Garbo isn't crazy either. She's just different and that's what we all want. *Bernice Taylor, Neosho, Mo.*

Pleased with Stories on Clara

I must congratulate MOTION PICTURE for one of the best stories it has ever published. The story I have in mind is "In Defense of Clara Bow" in the January issue. It is excellent. Clara is my favorite actress and since I read that story I adore her more and more. I didn't know her life was so miserable. I'm sure those who didn't like her will change their opinion when they read it. Give Gladys Hall, the author, a kiss for me for writing such a heart-rending story on Clara. The next best story I read was also in your magazine, called "The Real Clara Bow." *Marie Presty, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Count Her Out



If the "wild bells" can ring out all evil, I wish they'd ring out Kay Johnson. She ought to be the dummy in slapstick comedies, to throw pies at. How any hero, while he has her in a stranglehold can resist the temptation to choke her is beyond me. *L. E. Sanders, Trinidad, Col.*

Wants Some Real Cowboy Stuff

It is all sham. The riding in the wild west films is false. The dashing cowboy wants his horse to rear and he promptly rams his spurs into it. Anyone can do that. I have an old pony and I tried the cowboy spur stunt on her once and it came off wonderfully, she pranced around like a wild two-year-old. Why not give the film cowboys real spirited young bronchos which will rear out of mere play? There are plenty of them.

M. P. Dunkels, Berks, Eng.

Disgusted with the Trial

I have never been a Clara Bow enthusiast, but there must be many lovers of fair play who have been disgusted with the trial recently closed. Surely no one with any sense of justice could approve of it. The crux of the whole suit, as I understand it, was: Did or did not her secretary appropriate funds belonging to Miss Bow? Whether the film star has genuinely red hair; whether she bought a $10,000 ring; whom she had for a sweetheart; etc., etc.—all such strictly personal details were irrelevant and nobody's business.

G. S. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Things That Need Attention



Please, oh please, won't some kind soul do something about the following items which are bothering many of us?

Put Joan Crawford wise about the perfectly idiotic poses she strikes when being photographed.

Stop this panning of John Gilbert's voice.

See that opera singers remain where they belong and give us our old favorites.

See that Clara Bow gets some pictures in which she will have a chance to act. *C. C., Southgate, Cal.*

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The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*



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Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Directed by CLARENCE BADGER

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MARLENE DIETRICH
in "Dishonored"

Story and direction by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

To tell you the story would spoil it. It must be seen. So true to her part is Marlene Dietrich you live every minute of the picture. Vibrant, alive, telling—right to the end she carries you. And you go out of the theatre with the deep satisfaction that comes with leaving for a while your own life and experiencing the life of another. ¶ A typical Paramount production, which means—the cast is flawless, the story absorbing, the "atmosphere" authentic—unmistakably *A Paramount Picture* and *"the best show in town!"*

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Motion Picture

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Publisher*

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Volume XLI, No. 4

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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Take 'Em Off, We Know You

I would suggest that the following members of our famous film colony, Conrad Nagel, Chester Morris, Charles Rogers, Fredric March and John Gilbert, line up to be sheared of their atrocious "mustacios." A little fun on the side is all right, but an excess of anything tries one's patience.



Film Fan Frank, Staten Island, N. Y.

The Older the Better

Al Jolson too old? I should say not! Give us more of his kind and the motion picture industry will become a bigger and better one. Why give us all these young, inexperienced actors who don't know what it's all about yet? I'm sure the younger generation will agree with me as well as the older folks. How about it? *Mickey of Oakland, Cal.*

She'd Rather Be a Fan Than a Star

A recent magazine blazed forth with an article about girls who want to be movie stars. After trying for hours to digest all the various whys, I am still thoroughly convinced and proud to shout that there are still many girls who are perfectly contented to live a less glamourous and more private life and see no fascination whatever in the Hollywood Huddle—wealth, fame, sables, headlines, and . . . husbands, to say nothing of heartaches, disappointments and everlasting struggle for and competition with Youth. After all, I ask you, if there isn't something sort of grand in being just a mere plain, natural, happy movie fan with numerous chins and waistlines, because what's a star without her "dear" public?



Polly Potter, Newport, R. I.

"Different" Ones Make Best Actresses

How about leaving Greta Garbo alone for a while? She's the only real actress on the screen aside from Ruth Chatterton. It's the ones who are different that make the best actresses. If you don't believe it, just take a look at Nancy Carroll and Jeannette MacDonald, they're both so conceited and self-centered that they can't keep their mind on their acting.

Anyone can be like that, but it takes a real genius to throw her whole self into her work the way Greta and Ruth Chatterton do. More power to them! *Esther M. Hilchey, Foxboro, Mass.*

Reprimanding Garbo



After reading many articles pertaining to Greta Garbo's so-called "Temperament," I am forced to voice my opinion. What is her real reason for her actions? Is it because she dislikes the American people, those who help to make it possible for her popularity and earning power? Do not the people who admire her help to make her the idol of the screen? Calling it temperament is a poor excuse for her actions.

One article I read tells of her shopping in a ten-cent store and apparently enjoying herself until she was recognized and told how wonderful she was. Up pops her "Temperament," she feels insulted and walks out, spoiling her own good time and embarrassing and disillusioning her admirer. It spoils her meals to be recognized in public places. Her home life may be as personal as she cares to have it, but in her profession, she should be as kind to her public and fans as they are in helping to make her one of the screen's foremost actresses.

Why doesn't she share her happiness with less fortunate ones, by at least acknowledging their admiration and give those who wish it a thrill to be able to say they saw Greta Garbo?

Betty Lynn, Los Angeles, Cal.

Likes Mickey Mouse

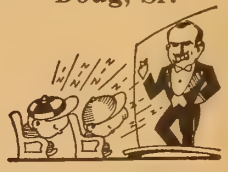


I've read heaps of letters, praising or criticizing stars and pictures, but why doesn't someone speak up for the Mickey Mouse comedies that are enjoyed by young and old? Everybody likes them much better than the slap-stick, pie-throwing stupid two-reelers where someone is always tripping someone else or where we must sit and watch second-rate actors perform.

The creatures with Mickey Mouse are so ridiculously impossible in their antics as well as their looks that they appeal to the average mind as funny. I think a Mickey Mouse comedy, a newsreel, and a good feature picture can't be beat for an evening's entertainment.

A. M. H., Lancaster, Pa.

Modern Type Rôle Not for Doug, Sr.



I can't imagine Doug Fairbanks, Sr., singing, or otherwise acting in a modern rôle. He was cut out for the perfect *D'Artagnan* and would make ten times the better musketeer than a lover. All the younger boys flock to the theater to see him in such pictures as "The Black Pirate" or "The Man in the Iron Mask" but imagine their disappointment if they had to sit through a picture in which he plays a mushy, wishy-washy rôle.

A Fairbanks Fan, Dayton, O.

How to Get to Hollywood



I am only seventeen and I've already taken many trips to Hollywood and the funny part of it is that I've never been there at all. Here's my secret, every month when I get my copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I shut myself up in my bedroom and I prop myself on my chaise lounge and I go to Hollywood with MOTION PICTURE. It's loads of fun. I can see what Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, Lew Ayres and a great many more of my friends are doing. You see, I consider every actor and actress a friend of mine because I read about them, learn what they do, comparing them with myself and in that way I become very intimate with them. It's all very simple with a copy of MOTION PICTURE.

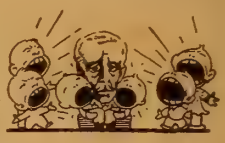
I am quite sure that all you readers would enjoy the magazine lots more if you would go through the same process that I go through.

Old or young, blonde or brunette, it makes no difference. Go to Hollywood once a month with your favorite magazine.

Sara Schwartz, New Brunswick, N. J.

Lewis Stone Passed the Romeo Age

I am going to write some criticism of one of the best actors in Hollywood. Lewis Stone is a good actor, but too old for love making. He is now capable of playing the rôle of a father better than a victorious *Romeo*. He should leave the *Romeo* stuff to Charles Rogers, Ramon Novarro and John Boles.



A. S. Fornolles, Cebu, Phil. Is.

He's Not the Gangster Type

Why do the producers put a sweet boy like Lew Ayres in a picture like "The Doorway to Hell"? Can you imagine Lew Ayres a gangster who shoots people for amusement? No one could have done better acting than he did in that picture, but why didn't they put a hard-boiled actor like Charles Bickford or Chester Morris in that part?

Ann C., Williamsport, Pa.

Again the Censors

A word about the censors—a gathering of men and women, sitting back with folded arms and clucking tongues looking at—what?



A young girl exposing a dainty limb in a bathtub? A long, clinging kiss of perhaps five or ten seconds? Or, horrors upon horrors! A beautiful stripped body obscured in the soft glow of the moonlight?

What is immoral in all this? Nothing! It is only immoral to those who choose to make it so. And who doesn't enjoy seeing a lengthy kiss between such wonderful couples as Kay Francis and Ronald Colman?

If these parts that offend the censors must be cut, why make the cutting so obvious?

G. E. B, Ottawa, Ont., Can.

Perfect As Could Be Expected

What's wrong with the talkies? Nothing. They can't all be good. The legitimate stage, the home of the spoken drama—and God knows how old it is—is to this very day producing a far greater percentage of poor plays than good ones. How can one expect the infant talkies to better this record, taking into consideration their short existence? Even if all the talkies were good, we wouldn't be satisfied with them all. It's not natural. The punk ones make us like the good ones so much.

Fred Richardson, Sacramento, Cal.

Where Did Marlene Get Them?

Whoever thought of comparing Marlene Dietrich with Greta Garbo certainly pulled a boner! They are individual types and have very little in common. The main difference is that while you marvel at the gorgeous, ravishing sight Marlene makes, she doesn't move you or arouse your emotions and sympathies as Garbo does. Her voice seems flat and colorless compared to Garbo's vibrant one, and her slow-motion acting is tiresome. Even Garbo is depending more on vivacity than languor for her effects. Witness "Inspiration."



Another thing, how come we gasp at the shadows those luscious eyelashes make on Marlene's cheeks in "Morocco" when nary did we glimpse them in "The Blue Angel"?

Ethel Worthing, Oakland, Cal.

(*Continued on page 122*)


IN THE MODERN SHOW WORLD
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JOBYNA HOWLAND
ROSCO ATES
JOHN DARROW
JOEL McCREA
RALF HAROLDE
RICARDO CORTEZ
MARY ASTOR
IVAN LEBEDEFF
EDNA MAY OLIVER
HUGH HERBERT
Current RADIO PICTURES that deserve your attention: Wheeler & Woolsey in "CRACKED NUTS"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne, Star of "Cimarron," in "BACHELOR APARTMENT"; "THE W PLAN", Great War Melodrama; Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez in "BEHIND OFFICE DOORS"; and A. A. Milne's "THE PERFECT ALIBI".
RADIO PICTURES
R-K-O
Radio PICTURES
JOSEPH CAWTHORN

THE HOT NEWS STORY OF THE MONTH

The Withers-Young Romance Steers Into Dangerous Waters

By MURIEL BABCOCK

IS the Loretta Young-Grant Withers romance at an end? Everyone in Hollywood is wondering what is the marital status of these two, among the most favored of the younger crop of players, with everything to make marriage a success except too much success.

Despite the backwash of gossip, the rumors, the whispered conversations here, there and everywhere, only two people really know what is going to happen. Perhaps, only one.

About a year ago, Hollywood thrilled to the romantic and exciting elopement of the pair. The movie colony always takes delight in a good rousing affair of the heart and this seemed to have all the high lights of one.

Grant, husky, good-looking, twenty-five years old, had hitherto been the despair of many a Hollywood maiden. He took moonlight nights lightly; he was as fickle as could be. This time, it appeared, he was desperately, hot-headedly in love. And Loretta—only seventeen—charming, poised, had slipped away from her mother's home to wed the youth against whom she had been warned.

A few days ago, Hollywood on its way home from the theater read in the early editions of the morning papers that Loretta and Grant were through. Loretta had "told a few friends"—maybe two or three, maybe a dozen, and the rumor had spread to the press. As rumors will.

At the same time came word that Grant, just discharged from Passavant Hospital, Chicago, had, upon hearing the report, suffered a relapse. He was ill and calling for Loretta.

"There Has Been a Mistake"

HOLLYWOOD was shocked. Could it be true under such circumstances?

Later papers carried denials and reports of a long-distance telephone conversation—Loretta to Grant—in which she assured him there was no basis of fact to the tale, that she had denied everything and he should do the same.

Loretta's official statement is: "There was a mistake. We will do nothing until Grant returns from his personal appearance tour in the East."

In my opinion, the truth is that money matters and religion, perhaps plus a dose of family advice, have combined to make Loretta dissatisfied with the marriage she entered into so hopefully and romantically.



Photographed together just before he went East, Grant and Loretta were like *Romeo* and *Juliet*. But he was hardly gone before she vacated the "honeymoon house"

Persistent rumors are abroad that Grant is badly in debt, that he has spent more money than he has earned, and when he could not pay his bills, his creditors closed down upon him. They even harassed Loretta. Although the family has been at great pains to keep this a secret, on two recent occasions Loretta's salary has been attached.

And for a year, Loretta has been refused communion in her church, the Roman Catholic. Last week it was again administered to her and—her marriage NOT blessed. This means, in the eyes of the Church, that Loretta has never been wed. (Grant is a non-Catholic and they were not married by a priest.) Since communion has been given her, Loretta has been freed of any marital ties and is a single woman again.

Grant Will Probably Fight

IN the face of all this, it looks as if her affection is no more. It looks as if sooner or later legal steps will further the rift.

However, I am afraid there is still trouble ahead. I think that Grant will fight. I think he is still in love with Loretta, more so than when he married her. Loretta has shown herself to be a cool, determined young woman, ambitious for a career, knowing what she wanted. I think her very coolness and ambition have fired the hitherto happy-go-lucky and unemotional Grant with the great passion of his life. He went away from Hollywood because of her, to make money to keep their home together; and when the separation story broke, he wired and telephoned messages of affection and trust.

Maybe he can persuade her to remain his wife; maybe he cannot. The future will tell. I am inclined to believe, however, in view of the inside story, to believe that all is over.

Part of Loretta's side has been told above. Here's some of the rest of it. Her friends say that Loretta has hinted that Grant is ill-inclined to exert himself, that he is too boisterous, that he has no idea of money and spends far beyond his means.

They intimate that her life with him has not been happy enough to compensate for the loss of consolation in her religion; that she was once terribly in love with him, but that she was probably too young to have known her own mind; that she has a career to look forward to, and her energy and ambition must be concentrated upon this.

(Continued on page 115)

A Challenge to Keen Observation!-



We Present This Original Test For An Opportunity To Win $700.00 Cash

No sport of today surpasses in thrills or skill the chariot races of ancient Greece and Rome. And in those pompous days, not even the return of a victorious general created a greater stir, for often the contenders in these famous races were national heroes, famed as warriors. The excited populace crowded to witness the spectacle of these great drivers matching their skill, wits and daring in the arena below—risking life and limb as they guided their horses through perilous openings or rounded a sharp curve without slackening their speed. Their horses responded quickly—seemed to catch the spirit of the race, for they were chosen with care and trained to amazing perfection.

Now in the illustration above, which pictures one of these great races, a surprising thing has happened. Just at the moment the artist chose to picture the horses, he caught full or partial views of them which appear to be alike. In fact, at first glance, comparing what you can see of the different horses, many of them appear to be **identical.** But, just as the drivers of old needed a keen eye to see the opportunity to speed through an opening to victory, so must you have a keen eye to find the only two horses, of the twelve pictured above, which are exactly alike.

Of all the horses shown either in full or in part—**two, and only two, are identical in every visible detail**—in harness, ornaments, markings, position of legs and head, etc. Will you be successful in finding them? That's the test. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

There are Ten First Prizes—Ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or Ten prizes of $600.00 each and several extra prizes of $100.00 besides for being prompt, making ten total cash prizes of $700.00 each. A total of $7940.00 will be paid to the winners selected by their grades when the final decision in this friend-making-prize distribution is made. No answers accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. No obligation. So look closely and if you think you have found the only two **identical** horses, just mail their numbers promptly by letter or by card to

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *The Fatal Wedding*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Roped In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Virtuous Husband*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *The Registered Woman*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Tarnished Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barrymore, John—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *The Finger Points*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—recently completed *Lost Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Public Enemy*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blue, Monte—recently completed *The Flood*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *A Lady of Resource*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—recently completed *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Travelling Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *The Tarnished Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Brooks, Louise—playing in *The Public Enemy*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Broadminded*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bushell, Anthony—playing in *The Passionate Sonata*—Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Between Two Worlds*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Unfaithful*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cherrill, Virginia—playing in *The Fatal Wedding*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *The Registered Woman*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collyer, June—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *The Virtuous Husband*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Passionate Sonata*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—playing in *Madame Julie*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Woman of the World*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Darrow, John—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—recently completed *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances—playing in *Roped In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dell, Claudia—recently completed *Bachelor Apartments*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *Stepping Out*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—recently completed *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Big Brother*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—last release *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Big Brother*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Chances*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Fay, Frank—recently completed *God's Gift to Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—recently completed *Gambling Daughters*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Night Court*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—last release *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Skippy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *A Tailor Made Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—recently completed *Lightning Flyer*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Halliday, John—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—last release *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)

Don't say "learning music is hard"



...until you've sent for our FREE demonstration lesson

TIME and again you've wanted to learn to play your favorite instrument; you've longed to get your share of the popularity and personal pleasure that every good musician enjoys—to know the thrill that comes with being able to entertain *musically*.

Yet, so far, you've been "scared" to start.

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Then you're in for the surprise of your life. For, now, thanks to the famous U. S. School of Music, the reading and playing of music has been made so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Easy As Can Be

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams and all the music you need. Compulsory practice? No. You study only when you feel like it. Personal teacher? No. If you make a mistake you correct it *yourself* and continue. Monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger exercises? Never. From the very first lesson on you are playing real tunes by note. It's as easy as A-B-C. For before you strike a note, you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how. Then you do it yourself and hear it. Little theory. Plenty of accomplishment.

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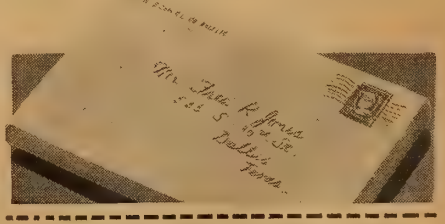
Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

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LUCIEN, fashion designer
Dept. 237 Hamilton, Ohio

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 10)

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Hatton, Raymond—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hobart, Rose—playing in *A Lady of Resource*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *An American Tragedy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopper, Hedda—playing in *A Tailor Made Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Six Cylinder Love*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed *Hell Bound*—Tiffany Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *The Fighting Patrol*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keith, Ian—playing in *A Tailor Made Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—recently completed *Indiscreet*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Landi, Elissa—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lane, Lola—recently completed *Hell Bound*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—recently completed *God's Gift to Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Board and Room*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Gold Dust Gertie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Loder, John—playing in *The Registered Woman*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Night Court*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *We Three*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Good Gracious Annabelle*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave. Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Wreckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Between Two Worlds*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Front Page*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Shipmates*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—recently completed *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—recently completed *Gambling Daughters*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro Ramon—recently completed *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliott—playing in *The Virtuous Husband*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie Jack—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien George—last release *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—recently completed *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Registered Woman*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *Heat Wave*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—recently completed *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City. Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *The Kid from Madrid*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Idol*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Cure for the Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—playing in *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—recently completed *Bachelor Apartments*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Night Nurse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *Indiscreet*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tibbett, Lawrence—last release *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Toomey Regis—playing in *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *The Fatal Wedding*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Registered Woman*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—playing in *Madame Julie*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wayne, John—recently completed *Girls Demand Excitement*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Finger Points*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wray, John—playing in *Skyline*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *We Three*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Any Girl Can Work a Miracle of Beauty with

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful than you Really Are?



PHOTO BY ELMER FRYER

DOROTHY MACKAILL, writes: "I use your make-up exclusively, as there is none just as good as Max Factor's Society Make-Up."

Dorothy Mackaill

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Secret, and Offers a Priceless Beauty Gift! See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret . . . a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every women. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials, of course . . . but so different in the effect they produce that even the stars whose rare beauty is adored by millions have called this make-up by Max Factor, "beauty-magic."

"Cosmetics must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and red-heads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures . . . millions of feet of film . . . have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars . . . Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE "SET" BY BERT LONGWORTH

JOAN BLONDELL, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's Lipstick.

Joan Blondell, says: "Max Factor's color harmony complexion analysis is 'the discovery' of the day from everywoman's viewpoint".

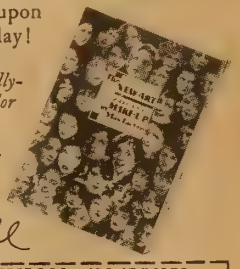
Joan Blondell

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood . . . and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony . . . FREE. You'll also receive his book, "The Art of Make-Up"—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

This Amazing Book FREE . . . with your Make-Up Color Harmony Chart

Realize at last that you can be more beautiful than you really are if you know the art of make-up as practiced by the screen stars. Permit Max Factor to suggest an alluring color harmony in make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials . . . just for you. Mail coupon now--today!



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Cosmetics of the Stars ★★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

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COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1. Can you name the movie star who is to become a daddy before long?

2. Who was guilty of attacking the frozen-faced Buster Keaton in his dressing-room?

3. What caused the death of Louis Wolheim, who was noted for his hard-boiled rôles?

4. Who are the two movie celebrities whose recent marriage was the climax of a courtship which lasted longer than most Hollywood marriages do?

5. Do you know what may have caused Kay Francis to become suddenly ill recently?

6. What did Betty Compton of stage and screen fame recently do to the surprise of everyone?

7. Why should what Lily Damita thinks of American men make them angry?



Acme-P. & A.

Wish them good luck, they're Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, the happy newlyweds! They sailed almost immediately after they were married for a three months' honeymoon tour of Europe

8. Who is the girl that ran away from the opportunity to play opposite John Gilbert in his new picture, "Cheri-Bibi"?

9. A certain screen star may shortly be knighted by the King of England, and there's also a possibility of his being honored by France. Who is he?

10. What happened to a member of the cast of Joan Crawford's new picture, "The Torch Song," while scenes were being shot?

11. What are some of the reasons for the rift in the Loretta Young-Grant Withers household?

12. Can you name the seventeen-year-old girl who is author and star of a forthcoming Paramount production?

13. Who is the film actress that has been accused of being a love pirate while on location, as was Edwina Booth?

14. Can you name the man who is famous for tracking down criminals and who is in the movies now?

15. Whom does Mitzi Green like best of the younger Hollywood boys?

16. Do you know the title of the first film in motion picture history which has an all-woman cast of stars?

17. Who is the veteran character actress of the screen who can put the blame for her financial difficulties on the talkies?

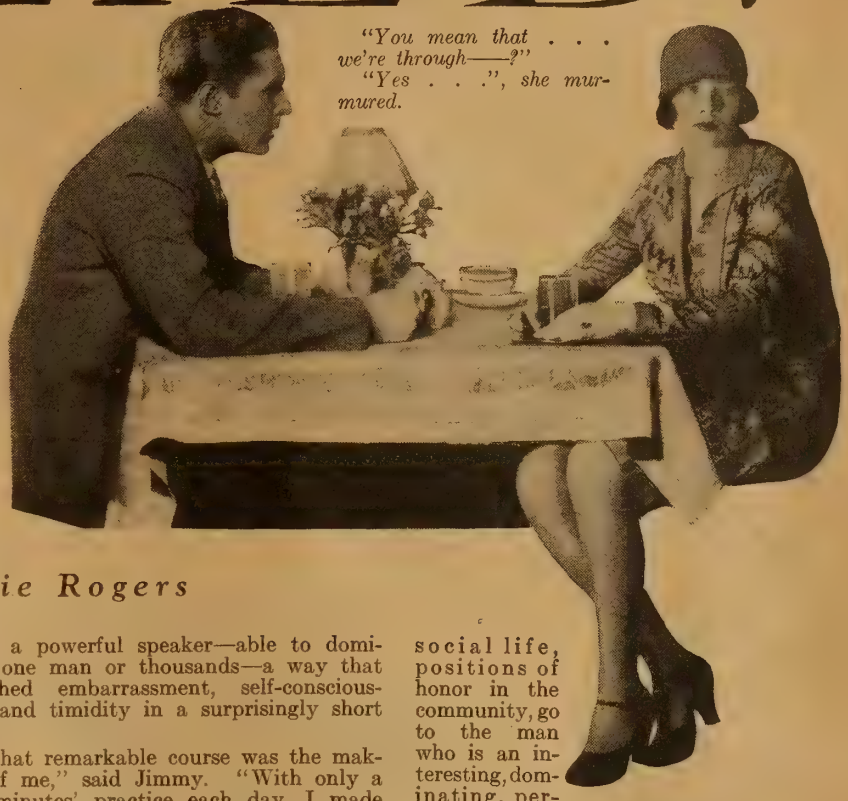
18. Are you familiar with the names of the recently married couple whose love survived through tears, tragedy and prison sentences?

19. What effect did the recent arrival of Ina Claire in Hollywood, after an absence of about a year, have on her husband, John Gilbert?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 119)

JILTED!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the $10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader....



"You mean that . . . we're through——?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

By Marie Rogers

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making $25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You are all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with the idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office —I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him. It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

* * *

Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker. And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

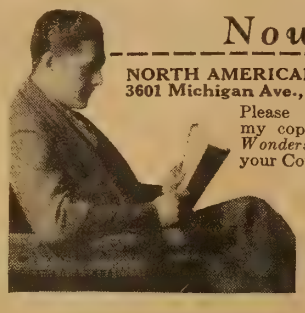
What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words.* In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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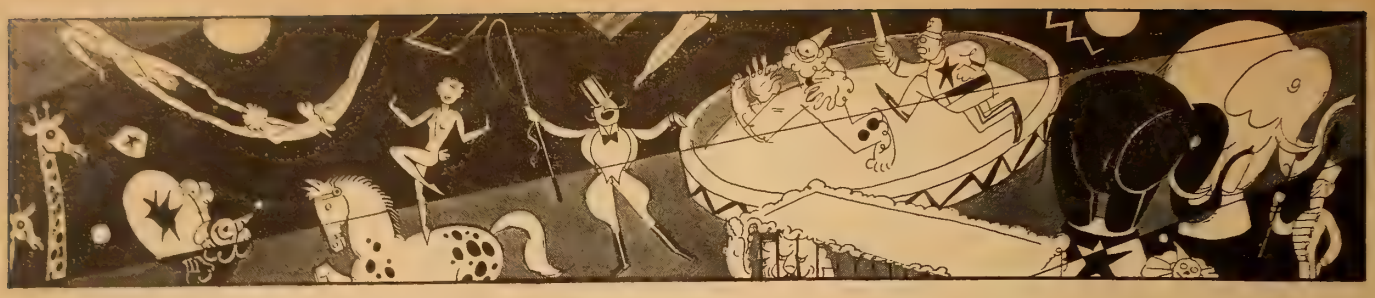


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Address.....
City.....State.....



The Hollywood Circus

The Show Must Go On — By ROBERT FENDER

Hot News Flash

Paramount's buildings and lawns will not be removed to Warner Brothers studio, it was announced late today. Mary Brian, it was also stated, has not yet been kidnapped.

A Hollywood paper announces: "the day of the actor is at hand."

Arnold, the perpetual extra, writes in to inquire "which hand?"

Of all the sets I visited yesterday, **Dorothy Mackaill's** had the greatest number of interested spectators.

Dot, it might be pointed out, wears figured pajamas.

Archie Mayo, fat and happy, is directing **John Barrymore's** "Svengali." His good job with "Illicit" shows him to be a right smart director. And the good-natured harmony that marks one of his companies at work speaks well for his executive ability.

Perhaps being a shirt salesman (for that is **Mayo's** rumored heritage) is the best training for directors after all.

An insignificant appearing fellow who works in the sound department at M.G.M. is still too excited to talk about it.

Confined to his hall-room with the *flu,* he was bemoaning the fact that he could die forty deaths without anyone caring when the doorbell rang.

It was a messenger with a bottle of his favorite cold remedy (*not* sulphur and molasses) from **Greta Garbo** herself! Doctors have given him an even chance to recover from the shock.

Economy Note

Instead of paying from 75c to $1.50 to see "Trader Horn," stay at home and eat animal crackers. The effect is nearly the same. Buy a pair of gloves with what you save.

Authorities would have us believe a Red caused that explosion at the opening of "Cimarron" the other night but we know better. We know, to come out with it, that at last the hot air that goes to make up opening radio speeches became ignited in some way. We were sure that would happen sooner or later.

Never have I seen so many fur coats on Hollywood Boulevard as one day last week. It was DOLLAR DAY.

All the star bargain-hunters were out.

Biological Note

The man who sells taffy in front of Warner's Hollywood Theater has very few teeth left.

Add Simile

As heartbroken as an extra who, having just bought his lunch, receives an invitation to eat.



International Newsreel

Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye, stage and screen stars, were married February 10, following the termination of Kelly's parole. It was three years ago that both were sentenced to prison following the death of Miss Mackaye's husband, Ray Raymond, in a fist fight. Since their release both have struggled hard to come back—and have succeeded

As we wipe the tears of laughter away after reading how **Buster Keaton** was beaten up by **Kathleen Key,** we wonder how long it will be before *this* headline appears: BULL MONTANA BADLY BEATEN ABOUT HEAD AND SHOULDERS BY HUMMING BIRDS.

Hooie-Wood Department

From *Los Angeles Express:*

CUTTERS PLAY HAVOC WITH FENTON, HE DOESN'T MIND A BIT

. . . he (**Leslie Fenton**) went to his old director, **Raoul Walsh,** and immediately was signed for a part in "The Man Who Came Back." But the cutter played havoc with his part. He was only a voice in this first opus. . . .

"It's nothing to worry over, of course," said **Fenton** laughingly. . . . "I felt almost lucky that I was in this marvelous production at all."

From *Los Angeles Express:*

POPULARITY WINNER HERE

Miss Des Moines is eighteen years old, a slim little brunette. . . . She likes the movies, but smilingly admits that she hasn't any ambition to act.

Barbara Kent told us of the difficulties they are having to find a title for the new Swanson picture. After considerable nail-biting they lit on "Indiscretion" only to throw it out when questioning revealed that no one on the lot knew what it meant. At this point there is a $50 prize for the winning title.

Jack Oakie sat behind me with his mother at the preview of his newest, "June Moon." What, I wonder, were his feelings toward the man on my left who dropped off to sleep and snored so loudly? The picture, if you are interested, is Jack's very best.

Universal spent two weeks finding doubles for **Herbert** and **Mrs. Hoover** for a ball sequence in "Up for Murder." And the famous faces ended up on the cutting-room floor.



BEBE DANIELS



"My Past"

The tell-tale autobiography of DORA MACY'S *life!*

Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

BEN LYON
LEWIS STONE
JOAN BLONDELL
NATALIE MOORHEAD

Screen adaptation and dialogue by Charles Kenyon

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Four wise ways to Loveliness that famous women use

Distinguished for their beauty ...for the irresistible grace with which they carry on an aristocratic tradition . . . the world's social leaders follow Pond's way to the unfailing charm of personal loveliness.

Wherever their brilliant pursuits may take them, they give to exquisite skins this special

Lady Violet Astor
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
The Countess Howe
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

care . . . and face an admiring world with radiant loveliness . . . assured success.

Follow their example. Equip *your* dressing table with these Two famous Creams, these *softer* Tissues . . . this marvelous Skin Freshener . . . Then watch for the enchanting new beauty that *must* glow in your skin!



1—For thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, with upward, outward strokes. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all cream and dirt. These fleecy-soft Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues. Peach or white.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener briskly pat your skin till it is all aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, promote natural color.

4—Now a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it on your neck and arms, too—wherever you powder.

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You Don't Have To Have A Big Head To Wear A Large Hat.

Dorothy Mackaill Is As Modest As A Siren Well Can Be



ONCE A MOVIE VILLAIN HIMSELF, WILLIAM POWELL IS SMOOTH AT DETECTING THE SPECIES. HE'S AT IT AGAIN IN "HEAT WAVE"



THIS HEAVY-LIDDED LADY IS THE FAMED TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

LONDON'S FAVORITE CAME HOME TO MAKE "NEW YORK LADY"



CLAUDIA DELL ENTERED PICTURES TO SING AND STAYED TO ACT.

HER DELL-ICIOUS EYES ARE SHINING IN "BACHELOR APARTMENT"



SOME HAVE BEAUTY, AND SOME HAVE BRAINS. ELISSA LANDI HAS BOTH. WHEN SHE ISN'T ACTING, SHE'S WRITING NOVELS



THE SILENT SCREEN'S GREAT LOVER IS GROWING VERSATILE. JOHN GILBERT'S NEXT IS "CHERI BIBI," WHICH LON CHANEY WAS TO DO



IN JEALOUSY-RIDDEN HOLLYWOOD, MARION DAVIES IS ONE STAR WHO'S POPULAR. HER SENSE OF HUMOR HAS NEVER FAILED HER



THE ONLY MOVIE STAR THE WHOLE WORLD UNDERSTANDS,

CHAPLIN REMAINS GLORIOUSLY SILENT IN "CITY LIGHTS"



WE'RE TELLING YOU STRAIGHT—FROM HOLLYWOOD

Stars and Prophets

CONSIDERABLE difficulty was anticipated and none experienced in impaneling a jury to try Daisy De Voe, ex-secretary (a swell title, by the way, for a new Tell-All book) of Clara Bow. Twelve men and women were found who had conceived no opinions of the case and did not know its participants. The implication is, of course, that the dozen jurors had never seen Clara Bow, for to meet Clara, even on the screen, is to be prejudiced either for or against her.

While it may seem material for a Ripley "Believe It or Not," there are hundreds of people in Hollywood who know little about Clara Bow or any other film personality. They are aware of the existence of motion picture studios in the community, but what goes on behind their gates holds little interest for them. It was the climate that attracted these folks to Southern California.

From our own acquaintance outside of the film fraternity, we can cite several individuals who admit having seen only one or two talking pictures and those merely from curiosity. We recall a letter written to the editor of a local paper in which the writer boasted of having attended only four shows in nine years. The purpose of his communication was to protest about the amount of space devoted to movie news—a total waste of paper, in his opinion.

Fox officials recently had cause to make a study of ten thousand letters from Janet Gaynor's fan mail. Nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine addressed Janet as an old friend. The other one stated the writer had seen a published portrait of Miss Gaynor, and as she looked like a nice girl, he wanted to wish her luck and hope she would be a success. The letter was postmarked Los Angeles.

Prophets are not the only ones without honor in their own country.

Guides to the Movies

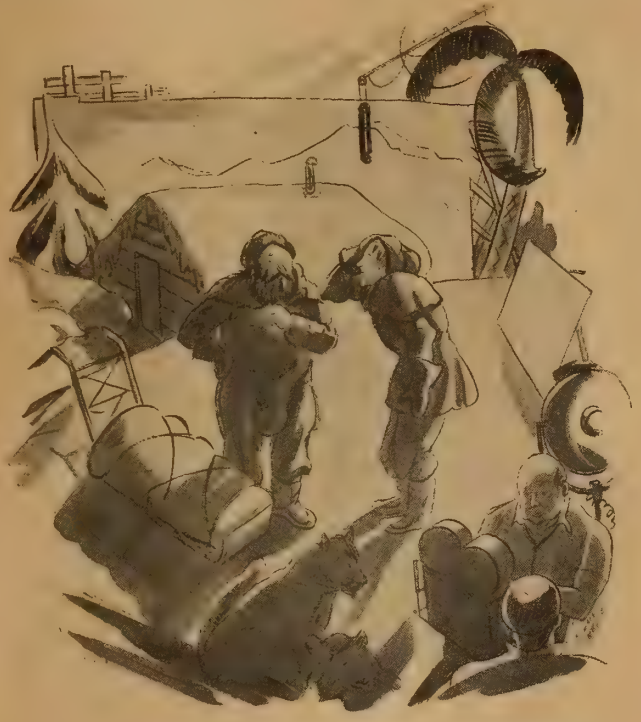
THOUGH she may not be aware of it, Mary Pickford is responsible for helping two young men work their way through college. And all because Mary Pickford is Mary Pickford and lives in Beverly Hills.

Four years ago Martin Tyler, son of a local contractor, was playing tennis opposite the Beverly Hills Hotel. A passing tourist called to the lad, asking directions to Pickfair. As he pointed the way, Martin conceived an idea which he hoped would add a little spending money to his allowance. He became a guide to the home of Mary and Doug, charging each customer twenty-five cents.

Two years later, when Martin was seventeen, he organized a company and took in Dick Maddox as partner. They bought an automobile and called themselves "The Guide to the Movies Company." Prices for the personally conducted tours were raised to one dollar per passenger.

The enterprise prospered and in the autumn the boys enrolled in college, Martin going to Yale and Dick to Southwestern University. They had to employ four other young fellows to conduct the business during their absence. The profits, however, are sufficient for their university expenses, with something left to bank.

It is little wonder that Martin and Dick look upon Mary Pickford as a patron saint. They say the most frequent question tourists ask, year in and year out, is: "Where do Doug and Mary live?"



Jeez! If they don't finish this Frozen North stuff soon, I'll die of the heat!

Hours of Freedom

IN many respects John Miljan is the most unactorish actor in Hollywood. During the past year he was featured in fourteen pictures and saw but three, in only one of which he appeared: "Paid." The other two were "All Quiet" and "The Big House."

One never sees Miljan around, for the very good reason that he doesn't go places. His major recreation is gardening. Then, too, he finds considerable pleasure in having a couple of friends in for bridge.

These bridge games at the Miljans' are unique. John and Mrs. Miljan are generally opponents in the play and they make side bets over and above the conventional table stakes. When Miljan loses, he pays his wife in cash; when he wins, collects in

"hours of freedom" at the ratio of one hour for every five dollars. During these periods of "freedom," he is not questioned as to his whereabouts and is under no obligations to make explanations.

The last time we saw John, he was seventeen hours ahead of the game. He was saving up for a week-end fishing trip.

"It Looks Like Rain"

A DIRECTOR reads the script of his next story with fear and trembling. It's bad enough if it is full of train wrecks, gangsters, cattle stampedes or falling airplanes. But if there is just one little scene that calls for fog, rain or snow, his first impulse is to sneak Away From It All and have a good cry, because he knows that *this* picture isn't going to be much fun for anybody.

Of the three movie weather conditions, rain is the least objectionable. True, the whole company will have to don slickers and boots, get soaked to the skin and nearly freeze to death, but at least they can have the comfort of knowing that the rain is just good, clean water.

Snow is worse. To give the illusion of snowdrifts and frozen banks, a large area must be covered with gypsnow—a preparation of gypsum and marble dust. Cornflakes, especially treated with chemicals to make them dead white, hoisted to the ceiling in great sacks, and then shaken down through perforated trays, give the appearance of an actual storm, and, when whirled about the set by a line of airplane propellers, make work a nightmare of choked lungs, dusty nostrils and smarting eyes. Also dressing in Northern clothing on Southern sets adds to the hot time.

But it is fog that puts the real furrows on the director's brow. There are many ways of making fog for the movies but each, if possible, is worse than the other. One is a combination of charcoal and pitch, mixed with heavy incense to kill the odor. Burning sulphur in cans was once the way to produce a fog, and is still used in large open places, favored because of its sluggish yellow smoke that photographs white. It is shunned on the closed sound stage, however, because of its suffocating odor.

The newest way, simple only on the surface, consists of colorless, odorless, petroleum oil, shot by compressed air through a spray gun similar to those used for painting. This was the fog in "Outward Bound."

Simple? Maybe. But can you imagine playing your heaviest emotional scene in a room damp and blurred with vaporized oil, that gets in your throat and enters your pores, makes your face greasy and your hands sticky, while trying to remember your lines and gaze soulfully into your lover's eyes? It can be done, but when the scene is over, everybody will be glad to get to the nice easy train wreck—and relax.



Hurrell

Here is where Buster Keaton refused Kathleen Key that loan. Remember Mary Carr (below) in "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse"? She now is bankrupt. Owes $12,000. Has $165, six children

Picking Wallflowers

IT is rumored that Ivan Lebedeff is to make a feature based upon his own life. The actor, once a Russian nobleman, has had a colorful career and his war experiences in the White Army were stranger than fiction. We hope the scenarists will not overlook one incident of the Russian Court that Lebedeff once described to us.

Even in royal circles, it seems, there exists that strange genus of femininity known as the wallflower. In fact, during one social season, there were so many young ladies who sat alone, while others danced, that Lebedeff's interest was aroused. The questions he asked himself concerned ways and means of popularizing unpopular girls.

Organizing a group of young bloods, Lebedeff tried a scheme. Selecting a particularly retiring wallflower, he and his companions descended on her *en masse*, monopolizing her time and in general giving her the Russian equivalent to an American fraternity-house rush.

Mild amazement greeted their tactics, the most amazed person being the young lady herself. But the stunt was productive of results. The other court attaches, unable to understand the sudden popularity of a previously overlooked maiden, decided to investigate. Their interest was further whetted when Lebedeff's crowd refused to relinquish the girl even for a single dance. Consequently, on the occasion of subsequent balls, all the men tumbled over one another in attempting to be first to beg the lady's favor.

Lebedeff and his fellows found the game such fun that they repeated it throughout the season, each night picking a new wallflower.

"Sandy"

INGENIOUS and varied are the methods by which hopefuls, old and young, attempt to crash the film gates. All do not hanker for acting careers; many merely have their hearts set on a job—any job within the sacred portals. Those who should know estimate the chance of success at about a thousand to one. Which does not deter the hopefuls in the slightest. There is always that one.



Acme-P. & A.

"Sandy" Colvin, for example. He was a newsboy after school in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Being the eldest of a family of nine, Sandy took pride in working and furthermore had ambitions. He wanted to get in picture work on the Universal lot. Why he singled out a particular studio, only he can explain. But Universal was his goal.

Over a period of four or five years, Sandy watched the papers for news of the comings and goings of Carl Laemmle, the Senior. If it was reported that Laemmle was traveling East on a certain date, Sandy knew the train he would take. The newsboy would waylay that train when it pulled into Albuquerque

and search for "Uncle Carl" to the exclusion of selling papers to other passengers. Finding him, Sandy would ask while making change, "Say, Mr. Laemmle, when are you going to put me on at Universal?"

Finally he extracted a promise. When he was sixteen years old, he would get his job. About a year ago, a grinning kid turned up at Universal City. He wanted to see Mr. Laemmle, Sr. Yes, he had an appointment. No, no one else would do. The youngster was kept waiting until the gateman could check his appointment. As he waited, "Uncle Carl" walked by. The boy hailed him.

"Howdy, Mr. Laemmle. I'm here. It's my birthday."

Sandy's first work was as a messenger boy for Paul Whiteman's band. Later, he got a chance to act, playing the newsboy in "The Czar of Broadway." In it he had a close-up!

To-day Sandy is mail boy in the publicity department. He hopes some day to be General Manager. Then he can bring on his family and get those eight brothers and sisters in the movies, too.

Womanhandled

THE way Buster Keaton told it, he made a bet with Kathleen Key, former screen beauty (you saw her in "Ben Hur"), who aspired to re-enter pictures, that she couldn't lose twenty pounds in ten days. It wasn't an insult; it was a bet, made in good humor. The stakes were five hundred dollars.

She didn't reduce down to 119, said Buster, but she tried hard; so he big-heartedly wrote out a check for five double-o. She had it photographed, then cashed it. A few days later, she came to him, said she owed four thousand dollars, asked for a loan. He agreed to make it, and to give her an extra thousand —to buy a ticket to China or some other remote place, where people didn't talk the way they do in Hollywood.

The day after the next pay-day, she suddenly burst into his dressing-room. Cliff Edwards was with him. Buster offered her the check, "but she demanded twenty thousand more." Whereupon he got sore and tore up his check. And then the battle started. Cliff fled. She screamed, the windows were shattered, the dressing-room wrecked, and Buster was scratched and mauled "something awful." He was saved by two policemen.

When interviewed, just before disappearing, Miss Key advised reporters to "see Keaton about that." Up to printing time, Buster had had the last word.

Help Wanted

ALL Hollywood saw this want ad in a Los Angeles newspaper the other day: "College man with business experience will pay $500 to anyone securing him satisfactory employment at motion picture studio."

Speaking of Operations

NO longer will the famed udder of the cow in the *Mickey Mouse* cartoons play its tricks. No longer will it swing jauntily from side to side, in rhythm with the music; stretch far to the rear when the bovine is on the run; or swell or heave or do other ungenteel, ridiculous things.

The censors have won a great victory.

Hereafter said udder — and all the udders likewise animated—will be small to the point of invisibility and will behave. The movie public must be saved from sin. *Mickey* and his pals have already been forbidden to smoke or drink.



This, say some, is how Kathleen Key trained for that bungalow battle with Buster. Police had to rescue him. In jail, Daisy De Voe (below) is a hairdresser—as she was before she met Clara

Spanking

THE girl who is getting spanked these days is Fifi Dorsay. The whacks are figurative—but hurt.

Maybe you read that story to the effect that Fifi had gone on board a ship to see some friends off, had failed to leave for shore in time, and had found herself carried away, with no prospect of getting off until the boat passed through the Big Ditch at Panama.

The yarn went out to the world's ends over the wires of the reliable Associated Press. And the next day another story went over the same wires that the first story had been faked, and was all a press-agent's dream, with some of the responsibility falling on Fifi's own almost-French shoulders. One should be a little more careful when trying to fool the Press.

She is being punished by the studio by being left out of their heavy publicity for a few weeks, and being kept idle. And the A. P. has ruled that the Dorsay name will never, under any circumstances, be carried over their wires again. Barnum to the contrary, the public doesn't like to be fooled.



International Newsreel

Fencing for Jobs

IN the old days, it was gate-crashing that got you somewhere. Nowadays, the boys are vaulting the studio fences.

By "the boys" we mean ambitious extras who know how slim are the chances of getting a day's work out of casting offices, and prefer to tackle the directors in person.

At M-G-M and First National, where the fences line the street, the hop across is easiest. To get inside Paramount, they leap from a graveyard back of the studio. But to get to the Universal wall they have to cross a wide section of rough ground that's like No Man's Land, minus the shell-holes.

Once safely over the barrier, the nervy lads make a dash for the nearest sound stage, worm their way onto a set, and get in the vicinity of the director. If he's a good sort, he'll give them something. If he isn't, he'll give them something else. The latter is what they would get from the casting department, anyway. They don't get

(*Continued on page 103*)

That Knows How To Talk







When Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald (far left) weren't acting in "The Vagabond King," they weren't speaking. When Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle (left) were making love, Aileen used to eat garlic

Hollywood's

By MARQUIS BUSBY

THE Hollywood dove of peace is nothing but an old, black crow (whitewashed in the property department), and he carries a sprig of poison-ivy instead of an olive branch. All of those movie battle scenes aren't fought out on the back lot of the studios by five-dollars-a-day extras. Sometimes they're fought right on the set—only the camera isn't turning.

Harold Lovelace and Susie Lollypop, the darlings of the cinema, can finish a love scene that fairly scorches the film and go into an argument that would make an Atlantic storm look as peaceful as Whistler's portrait of his mother.

Occasionally—just occasionally, *heh! heh!*—the wrong combination gets in the same cast of a picture. You can't eat oysters in months that haven't an "R" in them. You can't put some actors in the same picture even if you pick out a good, new month that's never been used before.

There was Charlie Bickford, for instance, who threw up his contract recently, rather than be cast in a John Gilbert picture. "Why," demanded Charlie, "should an actor of my experience and position be asked to support anyone?" Yet Adolphe Menjou, once the choosiest of stars, is glad to play a part in a Gary Cooper picture now, and Glenn Tryon does not rebel at being cast as second lead to Ramon Novarro.

Then there was Aileen Pringle who, they say, protested bitterly at being cast as Buck Jones's leading lady, much to that Western star's chagrin. "You'd think," said Buck, morosely, "that it was comin' down in the world for her to play opposite me!"



Like Canines and Felines

NO, it isn't always sweetness and light on the movie sets. You put a bulldog and an up-and-coming alley cat in the same room and see what happens. The Battle of the Marne would seem a passing fancy. You get the same result in the casts of pictures occasionally, and then the roof fairly blows off the top of the sound stages.

No one knows why one actor may dislike another. At best, all players are inherently suspicious of one another. They aren't true sons and daughters of Thespis if this is not so. After long hours of emotionally exacting work, nerves are worn to the quick, suspicions are magnified into facts. The sparks begin to fly.

It's the director's job to keep peace on his set. Cecil de Mille is a better disciplinarian than your old schoolma'am. All directors do not possess his firm hand. Sometimes they fail as peacemakers. Ajax defied the lightning, but, believe me, Ajaxes are as scarce in Hollywood as paid-for automobiles. So, sometimes, the director joins in the free-for-all. That's when it's the most fun. The sky's the limit. No holds are barred.

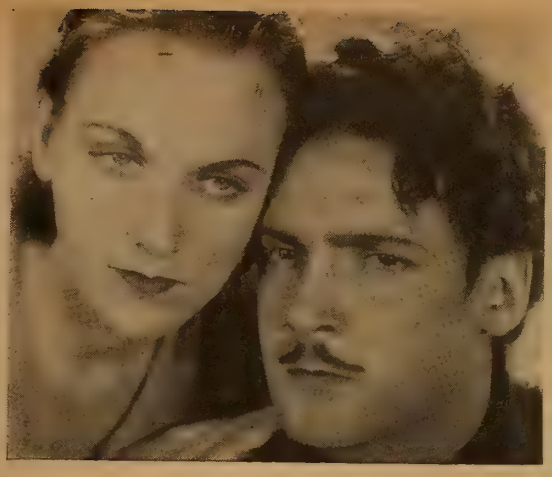


When Pola Negri (left) and Gloria Swanson (above) were both on the Paramount lot, the question of who was Queen was never settled. But Gloria won a moral victory by dropping stray cats at Pola's door

I always remember the classic example of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody when they were co-starring out at M-G-M. They were just about as congenial as a couple of starving leopards over a chunk of sirloin. When it came time for the romantic clinches, Aileen lunched heartily on garlic. Lew fairly swooned after each kiss, and it wasn't from passion. They do tell me that Rita LaRoy always had plenty of onions in her salad when she worked with Ivan Lebedeff. Certainly there was no love lost.

No Little Love-Birds

EMIL JANNINGS and Evelyn Brent were no *Romeo* and *Juliet* during the making of "The Last Command." To begin with, Jannings muttered when he discovered Evelyn



About to do "The Last Command," Emil Jannings and Evelyn Brent (far right) both said they couldn't love one another. And Rose Hobart and Charles Farrell (right) weren't exactly sweethearts in "Liliom"





Scrappy Colony

All's Love And Kisses, To Hear Them Tell It--But Here's The Low-Down

was to be his leading lady, not only mumbled, but grumbled.

"She's not the type of girl I would fall in love with in real life," he explained to the higher-up.

By the Hollywood grapevine telegraph, this got back to Evelyn before the words had cooled off.

The next day she saw Jannings.

"I heard what you said about me," she began, coldly. "I'd just like to say that you're not the sort of man *I'd* fall in love with. You're ten years too old, and forty pounds too fat."

Naturally, it was not a love fiesta when the picture finally started. Evelyn glowered, and whenever Jannings had a chance he ignored her.

It was going to be awfully jolly when Gary Cooper and Clara Bow co-starred in "City Streets." They hadn't spoken to each other in two years. They had a falling-out during the making of "Children of Divorce." At that time they were engaged and Clara had persuaded Gary to bleach his hair. Ever since, when they've passed on the Paramount lot, it's just like no one was on the street. But Clara's trials elsewhere gave not only Clara, but Gary, a vacation. He drew Sylvia Sidney, a newcomer from Broadway, for his pash in the picture.

Something Struck Her

DON'T breathe this to a soul—I haven't told anyone but six women and a radio announcer—but the funniest thing happened a short time ago. The little leading lady who always photographs as primly as *Elsie Dinsmore* had a violent yen for her handsome leading man. The h.l.m. happened to be married, and the wife was jealous. He put up with the leading lady's caresses with commendable patience, but one day he explained that his wife was visiting the studio, and for the l.l.l. to cut the love stuff. The wife arrived. The leading lady came off the set and flung herself in the lap of the leading man. What happened? Oh, my, put the women and children first in the lifeboats. The big he-man gave his leading lady a slap in the face that blew out forty fuses and will still be ringing in 1945.

During the rest of the picture you could have frozen ice cream right on the set.

There was an instance in a Dorothy Mackaill picture when people were fairly snapping at each other, but it was no fault of Dorothy's. Basil Rathbone was the leading man, and Mrs. Basil (Ouida Bergere, the writer) just moved in on the set. She always followed that procedure when there was a beautiful leading woman about. Ouida believes that old adage about "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Now there is no one with a nicer disposition than Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers. You just know it by the way he smiles. I can hardly imagine Charlie (my, doesn't that look funny?) having squabbles on a picture. But he was pretty unhappy during the filming of "River of Romance." He had two leading ladies, Mary Brian and June Collyer. He had been going steadily with both of them. Mary one night, and June the next. He had to divide his attentions with a compass on that picture.





When Lupe Velez (above) and Jetta Goudal (right) were both playing in "Lady of the Pavements," Jetta watched Lupe's scenes with what Lupe thought was a "dirty sneer." When Jetta was on, Lupe made "funny noises"

His Ex Marked the Spot

THROWBACKS to old domestic situations frequently cause studios to shudder. When Monte Blue divorced the first Mrs. Monte, she promptly got a job as a manicurist, and she came right on his set at Warner's to attend to the fingers of his leading lady. How can a star be grand while his ex-wife is pruning fingernails on the sidelines, and

(*Continued on page 110*)



Freulich

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

She

Her Rôle in Alma's Life

SHE knew nothing of the studios except that the fierce lights were bad for Alma's nerves, and there were always drafts. In Hollywood; in Monte Carlo, where Alma Rubens made "Enemies of Women"—her greatest picture; through the strange world of greasepaint and applause, of money easily made and lavishly spent, Alma's mother moved, doing little mother-things, picking up after Alma, seeing that she got enough sleep, mending her lingerie.

When she went to visit her at the state hospital, where Alma was the first woman ever admitted, her mother wasted no time in tears or hysterics. She took her some fresh handkerchiefs. When a frantic telephone call told her that Alma had been seized and thrown into jail in San Diego, she worried all the way down to her for fear Alma hadn't had anything to eat.

And at the end, when she stood over Alma in her coffin, there was still a mother service to do. She took the high-heeled satin pumps from the still feet that had walked in such strange places and substituted soft little bedroom slippers; she put Alma's favorite embroidered robe over her and tucked her in, and left

ALMA RUBENS' mother wants no sob-story written about her girl. "Alma died fighting," she says, head high. "I'm proud of her." Irish, both of them. And the Irish are grand fighters! For four dreadful years Alma's mother has stood shoulder to shoulder with her daughter, through the terrors and tortures of her struggle to throw off the drug habit, as she stood with her through the happy years. Alma's last words, whispered out of unconsciousness, were a call to the one person who had never failed her: "Mother . . . you wouldn't ever leave me . . . would you?"

Theresa Rubens unquestioningly gave up her own life nearly fifteen years ago to follow her younger daughter to Hollywood, and make a home for her. "I said to her papa, 'She's only sixteen and she needs me more than you do.' She was always high-strung and nervous. Her papa understood, but it was hard for us both."

Years later, when Alma's father was dying, his wife made him a promise. She would never be far away from him again. He should not be lonesome any more. "I had him cremated and I kept the ashes in an urn on my dresser, with fresh flowers around it," she relates, quite matter of factly. "And the other day, I put the urn in the crook of Alma's elbow." It was the last thing she could do for both. She wanted them to be together in death, though they had been separated in life.

There were no tears in the gray eyes that had watched Alma grow from safe, happy little girlhood on a quiet San Francisco street into one of the great beauties of Hollywood, where beauty is never safe, and then had seen her in the unspeakable horrors of state hospital and prison. In a profession where there are so many "screen mothers," Mrs. Rubens stands out as the old-fashioned kind.



At the top, Alma Rubens as she looked at the height of her fame, when she had millions of admirers. Above, as she appeared in her last picture, "Show Boat," made two years ago

"I'm Proud of Alma Rubens" Says Her Mother



Fought the Good Fight

her comfortable for her long sleep, gave the last mother's care.

But this is not a sob-story. No tears for Alma, nor for Alma's mother! Who was it said "I have fought the good fight—I have kept the faith"?

He Could "Ease the Pain"

SEVEN years ago, the periodic attacks of terrible pain from which Alma Rubens had suffered ever since early girlhood began to interfere with her picture work. She was afraid that she might miss a picture, or worse still, might not do her best work unless she got some relief. One of the most famous doctors in New York examined her and shook his head. "An operation would be useless," he told her, "but I can ease the pain." *He prescribed pills with morphine in them.*

And so it began. Undreaming of her danger, she stepped innocently out on the path that has no returning, the path that was to lead to hospitals and doctors' offices, and at last to the state hospital, filled all night long with shrieks of sufferers, and then to the ignominy of a jail cell.

When she realized what had happened, Alma settled grimly down to fight. "She told me, 'Mother, I'll be cured. I'll break this thing.'"

Mrs. Rubens says, "But once you are known as an addict, you're marked. Why, Alma couldn't come out of a bank without there being a half-dozen drug pedlers waiting for her outside. They followed her everywhere. Some of them were elderly women. On this last vaudeville trip they were lined up outside the theater every afternoon when we left. They made their secret signs to her in crowds. *And she never once bought from them.* It wasn't these who were her undoing. The very people she turned to for help, the men she had a right to trust, gave her drugs—doctors, and federal agents and people in charge of the institutions where she went!



P. & A.

At the top, Alma Rubens with her mother, who helped her fight to the very end. At the right, reunited with her husband, Ricardo Cortez, in February, 1930. They both anticipated a great "comeback" for her

What Made the Fight Hard

"THEY hide the stuff under the carpets in the places where poor addicts go to be cured! Once Alma had herself committed to an institution for treatment. They gave her a terrible thing called 'Twilight Sleep' that lasted for several days. And when she came out of it, the first thing she saw was a doctor *leaning over her, giving her a shot of morphine.*"

Alma Rubens died at thirty-two, when most women have their lives before them. She had had much—and yet nothing. She had had fame and money, but her fame brought her cruel publicity and her fortune attracted the leech-like swarm of drug pedlers. She had been married twice, but had not had what she longed for passionately—a child.

"Alma never spoke about the future," Mrs. Rubens says. "Now, as I look back, it seems queer. She never made plans, the way most people do. She seemed to live only in the present. And since she died, my other daughter has told me that Alma once said to her, 'I shan't live to grow old. I think I will die when I am twenty-eight or nine.'

"Just before Christmas this year, we went to see an astrologist to have our horoscopes read. I knew the exact hour and minute Alma was born—ten minutes after one in the morning, February 19, 1898. This astrologist is world-famous. Royalty sends for her, senators visit her from Washington. With such an exact birth date she has never failed to

(*Continued on page 117*)

ARE FILM



Noah Beery fakes a blow to Fred Kohler's jaw, but the audience is fooled into believing it a genuine punch

By J

EUGENE

CHRISMAN

CRACK! The scowling "heavy" reels under a punch that would put the Statue of Liberty down for the count and, recovering, sends the hero spinning with a haymaker that Dempsey might envy. They rush, clinch and go down—striking, clawing, snarling in animal ferocity. Over goes the table, down come the lighting fixtures. The villain grabs a chair and splinters it over our hero's head.

"Oh," breathes the girl in front, "I hope he isn't badly hurt!"

"Hurt?" her escort sneers. "These movie battles are all faked!"

Don't let anybody tell you that film fights are all powder-puff affairs in which two willie-boys get together for a tea-tussle! There are camera tricks, of course, and "pulled" punches, but the public likes its meat raw and it's up to the lads who serve it to see that it isn't medium-done. In spite of these precautions, misjudged blows, falls, sharp corners and real punches produce plenty of minor and some major injuries.

Richard Dix, after his fight with Jack Renault in "Knock-Out Riley," went to the hospital with three cracked ribs, a broken hand and a lip that required four stitches. Dick Arlen was carried from the set of "The Light of Western Stars" to have nine stitches taken in his scalp. Fred Kohler, a "heavy" who must always be whipped by the hero, carries thirty-one scars as mementoes of his screen fights. Once, after a fight with a crew of lumberjacks, he spent three months in a hospital with hemorrhage of the lungs. Another time he went four months on crutches from a smashed knee, and left six teeth on the set. Charlie Bickford, in "River's End," had his hand so badly bitten as to cause blood poisoning and was badly cut and bruised in the sequence where he ran the gauntlet.

ing at rates varying from fifteen to fifty dollars a day.

"The short, killing blows that do the damage in the ring," says Bosworth, himself once a professional, "look tame on the screen. The effective picture punch starts at the instep and comes up so the audience can see it."

In this story we are not dealing with the occasional prize-ring picture, but with the rough-and-tumble battles of melodrama. Of all these, the fight in the first "Spoilers," between Tom Santschi and William Desmond, remains the classic and the measuring-rod. This fight took place nearly twenty years ago, long before picture players became too valuable to risk a beating. These two huskies *fought*, just as the men of the wild North did fight. Santschi, being the villain, got the worst of it, suffering a broken arm and the loss of his front teeth. but both men took a terrible beating from which they were weeks recovering. The second version of "The Spoilers" was made with Milton Sills



To simulate a terrific struggle (left) Noah Beery and Fred Kohler put on agonizing expressions—and get away with it. Below are John Sinclair and Billy Jones, fight doubles for some of the toughest screen battles

Real Fighters Are N. G.

HOLLYWOOD is full of ex-pugilists, ranging from Jack Dempsey down to pork-and-beaners, but, strangely enough, the professional boxer seldom makes good screen-fighting material. Prize-ring technique is vastly different, far less spectacular. It is for this reason that even the film of a world's heavyweight championship is a dull, drab affair compared with the brawls put on before the camera by Fred Kohler, Hobart Bosworth, Tom Santschi, Stanley Fields, and Noah Beery. Such men as Vic McLaglen, Eddie Gribbon and Tom Kennedy have made good in pictures, not because they are fighters, but because they became actors. The majority of the boxers now in Hollywood, earning their living as doubles for the stars, will take a beat-

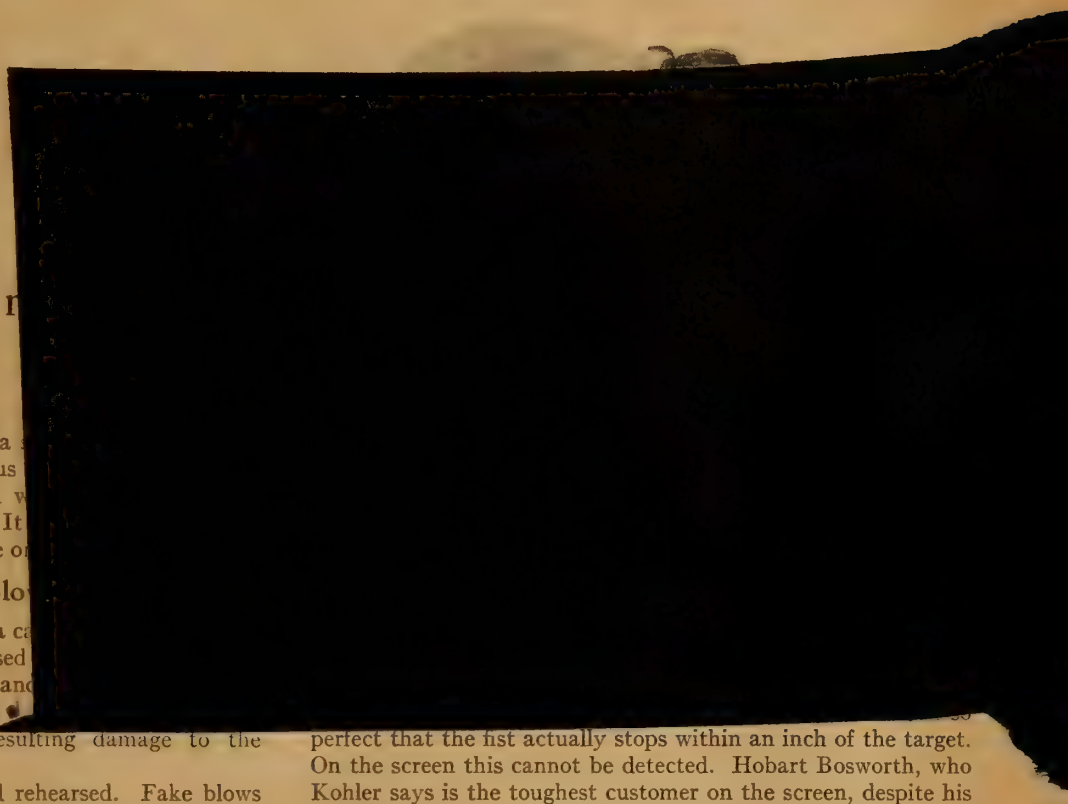


FIGHTS FAKED?

If They

You Never

The Differ



and Noah Beery, and although it was a
to reach the bloody heights of its famous
a third version, in sound, was filmed w
William Boyd doing the classic fight. It
but lacked the raw brute realism of the o

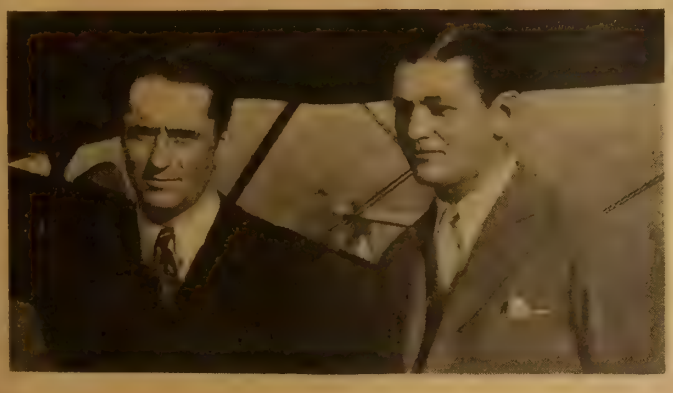
Softening the Blo

THE filming of a fight sequence is a c
If chairs or tables are to be used
constructed "breakaways" are built an
Unfortunately, in the heat of the battle
the real article by mistake, with resulting damage to the "catcher."

Every action is carefully timed and rehearsed. Fake blows are devised, camera angles calculated and everything done to secure the most realism with the least damage to players. Fight



One of the goriest he-man fights ever screened was put over by Hobart Bosworth in "Behind the Door" (at the right). Below are "Chick" Collins and Jack Holbrook, two of the *fightingest* doubles for slugging brawls



perfect that the fist actually stops within an inch of the target. On the screen this cannot be detected. Hobart Bosworth, who Kohler says is the toughest customer on the screen, despite his sixty-odd years, uses a blow in which his opponent's chest or shoulder is struck with the forearm, staggering a man as though he had actually received the fist.

Accidents Will Happen

SOMETIMES, however, even when a trick blow is intended, the victim, like Dempsey at Philadelphia, "forgets to duck." In a shipboard fight between Kohler and the late William Russell, Kohler was to deliver a k.o. punch intended to pass over Bill's shoulder. As Kohler let drive, full force, a wave threw Russell off-balance and Kohler's great fist landed fair on his nose, stopping production for a week. In another battle Kohler's opponent slipped out of the way and Fred's fist landed on Renée Adorée's eye, putting her out cold.

The landing of blows is important but, then, so is taking them. In screen fight parlance, he who hits is called the "pitcher" and he who gets slapped the "catcher." The art of "catching" has been developed until, upon receiving a fake blow, the effect is registered just as realistically as though a real blow had been struck. Another reason why the average "pug" fails—he never becomes a good enough actor to register "catches."

The fact that doubles are often used is no reflection on the courage of the star. Often he is willing, but his employers consider him too valuable a piece of property to risk the fists of a husky "heavy." The condition and skill of these professional doubles enables them to escape injury from stunts that would kill an ordinary man, but this does not mean that they always escape. Often after a big fight, for which they receive from fifty to one hundred dollars, they are laid up for weeks. And,

(*Continued on page 99*)

News and



There's plenty about Dorothy Christy (left) to attract these movie males. She's the tallest vamp in pictures (being five feet eight). You'll be seeing her in "Big Business Girl." The title refers to Loretta Young, not Dot

Fryer

HOLLYWOOD smelled a mouse when Charles Farrell suddenly left for Europe, dropping out of the cast of "Merely Mary Ann," in which he was to have co-starred with his old girl-friend, Janet. But Hollywood didn't get the right scent. Charlie, interviewed on his arrival in New York, intimated that he was just tired out, and was getting away for his first vacation in four years. He added that it would be his first trip to Europe, and added little else. It was all very mysterious.

When he sailed, Virginia Valli was on his arm. They had been quietly married, two days before, in Yonkers, a suburb of the Big Town. Unless something unforeseen happens, they will come back to Hollywood via the Orient.

And that is the end of the Gaynor-Farrell rumors.

ON her way through Chicago, en route from New York to Hollywood, Ina Claire told reporters that the plan whereby she and John Gilbert maintained separate abodes was "a perfect experiment." When she arrived in Los Angeles, there was no John to meet her. She told the newsmen that she was going to telephone him and then would probably "give out the statement the public seems to want." She finally located him at the house of Ronald Colman, where he was playing tennis. They talked—and she gave out the statement. The cause of their matrimonial headache, they hint, is Hollywood. The town was determined to see them divided.

LAST month, we reported that Mr. Zukor had sold Ina the idea of a long-term contract. Mr. Zukor may have sold her the idea, but it was Mr. Goldwyn who sold her the contract itself. She is going with United Artists for five years at fifty thousand dollars per picture. Which reminds us that John's present picture, "Cheri Bibi," is his last on his present costly contract. All Hollywood is wondering if M-G-M is going to renew in a hurry or let some other studio grab him.

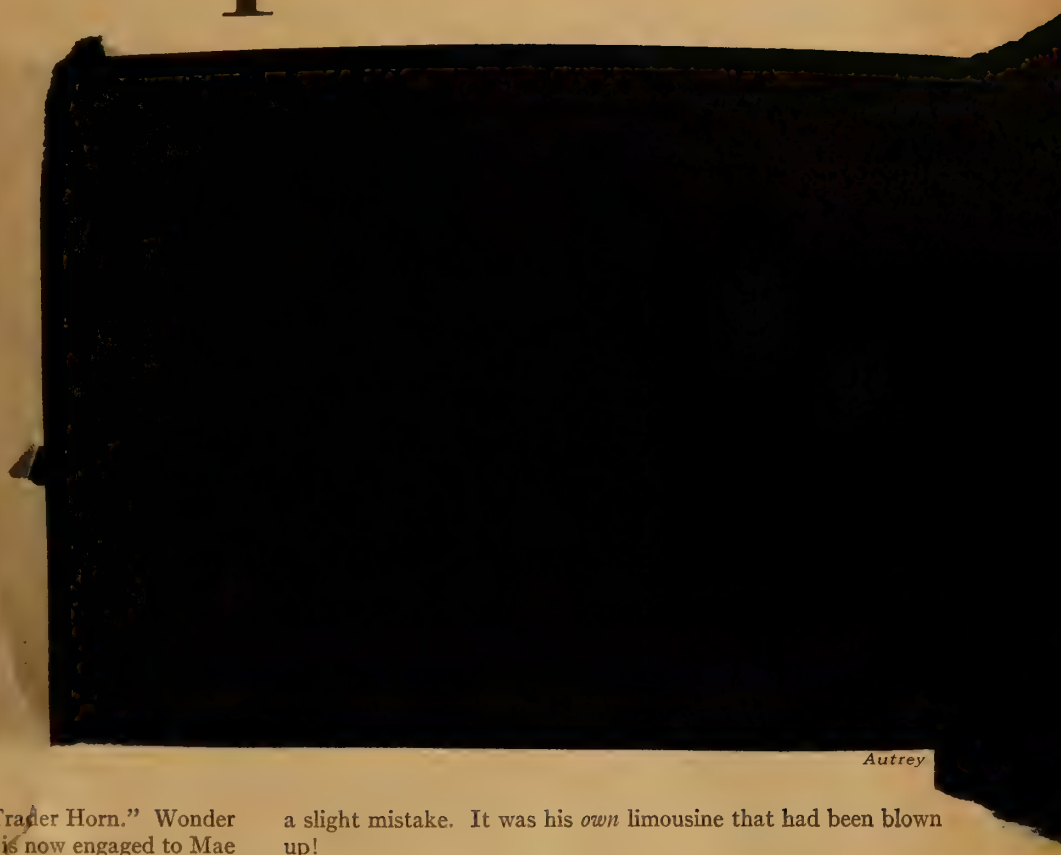
BILLIE DOVE has moved into town from her ranch. And the reason is that she is afraid of kidnappers. So much has been written about her chinchilla coat, which Billie insists is purely imaginary, that she has received several threatening letters. When the government is getting out pamphlets proving that a family of six can live on six dollars a week, chinchilla coats (even imaginary ones) don't sound so well. Billie's first picture under the United Artists banner will be an original story called "Hollywood Star."

IN the Lost-and-Found columns of the local papers appears an advertisement to the effect that Miss Colleen Moore will pay two hundred dollars for the return of a bracelet with



Admiral Byrd, in town on a lecture tour, lunched with George Arliss and John Barrymore. The Admiral isn't accepting those movie offers, after seeing how John looks in "Svengali"

Gossip



Autrey

After the wise and witty "Holiday," some of the folks got a shock, seeing Ann Harding (right) as a hard-boiled cowgirl in "Girl of the Golden West." For another change, she is an old-fashioned belle in "East Lynne"

forty diamonds, lost at the opening of "Trader Horn." Wonder if John McCormick gave it to her? John is now engaged to Mae Clark, and Colleen is wearing her hair fluffy and without the bang, and the old order is changing. . . .

WILLIAM LE BARON was standing in the lobby of the Orpheum after the explosion that interrupted the première of "Cimarron." A breathless usher rushed up to him. "Oh, Mr. Le Baron," he gasped, "Mr. Schnitzer's limousine has been blown up—will you break the bad news to him?" (Joe Schnitzer is the vice president of RKO.) Mr. Le Baron went to the door to survey the wreck, formulating phrases of condolence and sympathy as he went—only to find that the usher had made a slight mistake. It was his *own* limousine that had been blown up!



Crowley

It must be that Californy rainy season! William Powell and Director Richard Wallace go into a huddle about that well-known climate, while working on "Gentlemen of the Streets"

JOHN FARROW may be escorting Claire Windsor (blonder than ever) about Hollywood, but once a week or so a big plane leaves Hollywood for the Grand Canyon region, and Johnny's aboard. It carries him to see Lila Lee in the sanitarium at Prescott. Lila had been promised her release on the first of February, but a slight setback changed her doctor's mind. However, she hopes to be back in Hollywood soon. In the same sanitarium, Renée Adorée is being treated for the same illness. But though they are so near, the two movie girls are seldom allowed to see one another. It is felt that they might become excited and restless, talking over mutual interests. Instead, they write notes and send them back and forth all day.

RENÉE was supposed to be cured and about to return to the pictures. But she celebrated a little too soon. We saw her just before she left for Arizona again, dancing feverishly at Olsen's, the gayest of the gay, but pathetically thin. The rest of the women in her party wore evening gowns, but not Renée. She used to be quite a plump little thing, remember?

HOLLYWOOD has attracted attention for its love affairs, divorces and scandal. But perhaps it has never attracted quite so much attention for anything as for the birth of a baby. Harold Lloyd is one of the wealthiest stars in the movies, and the heir to all these millions weighed less than three pounds at birth, with the chances one in four that he would find the business of living too much for his tiny strength! Harold Lloyd practically lived in the hospital through those first days—and the whole United States shared his anxiety. Thousands of letters poured in from all corners of the country, comforting the Lloyds



International Newsreel

Be nervy, not nervous! Loretta Sayers (above), a Larchmont, N. Y. deb, walked into the New York office of Columbia Pictures and asked for a screen test. She got it. And a contract

Longworth

with stories of other tiny babies born prematurely, but now strong and husky youngsters. Earnest men and women wrote that they were praying for the baby's health. Catholics sent in holy medals which their own children had worn. Telephone calls from cities hundreds of miles away swamped the studio exchange: "Has the baby gained? How much does it weigh to-day?" Telegrams said: "KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE MY BABY WEIGHED ONLY TWO POUNDS AND IS THE HEALTHIEST CHILD IN HER SCHOOL NOW." The hospital found itself besieged by crowds of curious and sympathetic people, each with his or her own advice to give on taking care of the baby. And the newspapers found a gain of two ounces in one day worth headlines. Now that the youngster seems well on his way to wearing his father's horn-rimmed spectacles, the whole country draws a breath of relief. The baby, according to Mama Mildred, has black hair and blue eyes, a turned up nose and fat wrists and looks exactly like Gloria.

SPEAKING of weights, Al Santell, the director, says that he weighed only a pound and a half at birth and spent his first few weeks in a cigar-box cradle. Buddy Rogers, so we are told, weighed fifteen pounds when he was born. But they both came to Hollywood and seem to be making good in the fillums. It's not the beginning but the end that counts.

HOLLYWOOD is such a small place that ex-sweethearts and ex-husbands and wives have a hard time keeping out of each other's way. At the first night of "Once in a Lifetime," the satire on movie life and manners, Gloria Swanson and George Gershwin sat in aisle seats, and across the aisle sat the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye (who now calls himself simply Mr. Henry Falaise) with Connie Bennett. And it seemed as if Fate was always arranging for Joan Bennett and John Considine to have the adjoining table at movie banquets to that of Carmen Pantages and her escort. However, Hollywood folk have a sensible attitude toward such things. One woman star has three portraits on her drawing-room walls, one of herself between one of her husband and one of her boy-friend!

MARIAN MARSH admits that it was just a lucky break, her getting the chance to play opposite Barrymore not only in "Svengali," but in "The Genius" (his next). Marian has a sister who also is beginning to get ahead. But said sister has a scientific explanation. She was struggling along with the name of Gene Morgan. She went to a numerologist about it. The turbaned lad told her she couldn't hope to succeed with a ten-letter name. So she changed her moniker to Gene Fenwicke (eleven letters). And presto! she landed a part in "Chances," with Doug, Jr.

"OH please, God, no more sun!" Marlene Dietrich used to pray when she first came to Hollywood. Which at last establishes a difference between Marlene and Greta Garbo, who is a natural sun-worshiper.

WHEN a star makes such a sudden and startling hit as this Dietrich girl, with her cryptic eyes and baffling smile and obscure life story, Hollywood immediately wants to know everything about her. If it can't find out the real history,



If you want to become a star, learn how to write. Eighteen-year-old Carmen Barnes (above) wrote "A Débutante Confesses" for Paramount. They liked it, liked her, will star her



Maureen O'Sullivan (right) may be a desirable alien, but she had to go home for a couple of months just the same. There's a law. Here she is, on the Europa, heading for Ireland

International Newsreel

it makes up one of its own. All sorts of astonishing rumors about Marlene are floating about town. She was an extra girl, according to the most persistent one, and she worked in an early Von Sternberg picture. The director, so the tale unfolds, always believed himself a genius and wanted to prove it by "discovering" a great actress, and seeing that Marlene was a unique type he sent her to friends in Berlin to be put into pictures there. Then, the story relates, when the time was ripe, he went over himself, "discovered" her and brought her back in triumph!

THERE are even many Hollywood stars who "distinctly remember" Marlene as an extra girl in one of their pictures! Which in itself would seem to disprove the whole tale, because stars do not notice extra girls, as a general thing.

CHARLOTTE WALKER, former Broadway favorite, is another old-timer playing bits in the movies now. "It hurts a little," she admits, putting her arm around Helen Chandler, who is in the same picture. "But there's one piece of advice I'd like to hand on to the youngsters like this girl—save your money while you're making it!"

STILL you have the testimony of Francis X. Bushman, who told a reporter recently, "I have reckoned that I earned nine million dollars in my time, and while I had it I spent it like an Emperor—gloriously! I don't regret it! It was marvelous while it lasted!" Bushman is a member of a stock company now. Harry Langdon, who also spent while he had it, is another who counsels preparation for unforeseen rainy days.

TOM MIX says that he is on his way back to Hollywood and the movies. But is he? "The Westerns," says Jack Hill, long Tom's guardian angel, as well as publicity man, "were a small boy's entertainment. And the day that a certain Mr. Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, Westerns as such were doomed. The small boy's ideal of a hero changed. I have checked up in the libraries, and they tell me that the kids ask for air magazines and scientific journals now instead of *Deadwood Dick*." Which is a new thought—but plausible.

AND that reminds me of a new Lindy story that is going the rounds. When Lindy was out here just after his marriage, all the stars and studios were after him to lionize him and share in his amazing popularity. But Lindy was protected from these invitations to a great degree and turned down most of them. At last, a couple of bright publicity boys from Universal decided to see what could be done in person. They went over to the flying field early one morning and found Lindy tinkering with his plane. He seemed pleased with their invitation to visit the studios and accepted it. As they started away, they heard a halloo, and there was Charles Augustus Lindbergh hot on their heels. "Oh, by the way," said he anxiously, "I just wanted to ask you—would it be all right for me to bring Mrs. Lindbergh along, too?"

"THE Squaw Man," which was one of the first pictures ever made in Hollywood, is about to be put on the screen for the third time. But they are bringing it strictly up to date. Instead of having the villain a cattle rustler, he becomes a rum runner!

Of The Stars And Studios



Jones

At first glance, the little reminder of Easter (left) looks like one Clara Bow. But it's Sidney Fox, who has just been signed to make hey-hey at Universal

Despite that punch that Conrad Nagel gave her in "Free Love," Genevieve Tobin (below) says that she still likes movie-acting. She's smiling in "Seed"



Jones

RUSSELL GLEASON, knowing nothing of Dorothy Lee's history, supposed her to be a school girl of about sixteen. He was amazed when she remarked casually, "My husband has often spoken to me of you." "Oh—you're *married?*" Russell gasped. Dorothy (nickname Midge) beamed, "Oh yes, indeed. But that was my *first* husband, Robert Boothe. I'm married to Jimmie Fidler now."

MRS. JIMMIE GLEASON, Russell's mother, tells an amusing story of Dorothy's first husband. The Boothes, says Lucille, belong to an old, very reserved Pasadena family. The younger generation went on the stage in a dancing act, Robert loathing the profession but sticking to it because his young sister wanted to be a dancer, and he felt it his duty to protect her. One day Mrs. Gleason, watching from the wings, saw the girl take a fall because her partner failed to catch her. She was not hurt and the pair walked silently off at the close of the act. In the wings they faced each other. "There was my chance to find out what really refined people said to each other when they were mad," related Lucille, "so I crept up closer. Without raising her voice above an undertone, the girl remarked, '*You dropped me.*' Without changing his expression in the least, Robert replied, '*You pushed me.*' With that they turned on their heels and walked away!"

AT the funeral of Alma Rubens there were two chief mourners, one her mother and the other her estranged husband, Ricardo Cortez. Contrary to the general belief, Cortez and Alma had never been divorced, and his grief at the funeral was very real. There was a standing order for a weekly box of flowers to be sent Alma when she was in the hospital and he went to see her whenever it was allowed, although they were legally separated. But Cortez refuses to speak of his wife. They say that if the truth were told about the troubled years of their marriage, when Alma was struggling to shake off the drug habit, Riccy would appear very much in the light of a hero. But all he will say is, quietly, "If I did what I could, God knows that she deserved it!"

News That Is News

Actors are supposed to be superstitious. But with only one match between them, Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Eugene Pallette forget they're actors



Crowley

Dorothy Janis (below) is ready to fight the charge of one Mrs. Sidney Lund that she stole the love of Mr. Lund, a technician, on a location trip to Sumatra



Freulich

IT was a comfortable family car with an Ohio license number, filled with tourists. They stopped at a Beverly Hills house, whose owner was trimming his hedge, to ask where Clara Bow lived. "Poor little Clara," said the motherly-looking lady tourist. "My heart bleeds for the child, always getting into trouble."

"IT'S all Will Rogers' fault," declared the male tourist angrily. "He led Clara into gambling that time in Nevada!" They moved away down the street in search of the home of the poor little movie star led astray by wisecracking Will!

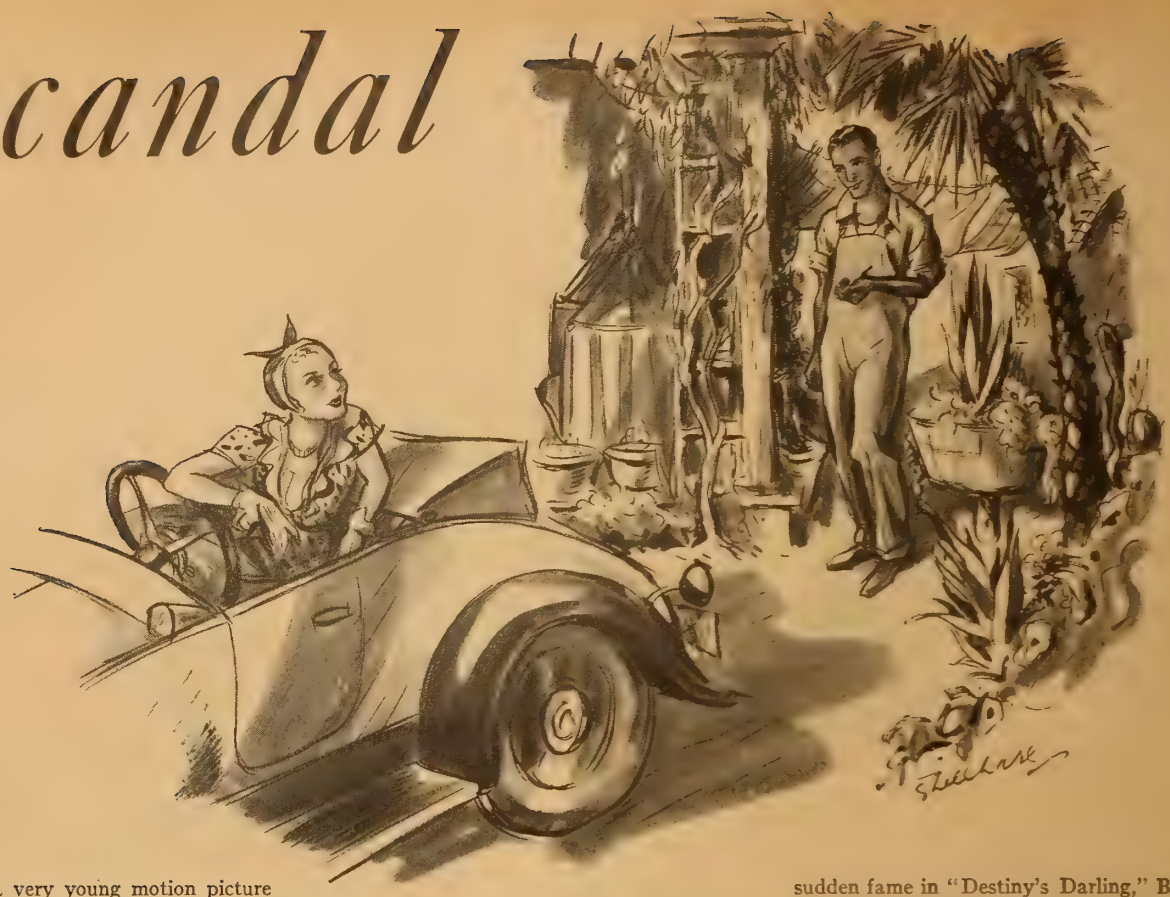
LOUISE FAZENDA has suffered from arthritis for eight years and has spent a fortune on treatments. Lately it became so bad that she was forced to wear glasses all the time she was not before the camera. When she went abroad last year, it was not for a pleasure trip, but to get treatment from a famous German specialist. She returned home still suffering. At last, in desperation, she dropped in at the office of a woman chiropractor on the Boulevard. Feeling along her spine, the doctor found a vertebra out of place and pushed it back in line. "You must have had a fall sometime," she remarked, not recognizing the girl who used to earn her living falling down stairs and manholes and off buildings for Mack Sennett. Now Louise is completely cured.

WITH Gloria Swanson going into the gown business, Mary Pickford is considering making cosmetics. She has discovered that in comparison with the business of pandering to the American woman's vanity, the salary of a movie queen is small change. But the money to be made in powders and rouges is not all that prods Mary on. Her close friends say that Mary is afraid of idleness, empty days—retirement. "I've worked all my life," she said lately, "it's too late to learn to play now." Wonder if the Pickford perfume will be called "America's Sweetheart"?

(Continued on page 109)

Gossip That Is Gossip

Scandal



By DOROTHY DONNELL

Illustration By Shellhase

SHE was a very young motion picture interviewer, driving her little roadster through Cahuenga Pass, and surprisingly pretty for a type that rather runs to spectacles and poundage. Screen stars looked bewildered when she came to interview them, and the masculine ones always said, "Did anyone ever tell you you looked like Janet Gaynor?" Or Lillian Gish? Or Mary Brian?

They usually added that she ought to be in the movies herself. But Marian Morrison never confessed to anyone the real reason why she had long ago given up playing extra girl, and turned to writing about silken sirens and handsome sheiks, with their melting dark eyes and flashing smiles. The truth was—she was an ardent movie fan. As an extra girl, she could never have talked with these glamourous beings, who move about the sets close enough to touch, but really are as far away as the stars that shine forever. As an interviewer, she could meet them and chat with them like a friend.

She could sit in Norma Shearer's lovely dressing-room, ask Ruth Chatterton questions to be answered in her gorgeous deep voice, and eat lunch in the studio cafeteria with Gary Cooper or Buddy Rogers. She could even meet Booth Campbell, as she had yesterday on the set of "Passion's Playthings," incredibly handsome in his white broadcloth uniform, with that suggestion of hidden sorrow in his dark gaze that women found so troubling.

The editor of "Film Folks" had asked for a story on Booth Campbell. "I know this is a difficult assignment," he wrote. "Nobody in Hollywood knows anything about his private life. They say that he's a *Don Juan* off the screen as well as on. If you can discover anything, it would be a great break for the magazine."

The studio publicity department had laughed at her when she suggested doing a home story about the most mysterious star in the pictures. "Nobody even knows where he lives," they reminded her. "He says he has a right to his private life. Between you and me, there are probably reasons why he doesn't want the world peeking through his keyhole—"

And they winked knowingly.

Booth Campbell himself had shaken his head when she asked him the same thing. "My dear little girl, there are things I never speak of in my life, things I wouldn't want the world to know." He looked at her with that dangerous dark gaze.

And now she was going to solve the mystery of his private life. She turned the roadster into a quiet side street. Her breathing quickened. Just by the merest chance she had discovered the address that a hundred reporters and interviewers would have given anything they possessed to know. For two years, ever since he had stepped into sudden fame in "Destiny's Darling," Booth Campbell had managed to elude their watchfulness. But now—*now*—

What would she find? A harem, as one rumor whispered? A love nest? Or a hermitage, where the man beloved by a million women brooded over a broken heart?

Marian stopped the car, staring at the number on the gatepost of a small stucco bungalow. In the back yard dish towels were drying on fruit bushes, and white hens picked their way daintily over a freshly mowed lawn. Somewhere inside the house a baby was crying.

She had made a mistake! Her tip had been wrong. This was not the home of a great screen star, but of some humble bank clerk.

Sick with disappointment, she was backing her car into the driveway to turn when a man in faded blue overalls came around the corner of the garage. He had evidently been working in the garden. He was whistling happily.

At the sight of Marian, he stopped whistling suddenly. He made a movement as if to turn and flee, then faced her. "So you've discovered me at last," he said bitterly. "I suppose I couldn't hope to escape you scandal-hunters forever."

Unshaven, streaked with garden soil, he still was recognizable. "You!" she cried, "*here*—like this—*you*—"

"I don't wonder you're surprised," Booth Campbell said, grimly. "A movie star who likes to dig in a garden! And there's worse yet—I've got a wife and two children. I *like* my wife and children. This morning I—I gave the baby her bath—" His tone sank to the depths of shame. He might have been confessing some exotic sin.

"I haven't hidden away because I wanted to build up a legend about myself. The legend started—but it wasn't my fault. I rented this out-of-the-way place so that I could live a life of my own—escape the whoopee—save my money. I'm in the movies to give my family some of the better things in life not for self-glorification. Five years from now, I'll be able to retire."

He was pleading desperately, "You won't tell? My God! It would ruin me! A romantic hero in overalls, living like any other man—*that's scandal.* You won't give me away?"

Never again would she see the screen's greatest lover looking into the heroine's face with burning eyes—without seeing, too, chickens and a hoe. Never again could she watch those marvelous hands on the screen—without seeing them holding a wet soapy baby. She shook her head dully. "No, I won't give you away—"

She knew that he spoke the truth. This—for a screen star—was the true scandal. She was a movie fan herself. And she had lost a hero. The house across the street blurred into a colored streak through her tears as she started up the car.

Another True Short Story Of Hollywood



AFTERMATH—This picture, snapped in her sickroom, tells the story of how Clara Bow felt after going through with the trial of her "pal," Daisy De Voe. Her doctor ordered her to Palm Springs for a month's rest before starting her next picture, "Working Girl"

MICKEY



Bull

Gilbert and Garbo Never Loved Like These

WHEN Greek meets Greek in a mad rush down an Athenian highway, when Egyptian sheiks tear madly across Sahara's burning sands on the hump of a camel, when little Laplanders race with little Finlanders, and bewhiskered Russians trotsky down the old boulevardsky; when sandal-footed Chinese scurry up Shanghai alleyways and the Prince of Wales jaunts friskily along old Piccadilly Circus, you can be sure they're all bound on the same mission.

For the world is in a frenzy of excitement. A gay, ecstatic state of excitement. Rich and poor, high-brow and low-brow are all affected. Even queens smile and kings cheer. For at last, at last, the world's greatest lovers have been discovered. Lovers that, for the first time, are understood the whole world over. *Mickey Mouse* and *Minnie!* And the world is simply falling all over itself to see *Mickey* and *Minnie* on the movie screen.

Cleopatra had her Anthony. And who cares? Helen had her Paris. And what of it? Garbo had her Gilbert. And her moments. But *Minnie* has her *Mickey* and hot papa! the world has its thrills.

There have been many, many pairs of screen lovers. But never has any pair had the universal appeal of *Mickey* and his *Minnie.*

It really began back in the Bushman-Bayne era. Who, for instance, can forget the ardent love-making of the handsome Francis X. and the lovely Beverly? What a pair they made!

These Were Pale Lovers

AND the Talmadge-O'Brien affair. Eugene and his wavy locks, his twisty smile, his "it" in a high collar that strangled his impulses in every reel. There was a lover for the luscious, dark-eyed Norma. We were long in forgetting them.

Ronald Colman and the gorgeous Banky. Ideally mated. One of the nicest pair of screen lovers. What a howl went up when Ronald and Vilma went their separate ways.

Then, out from the comparative calm of silent pictures, came another pair of lovers. A pair that burned their bridges behind them and scorched practically everything else in sight. Aunt Em, in fact, went about smelling smoke for years. Gilbert and Garbo!

We thought the very peak of excitement had been reached when John and Greta "pashed" for the screen. But not so. No sooner had "dat ole debbil" Talkies torn asunder this handsome pair than, tripping blithely along on a sound wave, a new pair came. A pair that went places and did things. Strange, fantastic places and strange, fantastic things. Over tree-tops and houses, over mountains and seas, they skip and laugh and play. They live in a gay, mad world of their own. And our old world, a bit weary and a bit bored, sat up, rubbed its eyes, whooped and howled and finally reached out with a cry of delight and took unto their hearts *Mickey* and his girl-friend, *Minnie.* At last the really perfect pair of screen lovers had arrived. A pair that loved in every language.



Minnie scolds the artist for giving her such short skirts. "How do you suppose I feel, wearing last year's styles?" So she gets a long skirt (right)—and is she happy?

and MINNIE

By Sara Hamilton



A Vallée—Valentino

MICKEY has every so-called hero faded off the map. He simply has everything, including two huge pearl buttons on his velvet pants. A lady-killer, if ever there was one.

Rudy Vallée can blow a mean saxophone and that's the end of it.

Mickey can play a hot saxophone and that's only the beginning. He can fold it into a cramp or wear it for a kimono. He can draw music from a cow's tooth, an elephant's tusk or a hippo's tummy. The talent of that lad!

Valentino, for instance, had his tango. But *Mickey* can fandango the eye-teeth from an amazed potato-bug, tap-dance with a hollyhock and cake-walk with a kangaroo.

He's a card, that mouse.

And *Minnie?*

Well, *Minnie* has a lot of things besides eyelet embroidery on her step-ins (added by order of the censors). *Minnie* has charm. *Minnie* has "it." *Minnie* can roll her eyes in every known language and flirt her tail in the sign language. *Minnie*, shameless little thing, not only can, but does. That's the worst of it.

And those love scenes! Those burning kisses, those killing glances! They kiss for the Spanish and rub beautiful elastic noses for the Japanese. Now what, I ask you, did Greta and John have that they haven't?

Up from the Bottom

MICKEY and *Minnie* have been eight long years reaching the top. No flash in the pan are they. They have climbed slowly and steadily to the topmost rung of an unsteady ladder.



At the top, Mickey and a sample of his fan mail. (It comes by the carload.) Above, Mickey's creator, Walt Disney—there's a close-up of him at the top of the opposite page—works out some new gags with his corps of Bright Young Men

It remained for the talkie craze to sweep them into the world's favor. And the funny thing is they speak nothing but English. But no matter what they say, it's cheered by all nations alike. After all, it isn't what they say. It's the things they do and do and do.

Mickey and *Minnie* are, we must confess, exclusive little rascals. They insist on their own private studio. Their director, Mr. Walt Disney, understands them perfectly. There are no huge sound stages or mobs of extra people floating about their studio. There are no yes-men, or supervisors lurking about. No sir. *Mickey* and *Minnie* couldn't endure them.

In many little rooms throughout the studio, however, are row after row of young men busy over illuminated drawing boards. Beside their drawings are much be-speckled and be-dotted sheets of paper. These, if you please, are the music to which *Mickey* and *Minnie* will eventually shake themselves loose from their undergarments, the rascals. The action of the drawing is timed to the music and they never miss it. Not even by a fraction of a second.

Some of the artists are concerned wholly with the background of the action. For our lovers simply insist on proper background. No softly lighted boudoirs, no silken-covered couches to languish on. Not for them. They love hysterical trees and slightly bilious landscapes to scamper about on. And they get them. Action is the breath of life to them.

How They Keep in Shape

DEPTH appears on the flat surface of the drawing by careful shading. Dark grays and light grays have special meanings. Shading, too, gives *Mickey* and *Minnie* their roundness of form. And you should hear these little love birds insist on their roundness! "We must keep in good shape," *Minnie* titters.

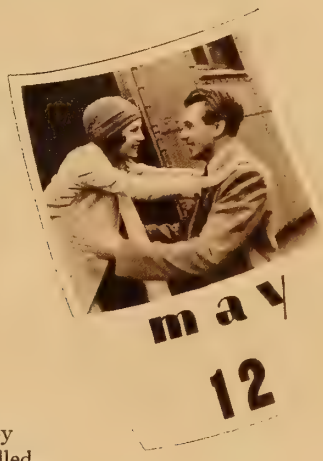
In another part of the studio many young women are engaged in transferring the lovers from paper to celluloid. *Mickey*, especially, loves this department. *Mickey* would. Then into the camera room they go, where drawing after drawing is photographed to make the action. As many as nine thousand movements are photographed to make one eight-minute *Mickey Mouse* picture. But every little movement has a meaning all its own,

(*Continued on page 100*)

The Movie Love

A Month-By-Month Résumé of Hollywood's Heart Troubles





JANUARY, 1930, ushered in tragedy on the third day of her reign — but softened the heartache by two romantic marriages before she had tossed her white, windy head for the thirty-first time.

3. Mary Astor widowed by the tragic air crash that killed Kenneth Hawks and ten assistants.

26. Grant Withers and Loretta Young fly in the face of maternal opposition and elope to Yuma, Arizona. Mother-in-law trouble greets the newlyweds upon their return.

28. Virginia Brown Faire, former wife of Jack Daugherty, marries Duke Worne at snow-white Arrowhead.

FEBRUARY: Storm-tossed climax of Winter lives up to her reputation even in tropical California. With a few romantic announcements to the contrary, her pages abound in divorces, domestic disruptions, law-suits, broken hearts and engagements.

4. Ethlyn Claire announces engagement to Ernest Westmore, make-up artist.

17. Harry Richman sees Clara Bow off for Hollywood but forgets to kiss her goodbye. The beginning of the end of the big diamond man. Clara cries as Harry disappears.

18. The first divorce of the year—Maria Korda wins her suit against Alexander Korda—reason: temperament.

19. William Farnum sued by Olive Ann Farnum—incompatibility.

29. Mildred Harris, former wife of Chaplin, can't get along with Everett Terence Mac Govern, either. She tells it to the Judge.

22. Cecilia de Mille, daughter of Cecil, marries F. E. Calvin on Washington's Birthday.

23. Mrs. Mabel Manton sues Marjorie Rambeau for $100,000 for stealing her husband's affection—but the jury disagrees.

24. Mrs. Mildred Arnold brings Priscilla Dean and their mutual husband, Lieutenant Leslie Arnold, into court on charges of lapsed alimony.

25. Mrs. Jim Tully files suit for divorce against Jim Tully, charging mental and physical cruelty.

26. Audrey Ferris and her mate, Archer Huntington, land in print after an argument in their home attracted police attention.

27. Charlie Farrell abandons proposed trip to Honolulu when he discovers Janet Gaynor on same boat at sailing time. Lydell Peck denies divorce rumors for the first time.

28. Newspapers discover that Dorothy Revier has been secretly married to Charles Johnson, former husband of Katherine MacDonald, for one year.

29. Helene Costello announces her engagement to Lowell Sherman. Date not set.

MARCH: It's still windy—but the romances and one breath-takingly beautiful wedding give hint that Spring cannot be far away.

1. Alice White leaves for Chicago to visit the family of Cy Bartlett, and it is announced they are engaged.

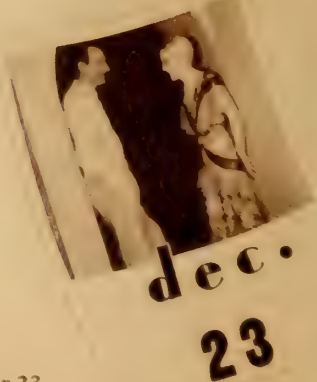
2. Mrs. Lloyd Hamilton wants the comedian to pay her more alimony —but Lloyd says he can't afford it.

9. Lou Tellegen weds Eva Casanova.

14. Helene Costello weds Lowell Sherman and Dolores Barrymore is matron of honor. Work at studios prevents honeymoon.

18. Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B., weds William Goetz





On January 26, it was Grant and Loretta; on May 12, Gary and Lupe; and on December 23, it was Bill and Dorothy, as well as Alan and Natalie

CALENDAR *for* 1930

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS



in a bower of Spring blossoms at the Biltmore Hotel and six hundred film folk turn out for the royal event. Coolidge sent a present. So did Hoover.

24. Helen Twelvetrees files divorce papers charging Clarke Twelvetrees with neglect and non-support.

25. Marilyn Miller confirms rumors of her engagement. Michael Farmer is the lucky man.

26. Bert Lytell marries his stage leading lady, Grace Menken, in Philadelphia. Making the second time Bert has married his leading lady—the first was Claire Windsor.

APRIL: Ah, Spring is here in spite of the most surprising separation of the season rearing itself among the flowers and first hint of orange-blossoms. April, we must remember, brings her showers of tears as well as trousseaux.

3. Marjorie Rambeau is announced engaged to H. H. Van Loan, the writer. The marriage didn't come off.

6. Ruth Santell and her director husband meet in the courtroom for the purpose of parting. Mrs. Santell cried.

8. A girl-child is born to John and Dolores Costello Barrymore. John is quoted as being disappointed.

9. Pauline Frederick announces that she will marry Hugh Leighton. She did—and it didn't jell.

14. Mrs. Nell Ince and Holmes Herbert, actor, file intention to wed.

15. Colleen Moore admits her separation from John McCormick after ten years of what Hollywood believed to be an ideally happy marriage—and the old town rocks on her foundations.



20. Betty Compson leaves the "bed and board" of James Cruze, but Hollywood had been expecting this one. Betty claims that Jim entertains too much.

24. Alan Crosland and Natalie announce they will be married some time in July—but it didn't actually come off until December.

28. Elise Bartlett Schildkraut files suit against Joseph Schildkraut—"too much temperament under one roof."



MAY: The débutante month holds to her record with an abundance of romantic notes and only one divorce checked up against her. Summer "loves" put in an early bid for attention and are interesting, though many do not reach the altar.

2. Kenneth Harlan and Doris Booth file their intention to wed—the ceremony coming off three days later.

3. Luther Reed, director, and Jocelyn Lee announce their marriage.

10. Frances Dee laughingly denies that she and Jack Oakie are engaged.

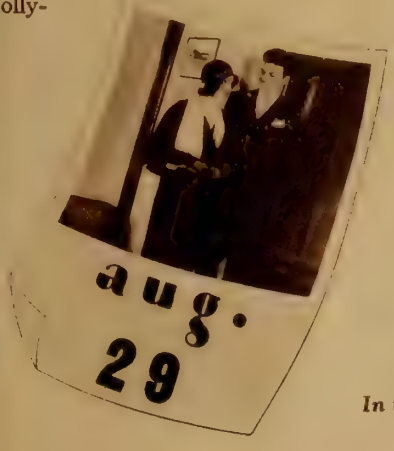
12. Lupe Velez denies that Gary Cooper is interested in June Collyer.

16. Douglas Fairbanks tells New York reporters, upon his return from Europe, that he and Mary are very happy. No divorce plans.

23. Dorothy Dwan marries Phillip N. Boggs and settles down to domesticity in Brentwood. No more movie work for Dorothy.

26. James Kirkwood files suit against Lila Lee, asking full custody of their son.

30. Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan announce their marriage.



JUNE: Month of brides and orange-blossoms and many, many other things, including several more surprise separations; another big wedding—and general Hollywood what-not.

3. Riza von Sternberg sues Josef for divorce—"mental cruelty." (*Continued on page 104.*)

In the marry month of May, it was Hoot and Sally and Nils and Vivian. August 6 was a big day for Cedric and Dolores. August 29, for Rex and Clara

Peeping In On

By Dorothy Calhoun



Do these movie couples live like the rest of us? Does the great screen lover warble in his bath, and does his sirenish wife breakfast in a kimono? Do they talk about the High Cost of Living? Is he handy about the house, and can she cook? In this story and more to come, we're looking into the private lives of some famous Hollywood twosomes and answering these and other intimate questions— ***Editor's Note.***

THEY live in a fourteen-room stucco house with the Santa Monica palisades overhanging it on one side and the whole Pacific Ocean for a front yard on the other. Everybody who goes to see Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon makes a pun about the pair of terra cotta lions that guard the door, but they have been there ever since Bebe Daniels built the house years ago.

A mile or so down the beach is Marion Davies' "cottage," which has, they say, more than a hundred rooms. Connie Talmadge Netcher, another close friend, lives near-by, and gives housekeeping advice to Bebe, a three-times-less-experienced bride. Connie has turned domestic and embroiders tea towels and watches her guests' cigarette ashes nervously, lest they spill on the carpet. But Bebe admits that marriage hasn't made her a housewife.

"At first," she sighs, "I went marketing every morning and picked out my own meat and carrots and things. Only I brought home the toughest cuts of meat and the limpest carrots. I don't know one part of a cow from another, and Ben doesn't like carrots, anyhow—so now I leave it all to Andrews. Then if dinner isn't good, Ben can't say it's my fault."

Andrews and his wife run Bebe's and Ben's house for them, with the help of Hilda, who has been Bebe's maid for five years. The only other (!) members of the household staff are the two chauffeurs, Russell and Tom, who drive Bebe to the First National lot in Burbank, and Ben to the United Artists lot in Hollywood.

Like most of the chauffeurs of the film famous, Russell and Tom also look perfectly capable of acting as bodyguards.

That may not seem like a full day's work for two able-bodied men, but by the time they've taken Ben over Cahuenga Pass at noon to have lunch with Bebe, and carried Bebe to the flying field, and brought Ben's mother down to the beach for dinner, and taken Bebe's mother a note, and driven to Russell Ball's for a portrait sitting and to Greer's for a gown fitting, and carried Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon to the Louis Wolheims' house for a party, the Rolls-Royce and the Ford sport coupé have covered a lot of ground.

Bebe and Ben were planning to build a home on a Hollywood hilltop, with only the Harry Bannisters (Ann Harding) for neighbors. Bebe had even given Ben a tennis court to go with the house for a wedding present. But they have both been too busy since they were married to plan a house. It has taken every minute of their spare time to enlarge Bebe's bachelor-girl home into space for two instead of one. They wouldn't turn the task over to an interior decorator. Every detail, from the flower-and-fruit pattern of the sun-parlor chintz to the dark blue fittings of Ben's pale blue bathroom and the silver fixtures of Bebe's pale green bathroom, was argued over, and discussed and finally agreed upon by the two of them.

The house represents their two tastes, happily compromised. Bebe's passion for antiques is revealed by the beautiful Sheffield silver in the dining-room cupboards, while Ben's dislike for anything approaching period furniture has dictated the comfortable depth of the lounging chairs and davenport in the living-room.

After all, it doesn't make much difference to the Ben Lyons how the house is furnished—because they spend their leisure hours on their tiny private beach. If you were to come upon them on a Sunday morning, you'd find them in bathing suits, maybe, or beach overalls, but never, *never* in dressing-gown or kimono.

"We both hate sloppiness," shudders Bebe. "Ben, for instance, always shaves before breakfast, and sometimes before dinner. Married life doesn't need to be *too* domestic!"

Bebe says Ben never notices it, but she usually comes to the dinner table with a liberal application of cold cream on her face. She refuses to look tired, even at home.

Bebe *and* Ben

So This Is the Home-Life of the Lyons!

No Breakfasts in Bed

HOWEVER, they *do* read the morning paper at the breakfast table. Ben has the front pages and Bebe reads the movie news column and they take turns at the sports pages. They are both crazy about flying, and both are licensed pilots. Ben is a lieutenant in the U. S. Air Reserve. When their home conversation isn't studio shop talk, it's about aviation.

If Bebe isn't domestic, Ben is. "He's marvelous around the house," his wife boasts. "He can do anything—hang pictures, put washers in the faucets, drive nails. He even helped polish the knotted pine walls in the library. I told him one would think he'd sat up nights, tying those knots by hand, he's so proud of them! He notices instantly if a vase or a lamp is moved out of its place. And he sees to paying all the household bills. He knows what people ought to pay for things, and I don't. I suppose I've been cheated all my life.

"The other day he said, 'Bebe, do you know what they charge for my shirts at the laundry? *Thirty-five cents apiece*—What do you think of that?' I didn't know whether I was suppose to say, 'How cheap' or 'How awful,' so I played safe and just said, 'They *do*?' and Ben said, 'Yes, isn't that an outrage?' and I said 'It's simply dreadful, darling.' I called up Connie Netcher and asked her, 'Connie, how much do you pay for laundry?' She didn't know, but she went and asked and came back to say, 'Twenty dollars! But I don't know whether that's for a week or a month.' Anyhow, I do know that the laundry darns Ben's socks and sews on his buttons. I couldn't do that, even for a publicity picture!"

Not a Floor Decorator

THERE are decided advantages in marrying a boy who has been brought up the way Ben has. He never leaves his pajamas on the floor, for instance, though when he is in a hurry he sometimes tosses them over a chairback. To be sure, he does sing such popular numbers as "Ten Cents a Dance" in his bath, while

(*Continued on page 94*)





Fryer

When Bebe and Ben get home after the daily grind, they still talk with sound effects in the background. The Pacific rolls right up to their front door. The place where they loaf, when they get the chance, is their own small—but private—beach (left)

Not "Mr. Chatterton"

Ralph Forbes May Be Ruth's Husband, But You Soon Forget It

By Gladys Hall



Russell Ball

HE IS *by no means* "Ruth Chatterton's husband." It would be fatally easy for a man in his place to become just that. It would take very much of a *man* to be anything else. Ralph Forbes is that man. He doesn't take kindly to easiest ways.

I spent an afternoon, a long, delightful afternoon, with him at their home. It was *their* home. There is no displacement of the Forbes personality by the Chatterton personality. They are two intense individuals living fully and harmoniously under one charming rooftree.

An extraordinarily beautiful rooftree, by the way. The living-room is a masterpiece in comfort. There are walls of a soft green, old crystal chandeliers, rich-looking chairs, used books—a host of old, delightful things. It's a room that looks as if it has been *lived* in, for years. Upstairs, there's a room called "The Glory Hole." An ancestor of Ruth's frowns down on you, incredibly severe and cold. The fireplace is one of the first brought 'round the Horn by New England pioneers. An old convex mirror topped with a brass eagle reflects back to you your amusing image.

It was here that Ralph showed me his guns and ammunition and polo boots and fishing tackle and his first-aid kit. Everything was clean, shining, ready to use at an instant's notice. Everything was surprisingly in order.

He said, "I believe that disorderly people have disorderly minds. If their *things* are in confusion, so is their thinking. And you can't afford to have a disorderly mind in this present age. Life moves too rapidly. Too many things happen. If an emergency should suddenly arise, either emotional or professional, what would the disorderly minded person do? He wouldn't know *what* to do. It would be a mad and messy scramble to fish out from chaos the right reaction to fit the circumstance.

"We have to keep life in order because there is so much of it. Too much. **As a matter of fact, all of us do too many things—and what do we get out of it? Nothing. Experience is not experience unless it can be thought about.** Action means nothing unless we have leisure to contemplate what we have done.

"It is like a person eating, eating, eating all day long, without pause. At the end of the day the digestive apparatus would have ceased to function. The vital extracts would remain unassimilated. The emotional apparatus is equivalent. Too much doing, too much living and that ceases to function also. The huge sum total of our activities remains unassimilated and useless. **If most of us cut our living in half, we would live more. If we thought less, we would think more. If we felt less, we would feel more.**"

Ralph detests himself on the screen.

(*Continued on page 90*)



When the mobs get their wish, and "The Merry Widow" is remade, how about Esther Ralston for the title role? She's a blonde. She can dance. She can sing. She can act. And she'll be coming back to Hollywood soon after That Blessed Event in June

On The Bargain

By

Reginald Taviner

SOMETIMES they're not even shopworn, just as good as they ever were. But you'll find them on the bargain counter just the same. Marked down because they're out of vogue a bit, or for some reason or another. Hats and shoes, dresses and coats and gloves and waists and stockings —and movie folk.

For Hollywood, too, has its bargain counter. Actors, actresses, directors and writers and producers, even; you'll find dozens, hundreds of them nowadays with their big salaries crossed out and the cut prices marked in. Sometimes the reductions are as much as ninety per cent. off.

Francois Villon was king for a day, and so were many of these. But now they have come down from the throne to a yellow tag, and a lot of them can't find a purchaser even at that.

Sometimes, of course, the bargain counter is just the intermediate stage before a comeback. Jack Holt, who long had been a three-thousand-carat Paramount star, found it so with "Submarine." Others have done the same thing—every blue moon or thereabouts.

Thrifty producers, like thrifty housewives, pick up bargains. Last year's stars are frequently like last season's styles; not so much in demand, and therefore much cheaper. Many pictures are cast from the bargain counter, and that's why they're often much better for the money than they otherwise could possibly be.

Then and Now

JUST a little while ago, for instance, it cost two thousand dollars a week to get Alice White's name on the dotted line—but recently she was offered *one* thousand for a picture to be made in *two* weeks. Harry Langdon has been marked down from seven to two-reelers, with a corresponding reduction in his salary check.

Neil Hamilton's three thousand a week—his crest after "Beau Geste"—is not so high these days. And Jack Gilbert isn't getting the salary of other days—not by a long shot. Corinne Griffith has simply quit. The Gish girls are willing to take considerably less than the seven or eight thousand they used to get, and Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, June Marlowe, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Burgess, Aileen Pringle and a raft more are all finding out that the movies aren't what they used to be.

Dolores Del Rio, as the old song has it, is just wonderin'.

Remember Nita Naldi and Leatrice Joy? Remember Blanche Sweet and Kathlyn Williams and Francis X. Bushman? Remember Marc McDermott and Dorothy Phillips and all the rest? They were the royalty of the cinema realm while Buddy Rogers and Norma Shearer and the other currently scintillating youngsters were still wearing swaddling clothes—so those of them who are still in the game are on the bargain counter now.

Some of them for as little as ten dollars a day—and they used to make as much as six thousand!

Displays of Other Days

WILLIAM FARNUM, at the time of the first "Spoilers," was the biggest star on the Fox payroll. Recently he played a character part in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion" at less than a third of his former salary. Kenneth Harlan was once a matinée idol at fifteen hundred a week, but now he's managing a restaurant. Lois Wilson drew one thousand at the big studios, but now she does two-reel comedies at half that figure.



Bryant Washburn used to count his fan letters up in the thousands and got three thousand a week for counting them, but now even small parts are few and far between. And the zeros on his pay check fewer, too. Likewise, Raymond Griffith. Likewise, Raymond Hatton.

No branch of the business is exempt—you'll find them all there.

Eave Asher, the producer of the Washburn successes, now is holding down a job for a salary check. Marshall Neilan and Reginald Barker and George Melford were big-shot direc-

COUNTER

The Prices Stars Ask--Or Can Get--Are Going Lower And Lower



Step right up and look 'em over. Bargains, every one of 'em. Here are two flappers, almost as good as new—a handsome menace, a baby-faced comic, and a handsomehero. And down there is a bargain cowboy

tors when Lewis Milestone and Monta Bell were wondering whether they wanted to be firemen or street-car conductors—but it's the youngsters who get the real money now.

Emmett Flynn, who directed one of the most successful pictures ever made—the silent "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"—recently did "The Shannons of Broadway" for less than half his former figure. Hobart Henley, "ace" M-G-M director for several years, is back on the same lot where he started from. And Paul Fejos, the director of "Broadway," hasn't done so much the past year.

Some Retire, Instead

HOWEVER, there are many instances where players, rather than put themselves on the bargain counter, have retired from the screen altogether—or at least they have declined to cut their salaries, which seems to mean virtually the same thing. An instance is Colleen Moore, who until recently was the biggest box-office draw in the business.

She has had many offers from the basement producers, but she has refused to shade her price. At the height of her popularity, Miss Moore drew ten thousand.

Conway Tearle, who recently capitulated, held out for his former price—thirty-five hundred a week—a long, long time.

Still another problem was faced by Laura La Plante when she walked out of "The Storm" several months ago. Several offers were made her, including the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Big Pond." But the offers did not carry her former salary and she declined, though no less a personage than Evelyn Brent was heard to remark that even Bernhardt would have jumped at a mere bit with the inimitable Maurice. Laura's wait was fruitful. She's back with a bang now. But it doesn't often happen.

High-Priced Bargains

ONE star, and only one, deliberately put herself on the bargain counter for profit. That was Betty Compson, and she succeeded in making the minor producers actually pay her more for her pictures than the major companies did. She did exactly the same thing when she went to England and worked for the British concerns.

"It was worth more," she naïvely explains, "because the pictures helped me less."

Even though she could hardly be called a bargain, therefore, the counter was the turning point in Miss Compson's career. From a major star Betty plunged dizzily to the basement, but just as dizzily soared upward again. Now she makes three pictures a year for RKO, at a queen's ransom per each, and freelances the rest of the time.

Lupe Velez had a somewhat similar, though not so profitable, experience. Originally discovered for "The Gaucho," her services were to be had at considerably reduced rates for a time. Now she gets twenty thousand a picture under a five-year contract.

Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix increased in value in the talkies.

Doug and Mary are probably the highest-priced bargains in current movie circles, for they have just retired from the producing racket to become salaried stars again. Fairbanks, in "Reaching for the Moon," drew thirty thousand a week from Joseph Schenck, and Miss Pickford, in "Kiki," five thousand more.

In point of time, however, that really is a bargain for Mr. Schenck, for Mary recently was offered ten thousand for fifteen minutes on a radio program. And, believe it or not, the offer was declined!

The futures of many of

(*Continued on page 91*)





Longworth

The most famous of artists' models comes to life—and startles Hollywood. Many an actress has played *Trilby*, but it remained for an unknown to *look like* her—as sketched by the author himself (top right). (©Harper & Bros.) Marian Marsh is the discovery who will play the hypnotized *Trilby* to John Barrymore's hypnotic *Svengali*, in the talkie version of Du Maurier's great story—to be called "Svengali"

WISE *to the* GAME

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Their Luck Can't Last—And The Shrewd Stars Know It

A FRIEND was congratulating Marie Dressler upon her sudden rise to stardom and fame.

"It's your due," said the friend. "After a lifetime of experience and effort, you are rewarded with stardom and wealth. You will spend the rest of your life reaping that reward."

"Huh!" snorted Marie. "Reward—nothing! It's just a lucky break, that's all. I'm an old trouper. I've been on the crest before—and I've tumbled off it. I know how temporary and precarious it is. I know all the things that can happen to you. If it lasts a year—if people want to see me on the screen for that long—I shall be grateful and consider myself in luck. I'm wise to this game, I am!"

Wise to the game. Marie Dressler is probably as wise to it as anyone who graces the screen at this moment. Wise with a salty, tolerant cynicism that looks beneath the surface of adulation and a fat pay-check. Wise enough not to believe too much in anything, especially in success. Wise enough to expect little and to be grateful for what she attains. Not to *want* it too much. Wise enough to know that your troubles have just begun when your name goes up in lights—and that it is much harder to hold on to that eminence than it was to achieve it in the first place. Wise enough not to be dazzled by the glamour of her own success.

The Solomons Are Scarce

THERE aren't so many of them—these wise ones—who, in Hollywood parlance, "know all the rules of the game." Success bewilders most of them as much as failure would. They don't know how it happened. They talk vaguely about "getting the breaks." They consult astrologers, soothsayers and tea-leaf readers. They take up odd religions or embrace strange cults in desperate attempts to rationalize the irrational situations in which they find themselves.

Wise to the game. It takes years and heartaches and disappointments and disillusionments. It requires the facing of facts—and that is one of the hardest things in the world for an actor to do. Most of them never learn. They have their brief moments and they disappear—bewildered, unable to understand.

Valentino was beginning to learn in that last year before he died. Beginning to learn when it was too late.

"We are like those puppets they set up at country fairs," he said, bitterly. "They put us on the shelf, all in a row, grinning our fatuous, futile, triumphant grins. And then the public pays its money for the fun of knocking us down. Sometimes we stay among the discards and sometimes they set us up again for a moment—just so they can have the fun of knocking us down one more time. I'm only now beginning to find out how these things really work."

Marie Dressler knows. "I know all the things that can happen to you."

Wise to the game.

Garbo Knows the Rules

GARBO, with her shrewd, peasant stubbornness, is pretty wise. Wise

(*Continued on page 106*)







These three are wise. Marie Dressler isn't expecting fat pay-checks forever. Conrad Nagel (left) has no desire to be a star, Ronald Colman (right) wants it known that he is married

Around the Ticker



When her boudoir clock points to seven (as below), Anita has to get up and set up. Breakfast comes afterward. And when the folding clock on her studio dressing-table registers eight-thirty (as at right), she's sleepily daubing on the greasepaint and working up that smile



From Breakfast Anita Page Is Watching

In the Flickers



Bull portraits

After ten minutes out for lunch (so-called), Anita's back on the deserted set, stop-watch in hand (as at left), timing the reading of her lines. By nine-fifteen p. m., she's ready for bed (as below)—particularly if she has to set the sleep-breaker for six. She has to have her nine hours

Until Bedtime Plenty Busy— the Clock



Is Mary Nolan



Too Beautiful?

Does She Have A Fighting Chance Against Bad Breaks?

By GLADYS HALL



Freulich

It's obvious on the opposite page that Mary Nolan has been miscast in those hard-boiled rôles. She belongs in satin-and-lace and pastoral settings

I DON'T know what chance they have—these beautiful and damned. *Do you?* I am not defending Mary Nolan as an individual so much as I am defending her as one of a group. One of many frail, feminine, exquisite things tossed into the thick of Life with no book of knowledge in their hands. No background. No home. No parental love and care. No place to go.

Take this case of Mary Nolan. She was born in Rome of an Italian father and an Irish-American mother. She came to New York with her mother when she was eighteen months old. Her mother died when Mary was three years old. There was no one to take care of her. No one who wanted her. Her father had already gone out of her life.

She was placed in a convent, not to emerge again until she was fourteen years of age. All those formative, eager years cloistered, suppressed, taught of the life hereafter and nothing of the life *here*. Certainly nothing of the life that a beautiful girl, earning her living on Broadway, would confront. She had no wholesome, rough-and-ready child life. No mother, no father, no sisters or brothers. No romping. No delightful, normal naughtinesses. No release of Mr. Freud's *libido* by kissing, back of a convenient fence, the little boy next door. Bright, upshooting little girlhood piously quenched behind gray walls. No answer to the drumming "WHY?" A chant of prayer perpetually in ears that loved song.

From Prayers to Preyers

WHEN Mary was fourteen, she was called to the deathbed of her elder sister. That sister made her promise she would never return to the convent. Mary kept that promise. She had, before this, planned to enter the sisterhood. It was all the life she knew.

Mary went out into the city of New York. She was untrained, pitifully inadequate, ignorant, innocent. Here was a rare tidbit for the salacious old Ogre to devour. It was so easy to dangle before cloister-shaded eyes the bright allures of pretty clothes and jewels and parties where people laughed and there were soft words and soft caresses. It was so easy to breathe into ears sacredly attuned to the word "love" the same word with profane connotations.

Fourteen, alone in New York, new-born into a stranger-world. No mother, no father, no background. And *beautiful* . . .

If Mary Nolan had not been born beautiful, this story would never have been written. Another quiet, simple soul would have lived out a quiet, simple life and none would have been the wiser. Nor she the sadder.

Think of *your* daughter, *your* sister, *your* sweetheart alone in New York at fourteen, starved for the glittering thing called Life, brought by the sheer propelling force of her beauty to the slave markets of the town, where men with hot eyes appraised her and found her good . . . Men who knew well how to call a hideous thing by a soft cajoling name . . . Women, hurt by her beauty, trying to destroy her . . . Artists painting her, making her beauty-conscious. The Follies, and more men with eager, greedy eyes and rich offers of life and then more life . . .

Tabloid Fodder

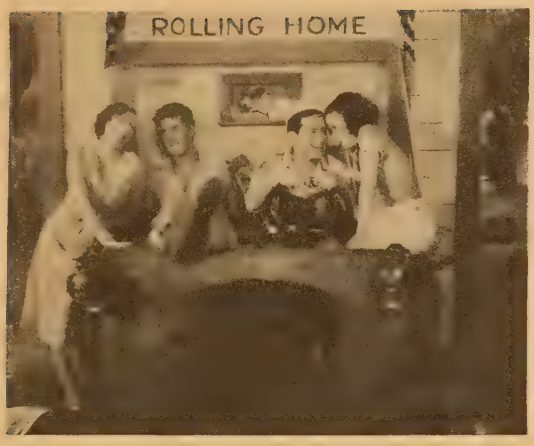
AND then, at last, a man who convinced her that he loved her. A man she thought she loved. The horrible disillusion. The sensationalism—because the fact she was beautiful and damned and beautiful and damned made snappy good reading. The world treated to the story of Another Girl Gone Wrong. Another tabloid scandal. Another tawdry, soiled and awfully sad story.

Mary Nolan went to Europe, away from it all, tried to forget,

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



CHILDREN OF DREAMS

Operetta Features Fine Singing: This operetta brings to the screen the musical talents of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Based upon a novel idea, that of the migratory habits of the California fruitworkers, this production should appeal to all those who enjoy an excellent score sung by accomplished voices. Paul Gregory and Margaret Schilling, new faces to the screen, fully exhibit the capabilities which have established them in the musical comedy world.

The plot has no more seriousness than the usual stage operetta. A wealthy idler chances to hear the fine singing voice of a little fruitpicker. He encourages his mother to give her a musical education, which is achieved at the price of leaving her laborer-lover. She becomes famous and temperamental, the latter of which maladies is cured by an old friend of the family who returns her to the orchard songster.



BACHELOR APARTMENT

Sophisticated, But Entertaining: Theater managers and those who possess what is termed the "box-office angle" greet this picture with loud huzzas, the reason being plenty of "undress," oodles of "sex" and a suave performance by the actor-director, Lowell Sherman. This reviewer, however, prefers to call it a sophisticated offering for unsophisticated audiences.

"Bachelor Apartment" is in the nature of a symposium of all the preceding stories of its ilk. We have the familiar wealthy bachelor deluged by women. There is likewise a good girl stenographer with a not-so-good sister. He loses his heart to the nice little stenog and the big climax is reached when the girl compromises herself by substituting for a visiting wife when irate hubby storms the gates. Don't tell us you have heard this before. A semblance of freshness is due to adroit presentation and acting. Sherman is Sherman, of course.



DISHONORED

Dietrich Superb In Fine Drama: Again she does not disappoint you, this baffling, beautiful Dietrich. As this strange woman who would have been one of the greatest spies in history if she had not been so much a woman, she makes her sudden position on the screen sure and indisputable. How much of her defiance as the street walker, her terrible charm as the secret service decoy, her gaiety and abandon in the Russian peasant disguise is due to brilliant direction and how much to Dietrich acting ability is unimportant. She is unique.

Von Sternberg has directed this picture of wartime Vienna against a gaudy and sensual background of masked balls, and midnight intrigues with simplicity, restraint, and contemptuous indifference as to whether you approve of his characters or not. There is not a moment when the interest flags, and not a situation you can foresee. "Dishonored" is not only entertainment of the best order, it is also vital experience.



A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Don't Miss This One—It's Great: Mark Twain and Will Rogers—what a combination! "The Connecticut Yankee" might have been written for Rogers, so excellent is his conception of the rôle. In fact, he is the eternal Yankee.

The adventures of *Sir Boss* are now introduced as the aftermath of a radio program. In a flash, Rogers finds himself at the ancient court of *King Arthur*. He astounds the knights of the Round Table by performing mechanical miracles and wins his own knighthood by virtue of a cigarette lighter. The kingdom under his ministership adopts all modern improvements and the big rescue scene is staged by armored warriors in a fleet of baby Austins.

William Farnum is a perfect *King Arthur* and Brandon Hurst properly sinister as *Merlin*. Nonetheless the picture is a walkaway for Rogers and offers ample opportunity for his talents as a commentator on the foibles of the day.

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



BODY AND SOUL

Farrell's Best Talkie: Charles Farrell fans should rejoice in finding their favorite cast in his best talking picture rôle. Charlie looks great in an aviator's uniform and he turns in a thoroughly workmanlike performance.

"Body and Soul" was renamed from "Squadrons," the play. The plot, despite its war theme, boasts a new twist or two. A pal of Farrell's is shot down in combat, leaving a widow and a girl friend. Farrell meets the wife and, mistaking her for the other woman, innocently reveals the philandering. The knowledge he is falling in love with his friend's widow comes to Farrell when she is arrested under suspicion of being a spy. He is involved in his efforts to save her.

Elissa Landi makes her bow to film audiences as the young wife. It is an auspicious début and should do much to establish this charming newcomer. Her sense of comedy values is especially noteworthy. Myrna Loy plays the other woman.



UNFAITHFUL

Chatterton Needs Bigger Stories: The plots of Ruth Chatterton's pictures may be different, but there is a curious sameness about them, perhaps because the personality of this star is more impressive than any plot. Through a complicated and devious story of life in London smart circles the heroine moves in a bewildering succession of striking gowns which somehow rob her of audience sympathy for her betrayal by her husband. Any woman will feel that no one could suffer very much in such clothes! The wronged wife becomes reckless but remains blameless and takes another's shame on her shoulders to save her beloved brother from suffering.

Paul Lukas, as the man she loves, invests a pattern-part with dignity and emotion, though his recent illness makes him look unfamiliar. There is one amusing little interlude on a bus top in a pouring rain which makes one wish to see Ruth Chatterton in more robust comedy.



CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

Good Murder Mystery With Oland: If you like a good mystery-murder yarn—and who doesn't—"Charlie Chan", from Earl Derr Bigger's novel, is heartily recommended.

This is the *Chan* story, as you recall, in which the Chinese detective joins a party of around-the-world tourists and solves the series of murders which began in London.

Warner Oland is perfect as the smooth-tongued Oriental. His performance demands a continuance of the *Chan* characterization in further adventures of the humorous fellow. Warren Hymer and Marjorie White are teamed for comedy relief and the romantic element is contributed by Marguerite Churchill and John Garrick. Others are likewise capable but the laurel wreath goes, as it should, to Oland. It is to be regretted his entrance into the story occurs so late in the footage. At any rate, let's have more of *Charlie Chan.* He is a welcome change from our drawing-room problem dramas.



IT'S A WISE CHILD

Snappy Farce For Broad Minds: Racy farce that is a direct antithesis of what we were led to expect by the Will Hays ukase against suggestiveness on the screen. On second thought, there is nothing suggested, it is all boldly told.

A number of changes have been made in the original play but most of its funny, *risqué* lines are retained. Half of the male population of a small town is suspected when the rumor starts that *Joyce Stanton* is to become a mother. Complications naturally arise, though we know all the time that it is not *Joyce* but the servant girl who is involved.

Again Marion Davies proves herself a swell *farceur.* A uniformly splendid cast supports, with the iceman of James Gleason particularly outstanding. It is the iceman who utters the funniest speech of the evening. "Here I am," he says, "saving my nickels to keep the wolf away from the door and the stork flies in the window."



MAN OF THE WORLD

Thin Story, But Powell Pleases: Against a background of Paris scenes William Powell makes his beautifully tailored way in a rather thin story of an expatriate American who lives by his wits and the follies of his touring countrymen—and women. But there is a difference. As the discredited reporter who gets out a scandal sheet, Powell is simpler, at once more human and less superbly adequate to all situations than before. Instead of dominating the situation with his usual brilliant nonchalance he is crushed by his love for an American girl (Carole Lombard)—a love which he finally renounces by making her believe him base.

It is a question whether Powell fans will accept him as a human being like themselves who may be licked by Fate, but he does some excellent work. Wynne Gibson, the girl of his own kind, is very good in an unsympathetic rôle. The flavor of Paris really does permeate the story, in spite of the stock shots of Paris scenes. The ending is not entirely happy for anyone, including the fans.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Slap-Bang, But Funny: The inevitable comment about this little comedy is going to be, "This picture was made in eleven days, and looks it." Well, it does look it, but I mean that in a nice way. There's a rush and a spontaneity about it that couldn't be achieved in more than eleven days. You can just see Director Frank Tuttle shooting each scene just once and then saying, "Great!" The pleasant glow of self-satisfaction induced by this technique shows in all the players, and I much prefer it to some of the more coy and studied comedies that are made with such pains.

There can't be anyone left in the world who doesn't know the story of "It Pays to Advertise," but anyway, here it is again. Beautiful blonde secretary makes bet with soap magnate that she can make his ne'er-do-well son fall in love with her and go to work. He does, in a rival soap business which threatens his father's factory. The cast is full of beautiful girls—Louise Brooks, Helen Johnson, and Carole Lombard. Norman Foster is the hero, assisted by Skeets Gallagher.



JUNE MOON

Oakie Okay In Bright Comedy: The hilarious play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman anent the trials and tribulations of songwriters has been very effectively brought to the screen as a starring vehicle for Paramount's Oakie. Jack is ideally suited to the rôle of the aspiring lyricist from up-state who visits New York with the idea of making the Irving Berlins of the world look to their laurels.

The action and dialogue closely follow that of the play, with the natural expansion and elaboration allowed by pictures, with the result of some of the livest lines that have come down the sound track in months. Oakie's characterization closely follows that of his delightful *Cyclone Case* in "The Gang Buster." Once more he is the cocky, yet strangely modest and likeable youth who blunders through a maze of intrigue, intent upon the copy-book maxims. The cast is long and good. Harry Akst, as the piano pounder, has most of the laugh lines. The decorative interest is supplied by Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson and the towering blonde, June McCloy.



CRACKED NUTS

Recommended For Laughs: Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey must have seen "All Quiet on the Western Front." You remember the late Louis Wolheim's suggestion that wars be fought by the generals alone, in a squared-off ring. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey have done better than that, in this mad little comedy which proves that Eddie Cline, its director, learned pantomime along with "burleycue" falls at Mack Sennett's school for film folk.

Bert and Bob win a South American revolution by using toy soldiers, tanks and airplanes, to prove to opposing armies how imminent is their defeat. That gag is a sample of just how light and charming a vehicle these two comedians have been provided in "Cracked Nuts." Dorothy Lee shows her pretty knees and improvement as an actress. Edna Mae Oliver is droll. In short, for that after-dinner emptiness, we recommend "Cracked Nuts."

These two comedians keep you awake. They move fast, and they talk fast. And some of their wisecracks are fast.



STRANGERS MAY KISS

Shearer Unsympathetic In Adult Film: Norma Shearer returns to the screen, never more beautiful, in a picture reminiscent of "The Divorcee." As the well-bred girl who becomes a high-class courtezan when her lover abandons her, Norma runs the emotional scale from brazen laughter to heartbroken tears. She is especially good in the brittle and brilliant characterization of the *mondaine*—but we can't help feeling that it is going too far with this type of unsympathetic picture for Shearer.

No clever motivation by the scenario writer can quite excuse the heroine, no harsh behavior on the part of Neil Hamilton—who is excellent as the roving lover who kisses and rides away and expects to find the lady as good as new when he chooses to return. To the feminine viewpoint the heinousness of her gay life is heightened by her gorgeous gowns! Robert Montgomery, as the flippant lover who can forgive the lady too easily to suit her conviction that she isn't any good, emerges as the one really likable character.



BEHIND OFFICE DOORS

Absorbing And Entertaining: An absorbing and pretty sophisticated piece offers a demonstration lesson in the manner in which an efficient private secretary may zoom a young man to the top of the financial ladder. As the young lady in question, Mary Astor is at all times convincing and good to look upon. Indeed, her only lapse seems to be one of judgment—in fastening her affections upon such a cheap bounder as is played by Robert Ames.

Not an elaborate production, placed as it is against the background natural to a private secretary, the picture has, nevertheless, an interest lacking in dozens of the five-and-ten epics which now swarm among us. The dialogue is pungent and well-drawn, and when delivered by such competent people as Miss Astor, Ames, Ricardo Cortez and the newcomer, Kitty Kelly, has a pleasant sense of dramatic naturalness. The story deals with the rapid rise to influence of a flip youth, from salesman to vice-president in one jump, through the influence of the girl with her retiring employer.



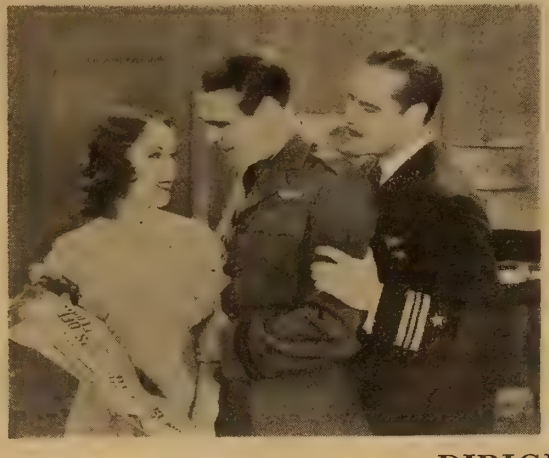
THE CONQUERING HORDE

Should Please The Youngsters: Strictly for the kiddies. Unless you, like the kiddies, enjoy seeing Richard Arlen shoot it out with the villain and his band.

This time Richard helps Fay Wray get her herd of cattle out of the bad lands. To do this Dick has to outwit "*Snake*" *Fletcher* and his mustache, cross rivers, brave storms, deal with the Indians and convince Fay he's her friend. (Just to give a new twist to it, they have Fay thinking Dick's one of *Fletcher's* cads.)

Something tells us (maybe it was the preview audience that insisted on tittering and applauding in the wrong places) that the hokum western has started down the hill. If you've seen "Fighting Caravans," "The Big Trail," "The Great Meadow" or "Covered Wagons," you've seen "The Conquering Horde" and a lot more. Pictures like those are a little tough on a picture like this, if you get what we mean. Claude Gillingwater as the old-timer does the only outstanding work.

The scenery, as usual, is restful.



DIRIGIBLE

Entertaining Adventure Yarn—See It: Remember "Flight" and "Submarine"? Here again we have the indomitable team of Jack Holt and Ralph Graves seeking new fields to conquer. Now it is the Antarctic which calls them.

In attempting to emulate a chap called Richard Byrd—maybe you've heard of him—Holt sets out to the South Pole in a dirigible. He crashes and the craft sinks in the sea. Graves, taking off in an airplane, is lost, whereupon Holt goes to the rescue. Together they fight their way back to civilization. Of course, there is a girl involved, in this case Fay Wray. All three principals perform capably.

Considerable has been realized technically in the ice and snow scenes and the crashes are neatly staged. Comparisons to the former Holt-Graves pictures are naturally invited but "Dirigible" suffers no serious handicap as a result. It pretends to be nothing other than an entertaining adventure yarn and as such succeeds admirably. The youngsters, in particular, will enjoy it.

They're Cool

By

REGINALD

TAVINER



WEBSTER says that to clinch is "to take a strong, close hold; to grapple with." Webster happened to be talking about prize-fights, but most of the Hollywood film colony will let it go at that.

If all the clinches in the movies were placed end to end, or even edge to edge, they would reach to the moon and back. But then, everybody knows that the proper way to measure a kiss in a film is with a thermometer, not a yardstick.

All of which hasn't a thing to do with how those clinches got in the picture in the first place, or the *real* emotions of the players as they put 'em there.

Just how *does* it feel to be kissed by a genuine, live, on-the-hoof movie idol? Is the thrill of it as great as audiences think? What is the actual sensation induced by those immortal lips that draw such sighs clear from the bottoms of the seats?

When Mister Rogers—Charles, *née* Buddy—went to New York for his recent personal appearances, his fans almost mobbed him. Even in Hollywood, George Bancroft goes around with a bodyguard to keep his admirers away. The only way Charlie Farrell can get any privacy is to sneak off on his sailboat, because it takes a mermaid to hang on to his coat-tails then.

That's what the clinches have done for them. While they were down on their luck and did their emoting over empty pockets, nobody followed them around. But as soon as they became cinema sheiks, their paths were immediately strewn with fluttering pulses.

It isn't only Buddy and George and Charlie. Every day of the year, in every civilized community of the world, millions of hearts beat faster because of two temperatures that rise as one before their eyes. *Cinderella* puts on the heroine's magic slipper, and steps forth on the royal road to romance through a film. They put themselves in the hero's arms—but what about the girl who was really there? Did her pulse flutter, too?

Joan Bennett should know. She, perhaps more than any other girl in the entire industry, has had the opportunity to find out. In the past two years she has played in ten different pictures, each time with a different star; and incidentally, she did it so well that United Artists have just given her a brand-new two-a-year starring contract. The rest of the time she can work where she likes and keep all the money she makes—she's all through being sold down the Boulevard. Perhaps in time she will work up to a little stipend like sister Connie's.

When Joan came to Hollywood, she was seventeen. Her picture experience was all ahead of her. She liked to go to the movies—and she thought that it must be wonderful for the heroines to get the breaks they did.



For being such a sweetheart, Joan Bennett has been made a full-fledged star. But Warner Baxter (in inset, above) couldn't make Joan close her eyes. And John Barrymore (right) was worried about his wife

in the Clinches

Take It From Joan Bennett, Who Ought To Know

All those luscious lovers, with their outstretched arms and ardent eyes? Romance—wow!

Since then Joan has played with Ronald Colman, George Arliss, John Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Edmund Lowe, Lewis Ayres, Harry Richman, and a flock of others. She has been heroine with all of them in reality, and she knows not only how that feels, but how each of them compares with the rest.

Her Two Favorites

OF them all, her favorite heroes are Ronald Colman and George Arliss. But perhaps it would be better if Joan described how she felt for herself.

"'Bulldog Drummond' was my first picture," she said, "and I was simply scared to death. But Mr. Colman, besides being one of the most popular stars, is also one of the most helpful and unselfish. Many stars I worked with later used every trick they knew to get all the footage they could for themselves, but Mr. Colman gave me the benefit of his experience by showing *me* all the tricks—how to turn my best photographic angles to the camera, and so on. He was always utterly charming, and I'm sure I owe a great deal to him because of what he taught me in that first picture."

"Yes, Miss Bennett, that's utterly charming, too. Mr. Colman undoubtedly deserves it all—but how did *you* feel when he held *you* in his arms and kissed *you?*"

"Well—you see, that scared me more than anything, then. I wasn't used to it and everybody on the set was looking at us, of course; I blushed, and felt self-conscious, and hoped that it would soon be over and—and that's about all. Only it wasn't soon over, because we had to take the scene at least a half-dozen times."

Shades of Elinor Glyn!

"What about John Barrymore? You did 'Moby Dick' with him, and he's supposed to be about the ultimate in matinée idols, isn't he?"



Robert Montgomery (above) may be a perfect lover to some, but to Joan he was "perfectly lovely." Lew Ayres (left) reminded Joan of herself when very, very young



George Arliss in "Disraeli" (left) gave her more of a thrill than any of them, except Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" (below). They both taught her something

Miss Bennett smiled.

"Yes," she said, "but at just about that time he was expecting to be called to the hospital every minute to see the new baby. On the set he always sat alone and apart, and nobody had very much to do with him."

"But when you saw the famous Barrymore profile looking down into your eyes and felt the famous Barrymore lips on yours, did you feel blushy and self-conscious then?"

"Oh no, I'd overcome that. But I hoped they'd hurry up and call him to the hospital, because I could see he was worrying himself to death!"

"No thrills?"

"No—no thrills."

Well, the doctors do say that a "blessed event" is always much harder on the father, and Barrymore could hardly be expected to be his thrillingest at a time like that.

George Arliss could scarcely be called a matinée idol, and yet he is. A lot of the sex-meters draw 'way behind him at the box office; but probably the admiration of audiences for Arliss is very much the same as Miss Bennett's own. She played with him in "Disraeli."

"I think Mr. Arliss is the most superb artist of them all—er, I'm speaking of him as an actor, of course," she said. "He was simply wonderful to all of us on the set, especially as it was his habit to begin forgetting his lines at exactly half-past four. He simply couldn't get them right after that time, so we all had to go home."

Yes, George Was Thrilling

"DID you get as much of a thrill working with him as with the flaming—well, with the more romantic stars?"

(*Continued on page 108*)



Dodging

By

DOROTHY

MANNERS

TO the world at large there are two degrees of Hollywood marriage. Hot or cold. Happy or divorced. On the surface there is no normal solving-our-own-problem matrimony, for the simple reason that the gossips won't have it that way. A temporary quarrel (indulged in by the happiest of newlyweds in Paradise, Pennsylvania) is a luxury denied the Hollywood honeys unless they want to see their pictures on the front page, with Story on Page 4.

Hollywood's happily married couples guard their little differences with zealous secrecy. With the *Philo Vance* eyes of the rumor-hounds ready to ferret out the smallest difference of opinion and wave it to the world as "trouble between the So-and-Sos," husband and wife are forced into a continuous performance of public necking, baby talk, hand-holding and proclamations of their ecstasy.

Even the newest of newlyweds are not permitted the normal rites of becoming adjusted to one another—which is hardly fair, as Joan Crawford has pointed out.

"The first two or three years of marriage are difficult under any circumstances," she said, "but the first years of marriage between professional people demand even more sympathy and understanding than the others. Actors are usually of such positive personality that it stands to reason they are going to hit the shoals a couple of times before they find the sailing smooth.

"Douglas and I are gloriously happy. I don't think there is any doubt in anyone's mind about that. But it would be silly to say we haven't had our particular corners to round. The first—and worst—problem of our married life was particularly my own battle. I don't think he even knew anything about it.

"To be truthful, I was unreasonably jealous of Douglas. There was one girl in particular, a girl he had known before he knew me, and every time I saw her when I was with him I watched, with the avidity of a detective, to see if his manner was more cordial with her than it was with other women.

"When he would come home from the studio where I knew she was working, too, I would begin the most elaborate conversational maneuvering to find out if he had seen *her* that day. I would say: 'Darling, tell me everything you did to-day. Whom did you see?' All unconscious of my planning, he would reel off a list of names and events. If he didn't mention her name, I was sure it was because he was trying to hide something. If he did mention it—just to say he had seen her and said 'Hello' . . . I took it hard.

"You can see where a thing like that could lead. The happiest marriage in the world can be wrecked on less than unreasonable jealousy. No man can stand that sort of mental suspicion and not grow angry. It forces him into the unnatural position of guarding his speech and manner and makes him uncomfortably self-conscious.

"Luckily, I realized the silly foolishness of what I was doing before our problem reached that stage. I had a common-sense talk with myself one day. I said: 'Look here, young lady. If your husband had been interested in that other girl, if there had been any real feeling between them, he had the opportunity to marry her six months before he ever met you. If you really love a person, you trust him. If you don't trust him, then you have no reason being together at all. Do you trust Douglas, or don't you?' The answer from me to myself on that was a most assured 'Yes!' I know in my heart that we are never going to have to jump that particular hurdle again."

All of which goes to prove that a little common-sense talk with one's self, now and then, is one great way of dodging divorce.

So They Do What Dick Likes

"I THINK the most peculiar and common problem to all brides," began Jobyna Ralston, in discussing the marriage problems of the Richard Arlens, "is in becoming reconciled to the love philosophy of men. All men. I know that Dick is not alone in this particular thing I am going to speak about:

"During the courtship days, the pursuing male is zealously attentive to every whim of his sweetheart. Little things and big things are for her to decide. If she wants to go to the theater, they go to the theater. If she wants to stay home, they stay home. But with matrimony, a subtle change sets in. The degree of love is not lessened, but certain instinctive male characteristics begin to assert themselves. For instance—

"Before Dick and I were married, we did the things I wanted to do. After we had been married a few months, I found I was doing the things Dick wanted to do. It upset me a little at first. One evening I said something to him about it. Man-like, he was

Here's How Hollywood's "Happiest Couples" Are Doing It

Divorce

thoroughly surprised. He hadn't been conscious of any lapse, I know. He was so eager to please me, I was almost sorry I had mentioned it; but once started, I decided to push it through. 'I've learned to play tennis and golf and all the games you like,' I told him. 'Don't you think you might like to learn bridge, for my sake?' At that time, bridge was a great hobby of mine. I knew several couples who played bridge together several times a week, and I felt Dick and I were being left out of a lot of fun because he could not play the game.

"I never felt so sorry for anyone as I did for Dick the night I tried to give him his first bridge lesson. He tried so hard to learn for my sake, but underneath he was so bored and confused! Suddenly I found myself around in his lap with my arms about his neck. It wasn't exactly clear in my mind at that time, what decision I had reached, but it later worked itself out into this: I really liked to do the things Dick liked to do—the golf and tennis. He didn't, and never could, like this thing I was asking him to do. Then why make a problem out of something we could both be happy at, *his way*—and only one of us happy, *my way?* When you get right down to it, the whole secret of marriage is *happiness for two* and not for the one who carries a stubborn point in an argument."

Dinner-Time Differences

AFTER four or five years of married life, it is the little problems and not the big ones that are important, according to a statement from Conrad Nagel. The Nagels have been the proud, happy boast of Hollywood for years as "that ideal couple," but even the Nagels have known their matrimonial compromises. To a lady in search of information, Conrad recently admitted:

"I think my wife is the most charming, attractive and delightful woman I have ever known. There is no one whose companionship I value more—and yet, for a while, I actually dreaded to go into a café with her. *She could never make up her mind what she wanted to eat.* Ruth would carefully read the card from soup to desserts and still be totally at a loss as to what she wanted. Occasionally, she would half-heartedly make up her mind, only to change it three or four times before the order was complete. A small thing, of course. But marriage is one of those funny games in which small things are so important.

"One evening when we were dining in a café, I made her a sporting proposition. 'Is there anything I do at the table that you don't like?' I asked. I was hardly prepared for her prompt answer. 'Yes,' she said. 'When we are at home, you never eat vegetables. Yet you insist that little Ruth eat them. How can you expect her to be forced to like them when you so obviously hate them yourself?' The silly argument made us laugh, but before it was settled I had promised to eat what was put before me at home, even the vegetables; and Ruth promised in a café, to make up her mind about what she wanted to eat promptly."

The Too-Faithful Friends

THOSE happy kids, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, settled an important and dangerous problem during the first few months of their marriage.

"We found,"

(*Continued on page 95*)



Joan and Doug (at the top) might not be so lovey-dovey now if Joan hadn't told herself a few things. Dick and Joby Arlen (right) keep happy by doing what Dick likes

The Bachelor Girls

There's A Big Crowd Of Them--And They're Happily Unmarried



Anita Page (left) "gurgles" at the happiness she gets out of her home. She's not planning tea-for-two right away



At the right is where Greta Garbo hides from all prospective suitors, saves her money, and basks in the sun

DOZENS of women in Hollywood, from eighteen to sixty-one, earn their own money, possess their own homes, invest their own funds, and do just as they please, without any reference to the male of the species. And the man who can coax these bachelor girls from their satisfactory single states will have to put up an argument that possesses more lure than usually goes with a visit to the altar—or a justice of the peace.

There's Greta Garbo, for instance, who draws a weekly salary that would pay about half the cost of keeping the Swedish royal family. Being Scandinavian, she has to live near the sea, so she has her home at Santa Monica, and leads "the simple life." Her wants are looked after by a man and his wife, and she spends her leisure in the sun. In due time Greta will go back to her native Sweden with a couple of million dollars that will belong to Greta herself, personally, and she won't have to ask any man for a dollar to buy a new box of face powder. She's about the independentest bachelor girl of Hollywood and gives every indication of staying that way. No suitors need apply.

Travel up a tree-clad canyon and arrive at the modest home of Mlle. Fifi Dorsay, the eminently French young person who never saw France, having descended on Hollywood from Montreal.

"Marry?" says Fifi, arching her brows, "to have some hoosban' say 'Do so' or 'Not do so'? I have not yet seen that man. Me, I am myself. This is my house. I own it. I make this my bedroom and this my boudoir, or maybe I turn them about, but all is as I like. I cook and housekeep because my *grand'mère* taught me so. I have friends and I ask them to dine, but I need not ask friends of someone else." Fifi finished significantly.



June Collyer gave up a perfectly good career as a New York débutante to come to Hollywood, make a movie name for herself, buy this house, and run it herself

Lois and Genevieve

THEN if you should wander down Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, you probably would notice a beautiful, roomy, English-Tudor house. And if luck were with you, perhaps a most attractive person with a pair of colorful parrakeets on her shoulder would come out on the lawn. That would be Lois Wilson, one of the most confirmed of Hollywood's single sirens.

"But I'm not sworn to the single life," says Lois. "I see so many of my friends happily married that perhaps if the proper man came along I'd—think about it. But I love my own home. I love my independence. I love to have my friends here with me because I am a home person, and I dislike hotels, restaurants and public places."

Lois Wilson's home radiates happiness and charm and she loves it because she earned it for herself.

London, Paris and New York—great cities as they are, with

of Hollywood

By
LILLIAN
SHIRLEY





Irene Dunne, who is Dix's leading lady again in "Big Brother," likes to swing on her own gate (right) and make fruit cake

Lois Wilson is one of Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor girls. The home she has (left) is the principal reason

attractions that cannot be denied—are likely to see little of Genevieve Tobin hereafter. She was born and brought up in New York, made a hit on the stage, went to London and repeated it, moved over to Paris and duplicated the London achievement, and then met Uncle Carl Laemmle, who suggested Hollywood. So here she is.

"There's no place like Hollywood," Genevieve told me. "I'm entranced with it all. At first I was in doubt if I would remain, but then I purchased a home to make sure. Mother lives with me and the greatest thrill we get is the marketing. I'm just wild about the Hollywood markets and I can give a good performance in the kitchen, believe it or not."

But Genevieve sees no romance in sight. Not that she has objection to marriage, you understand, but the Fates have failed so far to produce any male counter-attraction to her bachelor-girl's establishment.

June and Irene

A LONG line of socially registered Collyers in New York would be considerably astonished if they could see the young person for whom a brilliant débutante career had been planned, balancing a check-book and auditing the grocer's weekly bad-news bulletin—and having the time of her young life. They wouldn't understand, because that sort of thing has always been a secretary's task.

"Tut-tut with a social life," says June Collyer. "There's nothing like a paying profession, drawing your own money, running your own life, living in Southern California and trying to justify your friends' good opinion of you as a housekeeper."

And the delightful high-roofed house proves in every nook and corner that a girl's bachelor home is a pleasanter place to live than any jazzy hotel. Incidentally, the butchers and the bakers and the grocers know better than to try to fool June. They know she knows.

"I'm a Southerner, and the South is a country of homes." Irene Dunne tells me, "but it isn't altogether a region of feminine independence for women. The old traditions die hard there. So I'm thrilled with my home-making in Hollywood. I'm of the stage, and stage people are not home people, because they can't be. But picture people can be real home folks and the first big thrill I had was when I bought my very own house up here in the Hollywood hills, and the second was when Mother and I went out into our own garden Christmas Day and picked the flowers for the dinner table."

But don't harbor the idea that Irene is merely the owner of her home. She's a real housekeeper and the moving picture colony speaks with reverential awe of her abilities as a fruit-cake maker.

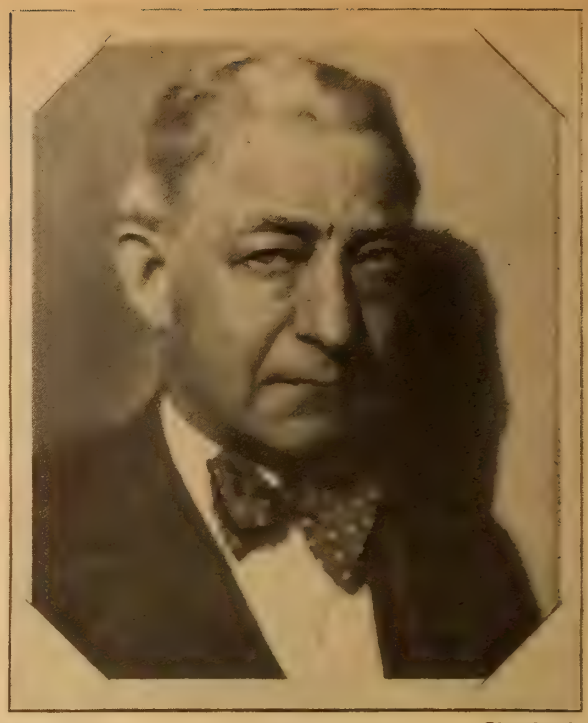
(*Continued on page 96*)



Dorothy Jordan's passion for the water-front in "Min and Bill" wasn't faked. Here she is in front of her new beach home at Playa Del Rey, bought with her own money



Mrs. Pat Campbell (left) was astounded — and said so — at Hollywood's ignorance of her. Edmund Breese (right) is still working after forty years on the stage. Cissie Loftus (below), about to play a screen mother, used to be Dad's idea of sex appeal



Cleveland

They Thrilled

Maybe You Didn't Seeing The Idols

By HELEN



THESE new-fangled movie stars may be all right in their way. Your Buddy Rogerses, your Clara Bows, your Sue Carols and Lew Ayreses. But for real, honest-to-goodness trouping, there's none of 'em can hold a candle to the stage stars of twenty or thirty or forty years ago! Ask Mother and Dad.

Mother and Dad can remember Sothern and Marlowe and Mrs. Leslie Carter and John Drew. They can remember Maude Adams and De Wolf Hopper and James O'Neill. Lawrence Grant and Edmund Breese and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Weber and Fields and Trixie Friganza and—well, look at Marie Dressler, now! Isn't she putting a lot of these young things in their places?

And for good sex appeal—this It thing, or whatever they call it, nowadays—there's nobody who can compare with Cissie Loftus or Robert Warwick or some of those of an earlier time. You should have seen how the girls and the young blades used to hang around stage doors to catch a glimpse of *them!* And the mash notes and the flowers and the champagne drunk from dainty slippers—ah, those were the glamourous days!

Of course, George Arliss and Otis Skinner and Cyril Maude have been starred, as they deserve, in pictures, and Mother and Dad are a bit smug about that. John Barrymore almost belongs to that era, too, for he was a matinée idol on the stage for years before he entered pictures and before matinée idols became history. But you'll never get Mother and Dad to admit that he is as fine in any talkie as he was in "Hamlet" or "Peter Ibbetson."

No. They shake their heads. There's just something . . .

And They Have to Explain

MOTHER and Dad will be pleased—and maybe a little bit saddened, too—to hear that there is quite a sizable group of their former favorites in Hollywood right now. And they're going to be pretty indignant when they find out that these folk, who have anywhere from twenty to fifty years of distinguished stage experience behind them, frequently have to



Bull



Trixie Friganza (left) was the Winnie Lightner of another day, and she isn't letting Hollywood forget it. Lawrence Grant (right) doesn't exactly enjoy having to explain who he is. Robert Warwick (below) used to be the young lover. Now he's the menace

Mother *and* Dad

Realize You Were Of Yesteryear

LOUISE WALKER



explain to this new generation of show people *who they are!*

Lawrence Grant tells me that he lost an excellent part recently because the casting department had confused him with Lawrence Gray and wanted a man of the latter's age and type! It's not the first time it has happened, either, he adds, with a smile. This, after the years he played with Olga Nethersole—and after Jane Cowl wrote the leading male rôle in "Smilin' Thru" for him . . .

These veterans are so bewildered at the necessity of identifying themselves, so unaccustomed to having people fail to know exactly what they have done in their long, crowded careers, that some of them are a little bit inefficient at "putting themselves over." It takes time for them to learn that a loud and boastful voice is one of the chief requisites of success hereabouts.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has done better than almost any of them at attracting attention to herself and letting it be known, with emphasis, who she is.

"*The* Mrs. Patrick Campbell," is the way she puts it. A pretty good way.

She Starred, Begorra

WHEN she received her first offer of a part in a picture, she was aghast because it was a character part. Friends argued with her and explained that no one, no matter how distinguished, was ever starred until the studios had had a chance to see how he photographed. She should consider this merely a test. After a great deal of persuasion, she accepted the rôle.

To make up to her for the unimportance of the part, the studio gave her a star's dressing-room and kept it filled with flowers. They furnished her with a car and driver while she was working there. (Which shows you what a *real* grand manner will do!)

But the wily Mrs. Pat, I am told, had ideas of her own about acting. No matter what the scene, no matter where they were shooting, there was Mrs. Pat in the exact center of the shot. In vain did they explain to her that someone else was the star

(*Continued on page 102*)



Russell Ball

You can't beat Lew Cody. *No, suh!* Just when it looks as if he's out of the game, he and his luck stage a comeback. Jim can tell you. Jim has been with him for fifteen years, seen it happen more than once. Just for good luck, Jim changed his own name to Cody long ago

Leading New York Beauty Experts

endorse olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.



ROSE LAIRD
Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

Rose Laird





Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!



DUMAS
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.



PIERRE
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."



ROBERT
Whose Fifth Avenue salon is extremely chic, is another New York beauty specialist who emphasizes the value of Palmolive.

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamourous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

675A



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

"YES_I am

SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen favorite tells how 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars keep the lure of youthful skin . . .

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old!

"A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To hold her public she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. We know it says 'youth' quicker than anything else. Any woman who wants to keep her charm right through the years should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "*I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly*," she says.

For *every* type of skin, the Hollywood stars find, this fragrant, lovely white soap is the perfect complexion care. Surely *you* will want to try it!



■ **IRENE RICH AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS** (left to right) Frances, 20 years old, Jane (in background) 14, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, still irresistibly appealing, Irene Rich says: "Any woman can keep her youthful freshness right through the years. The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap for years, and my daughters, too, use it."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap *Youth* LUX

39 years old!"



Photograph by Autrey
Hollywood, 1930



■ **IRENE RICH,** the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Above is one of her most recent photographs. Years have only added to her charm. Today she faces even the cruel test of close-up lights triumphantly youthful, as this picture (right) from one of her recent films shows!

Toilet Soap—10¢

Where Are The Breaks?



Dyar

Jean Arthur Is One Of The Puzzles Of Hollywood. *Maybe, You Know The Answer*

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

JEAN ARTHUR worked hard and never missed an opportunity. Her reward: bitter disappointment and one setback after another. Determination and courage are her most outstanding characteristics. After six years, they have brought her a contract as a featured player who is more often idle than busy.

This is just a gentle warning to any ambitious youths who may be planning to conquer life by hard work and pluck alone. Don't believe all you learn from the copybooks and the Y.M.C.A. You may have to arm yourself with a few other weapons. Determination doesn't get you anywhere, unless you get the breaks, too.

The success story of Jean Arthur is always being written. But it always turns out to be a little premature. Every so often she seems to have beaten the game, and things that she does are hailed with enthusiasm and excitement. But afterwards nothing ever seems to happen.

"Something happened yesterday that turned the world upside down," said Jean apologetically.

It was just history repeating itself.

Jean has been under contract to Paramount for several years. But her last good part was a long time ago. She has been loaned to RKO for two pictures. And lately she has done nothing.

So she got the studio's permission to play the lead in a play called "Spring Song," at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Jean worked hard on that. It was her first stage appearance, but she gave a performance that was strictly in the class with Broadway stars. She hoped someone from the studio would see her. They did—and she was given the lead opposite William Powell in "Gentlemen of the Streets."

Strange, but True

IT was in the paper and everything. Jean was happy.

The next day, something happened, and the part was given to another girl.

"I was just a little bit disappointed," said Jean.

Well, it's happened before. In "The Saturday Night Kid" she gave an insinuating, excellent performance, and stole the picture from Clara Bow. Everyone hailed it as a sensation—and that was that.

Years ago, when Jean was an extra girl, she worked for eighteen hours straight, without pay, in an advertising film because she hoped some producer would see her in it and like her. But nobody did.

Everything she has ever won has been something she didn't especially want. As a photographer's model in New York she wasn't much interested in going into pictures—so her screen test was excellent.

But when Fox had signed her on a contract, she did want the leading rôle they gave her in her first picture—so they took her out.

"They thought I was a smart girl," said Jean. "And I was. But I just didn't know how to act."

She played opposite monkeys after that, and struggled through independent pictures until she finally achieved a contract at Paramount.

"I had to do everything by myself," she said. "There

(Continued on page 93)

PRICE DOES NOT MEASURE QUALITY IN THIS TOOTHPASTE

Council on Dental Therapeutics accepts

COLGATE'S 25c



ACCEPTED
AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy

COLGATE'S is the biggest selling toothpaste on the market—and has been for 30 years.

Colgate's is more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

Colgate's now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FOR THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE



Lippman

Joe E. Brown and his pride and joy, aside from The World's Biggest Smile. Her name is Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown. The last time Joe and Mrs. Joe were East, they returned with her. Hollywood, totally unprepared, thought she was adopted. "Don't you believe it," says Joe

PRINTED WITH PERMISSION

Following is an interview with one of Hollywood's most distinguished skin specialists . . . It was secured by Janet Parker, (authoress of "The Index to Loveliness") through the courtesy of Sue Carol . . . It is printed with the full permission of the physician.

TELL YOUR READERS TO WATCH *Skin Dryness*

SAID SUE CAROL'S DERMATOLOGIST IN MY LATEST HOLLYWOOD INTERVIEW

A Frank Talk with one of the Nation's leading Skin Specialists . . .

This is Beauty News of interest to Women everywhere . . .



Sue Carol listens only to a specialist when it comes to the care of her youthfully lovely skin

"Keeping the million dollar complexions of screen stars up to standard is difficult," says Sue Carol's dermatologist, who also guards the beauty of many other Hollywood stars.

"My patients daily meet the scrutiny of critical directors under the great ruinous lights of the studios. Their merciless fire dries out the skin terribly, ages and wrinkles it rapidly, unless a constant effort is made to give back the oils that are its nourishment.

"But most women have the same problem . . . dry skin . . . some specialists say as many as two-thirds. Over-heated houses, late hours, fatless foods, motoring, dirt, these cause dryness to be a general skin ailment.

"For dryness, I recommend a pure cold cream . . . one that is dermatologically correct. It is Woodbury's. Made in a scientific laboratory, subjected to rigid tests, compounded from carefully selected oils, it has the authority of skin specialists behind it. I used to write my own formula, but now I just tell my patients to use Woodbury's Cold Cream.

"Woodbury's Facial Cream is equally good. As a powder base I approve of it because it does not fill up the pores."

Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream in 50¢ jars and 25¢ tubes may be bought at drug stores and toilet goods counters, likewise all Woodbury aids.



THE THREE NEWEST WOODBURY SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . for removing dust, powder, make-up and grime. With Woodbury's Tissue Cream, an effective home facial treatment. 75¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . is a rich emollient cream. Especially good for dry skin and as a preventive of wrinkles. $1.00 a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . to be used with and after Woodbury's Cold Cream, or with Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams. Tonic, stimulating, gently astringent. 75¢ a bottle.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

John H. Woodbury, Inc.
6305 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd.
Perth, Ont.

Please send me trial set of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder for which I enclose 10¢.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Woodbury's SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY AIDS

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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



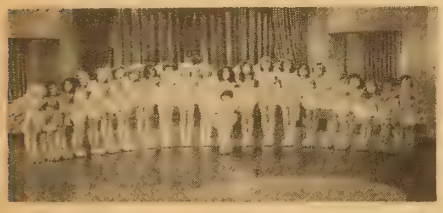
A HAPPY LITTLE HONEYMOON

When a featured player feels like taking a holiday, he makes a two-reel comedy. More and more of them are doing it, as you may have noticed. The latest—and one of the most successful at it—is Glenn Tryon. He clicks in this fast-moving short. He and his new bride evade their noisy friends, and drive out to his uncle's mansion in the country, anticipating a quiet honeymoon. However, a strange marauder is about, and he's after the ten thousand dollars uncle gave them as a wedding present. He whisks away everyone but Glenn and uncle, who give him quite a chase. (Educational)

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER

The more we see of these short true stories told by William J. Burns, the famous detective, the better we like them. They pack surprising suspense, considering that the only voice you hear is that of Burns, telling the stories; the characters who enact them are silent. And the actors, incidentally, are new to you—like the stories—which heightens the realism. The newest of the series details the theft of a valuable government document, and discovery of the thief by his writing an anonymous letter, asking money for his loot. It ends with his punishment—an unusual one. (Educational)





BABY FOLLIES

Gus Edwards has been discovering talented youngsters ever since he was a youngster himself—which wasn't yesterday. Eddie Cantor and Lila Lee, to name only two, got their start in his shows. And his latest idea shows that he still knows his business. He has assembled a group of children who can dance and sing in grown-up fashion and built a miniature revue about them. It's complete even to the master of ceremonies and the wisecracks; and is in color. It ends neatly. The ensemble, composed of older youngsters, gradually changes until finally you see infants doing their stuff. A real novelty. (M-G-M)

GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

Ever since Charlotte Greenwood taught Karl Dane how to love, a few years ago, in "Baby Mine," she has been turning out supremely ridiculous comedies. There's no one quite like her. The longest and thinnest woman on the screen, she is also one of the wittiest. In her newest, she insists on changing jobs for the day with her lazy husband (Vernon Dent). She makes him stay home and keep house, while she goes off to business in a Baby Austin, a vehicle she has never seen before. She discovers that he isn't a bookkeeper, but a piano-mover. They both end up in the hospital. (Educational)





FINGER PRINTS

When talkies came in, serials died. But they didn't stay buried. Once sound recording was perfected for outdoor scenes, the producers revived them. And they are bringing back many of the youngsters to the movie theaters. The reasons are obvious in "Finger Prints." Keeping up to the minute, this deals with a young couple's struggles with some racketeers. There is plenty of gun play and there are thrilling chases. Something happens every minute, with a bang-up finish to every episode. The dialogue is short and sharp. This is 1931's adequate substitute for the dime novel. (Universal)

COURT PLASTERED

If you're one of these murder-trial fans, you'll get a kick out of this travesty of such tabloid fodder. Helen Broderick is the attractive widow on trial. She confesses to murdering her husband, but claims it was justifiable. He was a great whistler, and would wake her up in the middle of the night to whistle a song and ask her what it was. And then, one night, he whistled "The Stein Song." Her wisecracks and s. a. make both the judge and jury whistle—and she's acquitted. Unusual for a comedy short in the quality and quantity of its flip remarks. (Vitaphone Varieties)





CHINESE FLOWER BOAT

Most musical shorts are nothing more than a song-and-dance act. You hear some boop-oop-a-dooping, see some nifty nifty stepping, and that's all. But here's something new. For one thing, it's in color. And for another thing—and this is important—you see a little drama. A flower boat (the Chinese equivalent of a night-club) rides at anchor in a crowded river. Its prime entertainer is Ivy Leaf, who is desired by both a pirate captain and a mandarin. The love triangle is unfolded musically and fancifully, with the music of a tinkling, romantic Chinese sort. (Tiffany)

SERVICE STRIPES

If there's anyone on the screen with a funnier laugh than newcomer Joe Penner, we have yet to hear him. That peculiar cackle of his is one of the things that's going to end the depression. At least, it's off to a good start in this little laugh-getter. There's nothing new about the story. He's a dumb rookie in the A. E. F., and his worst enemy is the hard-boiled, tough sergeant. There's the usual femme in the vicinity and she causes the usual trouble. However, Joe's tricking of the top sergeant and the rest of the boys is a little different, and his laugh—that's plenty different. (Vitaphone Varieties)









Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, *beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.* "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

IT'S no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from* 10.30 *to* 11.00 (*Eastern standard time*).



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

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It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

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TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Aloha—White man (Ben Lyon) brings brown girl (Raquel Torres) back from the South Seas as his wife but the noble experiment fails. Just one of those things (Tiffany).

Along Came Youth—Charles Rogers and Stuart Erwin (especially Stuart Erwin) in a lightweight comedy about two young Yankees stranded in England (Par.).

The Bachelor Father—A well-fixed old fellow rounds up the three children he suspects he has. One of them is Marion Davies, and she'll amuse the adults. Her best talkie (M-G-M).

Beau Ideal—The sequel to "Beau Geste," with Ralph Forbes again playing *John*. High-powered adventure, but less believable than the original (RKO).

Beyond Victory—Facing death, five front-line buddies go back home in fancy. A sentimental version of soldiers, but well-done, with Bill Boyd and James Gleason the most convincing (Pathé).

The Blue Angel—Emil Jannings comes back to his American fans as a schoolmaster who makes a clumsy, tragic lover. He is ably assisted to his doom by Marlene Dietrich (Par.).

Body and Soul—On furlough, Aviator Charles Farrell falls in love with the wife of a dead comrade, and both of them are suspected as spies. Farrell's best in ages, but chief honors go to the unusual newcomer, Elissa Landi (Fox).

The Boudoir Diplomat—He loves one girl, is loved by another, and has official orders to love a third. Ian Keith has some embarrassing and occasionally amusing moments (Univ.).

Captain Applejack—John Halliday dreams of being a pirate captain, but he finds adventure right at home. Amusing melodrama (W. B.).

Caught Cheating—Irish Charlie Murray and Jewish George Sidney go to a masked ball, fall for a gangster's moll, are taken for a ride. For twelve-year-olds (Tiffany).

Charley's Aunt—As the college youth who has to pose as A Sweet Old Thing, Charles Ruggles injects new laughs into an old comedy (Col.).

Cimarron—Edna Ferber's colorful story of the growth of Oklahoma becomes a talkie epic, with Richard Dix living the rôle of the adventurer, *Yancey Cravat* (RKO).

The Cohens and Kellys in Africa—Charlie Murray, George Sidney and some silly comedy in the jungle and sheik country (Univ.).

The Command Performance—A prince discovers that an actor is his double, makes him play his rôle in a courtship. Neil Hamilton is amusing, twice over (Tiffany).

The Criminal Code—The first powerful successor to "The Big House." Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes show you why convicts can't be made to talk (Col.).

Damaged Love—June Collyer makes the mistake of loving a man she knows is married. The moral isn't as convincing as June is (Sono-Art).

Dance, Fools, Dance—Joan Crawford pays another dramatic visit to the underworld, this time as a girl reporter who solves a murder mystery (M-G-M).



For her second picture, Chaplin's find, Virginia Cherrill, is an amusing co-ed in "Girls Demand Exitement"



As a gold-digger and an easy mark, Lilyan Tashman and Leon Errol promote the fun in "Finn and Hattie"

The Devil To Pay—Ronald Colman hates work and loves heiresses. Some more smooth Colman cleverness (U. A.).

Divorce Among Friends—James Hall and Irene Delroy insist on fighting and Natalie Moorhead and Lew Cody insist on trying to separate them. Neat domestic comedy (W. B.).

Dracula—the greatest "terror" story ever written—Bram Stoker's tale of a vampire—comes to the screen as a thriller and chiller. Bela Lugosi is the living dead man (Univ.).

The Easiest Way—Constance Bennett, with the help of Messrs. Montgomery and Menjou, illustrates the advantages and disadvantages of being a kept woman. Slow-motioned, but tense (M-G-M).

Ex-Flame—That ancient tear-jerker, "East Lynne," in modern dress. Neil Hamilton and Marian Nixon struggle through some heavy dialogue (Liberty).

Fair Warning—Out where men are still strong, though no longer silent, George O'Brien serves notice before he shoots. A Western that will do (Fox).

Father's Son—Booth Tarkington's story of the normal youngster and the abnormal father is made intense by young Leon Janney and Lewis Stone (W. B.).

Fifty Million Frenchmen—Two wild weeks in Paris, with William Gaxton pursuing Claudia Dell, and Olsen and Johnson pursuing him. Unlike the stage version, a musicless comedy—and a good one (W. B.).

Fighting Caravans—A slowly told saga of the wagon-trains that took merchandise across to the Forty-Niners. Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are two good scouts, Gary Cooper is a fair one. Lily Damita puts the pep in the picture (Par.).

Fighting Thru—Ken Maynard and his horse clean up a crooked gold-mine town. Speedier than most Westerns (Tiffany).

Finn and Hattie—Leon Errol and Zasu Pitts go abroad, taking Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl with them. Leon and Zasu are amusing, but Mitzi and Jackie are a riot (Par.).

Follow the Leader—Broadway's "Perfect Fool," Ed Wynn, breaks into the talkies. As an unintentional gang leader, he's insanely comic (Par.).

Forgotten Women—Betty Compson becomes a real lady just in time to avoid becoming one of the ladies of the evening. An odd mixture of comedy, tragedy and melodrama. Previewed as "Ladies for Hire" (RKO).

Free Love—With a swift left to the chin, Conrad Nagel cures his wife (Genevieve Tobin) of philandering. A new climax for the same old triangle story (Univ.).

The Gang Buster—By dumb, amusing luck, countrified Jack Oakie breaks up a gun-mob. His best yet (Par.).

Gentleman's Fate—John Gilbert's latest takes him into the underworld and gives him a chance to show an unexpected flair for light comedy (M-G-M).

Girls Demand Excitement—What happens when the boys think they object to the co-eds at a small college. Better than most campus comedies, boasting John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and a basketball game between girls and boys (Fox).

Going Wild—Joe E. Brown, who can't fly, is mistaken for a famous aviator. Whirlwind slapstick (F. N.).

The Great Meadow—A beautifully photographed and exciting tale of the Kentucky pioneers, with John Mack Brown and Eleanor Boardman supplying the romance (M-G-M).

Hook, Line and Sinker—As a couple of insurance salesmen who invade gangland, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey let loose some wild wise-cracks (RKO).

The Hot Heiress—Ben Lyon may be a steelworker, and Ona Munson may be a society gal, but she gets her man. Lighter than you'd expect, with some songs that help matters (F. N.).

How He Lied to Her Husband—George Bernard Shaw's first play to reach the screen—a dullish bit of nonsense about a poet who writes his verses to another man's wife and tries to deny it (British International).

Illicit—Barbara Stanwyck is all for free love, instead of marriage, until James Rennie is lured elsewhere. A story for grown-ups, told in a grown-up way (W. B.).

Inspiration—Greta Garbo tries to persuade Robert Montgomery that a woman of Paris knows how to love. The best love-making yet done in the talkies (M-G-M).

The Jaws of Hell—The picturization of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." Well-done, with Cyril McLaglen, brother of Victor, heading the English cast (British International).

Kept Husbands—Dorothy Mackaill gets her man by doing the proposing, and then her troubles begin. Far-fetched comedy, saved by Dorothy's acting (RKO).

Kiki—Mary Pickford stages a big comeback as the fiery French coquette whose heart affairs kept her head awhirl (U. A.).

Kismet—Otis Skinner revives his great silent success—the fantastic, colorful tale of the beggar who went from rags to riches and back again, all in a day (F. N.).

Kiss Me Again—Victor Herbert's operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," all dressed up—and inclined to be dullish. Bernice Claire, however, is worth looking at and hearing (F. N.).

Ladies' Man—William Powell leads the life of a professional lover, until Kay Francis—and tragedy—come along. A delicate handling of a delicate theme (Par.).

The Lash—Richard Barthelmess rests from his recent strenuous efforts by being a typical good-hearted bandit in old California (F. N.).

Little Caesar—The rise and fall of an underworld chieftain. Edward G. Robinson shows you a gangster who is a gangster—no soft-hearted movie bad boy (F. N.).

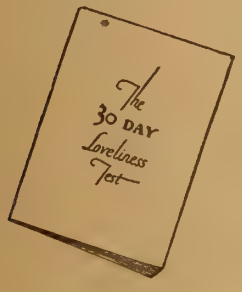
Lonely Wives—With Edward Everett Horton the

(*Continued on page 98*)



A lion kills the beast, but Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Mutia share it in "Trader Horn"

Already 300,000 women *have called on us for* help





In her search for greater loveliness where must a woman begin? During the last twelve months Cleanliness Institute answered that question for 300,000 women . . . sent them free copies of *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.* And each day brings more and more requests.

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For instance, your skin. If you want it to look clear and fresh and radiant, you must keep it really clean. Every night, every morning — without fail — cleanse your face with soap and warm water. If you like to use creams, use them before or after, never in the place of, soap and water.

And your hair! It should be soft and smooth and lustrous. So don't neglect it. Shampoo frequently and thoroughly. And incidentally there is a right way to shampoo and a wrong way. Read page 15 of our booklet.

To be dainty, to look your very best at all times, be particularly careful of your clothing; nothing brings out poise and charm like immaculate cleanliness in dress.

And it is for that same reason that the bath is so important. Good grooming begins with the bath. Always step in before you step out!

Above all, guard against letting one or two little things spoil the good effects of all the others. That, perhaps, is the most helpful thing about *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.* It suggests a single, simple plan, a definite program to follow.

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Try this plan for thirty days. Begin now by clipping the coupon below. It will bring you a free copy of *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test.* In an easy, understandable way this interesting booklet tells exactly what to do . . . exactly where to begin.

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So You'd Like To Be A STAR?

By
ROBERT FENDER

Maybe You Don't Know What You're Wishing On Yourself



Kornman

If you ever become famous and wealthy, you'll need a guard at your gate. Bob Lewis (above) is the man that Harold Lloyd needed

IT'S easy to go sour in Hollywood. If yours is a just normal job, paying an almost normal salary, you're apt, if not awfully careful, to do quite a bit of snarling when reminded of the mint movie stars get for doing what they do. In that frame of mind, you seek out your mirror and take a long look. What, you reflect at your reflection, has Charles (Buddy) Rogers or Bob Montgomery or Dorothy Lee or Marguerite Churchill that you haven't? Nothing. Why, then, shouldn't *you* become a star and get your share of that easy gravy? Let someone else sell those vacuum cleaners or take that dictation. As for you, you're through with working for a living. From now on you're hot after a movie career: a worry-less snap of a career, which boasts no work harder than keeping one's profile on an even keel.

So you prepare to tell the boss a few things you've wanted to tell him for a long time. It's good-bye to the humdrum, petty, workaday life. Now for the magic existence of a movie star. Now for the effortless job with the silver lining.

But just a moment. May I please have a few words with you before you hurl all those names at the boss? Before you burn *all* your bridges, may I point out that the movie star's job is really not so hot after all? Will you listen when I tell you that you must be built of pretty hardy stuff to stand the strain and that, ten to one, you'd chuck the whole idea before so very long to return (and gladly) to whatever ignoble job you had before you had your vision?

You'd Have To Worry Along

FEAR—constant fear is one of the bigger and better crosses that movie folk must constantly bear. Harold Lloyd is afraid of his great wealth. He carefully guards from publication the exact amount of his income with the hope of dissuading those who, through racketeering, might try to get it away from him. A greater fear than that, however, is the one he holds for his little girls, Gloria and Mildred—and now, also, for Harold, Jr. Kidnappers, he knows, could do far worse than hold them for ransom. What if someone with the crazed mind of those who deal in such things should actually do away with his children? The risk is ever present and very great. He has but one alternative. Harold Lloyd's children are never left unguarded. Nor, for the most part, is Harold. (Try to get very close to the Lloyd home without being stopped and questioned.)

That same fear is shared by nearly every prominent player having children. Clive Brook rarely allows a picture to be taken of his small boy and girl. An ounce of prevention, you know. It's best, Brook avers, for outsiders to know as little of his family affairs as possible. His children are never left unwatched. Guarded, too, are Gloria Swanson's kiddies. And Mary Pickford sees to it that her little niece is always under the watchful eye of a responsible employee.

(*Continued on page 97*)

"How *thrilling* . . . to find the fountain of youth in a perfume bottle!"

says

HELEN TWELVETREES



"Goodness knows *I'm* no explorer! . . . yet I've found it . . . the fountain of youth . . . right here at my own dressing table! It came disguised as a perfume, in a *precious* flacon . . . and every droplet smiled and twinkled . . . well, just like an April sunbeam. I lifted the stopper, and knew at once . . . that Seventeen was no *ordinary* perfume. For at once, almost, it caught me up—and held and held me—in its own thrilling mood . . . of Seventeen!"





To impart the skin-tone of Seventeen . . .

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a new and different powder which brings youth to your complexion, as Seventeen Perfume brings youth to your mood! Seventeen is a *two-tone* powder . . . in which tones are blended, just as Nature blends them in the youthful skin. Thus, Seventeen imparts the true skin-tone of youth to your complexion . . . the combination of tones gives life and radiance, and avoids the flat appearance of ordinary powders. In four fascinating shades. *Other Seventeen toiletries* . . . Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compacts, a solid and liquid Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water . . . and the blithe perfume, Seventeen.

Seventeen

THE ANSWER MAN



Lew Ayres' Mail Is Running Wild
There's Heaps of Notes For Nancy Carroll



The Answer Man will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to the Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York



NORWALK FAN—Jean Har- low hails from Kansas City, Kansas. Born on March 3, 1911, weighs 110 pounds, five feet two and a half inches tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes. You will see her next in "The Secret Six," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1901. He has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes and has been married to Bebe Daniels since June 14, 1930.

CLAUDE L. S.—Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich., he is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. Married to Agnes Heron Miller. His most recent pictures released are "The Indians Are Coming" and "Heroes of the Flames." John Mack Brown, Dotham, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904, he has black hair, brown eyes and is married to Cornelia Foster.

LOUISE—A tenderfoot is one not used to the rough and ready life of the plains. Kay Francis hails from Oklahoma City, Okla. She is about twenty-nine years of age, five feet five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, black hair, grey eyes and was married recently to Kenneth MacKenna. Yes, he played in "The Virtuous Sin," starring Walter Huston and Miss Francis. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France. She has brown hair and eyes and is married to Norman Foster.



GEN—Mary Nolan was born in Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18, 1905. Miss Nolan has been an artists' model, danced in several New York revues, including Ziegfeld's "Follies," and won the beauty crown of the nation as "Miss America." Her first picture was "Sorrell and Son." She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes, not married and her real name is Mary Imogene Robertson.

MARJORIE—Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 6, 1896. He has blond hair, brown eyes, married to Ruth Helms and he's appearing in "Gambling Daughters," Universal Studios. Junior Durkin's mother was Florence Edwards, well-known stock and New York actress before her marriage. Junior has two sisters, Grace and Gertrude, both of whom have been in numerous stage productions. Gertrude toured in vaudeville with Junior in "The Little Vagabond" for a season after the latter's success on Broadway as *Bill*, the boy in "Courage."

DIXIE LEE ADMIRER—Women rarely enjoy playing solitaire, so they say. Maybe it's because they can't kick themselves in the shins. Now, don't burn up. Dixie was born in Harriman, Tenn., on Nov. 4, 1911. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 111 pounds, has blonde hair, brown eyes, married to Bing Crosby and her real name is Wilma Wyatt. Send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of fan clubs. Dixie has two or three in her honor.



VIVIAN KIMMEL — Robert Armstrong was born in Saginaw, Mich. He is five feet ten inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, married to Ethel Kent and his latest flicker is "The Iron Man," Universal Studios. Chester Morris has black hair, green eyes, married to Suzanne Kilborn and they have two children. El Brendel's hobby is collecting old shoes that he has worn in successful productions. Frank Albertson's is soap sculpture; makes models for small ornaments.

PEGGY—Una Merkel, who appeared in "Abraham Lincoln" opposite Walter Huston, was born in Covington, Ky., about twenty-three years ago, has blonde hair with blue eyes, and is five feet three inches tall. Most of her education was received in Philadelphia schools. It was in Philadelphia also that she made her stage début, a two-line part in a play entitled, "Two by Two," which ran only two weeks. In New York she played leads in "Poor Nut," "Pigs," "Coquette," "Salt Water," etc.

DORIS—Jack Perrin is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Married to Josephine Hill and he's playing right along. Buzz Barton was born in Gallatin, Mo., he is about seventeen years old and is still growing, which makes it difficult to keep track of his height and weight. He is appearing in "So This Is Arizona," featuring Wally Wales. You may write them at the Big 4 Film Corp., Hollywood, Cal.



SUE — Marion Davies was born on Jan. 3, 1900. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, real name is Douras and is appearing in "It's a Wise Child." Kent Douglass was born in Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 29, 1907. He is six feet tall, weighs 170, has blond hair, hazel eyes, still single and his real moniker is Montgomery. No, he is not related to Robert Montgomery. Appeared on the stage before entering pictures and his latest rôle is in the above production.

WALTER LINCOLN—Well! how's jolly old England at this time of the year? Lois Moran was born on March 1, 1907. She has blonde hair, hazel eyes, her real moniker is Lois Darlington Dowling and she has just completed an appearance in a stage production, "So This Is New York," and will resume her screen work shortly. Joe E. Brown's latest production is "Broadminded." Marion Byron's real name is Miriam Bilenkin.

VIVIENNE HAGWOOD—We sure can tell when a boat has arrived from across the pond, as we are swamped with foreign mail, but let 'em come, we'll answer them. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 23, 1900, he is six feet two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, married to Virginia Goodwin and his latest picture is "Salvation Nell," Columbia Studios.

MISS CAROL—You refer to Morgan Farley, who appeared in "The Mighty" and "Only the Brave." He was born in Mamaroneck, N. Y. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has blond hair, blue eyes, that's his real moniker, so far as we know. His latest picture released is "A Man from Wyoming." Leslie Fenton, after being in Europe for quite some time, has returned to the screen. His most recent picture is "The Man Who Came Back."

CHARLES BICKFORD FAN—And just what good is a flagpole sitter? He doesn't even show which way the wind blows. Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Mass. He is six feet two inches tall, has flaming red hair and appeared on the stage before entering pictures. As an offstage vocation, he owns a big hog ranch on the Charles River not far from Boston, Mass. You will see him next in "The Squaw Man," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

CONNIE—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906. She was chosen by Mauritz Stiller to play the leading rôle in his picture, "The Story of Gosta Berling," and then later signed a contract which Louis B. Mayer offered her. Her first picture in America was "The Torrent." You will see her next in "Mata Hari."



MARIE — Jackie Coogan is one of the most famous Boy Scouts in the world. He belongs to troops in France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Germany and Greece, besides being a member of the Boy Scouts of America. Jackie will be seen next in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount Studios. Mitzi Green in "Skippy."

DIMPLES—Ralph Forbes was born in London, England, Sept. 30, 1898. Educated at Denston College, Staffordshire. He was then tutored for Oxford but showed greater interest in recreation than in study and in 1922 gave up the idea of a university training when he played a small part in a motion picture starring Clive Brook. Later appeared on the stage. He is of Scotch, French and Italian ancestry, with his relatives chiefly Italian. Has been married to Ruth Chatterton since 1924.

MOLLY—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. He has been married three times, his first wife was Olivia Burwell; second, Leatrice Joy and his present is Ina Claire, whom he married on May 9, 1929. Real name is Pringle and he's appearing in "A Gentleman's Fate," Leila Hyams and Anita Page are playing opposite. Buster Keaton, Charlotte Greenwood, Sally Eilers and Reginald Denny in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.



IGGY—Constance Cummings, who ap- peared in "The Criminal Code," appeared on the stage in "The Little Show," "June Moon" and "This Man's Town." Her next picture is entitled "The Last Parade." Mary Astor was born on May 3, 1906. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Appearing in "Behind Office Doors." Lloyd Hughes and Lola Lane in "Hell Bound."

GRETCHEN—Dorothy Sebastian pos- sesses a beautiful singing voice, and musical ability, which won her a place in George White's "Scandals." Her first picture was "Sackcloth and Scarlet," which was released in March, 1925. She was born on March 21, 1903, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes; hobbies, painting and music. Her latest production is "Danger Ahead."

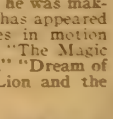


MARGUERITE — Gosh! where have you been hiding? It's ages since I've heard from you. Don't stay away so long next time. Richard Barthelmess is married to Jessica Sargent and his new production is called "The Finger Points." Harold Lloyd's son was born on Jan. 25, 1931. Jack Holt and Aileen Pringle have the leading rôles in "Subway Express," Columbia Studios.

EVA—Hoot Gibson has been married three times, his second wife was Helen Johnson and his present is Sally Eilers. Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco, Cal., April 9, 1901. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes and is married to Ralph H. Blum. Alberta Vaughn's latest picture released is a serial, called "Stell of the Circus."

ROBERT M. S. H.—Where have you been hiding? John Garrick was born in Brighton, England, Aug. 31, 1902. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, has blond hair, blue eyes and his real name is Reginald Dandy. Married to Harriett Bennett and his latest picture is "Charlie Chan Carries On." Colin Clive hails from St. Malo, France, Jan. 21, 1900, has brown hair and eyes, is of English descent and is married to Jeanne de Casalis.

JOYCE—Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco, Cal. D. W. Griffith gave her her first motion picture rôle in appreciation of her father, Rabbi Myers, who had given Griffith some valuable Biblical information for a film he was making. This was in 1917. Since then she has appeared in some of the most notable pictures in motion picture history, including "Ben Hur," "The Magic Skin," "Beau Brummel," "Four Walls," "Dream of Love," "Broadway Scandals," "The Lion and the Lamb," etc.



MARY LYONS—Kay John- son has an antique organ well over a century old, one of the sort designed to turn out Bach preludes. Kay plays jazz on it, but displays it proudly to visitors. Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, on May 17, 1911. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is still single.

PESTY—I wouldn't say that! I'm al- ways glad to hear from you. David Manners was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1902. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair, grey eyes, real name is David Ackloo and he's married to Suzanne Bushnell.

(Continued on page 89)



After every cigarette

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER



Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors.

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your *taste sense*—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so *good* as Beech-Nut.

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

CURIOUS ONE—Diane Ellis, who died recently, is the only player I know of that was born on your birthday, Dec. 22. Hugh Allen was born in Oakland, Cal., Nov. 5, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes, real name is Allen Hughes and he's married to Catherine Hoffman.

B.W.—You may write Clara Bow, Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor is learning to speak Hawaiian. She can sing several songs in Hawaiian and is so fond of the Islands and the people that she wants to learn how to speak the language fluently. Her latest picture is "Daddy Long Legs," Thomas Meighan is appearing opposite.

JUNE—Owen Davis, Jr., was born in New York City, Oct. 8, 1908. He is the son of Owen Davis, one of America's best known playwrights. Educated at the Choate Prep School at Wellingford, Conn., and at Yale. His first stage success was as the juvenile in "The Barker" in New York and Chicago. His most important part in pictures before "All Quiet on The Western Front" was in "The Barker," starring Milton Sills, Betty Compson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

K.H.W.—Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a scenario writer, and they have a daughter Patricia, about five years old. Nancy will be seen again shortly in "Between Two Worlds." Richard Talmadge in "Dancing Dynamite." Boris Karloff, "Big Brother," starring Richard Dix. Cheerio, and then some.

BETH—Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., she is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair, blue eyes, real name Jurgens and has been divorced from Clarke Twelvetrees, stage actor, since Mar. 1930. Richard Arlen, Charlottesville, Va., Sept. 1, 1900. He is five feet eleven, weighs 155 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston since Jan. 27, 1927, and his real name is Van Mattemore.

BARTHELMESS FAN—Gladys Hulette played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Tol'able David." Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms." Alice Day and Lila Lee in "Drag." If you will send along a self-addressed envelope I will be glad to forward you his complete list of productions and who played opposite him in each.

PERRY—Mary Nolan played opposite John Gilbert in "Desert Nights." The songs that were played and sung in "Follow Thru" were "A Peach of a Pair" and "It Must Be You." You can purchase these copies at your nearest music store. Slim Summerville is appearing in "Gambling Daughters." Benny Rubin's latest release is "Love in the Rough."

A RICHARD DIX FAN—Richard was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 18, 1894. He is not married and his real name is Ernest Brimmer. Latest production being "Big Brother," Radio Picture Studios. You refer to Ena Gregory who changed her name to Marion Douglas. Leslie Fenton will be seen next in "Kick In," which is Clara Bow's new flicker.

DOUG. S. SHIMIZU—Why, your friend Harry Meyers is appearing in Charles Chaplin's new picture "City Lights." This sure is a laff hit and I'm sure you will enjoy it, don't fail to see it. Roy Stewart is playing in "Fighting Caravans." Ann Pennington was born in Camden, N. J., Dec. 23, 1898. Miss Pennington is appearing on the stage at this writing. Let's hear from you again, real soon.

AL—"The Big Parade" in which John Gilbert and Renée Adorée had the leading rôles has never been made into a talkie. Ditto for "What Price Glory" in which Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio had the leads. Fifi Dorsay did not appear in this production. Perhaps your friend refers to Victor McLaglen and Fifi in "Hot For Paris"?

QUESTIONER—Marie Prevost's most recent pictures released are: "War Nurse," "Sweethearts on Parade." "Paid," "The Easiest Way" and "A Gentleman's Fate." Lilyan Tashman does not tell her age. She has been married to Edmund Lowe since Aug. 1925, and is playing in "Millie."

LORRAINE L.—We wish to correct the statement we made in saying Lew Ayres was married. He is still single and you will see him next in "The Iron Man." Raymond Hatton was born in Red Oak, Iowa, on July 7, 1887. He is five feet five inches tall, weighs about 135 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes.

DOT UN DASH—John Wayne is not married to our knowledge. Tully Marshall played the rôle of *Zeke* and Helen Parrish was *Honey Girl* in "The Big Trail." Marguerite Churchill is twenty years old and is still single. Dorothy Jordan is appearing opposite William Haines in "A Tailor Made Man," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

G.G.G.—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney have the leading rôles in "City Streets," Paramount Studios. Jack Buchanan is about twenty-seven years old, is six feet two inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair, grey eyes. Gary Cooper is six feet two and a half, weighs 175 pounds. Richard Arlen, five feet eleven, 155 pounds.

MISS F.N.—Leila Hyams is married to Phil Berg since Nov. 5, 1927. Anita Page was born in New York, Aug. 4, 1910, and her latest picture is "A Gentleman's Fate." Marian Nixon, Superior, Wisconsin, Oct. 20, 1906. Mary Brian, Corsicana, Texas, Feb. 18, 1908.

GRACIE—Lawrence Tibbett hails from Bakersville, Cal., and is about thirty-one years old. He is six feet one, weighs 187 pounds, has dark hair, grey eyes. He played the rôle of *Michael Petroff* in "New Moon," and will be seen next in "The Southerner," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Will Rogers often rides with the cowboys on a ranch near his own 300-acre place in Santa Monica Canyon. His next flicker will be "A Cure for the Blues."

IRENE DELANEY—Fifi Dorsay was born in Montreal about twenty-three years ago. She is five feet seven, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair. She is French-Canadian descent, her real name being Yvonne Lussrer. She appeared in the Greenwich Village Follies in 1925, later in vaudeville and her first screen appearance was in "They Had to See Paris."

BETTY JONES—Ben Bard was born in Milwaukee, Wis., and is married to Ruth Roland. Paul Muni born on Sept. 22, 1897, has dark hair and eyes and was formerly known as Muni Wisenfreund. He is married to Bella Finckle and is appearing on the stage at this time. Warner Oland was born in Umea, Sweden, he is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds.

(*Continued on page 118*)



THE CIGARETTE
IS MIGHTIER
THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands show how convincingly even a few puffs tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

Not "Mr. Chatterton"

(*Continued from page 50*)

He says, "If I should see myself on the screen, I would think immediately, 'There is the type of man I detest! What an intolerable person! How awfully—oh, you know!'

"It takes a long while for me to make friends. I don't wonder. It takes people quite a time to *get over me.* When they finally do manage the first hurdles, things seem to go along—but it takes time. The fans must have the same experience. After being beaten down by three or four pictures, they begin to look for some virtues. And because such praiseworthy patience and persistence is usually rewarded, they probably manage to find two or three.

"I started in to be an actor—do you really want to know why? Honestly, why? Because I liked actresses. I liked them better than any other women. They were, I found, more vital, more interesting, more natural. That surprises you, but it's true. The other sort of woman is acting all the time. From nine in the morning to nine the next morning—and getting nowhere with it.

"Actresses act only on the stage. Off the stage, they are more themselves than any other woman ever is. Or that has been my experience. They are more stimulating. They are more beautiful. I liked them then. I like them now. I like all independent women, women who aren't parasites. Even though, through a woman's independence, the man who loves her loses something of her.

Mother Didn't Know Best

"MY mother went on the stage after I was born. She didn't want me to be an actor. In fact, she very much wanted me *not* to be an actor. I never heard any theater talk in our home. Most of my boyhood was spent in English public schools, for which I am grateful. And during a great part of my boyhood my mother was in America. Which is why I never felt a stranger over here. I knew the American point of view. Our home had always been filled with Americans, the most charming Americans. Not the type who tour London and try to buy the statue of *Peter Pan* in Kensington Gardens—the type duplicated by the type of Englishman who comes to America, flaunts a monocle, and says, 'Ah, topping!'

"Then, as a young blade about London, I began to meet interesting people. Interesting women—of course. And, invariably, they were actresses. And that decided me.

"I began my career in London by being a movie actor. In the days when you carried a camera up a mountainside, shot a love scene, and carried the camera down again. I am not a stage actor who has seceded to the screen. I am a movie actor who has *come back again.*

"I love California. Not this little strip of land between the mountains and the Pacific, this little strip called Hollywood. I detest what Hollywood stands for. But California—the California of the old Spaniard—the California of mountain and canyon and rushing rivers and giant trees and bears and deer and sport—I love it. I haven't been away from California since I landed here five years ago. I haven't even taken a trip to New York.

It Was Sudden

"I ORIGINALLY came to America expecting to stay six months. I had been here three when I got married—very much to my surprise. It was the last thing I had intended to do. Shortly after my marriage my mother also married again.

"For a time after Ruth and I were married, we had an old farmhouse up in New York State, with secret rooms and pre-Revolutionary relics and things. I didn't need to shave and wore old clothes and loved it. But it was too big for us to keep up. Beverly Hills is the best compromise we can make. It isn't exactly a city. I loathe cities—*all* cities."

Ralph spends every spare moment camping, hunting. When he shows you pictures of himself—the only pictures of himself that don't twist his handsome mouth with humorous disgust—he is actually showing you pictures of the California he loves. A California unstained by Kliegs or Neons, untouched by greasepaint or compo board scenery, unpolluted by sensational publicity, unhampered with by any directorial hand save the master hand of Nature.

Pictures of himself his fans would hardly recognize. Ralph in old corduroys and sweater, a five-days' growth on his face, all out-doors as background, and happy.

He'd Be a Doctor Next Time

"YES, I'm glad I'm an actor. I haven't any particular regrets about anything. I shouldn't even resent the thing that Hollywood stands for since everything I have, including the opportunity to enjoy California, Hollywood has given me. But if I did have my life to live over again, I'd be a doctor, a surgeon—a mender of broken things.

"But, you know, an actor is not so alien to a doctor as you might think. The War went a long way toward proving that. Actors, *good* entertainers (which is what actors should be) *work through the nerves of human beings.* Their instruments are different. Their results are often similar."

Ralph and Ruth do not like to go to parties, and seldom do. They enjoy small parties in their own home.

Ralph says, "Talk saved me." He felt that he was almost through. He had made too many poor pictures. He had become "bad news" to the producers. "Beau Geste" raised him high up in the silents. "Beau Ideal," he hopes, will do the same for him in the talkies.

He likes Marion Davies, enjoyed working with her in "The Bachelor Father."

He has one sister who has gone on the stage. At first he was afraid for her lest she be "drawn into the vortex." It takes more than average balance and sense of values to keep sane, to keep steady, in the emotional, highly keyed life of theater and studio.

Ralph has not been "drawn into the vortex." He has kept sane, steady, with a rare sense of values, a rare sense of humor. It took neither patience nor persistence on my part to find "two or three virtues."

Did You Know That - -

Those bandits that held up Doug Fairbanks last Spring have been sentenced to prison for "seven years to life"?

Norma Shearer, born in Canada, will become an American citizen on May 8?

Carole Lombard is occupying the Paramount dressing-room that her boy-friend, William Powell, gave up when he moved over to Warners?

Ruth Chatterton's translation of the French play, "Monsieur Botonneau," was recently produced in London?

Greta Garbo doesn't wear her hair like that in real life?

On The Bargain Counter

(*Continued from page 53*)

the currently popular stars, and whether they will be spent upon the present pinnacles of prosperity or upon the bargain counter, remain to be seen. William Haines, for instance, and Novarro and Edmund Lowe and Jack Oakie and Clara Bow and Garbo and Tibbett and the rest of them?

Mary Miles Minter, Thomas Meighan, Dane and Arthur, Pola Negri and Jannings were just as popular a little while ago. Now they are all on the bargain counter, or out of the game altogether. Is public taste going to remain the same, or the vogue change again?

What will prevent Ronald Colman's career from sharing the same fate as Thomas Meighan's? Is the bargain counter yawning for Joan Crawford just as it did for Mae Busch?. Ann Harding is a reigning star now, but wasn't Katherine MacDonald crowned just as regally yesterday?

Pauline Starke, Olive Borden, Rod La Rocque, Bert Lytell, Virginia Valli—on down the line. What did they lack that makes the present crop immortal?

Such personalities as Anna Q. Nilsson, Lila Lee and Renée Adorée have been shaken temporarily by illness from the top of the tree. Hollywood's sympathy is with them, but what will the quotations be when they get back? Will they get their former salaries, or will they join the others on the bargain counter?

No Reflection on Ability

AND it is no aspersion on his ability for anybody to be on the bargain counter, either.

Warner Baxter virtually went a-begging for years, and so did Stan Laurel. Antonio Moreno, once the most besought leading man in pictures, is now seen in foreign versions. Douglas MacLean has just become an associate producer.

James Kirkwood, Tom and Owen Moore, Gilda Gray, Florence Vidor, Agnes Ayres—the nation used to toast them with their newest triumphs. What are their price tags now? Seventy-five per cent. off, anyway, and in most cases, more.

Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. In the natural order of things stars grow dimmed; a bit of rouge in the high spots under the chin leads quickly to character rôles. Not even Hollywood has found the fountain of Youth—Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, *et al*, to the contrary.

Besides, there is room for only so many at the top, only so much money to spend on top salaries, and somebody has to make room for the Bennetts and Boleses, the Colberts and Hustons and Montgomerys and Gaynors. The old must give way to the new in the glittering display cases, and the bargain counter is the inevitable answer.

Did You Know That - -

Ruth Roland, one of Hollywood's wealthiest women, has been appearing in vaudeville in New York?

Leatrice Joy, another favorite of silent days, has been doing ditto?

Clive Brook claims he had his new dog insured "because it bit Warner Baxter"?

Maureen O'Sullivan went to the same convent as John McCormack's daughter, Gwen?

Cameramen use orange-colored lights when photographing Jean Harlow's platinum-blonde hair?



Their SECOND *Honeymoon*

by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. They felt romance and glamour fading.

"'And then, Miss Fairfax,' writes Ada, 'I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.

"'What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so *feminine*.

"'Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. And now we're having a second honeymoon that I am going to make last all our married days!'

"Wise wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if every wife would do two simple things:

1. **Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.**
2. **Keep them color-fresh and charming always.**

"Don't believe you can't afford such 'frivolous' clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long every woman can afford them.

"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too, so that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you.

"*And in your home:* Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux." BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Lingerie LUXed *12 times — satin and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!*

Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—lace and satin worn, color faded. Charm lost!

If it's safe in water alone . . it's just as safe in LUX

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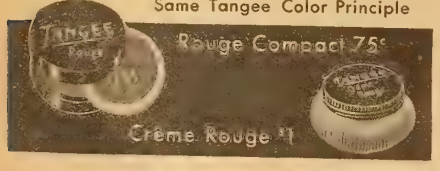
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HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

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Is Mary Nolan Too Beautiful?

(*Continued from page 59*)

tried to be forgotten; to slip away from everyone and everything.

People said, "She will commit suicide. She will never come back. She will take to drink, to drugs, to miserable love affairs. She is done for . . ."

If they hadn't said these things, Mary Nolan would have been done for. She might have committed suicide. She might have taken to any one of the evil escapes prophesied for her. But they did say these things—*plenty*. And they made her mad. Fighting mad. She could see the men who shrugged and laughed and said unspeakable things. She could see the self-righteous women.

Mary fought back. She returned from Germany a star. She walked down the gangplank, and into the port of New York clad in a smart suit, a fur coat and a mantle of dearly bought sophistication.

She had conquered. She had not committed suicide. She had taken the pulpy pieces of her heart and glued them together again. *How do you know with how much pain and terror?*

She was met, as usual, by the Press. They said, "You have disappointed us, Mary." Only they did not call her Mary in those days. "We thought you might at least have jumped off the boat—"

Mary Nolan came to Hollywood. She bought herself a ticket and a new chance. Her past was past. What had it to do with her future?

But Mary had a new lesson to learn. *The woman who would forget her past must not be beautiful.*

I had tea with her last week, in her rented house in Beverly Hills. Her young brother lives with her most of the time. A Filipino boy does the household tasks. There is something indescribably dreary about the house with its impersonal, Spanish furnishings. Because it is not a home. It is only a waiting-place—a waiting-place for what? Neither love nor money nor beauty has ever given Mary Nolan a home.

We had tea in her bedroom. It is draped in pale green and peach taffeta. A toy monkey dangles from a chiffon-draped lamp. A green-tinted radio deafens her ears—*to what?* A huge white peacock disports itself across a lacquered screen. Long-legged dolls flop on spindly chairs. Toys are strewn about. I tell you, there is something heart-breaking in that pretty bijou of a room, designed for gay laughter and light loves that you know are not there.

There was something heart-breaking about the transparently thin girl with the face of a high-bred angel, who sat on the edge of her bed and hurled her broken fragments of philosophy, her sad defiances at me and at the world that invited her in only to dispossess her.

She said "I am going to be nice to you—even if you are a writer!"

She said, "I can't understand why I am supposed to be different from other people. Doomed. Fated. Something. People are always prophesying that I will commit suicide—but I'm going to fool them. After all, I'm just a normal human being, or was. I had a love affair—but so do other people. I thought every actress was entitled to one good love affair."

She told me about coming to Hollywood. She wanted to forget about everything. She wanted to work. The Women's Clubs told her she had to get out, could not stay, could not work here. Letters piled ceiling-high confronted her. Letters of condemnation. Not a voice said to forgive her, for she knew not what she did. And again Mary fought back. She went to Joseph Schenck and John Considine. She said, "You can't put me out. No one can. I'm here and *I'm staying* here."

And those two men, well versed in human nature, told her, "If that's the way you feel about it, Mary, we're for you." And they were. "If I ever amount to anything out here," Mary said, "I'll owe it to those two men."

She signed with Universal. For a time, things went on apace. Only for a time. Her past hung about her with the tenacity of grave-clothes. Her face of an angel evoked the faces of devils. She was constantly cast in the rôles of wantons . . . which didn't help her much with the American public who cast out their vampires long before their ingenues.

Then broke the odious story that Mary was a drug addict. A new Waterloo. Mary told me about it. A sordid story. A man who fell in love with her . . . married but living, in the beginning, apart from his wife . . . a reconciliation between the husband and wife . . . the wife's awful vengeance. Bribing the nurse who had cared for Mary during a period of severe sun-poisoning. The nurse's testimony to the effect that Mary was an addict. The evidence planted in Mary's apartment. The hope that this filth would blight forever the career that Mary was painfully carving out of wreckage.

Beautiful and damned. Too beautiful to be safe.

Mary gave herself over to the Narcotic Squad or whatever the official title is, for forty-eight hours. She forced them to keep her under unremitting observation. She won from them the indisputable testimony that cleared her of that charge. But what good does it do? The bad taste of the sensational story remains.

"So long as I can live with myself," said Mary, "I am all right."

Mary is thin and ill and tired. It isn't a physical thing. Four doctors have pronounced her one hundred per cent. perfect, so far as her body is concerned. I think that Mary's soul is sick.

She told me "There is no such thing as friendship. I cannot believe in it. I know that there is no such thing.

"There is no such thing as love after the first short while. A man and a woman have just so much to give to one another and when that is given, there is nothing more. That is the matter with marriage—an end is reached and there is no going on.

"There are times—even now—when I am deeply religious again. I see the sunlight in my room in the mornings, I catch the note of a bird's song . . . and I believe with all my heart. And then I go to some orphan asylum and I see tiny crippled babies—*babies*, who have never done anything to anyone—without a chance . . .

"It is all planned out beforehand. We have nothing to do with it. If it is planned that I am to be an actress. I will be one. I will succeed. Nothing—no one—neither man nor circumstance can stop me. If I am not meant to go on, then that is settled for me, too.

"I never mind what people say. What can they do to me or for me? They have nothing to say about it and neither have I.

"I know nothing about my future. I have nothing to say about it. If the situations are right for me, everything will be right. And if they are'nt, there is nothing I can do about it."

Mary told me many things. Hurt people must sometimes talk. And where there is no friendship, one listener is as good as another. She is going to stay here. She is going to work again very shortly. She is going to fight.

Where Are the Breaks?

(*Continued from page 76*)

was nobody to help me. And I was only a youngster then. But I had unlimited nerve. Oh, I was going to lick the world in those days!

"I'm getting my nerve back. Every once in awhile something happens that makes me lose it, but it comes back.

"I ought to fight for myself. But I don't any more—that's the trouble, I guess.

"When you're just a featured player, your destiny is so completely out of your own hands! There's really nothing you can do, except wait till they decide to do something with you.

"Look at Fay Wray, and Mary Brian. The same thing has happened to them, in a lesser degree. Mary was to do big things, but they're giving her very bad parts.

"They've brought in so many new people, talented people, and they have to use them after they sign them up. There just aren't enough parts to go around."

Jean's troubled eyes brightened.

"But just the same, I'd rather have a contract than not have one. I may have my troubles, but I'd rather have them while I'm eating than while I'm starving. I've had plenty of that.

"They've been awfully sweet to me here. Mr. Schulberg told me not to feel discouraged, because my time was coming.

"But it'll have to come pretty soon. I'm not going to spend my whole life waiting around for a chance that never comes. Unless I get a break for myself pretty soon, I hope I'll have sense enough to get out of pictures. And I think I will. I've seen so many girls—even after they get married—keep hanging on, taking little parts, hoping for a break. There are so many things I would like to do, that I can't do when I'm working. I'd never just do nothing. I'd study—or maybe go on the stage. I've had several good offers. But, of course, I'd rather stay in pictures, because if you succeed, you can earn so much more."

Jean is not sorry for herself, and hates to have sad stories written about her.

"Remember, I'm a very happy person," she said, with the same determination she applies to everything.

Maybe it's the contrast between Jean and the other, dizzier girls in pictures that gives you the illusion of unhappiness. Because she's young and pretty, but quiet and self-contained—a Spartan ingénue.

The life she leads is not spectacular. She minds her own business, has few friends, lives simply with her family, and dresses well. She has a beautiful figure—another item that the studio has neglected to notice.

Incidentally, Jean never diets. The fashionable tummy so small that it cannot even contain one lamb chop does not appeal to her at all. She eats three meals a day, she eats every kind of food, and she even drinks milk at night. She just doesn't stuff herself—a system which results in much more gracious proportions than can be achieved by starvation.

Maybe it's Jean's unusual reserve that has given her the reputation for having a bad disposition. Or else maybe it's a bad disposition. Jean says it's the latter.

"I never do what I don't want to," she said. "I never go to luncheons when I'm requested to, or big dinners, and I don't take publicity pictures the way I ought to, or do anything—unless I feel like it. I'm very selfish and I never do anything I don't want to do."

That's very probably true. That luxury at least may be permitted herself by a girl who rarely does what she *does* want to do.

But remember—Jean is a very happy person.



"Absorbent... to remove dangerous dirt"

That's why Jean Harlow insists on Kleenex to remove cold cream

She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood's amazing history! Read her beauty advice to you.

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often underemphasize the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up . . . methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before.

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow continues.



Use Kleenex for adjusting make-up as well as for removing creams and cosmetics. This dainty dressing room accessory comes in your favorite pastel tint as well as white.

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It's the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blots up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

For handkerchiefs

Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and $1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

M-5

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

Name _____
(Please print name plainly)

Street _____

City _____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Suppose your throat becomes SORE TONIGHT



Those who have Mi 31 in the house never take chances with sore throat! Or head colds! An Mi 31 gargle night and morning and all irritation disappears. Used as a nasal spray, Mi 31 soothes the inflamed membranes; keeps air passages free of mucus; kills cold germs.

Not a chance of your breath offending when Mi 31 is used regularly as a mouth-wash. It keeps your mouth surgically clean; completely deodorizes the breath; disarms even onion odors. Mi 31 and Kantleek Atomizers are sold exclusively at Rexall Stores. This includes Liggett and Owl Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Ten thousand individually owned drug stores are cooperating in the Rexall plan! The middleman is eliminated. His profits are passed on to you. You can save with safety at your Rexall Drug Store!



An attractor on a tractor is Betty Rocklaw. She was farmed out in musical comedies until they needed a lady-in-waiting to make "The Royal Bed." Betty's chores have multiplied since

Peeping In On Bebe And Ben

(*Continued from page 49*)

Bebe prefers to trill arias from "Carmen" while she takes her morning shower. However, they like the same radio programs, which is the important point in domestic harmony.

The Lyons live very simply, because to both of them their careers are the most important thing in life. They seldom go to night-clubs or on big movie parties; and when they do, they leave by eleven. "Come along, dear! Remember you've got to be at the studio early to-morrow," Ben will say, and though Bebe grumbles a bit sometimes, she goes obediently. There's no doubt who is the head of the family in the Lyon household!

If Ben looks after their business affairs and curbs Bebe's tendency toward extravagance, Bebe directs the social side of the family life. Nearly all their friends are her friends, Ben having lived the wandering life of a bachelor-about-town for so many years. However, Marilyn Miller, one of Ben's ex-flames, has been at their house to dine several times. Their favorite guests are the two mothers. Sometimes they entertain Marion Davies, or the Talmadges or Bill Haines or Mae Sunday at a home dinner. But more often than not their evenings are spent in hearing each other rehearse their lines for their next rôles. They have helped each other immensely in this way. But when they played together in "My Past," it didn't work so well, because each of them tried to throw the scene to the other!

Where They Don't Diet

THE dining-room isn't one of those gaudy affairs that look like a De Mille set. The table seats two intimately, and four comfortably, but wouldn't accommodate a crowd. The china is white with gold edges. When they are alone, Ben and Bebe prefer a simple dinner, of three courses, finishing with dessert. Here's one movie family that isn't starving to keep thin!

When Bebe wants to please Ben particularly, they have beefsteak-and-kidney pie for dinner. He isn't fussy about what he eats except in one respect. If the coffee isn't absolutely hot and fresh—if it has stood in the pot even five minutes—the rooftrees echo with Ben's righteous rage!

"On the cook's day off I used to try to get dinner," Bebe says, "but I wasn't so good. I couldn't seem to get all the things done at the right time. If the meat was ready, the potatoes were still hard; and while I whipped the cream for dessert, the soup got cold. So now we eat out Thursdays."

When they come in late from the theater or a movie première, they raid the icebox before they go to bed, and eat cheese and celery and drink sarsaparilla, at the kitchen table.

Their favorite indoor recreation is cards. Bebe has the reputation of being one of the bridge experts of Hollywood.

Both being old troupers, wise to the ups and downs of the movie profession, they understand each other's occasional fits of blues, but more often the house rings with laughter at some practical joke they have played. "We've laughed steadily ever since we were married," Bebe declares. "We're silly—but we have a lot of fun."

If you're looking through the Lyons' keyhole, hoping to catch a glimpse of the family skeleton, you'll be disappointed. There isn't any!

Did You Know That--

Paul Lukas is being groomed by Paramount to replace William Powell, who has transferred to Warners?

Blanche Sweet and Rin-Tin-Tin are playing together in vaudeville?

Fredric March came back from a West Indies trip with a goatee?

Dodging Divorce

(*Continued from page 67*)

said Sue, "that we must be careful not to let anything come between us. *Not even our friends.* The moralists may not believe it . . . but friends, especially during the first few months of marriage, are far more dangerous than any mythical other man or woman. They are dangerous all the more because they do not mean to be. Their intention is to be helpful, but here is a little example of what I mean:

"I like very much to play cards. Any card game. On the other hand, Nick is not so crazy about it. At first we decided that on the evenings I wanted to play cards, Nick should go out to the movies or the theater or a basketball game with a boy-friend. That was all right for a little while, but soon we found we were being separated more than we were together. When our friends began to realize we didn't insist on doing everything together, we began to face the problem of being asked out separately. One of Nick's friends from the studio would call up and say 'Come on, let's go to a show' without mentioning me. Or one of my friends would call up saying there was a threesome just dying for a bridge game. Nick was not included in the hint. We weren't long in putting a stop to that. Believe me, it's a dangerous practice for newlyweds!"

Dollars and Sense

THE mean, old subject of money has always been a hurdle in the marriage game. And once it threatened to be one for Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe.

"At first," explained Eddie, "I stood on my man-like insistence of paying all the bills. I had the age-old masculine idea that a man should support his wife, home, etc. I refused to let Lil spend a cent of her own money. At first, this amused her—and then it angered her. She had been self-supporting for years and the idea of coming to me to ask for pin-money irked her greatly. She said it was all a lot of masculine tom-foolery on my part—nothing short of silly pride. But I held to my guns. I thought she would get used to the idea in time.

"Instead, I learned later, she was depriving herself of many things she really wanted because she would not 'humiliate' herself by asking me for the money. When I realized the arrangement was really making her unhappy, we reached a compromise. It was decided that I should still bear the upkeep of our home, the servants, the grocery bill, the household expenses. Lilyan, on the other hand, reserved the privilege of paying for her own clothes and luxuries. It has worked out well, because this way we are both happy. I think that every young couple should make some sort of financial arrangement before they are married. If you aren't careful, it can be an awfully tricky problem in the happiest marriage."

There are some tips on dodging divorce for you—from the best experts in Hollywood, the "happily married couples."

Did You Know That—

Warner Brothers recently gave free film tests to amateurs for a month, tested two thousand, and found only two screen possibilities? The odds are literally one thousand to one.

Paramount each year holds a wardrobe sale, at which discarded dresses and costumes of the stars are sold for a dollar apiece?

Helen Kane says the phrase is "Poop-poop-a-doop," not "Boop-boop-a-doop"? (As if it mattered!)

It cost Chaplin one and a half million to make "City Lights," and that this is not stressed in the ads?

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

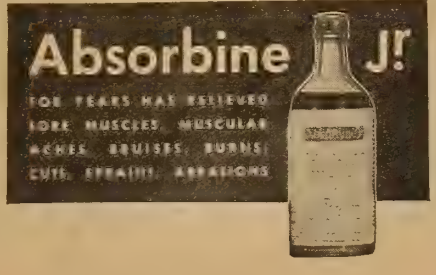


IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub this immaculate and gilded youth wonders where *he* got that red rash between the toes of his un-athletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even *knows* that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"



It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

STILL BEAUTIFUL IF NOT STILL NEW

—DEW *(which may be used on a moment's notice)* has kept it so



WHO doesn't wish that a new frock or gown would keep its fresh daintiness?

Hundreds of thousands of women have found that it can be done with the simple, pleasant help of DEW. This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant keeps frocks and gowns free of perspiration stains and moisture spots.

DEW can be used at any time, even while dressing. It will not irritate a delicate skin or harm the most fragile of fabrics when the simple directions are followed. Use it as often as needed.

At all drug and department stores in spill-proof flasks:—25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00.

DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads

LAMBERT-FESLER, Inc.
St. Louis, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant • Instant Non-perspirant

Can be used at any time. Stops perspiration instantly. Won't irritate the skin.



LAMBERT-FESLER, Inc.
Dept. M19, Del Monte Way, St. Louis
Inclosed is 10c. Please send DEW sample to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

The Bachelor Girls of Hollywood

(Continued from page 69)

Marguerite and Dorothy

SHORTLY after Marguerite Churchill moved into her new home in Beverly Hills a cop came on a group of neighbors clustered under the trees one evening. When he wanted to know what was going on, they "shushed" him, because a fairly good competitor of Josef Hoffman was producing piano music inside—and I mean piano *music*. The cop stayed to listen, too, and now he passes Marguerite's home every evening instead of Fridays only, as formerly.

"Of course, I love studio work," says Marguerite, "but my great joy is to come home here to my own place, to my piano and my books. Sunshine, flowers, big wide rooms that are all my own, pleasant friends to whom I can offer hospitality—what more could one want?"

When I suggested a husband, she smiled. "Let's see the candidates," she said. "I warn you, though, they'll have fearfully tough competition. This place has a head start on all of them."

You take a girl from Tennessee who never saw bigger water than the neighborhood creek, transport her to California, give her well-paid work in a studio, independence, and what could be more natural than that she should buy herself a home overlooking the blue Pacific at Playa Del Rey? Dorothy Jordan never tires of her home life by the sea, where she finds a haven from the studio grind with her mother and a collegiate sister.

"I'm naturally a home body," she told me. "I just love a gingham apron and a kitchen, and I'm happiest when I have my friends with me, or when my sister brings home a gang of her chums. Of course, I'll marry some day, but how I love this—just to have this house in the sun and realize it's mine and earned with my own money!"

Marion and Anita

IF you were under twenty and still had fifteen years' stage experience, had spent nearly all your life in the theater and in various schools and in traveling around and living in hotels and apartments, and then you had been picked up with your father and mother and dropped down in Hollywood in a delightful little Spanish home, and you visited a cashier every Saturday, how would you feel? Marion Shilling feels just the way you would.

"I was just about born in the theater," says Marion. "Father was an actor and later owned and managed theaters and had stock companies of his own, too, so I began acting at five. But when I could have this beautiful place where I can see that the gardener plants the right kind of flowers and the dog digs them up again, and I can go to the studio and do work I like and come back to a home I love, and be actually a 'person' with business and everything—I shiver with delight. Oh, marriage. Well, I haven't thought of it—at least not much, but let me show you my new Monterey furniture."

One of the most confirmed bachelor maids of Hollywood is Anita Page, who has bought herself and Mama and Papa Pomares a beautiful house at Monte-Mar-Vista.

"It's mine," she told me enthusiastically. "I bought it, paid for it, decorated it, laid out the garden and luxuriate in it. Mother and brother and I just gurgle at the happiness we get out of it. I hope I don't find some boy I couldn't resist marrying—for a while, at least. It's so wonderful to be an individual—unattached!"

Joyce and Mary

MANY people have strange ideas about screen sirens, and if you should tell them that one young leading lady lives on a Beverly Hills hilltop and raises Persian cats and Pekingese and Belgian griffons—yes, they're dogs, too—and is an accomplished musician and paints delightful pictures and is a real home-maker, probably they'd be disappointed, but that's Joyce Compton. She's an artist and a business girl and runs her own life and isn't at all ready to consider double harness.

"I'll go on 'bach-ing' it until I get a nice income assured, and then we'll see," she says. "And I'm afraid I wouldn't have the courage to share this home and independence with someone else—unless he were one of the rare, understanding kind."

Mary Brian has lived in Hollywood long enough to be blasé about the charm of a home all to oneself. She and her mother and brother live in one of Hollywood's newest apartments.

"Oh, I'm a bachelor girl, but I'm not interested in home-making," says Mary. "I like comfort, but not the responsibility of providing it. I think we have a kitchen, but I don't want to find out. All our meals come from the restaurant downstairs, and if we give a party I turn it over to a caterer around the corner. Sometimes I may make some toasted cheese sandwiches over a chafing dish, but that's exceptional." She held out her left hand, on which were no rings. "I've played sweetheart in the pictures to most of the young men stars in Hollywood," she laughed, "but I'm still just me with no entanglements."

Clara and Rita

BEVERLY HILLS holds Clara Bow's home, too, but Clara has no hesitation in saying that she doesn't care to bother with keeping house. She likes beauty and comfort and her studio work and the sunshine and the out-of-doors, but don't mention kitchens or brooms or things like that. However, Clara is seeing to paying all the bills herself, these days—which is a start in the matrimonial direction.

Rita La Roy is the romantic type of bachelor girl. She won her independence by courage and nerve and determination. Look at her house and think what its possession means to her. What would you have done if you had been left alone on an Alberta ranch at thirteen with the neighbors trying to put you in an orphanage? Rita donned boys' clothes, left in the night, and fought her way to Seattle, where she got a restaurant job until she could get into a local stock company at fourteen. Then she battled her way to the top. Now she's regarded as a comer in pictures.

"I earned my home," she says. "I've gone through enough to appreciate it, and the day that I put down my own dollars for it was, I think, the happiest in my life."

So there they are, the bachelor girls who earn their own money and own their own homes and are able to look any studio executive in the eye and tell him to go to—Henry's for lunch, for all of them.

Have You Heard That - -

John Barrymore collects autographs for the new baby?

Edna Ferber pronounces it "Simmer-roon"?

Marilyn Miller and Alexander Gray sailed for Europe on the same boat—and said it was purely accidental?

Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, will be George Arliss's leading lady in "Alexander Hamilton"?

So You'd Like to Be a Star?

(*Continued from page 84*)

You'd Need a "Companion"

SO much (and we've only touched on it) for the babies. The stars themselves are also constantly under guard. George Bancroft rarely appears without his "companion" . . . a "companion" who, more than likely, was chosen for his ability with firearms rather than for his congeniality. Jack Pickford, in the old days, was followed everywhere by a brawny fellow carrying real guns that used real bullets. (I know, because I helped load the things one night.) Richard Dix has for his driver and personal servant a man who could lick his weight in wildcats. And from the looks of them, it is their ability to scrap, rather than drive, that landed jobs for most of the other chauffeurs of film notables. All of them have watchdogs.

It is not without reason that William Powell has adopted the pseudonym of William Thorn and has left his mother and father to live in seclusion. Very few know the address of Powell's tiny hide-out. He lives in secrecy in an attempt to avoid those whose business it is to victimize prominent people. Estelle Taylor's experience with the man who tried to force his way into her bedroom is good evidence of the constant peril attending a film star's life. That man, as Estelle would tell you, was *not* after an autograph. Nor was it in an effort to aid her digestion that someone sent Bebe Daniels a box of poisoned candy. Bebe, by the way, has lost interest in chocolates for all time.

Mitzi Green and Jackie Coogan are never left alone for long. The successful kidnapping of either of them would count for a year's job with the most enterprising yegg. When Douglas Fairbanks was held up, it was the signal for renewed worrying among the film colony. What happened to him, knew the stars, could happen to any of them. As a result, there are few unguarded stars in Hollywood. That is one of the prices they must pay for prominence.

You'd Have To Work All Day

ANOTHER price they pay, and one nearly as heavy, is that of having to live up to their names. The studios have Jack Oakie and Bill Haines down as wisecrackers. So, fifty to five hundred times a day, must these lads say smart things for the benefit of studio visitors. Everything they do must be funny. They are even expected to keep the studio electricians and prop boys and hairdressers giggling to forestall any chance of the word getting 'round that, funny as they might seem on the screen, in person they are bitter disappointments. Theirs is about as tough an assignment as you'll find.

Unless, perhaps, you take the case of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford. These two youngsters, along with other Hollywood newlyweds, must never ease up on giving the impression that they are the two happiest people alive. Continual billing and cooing is their lot. Baby-talk, lovepats, kittenish pranks by the thousand: these are their daily fare whenever they are in public. Because they know that unless Hollywood can actually *see* them being "happy", it will concoct stories that make them out *unhappy;* stories that will officially relegate their romance to the dog-house.

They realize that it's easier to prevent such stories than to remedy them. Hence their precautionary measure of "playing the part": all part of that vicious circle of "make-believe" that makes it difficult for stars to draw even an everyday normal breath.

(*Continued on page 99*)



The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.

Gives Your Hair an Alluring Loveliness—

unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair.

Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Some WOMEN *wonder.. while others* FIND OUT



what to do about this vital matter

THERE is one subject of absorbing interest to all married women. How they do wonder about this matter! How many theories they hold about it! How wrong most of these theories are!

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current beliefs regarding feminine hygiene. And it is surprising how many women actually never learn the facts!

Zonite is safe and powerful

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics have long been a cause of uneasiness and unhappiness. It is true that until recently these were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose. Yet doctors could not and *would not* advise the use of bichloride of mercury or compounds of carbolic acid. But *Zonite* is different. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* And Zonite is *safe*. No mercurial poisoning. No formation of scar-tissue.

Complete information in booklet

Mail coupon today for the booklet on feminine hygiene. The whole truth is told freely and frankly. Read this book and be among those who know the facts. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1
Both in U. S. A. and Canada

Zonite has remarkable qualities as a deodorant

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MP-15
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 82*)

Reaching for the Moon—An insanely busy man falls insanely in love, and Douglas Fairbanks has one of the best times of his life (U. A.).

Reducing—Countrified Marie Dressler helps citified Polly Moran run a beauty parlor. Slapstick of the side-splitting kind, with a dash of melodrama (M-G-M).

Resurrection—What is likely to happen, according to Tolstoy, when a nobleman loves and leaves a peasant girl. Lupe Velez and John Boles are interesting in a heavy, gloomy story (Univ.).

The Right to Love—A morbid argument against parental objections, notable for the acting of Ruth Chatterton in three different rôles (Par.).

The Royal Bed—While the queen's away, the king (Lowell Sherman) rules with an iron hand. A clever satire of queens' husbands. The sexy title is misleading (RKO).

The Royal Family—A merry, mad burlesque of Broadway's autocrats, the Barrymores (here called *Cavendishes*), with Fredric March giving a letter-perfect imitation of John (Par.).

Scandal Sheet—A hard-boiled tabloid editor creates a story for his paper when he ends the affair of his wife (Kay Francis) and Clive Brook. George Bancroft turns out another strong melodrama (Par.).

The Seas Beneath — Submarine-chaser George O'Brien loves a German girl, but pursues and gets the U-boat her brother commands. The submarine shots offset the implausible romance (Fox).

The Sin Ship—Wanted as crooks, Mary Astor and Ian Keith flee from justice on tough Louis Wolheim's boat. Melodrama plus (RKO).

Sit Tight—Winnie Lightner runs a health camp, makes a very funny wrestler out of Joe E. Brown, and sings two good numbers. Slapstick that clicks (W. B.).

The Southerner—The rogue of an old Southern family, Lawrence Tibbett, returns home, falls in love with his brother's wife (Esther Ralston). A strong story for a musical movie—with some potent singing (M-G-M).

Ten Cents a Dance—Barbara Stanwyck as a taxi-dancer who literally has to fight off the men. Despite the story, Barbara does very well (Col.).

Trader Horn—A beardless *Trader Horn* shows his pal, *Little Peru*—and the world—"the beauty and terror of Africa." Filmed on the spot, it's a picture you won't forget. Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth are three good danger-facers (M-G-M).

Under Suspicion—Unjustly accused of a crime, J. Harold Murray proves his innocence with the help of Lois Moran. The same old story about the Great North Woods (Fox).

Viennese Nights—The attractions of old Vienna, set forth in an operetta that boasts the voices of Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon and Alexander Gray (W. B.).

Wandering husband, Laura La Plante the blonde charmer, and Esther Ralston the wife, this bedroom farce turns out to be quite a comedy (Pathé).

The Man Who Came Back—The somber tale of a wealthy wastrel and his cabaret sweetheart who separately sink to the depths, but come back together. That poetic pair, Gaynor and Farrell, seem out of place (Fox).

Men on Call—Edmund Lowe enlists in the Coast Guard to escape Mae Clark, but there's no escape. Weak melodramatic comedy (Fox).

Millie—Finding one man unfaithful, bitter Helen Twelvetrees believes all men are alike, acts accordingly. Sordid, but tense (RKO).

Mother's Cry—Dorothy Peterson's mother love keeps David Manners and Evalyn Knapp on the straight and narrow, but has no effect on Edward Woods and Helen Chandler. The latter angle is unusual for a movie (F. N.).

My Past—The screen version of that hot novel, "Ex-Mistress." Bebe Daniels is the shady lady whose various affairs really do her no harm. Along with Ben Lyon, she tries hard to be convincing (W. B.).

The Naughty Flirt—A flippant flapper and her "pashes," done to a turn by Alice White (F. N.).

New Moon—Lieutenant Lawrence Tibbett invites death by daring to make love to Princess Grace Moore. Their singing makes up for the story (M-G-M).

No Limit—An usherette has a chance to become a hostess on Park Avenue, discovers she is in a gambling den, goes back to ushering. Clara Bow does well with another poor story (Par.).

One Heavenly Night—John Boles mistakes Evelyn Laye for a notorious singer. Before he finds out how good she is, you've seen a fair-to-middlin' light operetta (U. A.).

Other Men's Women—Don't let the sexy title mislead you. This is chiefly a good yarn about railroading, with Grant Withers acting as if he meant it (W. B.).

The Painted Desert—Love and life in what is literally the most colorful part of the Great Southwest. A Western that does nothing to damage the reputations of Bill Boyd and Helen Twelvetrees (Pathé).

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath — Buster Keaton changes from a shy billposter into a Great Lover, after some instruction from gangling Charlotte Greenwood. A panic from start to finish (M-G-M).

Part-Time Wife—All work and no golf almost costs Edmund Lowe his wife (Leila Hyams). Another light lesson on the necessity of golfing (Fox).

The Princess and the Plumber—Maureen O'Sullivan is the princess and Charles Farrell the plumber. They meet, romance, and marry. The youngsters will like it (Fox).

Private Secretary—Mary Astor as a stenog who has a difficult time making her boss (Robert Ames) realize she's lovable. Unsensational, but entertaining (RKO).



Lippmann

It's a puzzle to Rin-tin-tin why Evalyn Knapp ever got in there. Rinty doesn't know that the Warners just handed her a new contract and said they wanted her to have a roof over her head

So You'd Like to Be a Star?

(*Continued from page 97*)

No Quitting at Five

YOU can forget your job at five o'clock. The stars can never forget theirs. It wouldn't be far from the mark to say that it was his never-ending task of appearing "mysterious" that hastened Lon Chaney's death. Few diseases, perhaps, take a greater toll in nervous energy.

Another strain that the stars must bear is that of "studio democracy." "Lot-gossip" has it that Joan Bennett is a snob. I don't believe that. Rather, I believe that Joan, as one or two others before her, neglected one morning to say "Hello—how are you?" to every single person she met in the studio. She may have been rehearsing a line or rushing to a late hair-dressing appointment and forgotten, in her haste, to notice a studio errand boy. At lunch the errand boy says for all to hear: "Of all the ——— ——— high-hats, Joan Bennett, etc." The others pick it up and take it home to their wives. Not long after that, you hear it 'way out in Bathsalts, Minnesota. And right then, for no good reason, another snob is born. Because dangerous misconceptions start that easily, stars must be democratic till it kills. That's a plenty big job in itself.

And now, if you've read all this, are you as sure as ever that you want to be a star? Personally, I'm not that much of a glutton for work. Give me something easy, like selling phonographs to radio announcers.

Are Film Fights Faked?

(*Continued from page 35*)

although the studio pays their hospital bills, they receive no compensation except the twenty dollars a week due under the California labor law.

The Four Experts

FOUR pals—who, after years of experience, stand at the top of their exacting professions—do most of the important fight doubling. You will never see the names of "Chick" Collins, Jack Holbrook, Billy Jones and John Sinclair on the screen, although you have watched them in action as doubles for many famous stars, without realizing it. It was Collins and Holbrook, doubling for Cooper and Boyd, who were responsible for the thrills of the last "Spoilers" fight.

"Boys," director Edwin Carewe told them, "we have two fight classics, made in previous versions, to eclipse. I want you two boys to make this the greatest fight ever put on the screen. Here are my personal checks for one hundred dollars each. Go to it!"

The result, as those who saw the picture will agree, was enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty. Both boys took a terrible beating, "for art's sake," and even Cooper and Boyd, working in the much more mild close-ups, did not get off easily.

A unique method was employed to secure realism in the barroom fight in "Her Man." Some fifty ex-"pugs" were employed as extras and each day for ten days were called and kept standing around on the set under the pretense that the fight would be staged that day. This tiresome job got on their naturally sensitive nerves and before the waiting was over four of the boys went to the hospital as a result of private brawls. When time for the scene arrived, they were as sweet-tempered as a bunch of Kilkenny cats. Intending only a rehearsal, the director told them to go through the motions to see how the shot would look. With a zeal

(*Continued on page 101*)

Permanently Destroys . . . Superfluous Hair!. . . . .



NOW
A $5.00 PRODUCT
IN A NEW
$1.00
SIZE PACKAGE

ZIP IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
New package $1.00

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

Judge Averill, who was assigned by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission, reported: "The testimony establishes, without doubt, the fact that . . (*ZIP*) will permanently prevent the regrowth of hair . . ."

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at $1.00.

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

*To permanently destroy hair ask for ZIP Epilator—*IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
New Package $1.00—de luxe size $5.00

Mme. Berthé Discovers Safe Cream Depilatory

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

New York—For twenty years Mme. Berthe has warned against the use of cream depilatories. Now she has finally succeeded in formulating a product which she can conscientiously recommend. Recent recognition was given to Mme. Berthe for the marvelous results she obtained.

JUST spread the new **ZiP** Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel in seeing how long it will be before even the slightest semblance of hair reappears—and then only fine hair. **ZiP** Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

For removing hair and discouraging the growth, ask for **ZiP** *Depilatory Cream. Giant tube 50c*

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor Simply spread *ZIP-SHAVE* over the surface . . . and shave. The application of *ZIP-SHAVE* not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chap as well. Tube, 50c.

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ZIP Epilator, **ZiP** Depilatory Cream, and *ZIP-SHAVE* can be had at all good stores. If your dealer is out of stock, use the coupon.

For personal advice, consultation or demonstration, all without charge, call at my Salon. Regular treatments at nominal prices.



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At 9 feet—

HOW LOVELY!

At 3 feet—

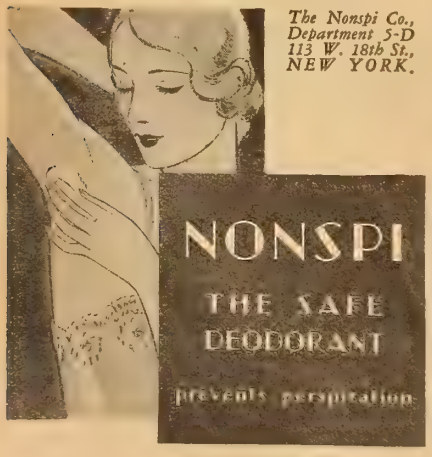
WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE TELL HER?

? . . . Is the woman who has armpit odor aware of it?— NO. She can notice it in others. Others can notice it in her. She can seldom notice it in herself.

? . . . Is it safe to use an underarm deodorant? YES, *if* you use Nonspi. This deodorant contains an ingredient not found in any other which makes it do its work better, more safely. In fact, it is the one deodorant pronounced both safe and effective by competent medical authority.

? . . . How long does one application last? 72 hours (3 days). You need to use Nonspi only twice a week to be always free from armpit odor, always free from the danger of staining costly frocks.

? . . . Can I try Nonspi? YES. Send 10¢ for a generous trial bottle, enough for two or three weeks. Or start today; get a full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.



The Nonspi Co., Department 5-D 113 W. 18th St., NEW YORK.



O, to be in London, now that *Mickey's* there! Alone of all the film famous, he has been immortalized in wax in Madame Tussaud's Museum. That makes him a Great Little Fellow

Mickey and Minnie

(*Continued from page 45*)

and although it sometimes requires five days' steady work to bring five or six seconds of *Mickey* and *Minnie* to the screen, what hilarious, precious seconds they are sure to be!

Newspaper cartoons of these two are made here in their own studio and sent out to more than twenty different foreign countries. Turks, Egyptians, Japanese, Australians, Italians, Swedes—in fact, the whole world grabs for his evening paper to chuckle at the *Mickey Mouse* cartoons.

And fancy this one. *Minnie* and *Mickey* have been chosen to be immortalized in Madame Tussaud's famous wax museum in London, the mecca of tourists the world over. And they are the only movie stars to take their places beside the waxen Napoleons, William Tells and Jack the Rippers.

And you should have seen these two last week when this request arrived from London by cable. Such didoes. Such twinkling of whiskers and frisking of tails.

As Famous as Can Be

So there they'll stand among the world's famous celebrities, among kings and queens and emperors, a little wax *Minnie* and a little wax *Mickey* for an adoring world to gaze upon.

No wonder every wide-awake toy manufacturer is working overtime turning out *Mickey* and *Minnie* dolls and dishes and what-nots.

And England has recently edited a huge volume called "The *Mickey Mouse* Annual." My yes, the English surely think they're a jolly old pair. What? What?

There is absolutely no jealousy between these stars. They never steal another's scene or poke a rubber nose into another's close-up. They are very difficult to see personally, as they never attend any of Hollywood's social functions. They simply don't care who hits whom in any restaurant. Believe it or not, they still think the Brown Derby is Al Smith's hat.

They have no beach home at Malibu or stucco stuck-up in Beverly Hills. They have no swimming-pool or tennis court. They simply can't be bothered. They never go out on a bat because, as *Minnie* says, they live a continual wild party in their pictures. And they prefer a good swift ride on a cow's tail to a Rolls-Royce any day.

Yes, they live in a world of perpetual high fever. A world where anything can, and very likely does, happen. A world that knows neither space, time, substance nor prohibition.

No wonder *Mickey* and *Minnie* are the acclaimed prize lovers of a cinema-infested world.

No wonder.

Did You Know That - -

The pash of Alice White and Cy Bartlett has paled?

Ina Claire has given up not only John Gilbert, but the stage?

Director Tod Browning had hoped to have Lon Chaney play *Dracula?*

Charlie Chaplin's present visit to England is only his second since 1913, when he came to America?

Ivor Novello, M-G-M's new star, was discovered in a London restaurant in 1924 by D. W. Griffith?

Marian Marsh, Barrymore's leading lady in "Svengali," will also be that in his next, "The Genius"?

Estelle Taylor (Mrs. Jack Dempsey) says: "Babies? Never!"

Are Film Fights Faked?

(*Continued from page 99*)

worthy of a better cause, the lads went at it. Realizing that the rehearsal had gone into the real thing and that he was unable to stop it, the director ordered cameras to begin turning and the thing was "shot." When the smoke cleared away, six more of them had gone to the hospital to join their playmates.

Taking Advantage

CONSCIOUS of their own prowess, there have been stars who made a practice of actually beating up the "punch drunk" ex-"pugs" in their screen battles. One star, now dead, subjected a number of victims to such treatment. Once he employed a "catcher," writing into the man's contract the clause that if he struck a single hard blow in return, his salary would be forfeited. Planting his "catch" before an open window, the star uncorked a terrific punch, knocked the man through the window to the pavement, eighteen feet below. There should have been a mattress to break the fall, but instead a planted camera was there to get it on film. It made a great shot for the star, but the poor "catcher" went to the hospital for six months without a cent of compensation.

The late William Russell, too, had a reputation of being careless with his punches when he felt that he was physical master of his opponent. Once, however, the tables were turned on him in an unexpected manner. His opponent in this battle was a husky chap named George who, in spite of his size, was very much of the chorus-man type. As the fight opened, Russell let fly a punch that laid George on his back, with a lump on his jaw.

"Did you mean that, Mr. Russell?" piped George in his high falsetto voice, as he sat up, rubbing his jaw. "Did you really mean it?"

"Of course, I meant it," laughed Bill, scenting easy prey. "This is a fight, not a tea-tussle."

Without another word, the effeminate George got up and gave Bill the pasting of his life.

Can a Woman Be Struck?

IF the first "Spoilers" fight is a classic of its kind, the battle between Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill" is likely to stand out as the comedy fight of all time. The day after the scrap was filmed, both of them were covered with bruises. "Marie fights like a man," Wally grinned, ruefully.

Ordinarily, even in a comedy, it is not considered good box-office for a woman to be struck by a man. Louise Fazenda and Charlotte Greenwood have the reputation of being the only women who can get kicked in a picture and draw a laugh. But in "Free Love" there was a strongly dramatic scene where Conrad Nagel, as an outraged husband, remarked to Genevieve Tobin, as the ultra-modern wife who slapped his face, "My dear, you've had this coming to you for a long time," and apparently plants a left to her pretty jaw—and knocks her cold.

They rehearsed this scene a half-dozen times, until Conrad's cheek was crimson and smarting. Perhaps this interfered with his aim. At any rate, the next time the hero delivered the punch, the heroine fell with such realism that the director was enchanted. "That's swell!" he shouted. "No more retakes!" Which was just as well, because the blow had really fallen on the Tobin chin and knocked Genevieve completely out!

Did You Know That—
Victor McLaglen once fought Jack Johnson—and that it was a boxing exhibition in British Columbia—and that the fight wasn't faked?

JOHN HELD, JR.

SPONSORS OUR

"Letter of Congratulation" Contest

$2050.00 in 70 cash prizes

YOU MAY WIN $1000.00

ONE of the finest things in life is the unselfish pleasure we feel at the success and achievement of some one dear to us. But we are so often remiss in our expression of that sentiment . . . particularly when the message must needs be written instead of spoken!

And what a pity that we should be so careless! For even the briefest of notes to the adoring parents of a new baby . . . to the woman whose husband has received a promotion . . . to the boy or girl just graduated from school or college . . . will repay us a thousand-fold in the happiness it brings to them.

Write such a letter for the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. It may be to any one at all on whom some honor has fallen. And it has a chance to win a total prize of $1000.00 . . . or one of twenty-three other cash prizes in this monthly contest . . . or one of 100 awards of Eaton's Highland Vellum. Read the rules on this page. This is the third and last of the monthly contests.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

During February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For April they will award prizes in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest as follows: first prize, $150; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; five fourth prizes, $15 each; five fifth prizes, $10 each; ten sixth prizes, $5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of $850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series of contests, making it possible for some one to win a total of $1000.00!

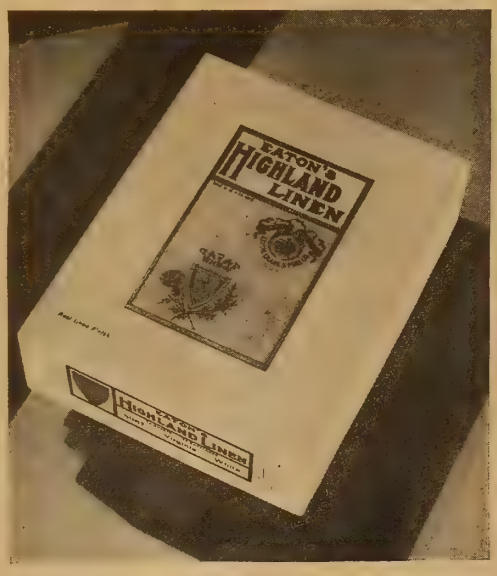
All letters in the John Held, Jr., "Letter of Congratulation" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of April 30, 1931.

Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Letter of Congratulation" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters. No letters will be returned.

The winners will be announced in the November issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr., famous humorist.



The note of congratulation is doubly charming when written on attractive stationery. The splendid writing surface of Eaton's Highland Vellum and Eaton's Highland Linen, is popular with men and women alike. 50c *to* $3.50, *wherever good stationery is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.*

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Every time I ask women why they prefer Del-a-tone Cream for removing hair, they invariably begin: "Because it is so creamy-white . . ." I like to hear them say this, for it shows that they exercise discretion in what they put on their skin. Then, too, Del-a-tone is more daintily fragrant than ordinary depilatories—another reason for their preference.

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover

It actually removes hair in 3 minutes or less—and, as you will notice, most *thoroughly*, too. Thousands upon thousands of dainty women (including members of the stage and society) use this cream depilatory to keep their legs as well as their underarms and forearms alluringly smooth and hairfree. Write me for trial tube.

Mildred Hadley



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder $1—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Department 75, 233 East Ontario St., Chicago, Illinois.

Be fastidious! Use Del-a-tone before wearing sheer silk hose

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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

They Thrilled Mother and Dad

(Continued from page 71)

of the piece and it would be nice to let the star have center position occasionally. In vain they even tried the old gag of setting up a false camera and telling her to look at that. Mrs. Pat could not be moved or fooled. She dominated every scene in which she appeared!

Their struggles with her prolonged the time they had expected to use her by days and days. And when the picture was finished, harassed executives, viewing the thing, had conferences about whether to re-shoot those scenes with a less conspicuous actress or to own themselves beaten and let her steal the picture. They finally released it with Mrs. Pat in all her prominence.

The Truth Hurts a Few

IT is as hard for them to realize their position as it is for Mother and Dad to visualize it.

"Character rôles! What do you *mean* . . . I am to play character rôles?" Another old stage favorite shrilled at someone who was offering her a part. "I'm a *star*, I am, and I play *leads!*"

They do not realize that the camera has the eye of an X-ray machine and that young parts are played by young people—and old parts by oldsters. Footlights and make-up can't help them here.

Edmund Breese, who, by virtue of dignified compromise, is doing pretty well in pictures, thank you, will tell you that "the good old days" have gone forever. (Mother and Dad will remember him best in "The Lion and the Mouse.")

"There are no matinée idols in the theater now," he will tell you, in his cultivated voice. "In the days of road shows, actors were like glamourous gypsies, traveling from town to town. The people who saw them on the stage rarely met them off it. They confused them with the parts they played. They endued them with the attributes of those characters.

"Motion Picture stars have superseded them. No stage actor ever received a tribute that could compare with the thousands of fans who stand in line outside a theater where Buddy Rogers is making a personal appearance.

Gypsies No More

"STAGE people are not on the road any more. They stay in New York or Hollywood and they buy homes and raise families. Their next-door neighbors know them to be ordinary people with somewhat extraordinary jobs—and they accept them with little curiosity.

"Being sixty," he told me, brightly, "and looking back at forty years upon the stage, isn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be. When I was a youngster and used to hear people talk about twenty or thirty years of stage experience, I was awe-struck. They seemed very ancient to me—and a little pathetic.

"But I find it rather nice," he went on, smoking his pipe, contentedly. "I keep making new friends, and interesting new contacts—and I still have my work. I find that I don't want the same things that I wanted then. It takes less to content me."

I fancy that it is having his work which contents Mr. Breese most of all.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is here and Maude Adams has been here for months, sitting on the sidelines while the pageantry of the show business goes on without them. May Robson is here, working.

Robert Warwick had something to say of the passing of the matinée idol, too.

"The papers did it," he said, accusingly. "They turned the theater inside out. They peeked behind the scenes and destroyed the glamour. There are no matinée idols now and some day the papers will destroy the glamour of motion picture actors."

They Agree With Arliss

MR. WARWICK, who used to be a matinée idol of no mean attainments, is also doing pretty well in pictures. He plays the elegant heavies—the handsome, cruel gentlemen who would thwart the young lovers. But he *used* to be the young lover.

Mr. Warwick and Mr. Breese (one can't speak of these courtly gentlemen familiarly, by their first names, as one does of motion picture actors) appear to agree with George Arliss who once said, "An actor should never appear in public. The moment he leaves the stage, he should be wrapped in cotton wool and put carefully away until the next performance."

M-G-M made an "old timers' revue" not long ago, called "The March of Time." It included such glittering personages as De Wolf Hopper, Josephine Sabel, Louis Mann, Marie Dressler, William Collier, Fay Templeton, Lew Fields, Joe Weber and Barney Fagan. Truly a "galaxy" of headliners, as it would certainly have been called in Mother's and Dad's day!

But even these brilliant names, all in a row, were not sufficient to overcome the fact that musical pictures were on the wane. The picture has never been released but M-G-M assures us that it will, sooner or later. Won't Mother and Dad enjoy *that!*

They give such a *tone* to the colony, these idols of an earlier day! Their voices, their diction, their deliberate dignity. They suggest, subtly, by their manner, the rôles they have played. There are reminiscent of the days when the traditions of the theater *were* traditions—matters to be treated with reverence.

They are artists, conscious of the dignity of their calling.

They do not belong in Hollywood—really. Ask Mother and Dad if they do!



Acme—P & A

The latest wrinkle in educational instruction in English rural schools such as Wembly Hill is the use of "talkie" pictures

We're Telling You Straight —From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

downcast. They just hunt up another fence.

The Latest Split-Ups

JOHN GILBERT and Ina Claire have "agreed to part." As if they hadn't been parted most of the time since May, 1929 (when they flew to Las Vegas to get tied)! They sought separate houses soon after the honeymoon.

Jean Harlow is finally severed from Charles F. McGrew, 2nd, of Chicago. She said he pushed her into a mantelpiece and refused to buy her furs.

Kathlyn Williams is no longer Mrs. Charles Eyton.

Evelyn Laye's decree from Sonnie Hale is final. He shows signs of marrying again. She doesn't—as yet.

Mrs. Warren Hymer is charging cruelty.

Tom Mix is anticipating some alimony payments.

Mrs. Duncan Renaldo is still talking about African "love cults," Edwina Booth and fifty thousand dollars.

Frances Marion, screen writer, and George Hill, director (both responsible for "The Big House") have separated. Married a year ago, they enjoyed the fleeting fame of being "Hollywood's perfectly matched couple." They *weren't* matched, they say.

Paul Whiteman, a year and a half after the event, tells the reporters that he and Mrs. Vanda Hoff Whiteman (his third wife) are legally separated. Now Paul's going places with Margaret Livingston.

And Joan Bennett and John Considine, Jr., have called off that quarrelsome engagement at last.

Why Wolheim Dieted

WE wish to correct the widespread report that Louis Wolheim died as the result of dieting to play the rôle of the managing editor in "The Front Page." He was on a diet—but because of the pain in his stomach, which he could not understand, and, being an unusually virile man, was ashamed of. When people noticed his diet, Wolheim made light of it and concealed his suffering by telling them that he was getting thin for a part.

But to Lewis Milestone, director of "The Front Page," as well as of "All Quiet on the Western Front," he confessed, bewilderedly, "Millie, I don't feel so good lately. I've never been sick in my life. What is it, d'you suppose?"

He had lost forty pounds before he collapsed on the set during a rehearsal for the picture, in which Adolphe Menjou will be seen in his place.

Mystery Man

NOW it's Duncan Renaldo who is in serious trouble, unless he can prove to Uncle Sam's entire satisfaction that he was born, as he says he was, in Newark, New Jersey. And since he once satisfied the U. S. passport officials with his citizenship when he went to Africa with "Trader Horn," this would not seem difficult to do.

But his wife's tale of his Roumanian birth and entrance to the United States without a permit as a sailor on a Roumanian ship so impressed the authorities that they clapped him in jail and it was only on the day before the opening of his picture that he was able to free himself temporarily. As we go to press, he awaits a hearing.

His ancestry seems a bit puzzling. He played *Little Peru* in the picture, and talked with a Latin accent. He himself says he is Spanish and Scotch. His wife claims he is Roumanian with a dash of Chinese, being the son of a Manchu prince!

inconspicuous



MODESS

FOR THE SMART YOUNG SET

THE smartest young things are using Modess these days—because they don't have to worry about it. Like their mothers, they find Modess has everything necessary to make it the safest sort of sanitary convenience—perfect protection — complete comfort — deodorant — easily disposable. And with its softly fluffed, gently conforming filler material, and skilfully rounded corners, Modess can be worn under the scantiest frocks without being the least bit conspicuous.

There are two types of Modess—Regular and the new Compact. Modess Regular is standard thickness. Thousands of women already know that it is the best possible sort of sanitary protection.

The Compact is Modess Regular gently compressed to half its thickness. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear with evening clothes—for packing in the week-end bag—for times when less thickness is necessary. Many women—and young girls particularly—will find that the Compact is satisfactory at all times.

The next time you buy, try a box of each. See what a perfect combination they are.

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World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same.

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LASHES STAY SOFT

JUST A TOUCH of darkening shadow on lashes—what can be more flattering to pretty eyes?.. But—ordinary cosmetiques so often look unnatural—"made-up." So often they make lashes brittle. Now—a new cosmetique has been created which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First, it darkens lashes—with a delicate and absolutely natural touch. Then it *softens* lashes. Of course "brittle" or coarse lashes are impossible. . . . This Double Treatment cosmetique is the new *Liquid Winx*. . . . Try it? Send 10c for Vanity size (enough for a month's use)

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I enclose 10¢ for Vanity Size of the new Liquid Winx. Black_____Brown_____

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Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.
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Paul Rieger & Co., 166 First St., San Francisco

The Movie Love Calendar For 1930

(Continued from page 47)

4. Helene Lubitsch does the same by Ernst—same grounds.

8. Ruth Mix marries Douglas Gilmore. Mamma doesn't like it—but Tom sends his blessings.

10. Harry Langdon sued by the former husband of his present wife for "love balm."

12. Lina Basquette admits separation from "Pev" Marley. "He didn't understand my love for my baby," she says.

15. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon wed with elaborate ceremony at Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Three hundred famous friends attend. Bebe looks beautiful. Marilyn Miller, who used to go with Ben, faints. Good time had by all.

17. Billie Dove asks divorce from Irvin Willat after months of separation. "He struck me, and otherwise abused me," she told the Judge.

18. Newspapers say that Clara Bow secretly paid $30,000 to doctor's wife for "love balm."

21. Gloria Swanson denies that the Marquis de la Falaise is contemplating a divorce from her for the purpose of marrying Constance Bennett.

25. Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson marry at Hoot's ranch. Practically the same guest list as the Lyon-Daniels wedding.

27. King Baggot sued by wife who claims he set a bad example around the house for their young son.

30. Alice Day announces her engagement to Jack Cohn.

JULY: *These days of riotous heat must have "burned Hollywood up"—even the fun of baseball games and swimming at the beach couldn't patch the temperamental differences of this summer of only one wedding on a calendar of fireworks.*

5. Irene Edwards wants a divorce from "Ukulele Ike" and wants it in a hurry.

8. Evelyn Laye gets her final papers from Sonny Hale and swears she will never marry again.

13. Lita Grey Chaplin denies she is to marry Roy D'Arcy for the third time. (The denial for the third time—not the marriage).

17. Jane Winton weds Horace Gimble before anyone knew she was thoroughly divorced from Charlie Kenyon.

20. Mary Lewis gets divorce from Charles Bohen, charging several counts of brutality, including a whack over the head with a chair.

25. Dolores Del Rio accused of breaking up the marriage of Gunther R. Lessing because she "sympathized" too much with Mrs. Lessing concerning her domestic difficulties.

31. The Marquis "Hank" arrives in New York and promises to give some definite word shortly concerning his marital relations with Gloria.

AUGUST: *Neither the inward, nor outward heat is allayed to any noticeable extent—though a sense of humor does assert itself with the first "separation party" on record. It is too hot to quarrel crossly, even though the best of friends must part.*

6. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons wed quietly at Santa Barbara mission, after Dolores proves she was never divorced.

9. Margaret de Mille and Bernard P. Fineman announce their betrothal.

14. Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern, Follies beauty, are wed.

19. June Clyde and Thornton Freeland announce they are to be married shortly.

20. "Pev" Marley files suit for divorce against Lina Basquette. She was "a good kid," but "too jealous."

22. Ethel and Eddie Sutherland put their tongues in their cheeks and throw a "separation party" at the Embassy. At midnight it is announced that Ethel and Eddie are going to be divorced. Everything very friendly and gay.

24. It's a boy for Irving and Norma Shearer Thalberg.

24. Margery Wellman files suit against William Wellman, director, because he uses such naughty language.

29. First hint that Clara Bow and Rex Bell are engaged hits print.

SEPTEMBER: *Month of cool sanity, which didn't affect Hollywood. The courts abound with heart-balm cases, while only two marriages appear on the records.*

2. Vivienne Sengler sues Maurice Costello for $100,000, charging he didn't marry her after her heart was set on it.

3. Rudy Vallée denies $200,000 love suit brought by Agnes O'Laughlin for forgetting a wedding date—according to the lady.

3. Rita Kaufman sues Albert Kaufman, film executive, for divorce. Incompatibility.

3. John Garrick weds Harriett Bennett, putting an end to rumors he was engaged to Maureen O'Sullivan.

8. Jean Harlow wins right to retain $200,000 trust fund created for her by her former husband, Charles F. McGrew.

17. Edwina Booth sued by the wife of Duncan Renaldo for $50,000 damages, for stealing her husband's affection during the "Trader Horn" location trip.

18. Doris Kenyon widowed when Milton Sills drops dead on his tennis court.

19. Faith Cole McLean wins Reno divorce from Douglas McLean. "He is in love with someone else," she told the Judge.

22. Alma Rubens files suit for divorce from Ricardo Cortez.

26. Jocelyn Lee wins alimony settlement from Luther Reed.

29. Dixie Lee weds Bing Crosby and they spend their honeymoon with Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.

OCTOBER: *A month of falling leaves, of harvest. Hollywood catches the spirit and keeps time with the changing days.*

4. Lila Lee announces from Arizona that she is going to wed John Farrow as soon as she recovers her health.

7. Marie Mosquini and Lee De Forest, radio inventor, announce their engagement.

8. Blanche Sweet asks the court's permission to drop "Neilan" from her legal name.

8. Ernst Lubitsch punches Hans Kraly in the nose at an Embassy party given by Mary Pickford and Mrs. Lubitsch does battle for Kraly.

11. Jetta Goudal weds Harold Grieve, the interior decorator.

11. Viola Dana marries Jimmy Thompson, professional golfer.

12. Pola Negri sues Prince Serge Mdivani for divorce in Paris court.

14. The Robert Montgomerys have an addition to the family.

16. Gloria Swanson admits that she and Hank have come to a parting of the ways and that she will sue shortly for divorce.

17. Jeanette Loff gets final papers from Harry Rosebloom. Walter O'Keefe steps into the picture as a new romance.

18. Betty Boyd files intention to wed Charles Henry Over.

18. Yola D'Avril and Edward Ward apply at the bureau at the same time, for the same purpose.

19. Lewis Stone weds Elizabeth Woof at Yuma, Arizona. Miss Woof gave her age as twenty-four.



The newest entry among child players who would succeed Jackie Coogan is Jackie Searl. He takes his fun on the flying rings between scenes during the filming of Percy Crosby's "Skippy"

20. New York newspapers announce engagement of Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan.

26. Lawrence Tibbett denies divorce rumors.

28. Billie Dove's name linked with Howard Hughes's in print. Wedding bells expected to ring as soon as divorce is final.

NOVEMBER: *Fires burning on the domestic hearth. Days of strange sadness. Even Hollywood pauses in her mad rush.*

7. Dorothy Lee and James Fidler married at Santa Barbara.

9. Mae Clarke announces that she will wed John McCormick as soon as his divorce from Colleen Moore is final.

14. Gloria gets her first papers of final divorce and does not look so happy.

17. Joan Bennett denies she is secretly wed to John Considine.

27. Will Hays marries Mrs. Jessie Stutesman in Edgemore, Maryland.

DECEMBER: *A little cold. A little cheer. The holidays are here with a typical Hollywood hodge-podge of marriages, divorces and domestic denials.*

12. Mrs. Tom Mix files suit for divorce from the cowboy actor. Says he twirled guns at her. Tom denies everything.

16. Douglas Fairbanks reveals plans for a hunting trip to India. Mary and Doug again deny divorce rumors.

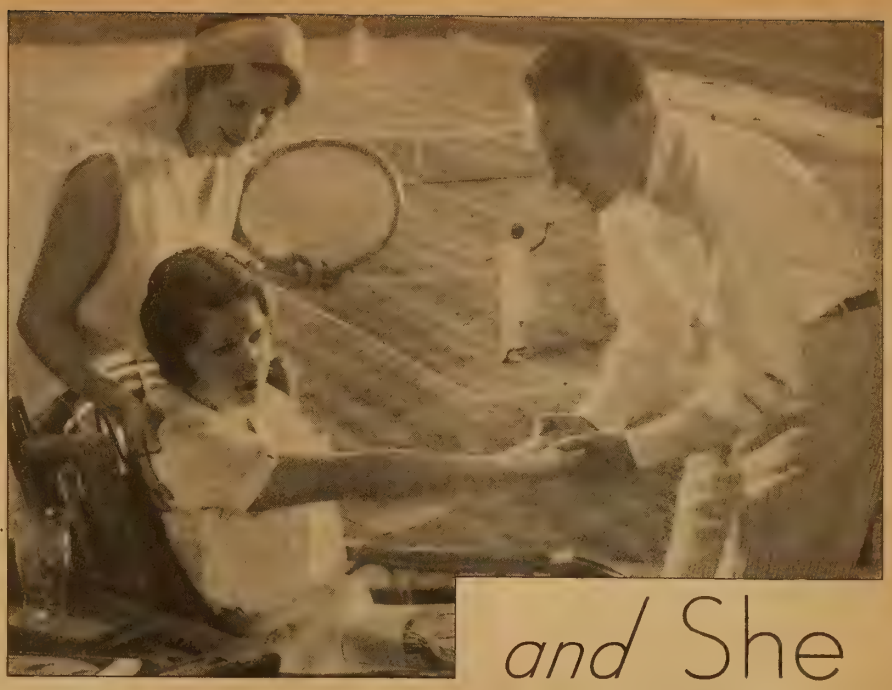
18. Lydell Peck rushes to Janet Gaynor's hospital bedside in Honolulu, denying divorce rumors for the hundredth time.

23. Dorothy Sebastian weds "movie" Bill Boyd at Las Vegas.

23. Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland wed at Yosemite under twinkling lights of a Christmas tree.

24. Marjorie Crawford, aviatrix, will wed William Wellman as soon as his divorce from Margery, the first wife, becomes final.

29. Marceline Day announces her engagement to Arthur J. Klein, Los Angeles furrier . . . the final official event on the Year's Love Calendar.



and She Can't Explain!

LARRY FOR HER PARTNER, BUT SHE MUST KEEP OFF HER FEET! NATURE PLAYS CRUEL PRANKS ON GIRLS WHO HAVEN'T LEARNED . . . . . .

A MARVEL AT TENNIS. Everywhere at once, alert and dangerous. Deftly returning the hardest play. Stopping the fastest volley with amazing skill.

What a pity she has not learned to stop periodic pains as easily! In just a few moments, with Midol. Any woman who now submits meekly to monthly martyrdom will find in these little tablets a boon on those dreaded days. For Midol renders them entirely painless.

One or two tablets, taken in time, will spare you even a twinge of muscular pain. Or, if your suffering has already started, it subsides in five to seven minutes. No matter how great your usual discomfort. Whether you are fourteen or forty. Midol tablets end all the pain! Safely, and in a hurry.

Midol is not a narcotic. So it may be used, with perfect safety, as often as there is the slightest need. Specialists produced Midol for one merciful purpose. To stop all the agony that is needlessly inflicted by menstruation.

Midol does not halt or even hinder the natural menstrual process. But it does banish the unnatural pain!

More than one million modern women have turned to these tiny tablets for relief of such suffering. And Midol has given them extra days of freedom every month. Its discovery has removed their last excuse for ever giving-in to periodic pains.

Midol offers the relief in a most convenient form, too. The trim case in which the tablets come will tuck away easily in your purse or pocket. Always ready for an emergency. Ready to relieve any sudden pain—headaches, neuralgia, etc.

All druggists have Midol for fifty cents. Get a box today, and be prepared. Or, you may try it without cost. The coupon brings free proof that Midol can save you suffering.

10

PERSONAL

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St., N. Y.

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Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

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Lucille Young, 6515 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Wise to the Game

(*Continued from page 55*)

enough to avoid the razzle-dazzle. Wise enough to stay out of the glamour-destroying limelight. Wise to the game she plays with the public. And also, I might mention, wise to the game she plays with producers.

She is not to be stampeded by the mention of large amounts of money. She drives as shrewd and hard a bargain over her considerable number of dollars per week as some rural woman of her own country might drive over the price of a pig. She states what she wants and then she sits her down with stubborn patience to wait until she gets it or until some satisfactory compromise is offered. Threats or persuasions are met with the indifferent statement that she does not care whether she stays in pictures or not.

It is pretty difficult to cope with a woman who doesn't care.

Garbo is wise enough not to *want success too much.*

Bill Powell is wise to the game.

"What I do isn't 'art,'" he says. (Although critics here and there have disagreed with him about that.) "I am doing a fairly commonplace job in the best way I know how. It can't last forever, you know. So I'm going to do all I can for myself while I have the chance. And then—I'll travel or something. . . ."

Bill isn't blinded by glamour or adulation or a fat pay-check. *"It can't last forever—"*

If Bushman Had Known

IF Francis X. Bushman had known that when he was a star, he wouldn't be playing in a stock company at a small salary now. He was interviewed not long ago. "I didn't know it could come to an end—that success I had," he said. "I was so sure of myself and my position. I spent my money as fast as I made it. Oh, well! I had the fun—and I don't require so much to enjoy myself now."

Time was when Bushman required two of the most expensive cars Hollywood had ever seen, to enjoy himself. When it pleased him to give parties that cost small fortunes. He thought it could last forever. He wasn't wise to the game. Now that he knows—it's too late.

Conrad Nagel is wise. He makes a *business* of his acting. Ambition has never overruled his conservatism. He has never gambled with his fortune, his career or his reputation. He has never sought the precarious eminence of stardom—knowing that if the picture is bad, it is the star who is blamed.

He looks the facts of his limitations in the face—this amazing man! "I am not starring material," he has said. "I am willing to do the thing I do best."

Most important of all, perhaps, he knows the necessity for getting along with his employers.

Their Business, Not His

"IT isn't up to me to squawk about stories or direction or even the parts I get," he says. "I have sometimes made pictures of which I was not proud. But that is the business of those who make and sell the pictures. I am engaged to do a certain job and I do it to the best of my ability. Whether or not it is a good picture—whether or not it is a box-office or an artistic success—is none of my business. That is the affair of the producer and director.

"The important thing to me is whether or not I please the people who are paying me, so that they will employ me and pay me again."

Wise to the game. Conrad is one of Hollywood's wisest.

Charles Bickford is learning the importance of getting along with his employers. He told them for a year or two what he thought of them and their methods and their product—and none of the things he thought were complimentary. He grumbled and complained until at last, one day, he found himself without his nice, fat M-G-M contract. They were tired of him, apparently.

That changed everything. Charlie became such a *good* boy and promised that if the nice, kind studio would take him back, he'd be as still as a little mouse about the things that didn't please him.

"I'm through," I am told that he remarked. "I'm not going to say another word—no matter *how* I *feel* about things!"

So they took him back for another chance—a soberer and, I trust, a wiser actor.

Wise to the game.

Clara Complains

CLARA BOW has never learned. I doubt whether Clara ever will learn that if you are to sit comfortably upon the throne of stardom, there are certain concessions that you must make to public opinion.

"Other girls," Clara wails, "do the same things that I do and no one makes any fuss about it. Newspapers don't consider it sensational news if they break their engagements—"

She does not stop to consider that these "other girls" haven't had thousands of dollars spent in arousing public interest in them, and that they do not make so much money in their comfortable obscurity as she does in her desirable limelight.

"I only want to be myself!" she complains. Meaning that she rebelliously wants her own way. She isn't wise enough to know, even yet, that fame is a prison.

But Ronald Colman knows. He has always known. "Let's be dignified—and safe!" That's Ronnie's motto. Sometimes he appears to be so extremely dignified and so very safe that there is danger of his disappearing completely.

The canny Colman has always let it be known, with emphasis, that he is a married man—even though he is permanently separated from his wife by the Atlantic Ocean. "It's safer this way!" he has said, significantly.

Fleeing the Females

HIS name is never linked with that of any young woman because he appears with her twice at parties. He gets around that by not going to parties and by not being seen with any young women at all. It may sound like a dull life to you—but Ronnie *knows.* He's wise to the game.

Richard Dix could tell you how difficult it is—and how expensive sometimes—to keep from being compromised, when one is a spotlighted bachelor in the picture business. But Ronnie didn't need telling. He was wise to the game when he entered it.

Alice White isn't so very wise. "We stars," Alice still says, ignoring the fact that the conditions which made her a star no longer exist. She *isn't* a star any more. She will have to begin over and prove her value under the new conditions. If she's wise—

Dick Barthelmess said, not long ago, "I am no longer the wistful boy who played in 'Tol'able David.' There's no use for me to try to pretend that I am. I am a mature man now and I may as well face it and behave like one!"

Wise to the game. *"I may as well face it—"*

Wallace Reid, Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, Pola Negri, Colleen Moore—they didn't learn the rules *in time.* They weren't wise to the game.

Find 5 out of 8 Guests...



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Seven thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be $1785.00 cash (or the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown to the right) and there is an additional prize of $715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

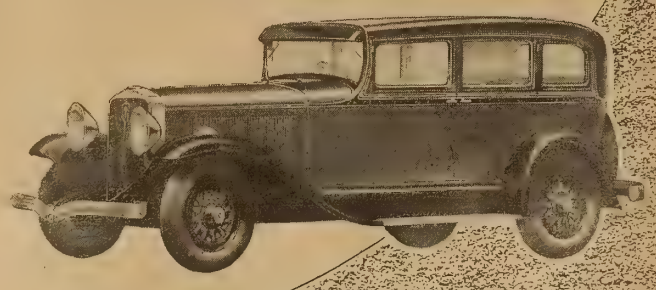
Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

T. A. HUGHES

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go the shades!

When the shades of the night come down, the shades of rouge go up. The livelier your cheeks are—the more stylish!

Po-Go's new color *Cardinal* is "it"—for this bright new evening make-up.

Po-Go goes on smoothly and quickly—blends beautifully—lasts the day through. Po-Go is Parisian made, by hand, of the finest French ingredients.

50c brings you chic cheek style in a petite, gay box. Everywhere in the U.S. and Canada...or by mail from Guy T. Gibson, Inc. 565 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Brique—medium for all. *Ronce*—raspberry for brunettes. *Vif*—a very popular vivid shade. *Cardinal*—see above. *Saumon*—delicately faint for blondes.



50c

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Lustrous Color for
STREAKED HAIR



Test Bottle FREE

Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE.

This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

FREE TEST

3,000,000 women have received this test. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for *Test Package*.

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

Color of your hair?_____



Jobyna Ralston wonders how it's going to look—her being seen with another man besides Dick Arlen. Dick's missus is returning to the screen in "Sheer Luck," which is a break—at last—for Nick Stuart

They're Cool In the Clinches

(*Continued from page 65*)

"Oh, yes—except possibly Ronald Colman. Mr. Colman and Mr. Arliss somehow remind one of each other; they seem to have the same quiet, confident poise. They both have so much ability that they don't have to stress it like some of the others, and I learned such a lot from each of them."

Not much to affect anybody's blood-pressure so far. Joan seemed to think that being kissed by the cream of the crop was like going to school. However, there were still others:

"Harry Richman, now. 'Putting On The Ritz,' wasn't it? He gave Clara Bow a thrill—how about you?"

Joan shook her head.

"He sang very nicely," she said.

Evidently Joan and Clara don't agree. But it's just such differences of opinion that make horse-races and crap games and stock markets. Not to mention movie stars and marriages.

"How about Robert Montgomery, then? He has started trillions of feminine hearts fluttering lately—"

"Oh, I enjoyed doing 'Three Live Ghosts' very much, and it seemed to be the turning-point for most of the cast. Beryl Mercer, Mr. Montgomery, Claude Allister—all of them have won great success since then."

"Yes, but—"

"But Mr. Montgomery was free-lancing then, and he was almost a brand-new bridegroom, too. He was thinking about both his career and his bride, I guess. He was perfectly lovely to work with, though."

Still, Bob doesn't get all those fan letters for being "perfectly lovely." He gets 'em for being a perfect lover. That must just have been Joan's hard luck.

You Figure It Out

THEN there was Edmund Lowe. Joan did "Scotland Yard" with the dynamic wooer of "What Price Glory?" Surely the masterful Mr. Lowe knew how to give his heroines a dash of the same sort of paprika he puts into his pictures!

But Miss Bennett didn't seem to respond as spontaneously to Mr. Lowe's dashing as his screen conquests would lead one to believe.

"No," she said, "no. I'm afraid there weren't any thrills to that, either. You see, Mr. Lowe is the virile, realistic kind of lover on the screen—and 'Scotland Yard' was a crook picture, anyway."

What could she have meant by that? And what *is* this thing called love in the talkies? Joan seemed to have had an awful time finding anything even remotely resembling it.

There remained Lew Ayres, the youth whose unforgettable performance in "All Quiet On The Western Front" flashed him meteor-like to fame. If he could love as he can act, what a godsend he would be!

Joan has just finished playing with Ayres in "Many A Slip"—or at least that's its name at present.

"Do you know," she said, "Lew Ayres reminded me *so* much of myself in 'Bulldog Drummond'! I really believe he was as bashful about the love scenes in this picture as I was then. He's a grand actor, but his big war film had very little to do with girls—and so, when we shot our fade-out the first time, he was going to give me a stage kiss with his lips behind mine and away from the camera! When I made it a real one, I'm sure he thought I was going to bite him!"

And Lew plays the guitar so beautifully, too!

So there you have it. All those high-powered heroes, and Joan still gets her thrills in the seats at the show and not on the sets. But then, maybe at the studios they're not lovers at all, but just actors!

Did You Know That—

Joan Bennett and John Considine, Jr., aren't cool in the clinches now, having kissed and made up and everything? It's tough to keep up on these things. They may have another "mad" on by this writing.



Roland Young has brought a brand-new sense of humor to the screen since he left the stage. You enjoyed him in "The New Moon," and you'll enjoy him in "Don't Bet On Women" and "The Squaw Man"

News and Gossip

(*Continued from page 41*)

AT a party not so long ago, a young actor got all haired up when, on glancing across the room, he noticed that Greta Garbo was motioning to him. Cautiously he peered around to see if somebody else was supposed to be getting the come-on. No; undoubtedly it was he. "I was as nervous as a humming bird when I walked over toward Garbo," he admits. "Judging from the way she was carrying on, I supposed she wanted nothing less than a week-end at Caliente—and there was I, an engaged man. But was that what she wanted? Hah! 'Oh, Mister——,' she begged, holding a hand to her tummy, 'Will you please get me some hot water? I haff indigestion!'"

NEWSPAPERS have stock phrases, evidently invented to save a reporter's brain from wear and tear. For instance, when the gas-main explosion occurred outside the Orpheum Theater during the première of "Cimarron," the audience just naturally was described as "rising to its feet in a panic and rushing, shrieking for the exits." As a matter of fact, the audience, practically one hundred per cent. movie, did not utter a sound! Fred Niblo, who was introducing the cast on the stage, went on talking as naturally as though the entire theater had not just rocked on its foundation. "Don't worry, folks!" said he cheerily, "If there was any danger, I'd be the first one to run." Robert McWade, who played the undertaker, had just taken a bow. He too, grinned. "That's only the boys outside celebrating my triumph!" said he. Actors are used to quick-thinking in emergencies.

RICHARD DIX was smoking a big cigar in the wings, waiting to be introduced. The explosion blew the cigar com-

(*Continued on page 111*)

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . Wearproof . . . Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever



You apply when you go out

done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

The NEW
Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

Newly Discovered Formula



Moles

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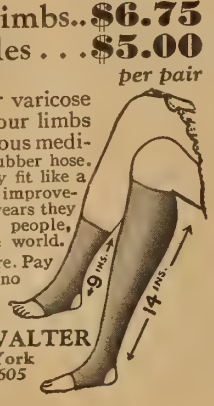
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Hollywood's Scrappy Colony

(Continued from page 31)

smiling caustically all the time? I ask you?

Betty Compson, just a short time ago, played the stellar rôle in "She Got What She Wanted." James Cruze directed it, and it hasn't been very long since Betty and Jim parted marital company. However, everything was as smooth as satin on the picture. Jim likes Betty as an actress and as a person, and *vice versa* so far as Betty is concerned.

Mary Pickford, if you will remember, was supported by Matt Moore in "Coquette." There must have been a few embarrassing moments when Matt spoke of brother Owen. Owen, of course, was Mr. Mary Pickford in the olden days when Mary was noted for her be-youtiful curls.

Putting Jeanette MacDonald and Dennis King together in "The Vagabond King" was like exiling Texas Guinan and the Archbishop of Canterbury to a desert island and expecting them to live happily ever after. When the two songbirds were on the set, each tried to "back-up" on the other. "Backing-up" is the age-old practice of one player maneuvering to get out in front, while the other gets his back or profile to the camera. For a while the studio thought they would have to install rubber walls, so the "backed" player could bounce into the set again. When Jeanette and Dennis weren't acting, they didn't speak a word to one another. But *they looked.*

Little Things You Hear

SPEAKING of "backing-up," they tell a funny story on Frank Fay. He was a bit upset over the fit of a coat across the shoulders. Finally, he was reassured.

"Why worry?" he was asked. "No one will ever see your back."

I'm not vouching for the truth of this instance, but it was whispered in my gossip ear and I'm passing it along for what it is worth. This tid-bit has it that Anita Page and Joan Crawford do not sing hymns of joy at being cast in the same film. Anita can't do her best work with Joan watching along the sidelines.

Charles Farrell and Rose Hobart were notoriously displeased with one another in "Liliom." Neither could feel "that way" about the other in the love scenes. That deplorable state of affairs was rather apparent in the finished product, if I may be so bold.

It is the proud boast of a certain "exotic" actor in Hollywood that he can win any woman he likes. He tried his theory on the wife of the man who happened to be his director. His choice was a bit indiscreet. The director was well over six feet and packed a wallop like a Missouri mule. Everything went well during the picture, but when it was completed—oh, my—bring the ammonia. The gay Lothario had a bloody nose and a couple of black eyes. The next time he tries his blandishments he will select a woman who is unmarried, without brothers, and an orphan from birth.

The Battles of the Queens

THE pages of motion picture history are packed with instances where Jetta Goudal disagreed with cast or director. The funniest example came during the making of "Lady of the Pavements," when Jetta and Lupe Velez crossed swords. When Lupe was doing a scene alone, Jetta sat close by with a cold smile on her lips. Lupe thought it looked like a "dirty" sneer. When Jetta had the stage, Lupe made "funny noises." Years ago, Jetta and Ricardo Cortez fought a famous battle of tongues in "The Spaniard." There was more war stuff in the making of that opus than in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The studio never did get the two together long enough for publicity stills.

The old Paramount studio used to be a hot-bed of temperament. When Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were both around, smoke poured out of the studio gate. Both stars were determined to be queen of the lot. Gloria had a bungalow. Pola didn't, but she soon remedied that. The head of the scenario department had a bungalow for his office. One day he arrived at the studio and found that he had been moved out during the night. Pola was in possession, and Mahomet might have moved the mountain, but he never knew Pola.

During those glamourous days, the night watchman at this studio had a deplorable fondness for cats. There must have been twenty low-bred felines prowling about the lot, and Pola had a strong aversion to the mousers. When Gloria discovered this, she loaded ten more cats into her limousine and unloaded them near the Negri's dressing-room. Petty jealousies have long since ceased to bother Gloria. She is truly a great person now. And Pola—well, Pola is in Europe.

The Unkindest Cut of All

REACHING farther back into these battles of the studios, Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff had a famous feud during the filming of "To Have and To Hold." Kosloff, a proficient scene-stealer, toyed with his handkerchief or twirled his sword during Lytell's scenes. Lytell, the romantic lead, burned and burned. The climax of that picture came in a fierce duel scene between the two men. It isn't nice to say, and you just write your own captions, but Bert inflicted a nasty cut on Kosloff's hand. Oh, accidentally, of course.

So it goes, on through the years. Whenever you find an artistic temperament you'll find an artistic temper. Only in unusual cases do these arguments and disagreements get into print. It's not good publicity, but you hear about them when picture people get together. A dish of gossip is as succulent in Hollywood as in Hicksville. Maybe succulenter.

You hear that Jack Mulhall landed a haymaker on his director; that Ronald Colman is always coldly polite to his unmarried leading ladies; that Jack Oakie and Lillian Roth were not chummy; that Garbo and director Clarence Brown got awfully tired of each other; that Clive Brook once walked off a Josef von Sternberg set; and so on and on.

But, you know, no one has *actually* been hurt. And no one *really* holds malice. (Not for more than fifty years.) Hollywood, at heart, is just one, big scrappy family.

Did You Know That--

Virginia Valli, who's now Virginia Farrell, was born Virginia McSweeney?

Grover Whalen, ex-Police Commissioner of New York, visiting a Hollywood studio, was mistaken for an extra?

Ann Harding is learning how to pilot an airplane?

Norma Shearer got her start in Westerns?



A war friendship was renewed at the Paramount studios after twelve years between General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and Elsie Janis. General Atterbury made a survey of the motion picture industry during his short stay in Hollywood

News and Gossip

(*Continued from page 109*)

pletely out of his mouth! Connie Bennett, with the Marquis, had already left the theater and stood in the lobby autographing a program when the explosion wrecked her limousine. The Marquis found French the only language in which he could express his emotions but the lovely Connie was unruffled to the last golden hair of her sleek little head. Death Valley Scotty had a narrow escape from being killed. He was pulled back by a woman in his party just as the manhole cover sent a taxicab whirling over their heads.

FUNNY THING! Two days before the "Cimarron" opening a local newspaper man sauntered into Radio studio. "I'm not coming to your opening," said he, "it's common rumor that they're going to toss a bomb!" Whether or not there was a bomb in the gas main will probably never be decided, but the timing of the explosion at the exact moment when the gorgeously dressed movie stars usually are leaving a première, and the placing of the explosion where it would have caught the crowd as it left the theater lobby make it seem extremely suspicious. This is the Grand Strut of local life, the one place where jewels and costly furs and imported cars are displayed, and as such it is the ideal place for a demonstration of the jobless and discontented. If it had occurred ten minutes later, scores of world-famous people might have been injured or killed. As it was, a number of bystanders were rushed to hospitals, some of them badly hurt.

AFTER the explosion Estelle Taylor went home, and was wakened in the middle of the night by a frightful bang. But it wasn't Reds—only a dozen bottles of ginger beer (that's what I said, ginger beer), which blew up in the cellar.

STAR-STEALING seems the favorite Hollywood sport these days, and that in spite of the agreement to the effect that no movie company would approach a player with an offer so long as the player was

Win a Studebaker —or $3,000.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Studebaker President Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). In addition to the Studebaker Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Shetland Pony, an Eastman Moving Picture Outfit, Leather Goods, Silverware, Jewelry and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away more than $150,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. A. H. Jones received $3,050.00, John Burroughs $3,795.00, Mrs. M. Iverson $2,320.00, W. R. Eddington $3,050.00, Mrs. Kate L. Needham $3,150.00 and E. J. Cullen $2,220.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.

Can You Find 5 Faces?



There are a number of Policemen hidden in the trees and bushes in the picture above ready to pounce upon the burglar. Only their caps and faces are visible. See if you can find them. When you find 5, draw a circle around each one or mark each one with an X, then fill in your name and address on the coupon below and send it to me right away.

$1,000.00 Given for Promptness

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you $1,000.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of $3,000.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

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Two residents of Hollywood, not members of its scrappy colony, are Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian—who were recently married. While the little woman is on location, Bill must be content with a mere framed likeness of her

under contract to another company. We don't know quite who started it. Maybe it was when Warners had Al Jolson stolen away from under their noses that the iron entered their soul. At any rate, the Brothers certainly have raided the other lots lately. There is Bill Powell lured away from Paramount, and Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton will be transferring in the early autumn. And there is Bebe Daniels decoyed from Radio. And there are rumors of other deals under way. But, as Ruth Chatterton says, "When they offer you exactly one naught additional on the end of your salary, what are you to do?"

HAVING lost several stars of long standing, Paramount is going to try to repeat the Dietrich achievement and create another star overnight. Eighteen-year-old Carmen Barnes, who at fifteen was asked to leave a fashionable girls' school because of her sensational novel "School Girl," dealing with the naughty doings of the Younger Generation, has been signed on a starring contract without ever having appeared before the camera. Her first picture will be "A Débutante Confesses," written by herself. She will probably gather material, while working, for one of those Telling-on-Hollywood novels, so popular at present.

THERE are fifteen Hollywood novels and plays already sprung or about to be sprung on the breathless public! The next to appear will be "Spotlight Madness" by our own Charles Grayson. The play "Napoleon Had It Too," by Sada Cowan and Madeline Blackmore, may or may not duplicate the success of "Once in a Lifetime" the New York satire on life in the film colony written by two young men who claim they have never been to Hollywood. They are said to have learned all about the movies by intensive reading of fan magazines.

Grayson says his characters would be madder if they weren't imaginary!

"KEPT MAN" is a novel dealing with the husband of a famous movie star and written by Gilmore Millen. "The Hollywood Wife" is anonymous, and purports to give the low-down on actual life stories of movie celebrities. "Star Dust in Hollywood" is another satire of film-colony life written by Jan and Cora Gordon, who gathered the material during a few weeks' stay here last summer. "Hollywood Be Thy Name" is still another treat promised the curious in the near future. Columbia is starting a murder mystery picture with the scene laid in a movie studio. And so it goes.

AL CHRISTIE tells this one on himself. Al was traveling through the Mojave Desert at a high rate of speed late one evening recently when a siren sounded and a motor-cycle cop stopped him. He asked for his driver's license, read the name and handed it back. "Oh yes, Mr. Christie," he beamed, "I know who you are! A lot of us used to work in your comedies back in the old days, when you needed cops in the picture." Al saw his fine disappearing, and beamed back. "Yes, indeed," he said, "I've given many a cop a five-dollar bill for an afternoon's work." The motor-cycle cop drew out his book. "My friends all got jobs with you, Mr. Christie," said he, grimly, "but you never would give me a job, though I hung around your studio for days." And he wrote, "Give this guy the limit" on the ticket, handed it over and disappeared with a loud bray of his siren.

THEY are making Ramon Novarro sexy these days, tiny mustache and all. Off the screen, however, he is the same retiring young man who gives the appearance of being about to sidle around a corner out of sight. He refuses to dress up. "If you see me wearing a Tuxedo, you'll know I'm getting *paid* for wearing it," says Ramon.

THE opening of "City Lights" will long be remembered as the maddest, most un-



Like the rest of the movie colonists, Marion Shilling, a newcomer, has taken to pets—and the lucky dog getting the petting is a snugly wire-haired terrier

controlled première Los Angeles has ever seen. Early in the evening the mobs that surged in the downtown streets got out of police control, and from then until the last bedraggled, angry guest had fought through the crowds, pandemonium reigned. Stars in their limousines were stalled motionless in the swirling mass of humanity which swarmed on the running boards, peered inside the cars and jeered the occupants. Freeman Lang, famous radio announcer, could be heard on the air begging people not to overturn the lights and apologizing for the stars who arrived too angry and breathless to speak into the microphone. Plate glass windows gave way under the pressure of frantic bodies, lights crashed, windshields tinkled to the pavement.

BITS of clothing strewed the sidewalks. I don't quite know how a crowd can press a man so closely as to tear off his evening tie, but there were several of these underfoot when I finally got inside. Hoodlums made an archway with their hands and under this we crawled, Cecil B. de Mille behind us, likewise on his hands and knees. While in this exposed position, one of the helpful onlookers took the Heaven-sent opportunity of removing a wallet with a hundred and sixty-eight dollars from the De Mille hip pocket! One woman star lost a diamond necklace. Dr. Milliken, famous scientist, arrived with his soft felt hat jammed tightly down around his ears and his overcoat torn nearly off.

EINSTEIN'S face was a study. This mild old German scholar simply could not understand the savagery of the curious. Another thing seemed to ruffle his composure. Charlie Chaplin, his host for the evening, forgot for the moment that he had with him one of the most famous men in the world and signed the register first. Then, recollecting, he handed the pen to Einstein and so the scientist's name appears under that of the movie clown!

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The feet of the *Trilby* that inspired Du Maurier could have had no more beauty than the modern *Trilby's*, Marian Marsh, who is playing the lead opposite John Barrymore in the famous classic now titled "Svengali"

Style Notes: Mrs. Einstein wore a brown satin dress, and William Gibbs McAdoo, unless I am very much mistaken, wore a ready-tied tie. Lily Damita was luscious in pomegranate crepe and a chinchilla coat. Another chinchilla wrap protected Marjorie Rambeau from the driving rain while Gloria Swanson, Dolores Costello Barrymore and Dolores del Rio Gibbons wore ermine, and Natalie Moorhead Crosland was wrapped in sables.

CALLED upon for a speech, Charlie said, in his very English voice, "I am glad you seem to like the picture. Of course—if I had had more time—it would have been better."

The take-off on the talkies at the beginning of the picture was clever, but they tell me the audience aren't getting it. They leave their seats and run out to the manager's office to tell him that his sound mechanism is out of order and they can't understand a single word!

BUT they say that Richard Cromwell is changing fast, learning the movie ropes. The other evening he was relating an incident of his life to a group of enthralled listeners at a movie party. It was a colorful incident and he told it dramatically. Only at the close, to have a friend remark, "Why Dick! Last night you told me that you had read that story in some magazine!"

RALF HAROLDE has been picked as the newest successor to Valentino, on the strength of his extraordinary dark eyes. RKO have been trying to get the picture rights to "Monsieur Beaucaire" for him, we hear.

WHEN we were informed, a couple of months ago, that Stepin Fetchit, the vivid colored comedian, had vanished from the screen, we were grievously misinformed. We were told that he had declined to say a certain line in a certain picture, and that had been the end of Stepin. We are happy to state that our informant was all wrong, from start to finish. Stepin is very much with us. He's in "The Southerner," and he'll be in other pictures soon to be released.

So reliable has this particular informant been, that we suspended our strict rule and didn't investigate. Whereupon we learned that it's the exception that proves the value of the rule. We regret any inconvenience to Mr. Fetchit that the item may have caused him.

MRS. EDWARD ROBINSON is writing a series of articles for a newspaper syndicate on how it feels to be a gangster's moll. She divulges the fact that her hard-berled husband, who has acted the part of a ruthless gang leader a dozen times, likes French perfumes and has a nice taste in lace handkerchiefs.

STANLEY FIELDS of Radio pictures is a hard-looking customer. A haberdashery store on the Boulevard has a signed picture of him on the wall of their inner office and when they get a new credit customer, they take him in and impressively point out the picture of the scowling Mr. Fields with the remark, "that is our collector."

THE closing of a sad chapter of Hollywood history came the other day when huge trucks carried the immense electric signs "Guaranty Pays Six Per Cent" to

(*Continued on page 110*)

The Hot News Story of the Month

(*Continued from page 8*)

How Ill Was Grant?

SHE is also reported by friends to have doubted a little that Grant was really ill with appendicitis in Chicago; that he pretended to be to get her to come to him. (Grant, it seems, is full of playful little tricks when he wants his own way!) Furthermore, despite the fact that she talked long-distance to the surgeon who operated, Grant was reported ill only five days—and whoever heard of anyone recovering from an appendicitis operation in five days?

For Grant, it must be said, first and foremost, that he is in love. I believe he is in love, heart and soul, as never before.

Secondly, I think he has done his best—the Grant Withers best—for Loretta. She knew when she married him that he had little idea of money, that he had always had a financial guardian who paid his bills and doled out money to him as if he were a lad on an allowance.

Grant's friends claim he was practically out of debt when he married her, January 26, 1930. At first, all her salary went to her mother—so Loretta was helping him spend his money.

The first thing they did was to get a swanky apartment and to toss five thousand dollars blithely into furnishing it. Then, after a few months, they bought a thirty-thousand-dollar Beverly Hills home—which meant they had to "scrap" most of the expensive furniture to a second-hand dealer to get new things.

Why The Quarrel?

GRANT'S friends further claim that his quarrel with Warner Brothers, where he was under contract, took place because he asked for more money to satisfy Loretta's ambitious plans and not because, as insinuated, he wouldn't work. They add that the two bills for which Loretta's salary was attached were community bills. One was an unpaid drug account; the other, the sum charged by the apartment house to release them from their lease.

And lastly, they point out that as soon as he left town on the personal appearance jaunt with the hope of making money to retrieve the family fortunes, Loretta sold the Beverly Hills home and moved back to her mother's. That to-day he is sending the large bulk of his salary check to Loretta's stepfather, who is acting as business and financial adviser for him. That he is doing his best to make a go of the marriage contract.

And although this sounds relatively unimportant in the face of the bigger issues, they say that she did not write to him for a week after he left Hollywood. That, when he pleaded by wire for her to come to him—romantic but futile supplication, for she was working—she made no reply. And that when he sent word that he was ill and wanted her badly, she became very impatient with his obstinacy and told her friends she was through.

All of which, little children of fanland, is the true story, as near as I can discover (and I have been pretty close to the situation), of what is happening in the Withers-Young household. It is the old, old tale of a couple of very young people having their romance destroyed by unromantic realities.

What do you think is going to come of it all?

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Money back if not delighted.

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Do You Know--

The real reason why
Rex Bell advised
Clara Bow to go
To court against
Daisy De Voe?

Why Chicago gangsters
Like Hollywood?

Where screen hopefuls live
Until they get
Their breaks?

That chemists can explain
Why your favorites
Act that way?

Why William Haines
Wants to calm down?

What has happened
To some of those
"Overnight stars?"

Why Jean Hersholt
Says he'll never be
Chaney's successor?

What six girls are
Famous by accident?

How Buddy Rogers
Has changed?

Who is Hollywood's
Champion globe-trotter?

Where Billie Dove
Is hiding—and why?

How your Hollywood friends
Get out of tight places?

What newcomer is the
College boys' delight?

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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You should for she's one of Universal Pictures' greatest stars. This brown-eyed actress, who wears 14 year size clothes, is now appearing in a dramatic picture of Russian life. See below*.

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**Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"*

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"Old Town Canoes"

News and Gossip

(*Continued from page 114*)

some storage warehouse! And there is a sign "CLOSED" tacked across the door of the Moscow Inn. But on the other hand, the Sphinx Club is opened again, and Mr. Brandstetter wishes it emphatically stated that THE MONTMARTRE IS OPEN, has always been open except for a week when it was being redecorated, and intends to keep on being open, statements to the contrary in our pages and ány other pages being nothing more or less, according to Mine Host Eddie, than slanderous.

A RUSSIAN film, "Storm Over Asia," has been "standing 'em up" at Hollywood's art theater, "The Filmart." The enthusiasm of the movie colony was so great that for the first time a foreign film was held over for two weeks. Valery Inkizhnov, the Mongol hero, may not be the accepted Hollywood type of movie hero; but he could give our local boy-beauties lessons in pantomime. The primitive sweep of the storm scene worked the audience into hysterics as Hollywood-made pictures, no matter how expensive, somehow fail to do. Inkizhnov was trained at the Moscow Cinema University. They seem to do things thoroughly in Soviet Russia.

A FRIEND of mine has just returned from three weeks in Russia, where she was shown the new methods of picture technique by the great Pudovkin himself. She exclaimed over the sheer beauty of a new picture, "Earth." Pudovkin shook his head gloomily. "On the contrary, we are thinking of destroying this picture," he said. "But it is so beautiful," she cried in horror. "That is the trouble," said the director. "You remember the beauty—not the thought."

JACKIE COOGAN'S five-year-old brother, Robert, has the rôle of *Sooky* in "Skippy," and thus makes his movie début at exactly the same age as Jackie. He does not look unlike his famous brother in "The Kid," but has none of Jackie's enthusiasm for the films. As soon as he finishes a scene he remarks, "Let's go home now," and starts for the door, only to be chased by his father and hauled back. We asked him how he liked the movies and his answer was prompt. "Hate 'em!" said Robert fervently.

MONROE OWSLEY is the latest eligible bachelor to attract the attention of the screen girls. He divides his attentions among them so skilfully that so far Hollywood hasn't been able to scent out a romance. One night he escorts Genevieve Tobin, the next Joan Marsh. And the third night, it's Betty Pierce.

NANCY CARROLL stole the time for a flying trip from New York to Hollywood just in order to spend three days with her scenario-writing husband, Jack Kirkland, and nobody in town knew it! Nancy is getting what is considered as a break. She is making her pictures at Paramount's Eastern Studio, just outside New York. And they say Mr. Ziegfeld is after her to appear in this summer's edition of his Follies. Chevalier also has had an invitation.



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30x4.95-21"		2.90	1.35
30x5.00-20"		2.95	1.35
29x5.25-18"		2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20"		2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21"		3.20	1.35
30x5.77-20"		3.20	1.40
31x6.00-19"		3.20	1.40
32x6.00-20"		3.20	1.40
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32x6.20-20"		3.65	1.75

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31x4	2.95	1.15
32x4	2.95	1.15
33x4	2.95	1.15
34x4	3.50	1.15
32x4½	3.20	1.45
33x4½	3.20	1.45
34x4½	3.45	1.45
30x5	3.60	1.75
33x5	3.60	1.75
35x5	4.45	1.75

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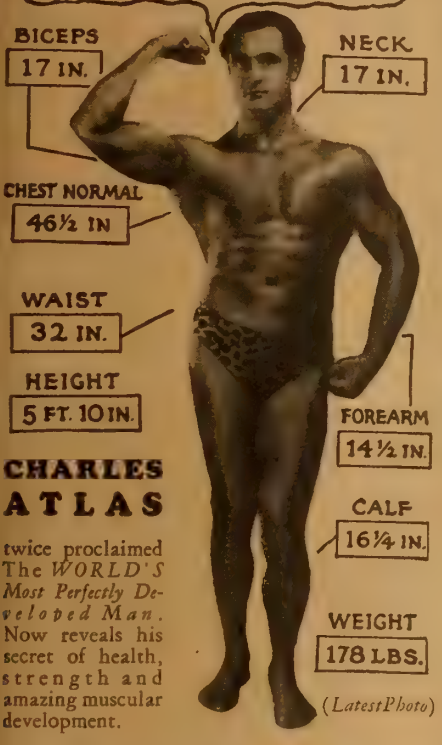
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Buster Keaton's St. Bernard pup, Elmer, is always ready to protect such beauties as Anita Page. But it seems as if Elmer is needed more to protect Buster—especially when spirited gals like Kathleen Key come a-calling

She Fought the Good Fight

(*Continued from page 33*)

read the horoscope—before. But when she consulted her charts, she shook her head. 'Sometimes,' she told us, 'everything is confused, nebulous. We cannot see clearly.' I think she read what was coming to Alma plainly, and didn't want to spoil our last days by telling us. The night Alma died, I sent this woman a wire saying, 'Alma is very sick. Tell me, is there any hope?' There was no answer."

The Empty Crystal

TWO years ago Alma Rubens invited writers and stars to a tea at her home. She was apparently cured, and happy. She was working again in the pictures, making "Show Boat." Everyone said, "How splendid that Alma is so well. She'll make a great comeback." Yet there was a sinister note in the gaiety of the afternoon. A crystal-gazer had been hired to provide entertainment. One by one the guests filed before the glass, to be told of what was in store for them. A new contract for Billie Dove. A new husband for Phyllis Haver. But for Alma the fortune-teller had no future. The crystal held only emptiness.

When Alma Rubens left the state hospital, she told her mother of the sights that she had seen. Sights that do not bear retelling. "But I am glad that I went, Mother," she said. "I would not have missed the experience. *And I shall do something with it—to help other people.*"

She was busy with her vaudeville tour, but she found time to write her experiences. Professional writers had told her once that she would have done really fine things if she had turned her talents to fiction, but this which she wrote now was not fiction. It was fact. Stark, terrible fact. She called her book, "This Bright World Again." The title itself tells a story.



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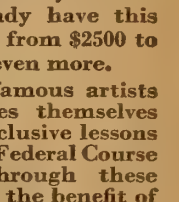
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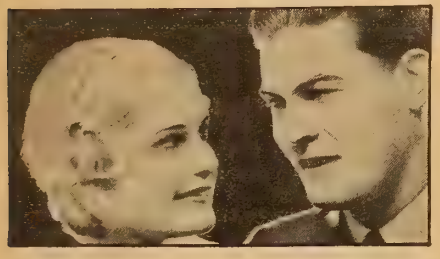
FRECKLES



Spring Sun and Winds Bring Out Rusty Brown Spots. How to Remove Easily

This is the time to take special care of your complexion if you wish it to look well the rest of the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles that will stay all summer unless removed now. What your skin needs is Othine-double strength. A few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to fade out those ugly-brown spots and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.



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ROMANCE always comes to blondes who keep their hair golden. And it's so easy with Blondex. This special shampoo not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Brings out sparkling lights—adds gleaming radiance. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used and recommended by scores of famous blonde movie stars. At all leading drug and department stores.

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS



Good and Good for You.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 89)

HAVELOCK FAN—I think you're getting a lucky break. Don't you? Louise Fazenda hails from Lafayette, Indiana, has a birthday on June 17. She is five feet five inches in height, weighs about 135 pounds, has light brown hair, hazel eyes, married to Hal Wallis and her latest picture is "Gun Smoke," Paramount Studios.

MISS FITZIMMONS—Thomas Meighan, I believe, has come back to stay and I'll bet you're glad. He is appearing in "Young Sinners" and "Daddy Long Legs," starring Janet Gaynor. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9, 1887, is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

JANNEY FANS—William Janney was born in New York City about twenty-three years ago. He is the son of Russell Janney, New York producer. Played on the stage in "Merton of the Movies," "Tommy," "Is Zat So," "The Fall Guy," "Fog," "Tenth Avenue," "Excess Baggage," etc. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. His latest release being "Girls Demand Excitement."

MARJORIE STERN—Genevieve Tobin is appearing in "Seed," Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Sylvia Sidney was born in New York City on Aug. 8, 1910. Her hobby is collecting first editions and antiques. Her two prize possessions are a 1647 edition of Shakespeare, and a dressing-table that once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt. She is appearing in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," Paramount Studios.

MARJORIE—Dorothy Lee, Radio Pictures' comedienne, is adept as a trick bicycle rider. Marion Davies was born in New York City, Jan. 3, 1900. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has golden hair, blue eyes and is not married. She is appearing in "It's a Wise Child" and receives her mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

ZOE—Glenda Farrell has only appeared in one picture up to this writing, that being "Little Caesar." At this time she is appearing on the stage here in New York in "On the Spot," starring Crane Wilbur.

BILL—Ramon Novarro has made several phonograph records, but they were not made commercially. They are in his possession and are for his use only. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Austria, on Oct. 9, 1895. Ken Maynard, July 21, 1895, he is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has black hair, grey eyes and is married to Mary Leeper.

CLUB FANS—You may write Gordon Wilson, 5020 Tenn. Ave., St. Louis, Mo., regarding an Irene Rich Club. Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Paul Lukas and Mary Astor Clubs, Natalie Werle, 217 Ralph Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Claudette Colbert Club, William F. O'Brien, 706 12th St., Franklin, Penna. Bebe Daniels, Wm. Bakewell and Hollywood Movie Fans Club, Ruth Quisenberry, Box 429, Santa Paula, Calif.

HELEN FITZROY—Bela Lugosi is the chap you refer to who played in "Such Men Are Dangerous" and "Dracula." He was born in Lugos, Hungary, on October 20, 1888. Made his first stage appearance as *Romeo* in "Romeo and Juliet" in Lugos when he was twenty-one years old. Hobby is sculpture; some of his work is still on exhibition at Budapest. Studied the piano and organ for some time and is a splendid musician, sings well, too.

A SPHINX—The picture you refer to is "The Kiss," in which Conrad Nagel played the rôle of the lawyer. Lew Ayres also played in this production. Lon Chaney died on Aug. 26, 1930. Corinne Griffith was born in Corsicana, Texas, Nov. 25, 1897. She has been appearing on the screen since 1915. If you will send along a self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to forward you a complete list of her pictures.

LADY OF LEISURE—Too bad, but you lose the bet, Mary Astor has red hair. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto on April 8, 1893. Her latest picture is "Kiki," Reginald Denny plays opposite. Gloria Swanson, Chicago, Ill., March 27, 1897, she is five feet one half inch tall and is appearing in "Indiscreet," United Artists Studios.

PATTY—Sorry I haven't the ages of Jeanette MacDonald's sisters. Jeanette was born in Philadelphia, of Scotch-American parentage. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Has green eyes and red hair. Likes to ride, swim and fish. Not married and is appearing in "Good Gracious Annabelle." She studied dancing and singing as a child and her first work on the stage was in the chorus of Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capital Theatre.

EILEEN FISHER—Your letter was just a little bit late for the last issue. However, I'm

(Continued on page 121)

end worry COLOR GRAY HAIR



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In League With The Babies

When little girls wore copper-toed boots and tight-waisted dresses, and little boys wore kilts—what of the babies? Swathed in yards of clothes. Scrubbed with unknown soaps. Few of them expected to live during the dreaded second summer. Many of them suffering countless ailments because nobody knew what to do.

A glance back only a generation or so is enough to reveal how fortunate babies are today. Now there are soft, cool soaps . . . every aid in food that care and knowledge can prepare . . . sensible, light little clothes . . . and such knowledge of sanitation, and control of disease, that every little baby should live and grow.

Mothers are indebted to advertisements for their news of these nursery aids . . . just as they are indebted for news of fascinating menus, fadeless curtains, sprightly dinnerware. Constantly, ways are being devised to make life happier, more comfortable for baby, the whole family. Laboratories clean and bright are scenes of goods being tested—being made safe and pure. When the testing is over — advertisements hasten the goods to you.

No longer marvel (the next time you buy something widely known) at how fresh, immaculate, fine it is. These are qualities you can be sure of in buying advertised merchandise . . . qualities you *must* be sure of in buying for the health of babies, children, anyone. It is surprising how timely and vital the news in advertisements can be! Read them regularly.



When Eugene Pallette goes on location trips, this is where he bunks. It's a regular house on wheels. Eugene says it cost him plenty

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, are expecting a visit from the long-legged bird.

2. Kathleen Key scratched, punched and kicked Buster, besides wrecking his dressing-room and accusing him of being the father of her unborn child. Keaton brands it as blackmail.

3. Filmland was shocked by the death of Louis Wolheim from cancer of the stomach following an operation.

4. When Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli were secretly married on February 14, it was the outcome of a five-year courtship. Their marriage should put an end to the persistent Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell rumors.

5. Learning she was to play the rôle of a maid, Miss Francis became ill. She was able to show a doctor's certificate, so you'll have to believe her.

6. She was secretly married. It all leaked out when Betty was discovered aboard a Havana ship with Edward Dowling, Paramount dialogue director, and she had to admit they were honeymoon bound.

7. Lily Damita can't hand American men much as lovers. This sure is something for our men to get upset about.

8. Edna Best ran away from Hollywood and a movie career, giving as her excuse the fact that she was homesick. It is hinted that she developed an inferiority complex after she got one look at some of the beauties on the Metro lot.

9. Charles Chaplin, born in England, may soon be known as Sir Charles Chaplin. He is just as deserving of the title as Sir Harry Lauder. France may make him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

10. Norman Phillips, while enacting a scene with Joan, fell dead from a heart attack.

11. Financial difficulties of her husband, Grant Withers, coupled with her religious difficulties and family advice, have annoyed Loretta Young to the extent of forsaking her spouse of only a year.

Obesity Frauds



Not Many Now

Time was when there was a great cry against obesity frauds. Methods either harmful or useless. That cry has led many to fear a method which is right and scientific.

But now frauds are few. All things wrong or harmful are short-lived.

Marmola prescription tablets have been sold for 24 years—millions of boxes of them—during all this furore of folly. Users have told others the results, and the use has grown and grown. Now excess fat is a rarity—slender figures are the vogue. And largely because of a factor in Marmola.

Some years ago medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a gland which largely controls nutrition. When that gland is weak, too little food turns to fuel and energy, too much goes to fat.

Now physicians the world over feed that lacking element to the over-fat. The factor they employ is embodied in Marmola. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case.

The new situation, shown by slender forms, new beauty, new vim everywhere, is largely due to that factor. Not to Marmola only, but to the thousands of doctors who employ the same principle.

You can trust a help so time-tested, so endorsed. It is now a standard treatment for obesity. No starvation, no over-exercise. Just supplying a lacking factor.

You should try Marmola if you overweigh. Combat the weakened gland condition. Do this because so many have found here new beauty, new health, new vitality. Do this because it presents, in fine form, the treatment of today. Go get a box today. Price $1.00. The complete formula appears in the box.

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12. Carmen Barnes is the authoress and star of "Débutante" in which she tells on the younger generation. You will remember her as the flapper writer of "School Girl" at the age of fifteen for which she was expelled from a girls' private school.

13. Mrs. Sidney Lund, wife of a cameraman, has made the charge against Dorothy Jordan, saying she stole the love of her husband of only two months while on location. Dorothy's troubles are very similar to Edwina Booth's.

14. America's most famous detective, William J. Burns, is filming a series of stories based on some of his startling adventures.

15. Even the youngsters have their crushes. Leon Janney is Mitzi's best beau.

16. Not one man's name appears in the cast of "The Mad Parade," a Hoffman-Gumbin Production. Louise Fazenda, Evelyn Brent, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, Marceline Day and June Clyde are in the cast.

17. With the advent of talking pictures, there were no calls for mother parts for Mary Carr, veteran mother of film dramas. Her finances ran so low she had to file a petition in bankruptcy.

18. They're Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye who were wed as soon as Kelly's parole expired. Miss Mackaye is the widow of Ray Raymond for whose death both of them served sentences.

19. None at all. He didn't even meet her at the train. No, not even for publicity's sake as might have been expected. They've been separated for some time and from the looks of things will remain that way.



If you saw "The Second Little Show," this dainty little miss needs no introduction. She is Arlene Judge. If you didn't, watch for her first screen appearance in "Bachelor Apartment"

THIS MAGAZINE HAS SOME INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS

WHENEVER you find an item about someone you used to know, or see the picture of a once-familiar place, there's an extra thrill in the day. Fading memories grow bright . . . in a flash you begin to "remember when—"

Actually every magazine you read is full of good news about friends of yours . . . friends that come into your home every day to help get the work done . . . friends you take with you when you go out . . . friends that make life easier, brighter, richer.

These friends are the foods, the clothes, the furnishings—the many modern comforts you meet in the advertisements. You know them well . . . know how they look and what they can do. Naturally you like to read all the news about them, for even old friends are constantly changing, growing more interesting, offering new ideas.

Advertisements bring you fresh and reliable news of things you could hardly do without. Form the good habit of reading them thoroughly every day. Watch them for news of your friends old *and new.*

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name.....

Address.....

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 118*)

keeping my promise, and here it is. Maurice Chevalier was born in France, on July 18, 1899. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. You pronounce his name Sho-val-yay.

RUSH—Well! I did my best. You forgot to send along your name, for a personal reply. Milton Sills died, Sept. 15, 1930. Marietta Millner, July 16, 1929. Vivian Duncan was married to Nils Asther on Aug. 6, 1930. Kenneth Hawks, died, Jan. 2, 1930. Renee Adoree has been married to Tom Moore and William Sherman Gill. Dolores Del Rio married to Cedric Gibbons on Aug. 7. 1930. Bebe Daniels to Ben Lyon, June 14, 1930.

PHILLIPPE—James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 184 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is Brown and he has been married to Irene Hamilton. His first screen appearance was opposite Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt." He is fond of all outdoor sports, particularly horseback riding and tennis. He is appearing in "Danger Ahead."

STANLEY SMITH ADMIRER—And he has plenty, believe it or not. Stanley hails from Kansas City, he is twenty-six years old, has light brown hair, blue-gray eyes, six feet tall and is not married. He is appearing on the stage here in New York in "You Said It" at this time. Nancy Carroll will be seen next in "Forever." Barry Norton in "Dishonored."

BETTY CO-ED—Bert Lytell was born in New York City, on Feb. 24, 1885, and received his education in the Canadian city of Toronto, where he graduated from Upper Canada College. He is of a family of prominent theatrical folk, and began his career in Newark, N. J., where he played in stock, later forming his own company. Served with distinction during the World War. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 153 pounds, has dark brown hair, hazel eyes and was married to Grace Menken on Mar. 16, 1930.

JUANITA—Anita Page's real name is Pomares and she is of Spanish and French descent. Joan Crawford's, Lucille Le Sueur and she was educated at St. Agnes Academy Convent in Kansas City, Mo., and Stephens College. Miss Crawford is an expert dancer. She has won twenty-six loving cups in dancing competitions. She is also a good swimmer.

GUESS WHO?—I'll give up, who? Zelma O'Neal was born in Rock Falls, Ill., on May 28, 1907. She is redheaded, five feet three inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, real name is Ferne Schrader and has been married to Anthony Bushell since Nov. 22, 1928. Her most recent picture released was "Follow Thru."

VERNON COOK—Vera Reynolds played the rôle of "Amy," Julia Faye was "Bertha," Rod La Rocque was "Jerry" and Ricardo Cortez was "Tony" in "Feet of Clay" which was released in Sept. 1924. The chap you refer to who appeared in "The Dawn Patrol" was not given credit on the cast. Richard Barthelmess is appearing in "The Finger Points."

G.E.—Robert Montgomery is appearing in "Shipmates." William Powell in "Heat Wave." Ruth Weston, New York society girl, will make her début in talkies for Radio Pictures with whom she is under contract. She will play an important rôle in "Madame Julie" starring Lily Damita, Lester Vail and Anita Louise.

LILLIAN D.—Conway Tearle was born in New York City in 1880. Clara Bow, Brooklyn, N. Y. July 29, 1905. Hardie Albright, who has just completed an important rôle in the stage production "The Greeks Had a Word for It," has been signed by Fox Films to appear opposite Dorothy Jordan in "Young Sinners."

VERONICA—Kane Richmond was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on Dec. 23, 1906. Educated at St. Thomas College at St. Paul and the University of Minnesota. Played professional football with various local teams, rowed on the crew of the Calhoun Beach Club and also played basketball on the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A. team during his college days. His athletic training was very useful to him in "The Leather Pushers" series. He is six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, has blue eyes and black hair.

MARJORY—Don Francis played the rôle of Carter in "The Indians Are Coming." He is not related to John Boles. Edmund Cobb was Bill Williams in the above production. John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898, six feet one-inch tall, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair, gray eyes and is married to Marcelite Dobbs, they have two daughters about seven and nine years old.

M.R.S.—You bet, I'm glad you dropped in again. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., on May 3, 1906. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds. Her first picture was "Oh! Doctor." Her latest being "Behind Office Doors." Allene Ray, San Antonio, Texas, in 1903. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, 117 pounds, golden hair, blue eyes. First picture "The Green Archer." Latest "The Indians Are Coming."

Losing 39 lbs. in 6 Weeks Was Easy



Beauty of figure is as important as beauty of face; both may be had by this method.

said Marjorie Crawford, beautiful and talented instructor in music in Chicago.

A miracle, no, but a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form, slender and graceful as any woman could wish for. This great reduction of 39 pounds was accomplished easily **in less than six weeks** by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, turkish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She gives Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the real fun she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal—no more.

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For those who doubt and wish to test at home. Wallace now makes this great free offer. Just fill out and mail the coupon and you will receive everything complete, records and all. There is nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. Try this amazing reducing method one full week in your own home and then if you have not lost several pounds and if you do not feel better than you ever did in your life, send it back and the trial will not have cost you one penny. If you decide to keep the lessons, then send only $5.00 in full payment for everything. This is the famous Wallace Reducing System regularly sold at $15.00. You get it now for only $5.00 and have a full week's free trial.

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Now You're Talking!

(*Continued from page 6*)

Anita Too Heavy



I don't see why everyone picks on Clara Bow and tells her to reduce. She is slimmer than many actresses who are never told anything like that. Take, for instance, Anita Page—she could afford to reduce twenty pounds and no one would miss them. If she took off some of that excess baggage she's carrying around, she might be more peppy. And you might also tell her to take that frown off her face, as it isn't a bit becoming to her.

Ruth Johnson, New York, N. Y.

Garbo Well Worth Imitating

Say, Miss Elsa Moran, don't you know that if you see something fine or something that makes a success out of another person you should copy it? I believe Marlene Dietrich is unaware that she is a Garbo imitation, but if by any chance she isn't, let's give her credit for realizing that Garbo has something worth copying and for copying it so successfully. I usually look for the stars' good points and not their faults.

S. G. P., White Plains, N. Y.

An Injustice to Gary



When I looked over the movie ads for "Morocco," and found that Marlene Dietrich's name was advertised in large letters above the name of Gary Cooper, it made me very angry. This is ingratitude on the part of Paramount. I have no desire to detract from the credit due this lovely and capable actress, but I do object to having her billed above Gary Cooper. Gary brought the crowds to "Morocco" and not the Dietrich girl, just as he did in "The Spoilers" and "The Virginian," in which casts Marlene did not appear. Before Marlene Dietrich was ever heard of, Gary Cooper's popularity brought thousands and thousands of dollars into the Paramount coffers. There are many who would not miss a picture in which Gary appears but to whom the name of Miss Dietrich means nothing.

I felt it my duty to mention this slight to Gary Cooper.

Mary O., New York, N. Y.

Those Terrible Close-Ups



"Distance lends enchantment to the view" holds true in motion pictures. Many scenes are spoiled because the players are too close to the camera. For instance, when Lawrence Tibbett sings to his fair lady we wonder why the very power and vibration of his voice doesn't knock the microphone and his sweetheart down. Both would be more attractive looking and the scene more beautiful if their full figures were photographed with a good background. Too many physical defects are exposed that would not ordinarily show at a little distance.

Mrs. C. R. C., Nashville, Tenn.

Garbo Lacks Warmth Which Dietrich Has

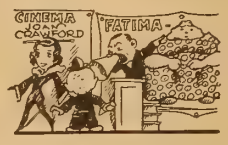
I do not like to enter into a discussion which already is fraught with fanaticism. Namely, the war of ages—shall it be Garbo or Dietrich? I am never so profound in my opinions of movie-lights to say dogmatically I either like or dislike them. Usually it is a case of liking in one picture and disliking in another.

But these letters on Garbo and Dietrich! Deary me, little boys and little girls, and big women and big men, but this has gone a little bit too far. In some pictures I liked Garbo and in some I have not. When I saw Dietrich first, because she was made up to look like Garbo, I noticed a great difference—it was warmth. Garbo lacks warmth—and here is where my tolerance enters into it—in some rôles this is most desirable.

To me, regardless of what rôle Garbo portrays, there's a little feeling that she doesn't know what it is all about. Now hear me before you swallow me whole—that doesn't mean that Garbo is not a great actress. She is a splendid actress but that's all. She is an automaton—true, a beautiful one, a seductive one, but still an automaton. While on the other hand, Dietrich, even in moments of coldness on the screen has a certain warmth glowing all over. The answer is undoubtedly that Dietrich by virtue of her marriage, child and full life will develop to greater heights. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I doubt it.

F. W., New York, N. Y.

Joan Is Just About Perfect



Who said Joan Crawford is sick looking and too thin? We like her that way and when we want to see fat people we can go to the circus, not the movies. We think Joan is just about perfect.

Betty McCormack, Ashland, Pa.

Lost Chords from the Zoo?

This is about the "Silly Symphonies." Why not give us more of them? They bring us the worthwhile music which is more likely to be remembered because of the novel way in which it is rendered.

In the elementary schools, music is a compulsory subject and most children hate a subject they must take. A child will much more easily remember a song or piece of music if it brings to mind something pleasant, and all the "Silly Symphonies" I have seen so far have certainly been pleasant.

The radio follows everywhere one goes with its three-fourths jazz and one-fourth classics, so "Silly Symphonies" could bring back the classics and semi-classics and make us like them. What person wouldn't want to hear the Anvil Chorus when it is played on some stones by several frogs? Or who doesn't like to recall Minuet in G when played on a spider web by a spider?

M. F., Charleston, W. Va.

Zasu Deserves Bigger Parts



Why not have a comedy with Zasu Pitts in the lead? I think she is the best there is. I never fail to see a picture when Zasu is among those present in the cast, but they never give her enough to do. She sure is deserving of a big part for a change.

Salem Fan

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Digging Ditches for Bickford



I sure get a kick out of hearing the girl fans rave about Buddy Rogers as the ideal boy friend. I can't see where they get that ideal stuff at all. And as for Charles Bickford, he should be out digging ditches.

E. Williams, Pasadena, Cal.

Not Beautiful but Charming

Why should Kay Johnson be put in slapstick comedies, L. E. Sanders? I noticed in "Passion Flower" that she was not beautiful but had a most pleasing and charming face and was well suited for the part she took as a young wife and she did some excellent acting. If you haven't seen her in "Passion Flower," do so at once and you'll change your mind about Kay.

W. W., Monrovia, Cal.

Thinks Nancy's Adorable

Who started this stuff about Nancy Carroll being high hat? Nancy is the dearest, sweetest, most adorable actress in Hollywood. She can dance, sing and act. I would like to get a look at these perfect models who pan everyone. I doubt very much if they would make a hit on the screen.

Bobbie Gould, Brighton, Mass.

Too Much Gangster Stuff



Recently all movies I have attended have been about gangsters in some form or another. Prison scenes, prison breaks, bank robberies, blackmailing plots are neatly woven into entertaining pictures. But one gets tired of these and also of talking versions of films that once were done silent. Why not give us something new and different?

M. O'C., Cincinnati, O.

Dressed Modern and Modestly

Maureen O'Sullivan's negligée was not too low in that scene in "Just Imagine." What did M. Stevenson want her to do—come down in an old-fashioned flannel night-dress with ruffles on the sleeves? Maybe M. Stevenson is too young to be going to shows.

Eddie W., North Bend, Wash.

Better to Sell Them, Rudy



You staunch defenders of Rudy Vallee, did you hear about Rudy's efforts in a Boston show house being rewarded by a shower of none too fresh vegetables? Perfectly fitting, believe me. I'm in favor of men who are men and not crooning humidores. I really believe that Mr. Vallee could do better by all if he sold vegetables instead of inviting people to shower him with them.

Fannie F., Wildorado, Tex.

Why Such a Sweet Heroine?

May I say what I honestly think about "War Nurse"? Some excellent acting was done in that picture. It was natural and very vivid, but why did the heroine remain so sweet, demure and good? Her girl friends were "falling" all around her, even the religious little country girl, Pansetth. Those who read the book laughed at the fantastic but decent ending of "War Nurse."

Of course, we admire the little girl for remaining true to what mama taught her, but is there a girl on earth who could remain true to mama's lessons under those conditions—flying bullets, falling aeroplanes, tumbling ambulances, turmoil and confusion, and a lover coming to say goodbye because it was his last night . . . perhaps his last night on earth?

Etta Levine, Duluth, Minn.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

ANOTHER GREAT RÔLE—ANOTHER BLAZING TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930 BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

in

STRANGERS MAY KISS



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.





To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with ROBERT MONTGOMERY
NEIL HAMILTON MARJORIE RAMBEAU
and IRENE RICH
Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



are you powdered to YOUR satisfaction—

and HIS?

Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.

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Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; nor the imported.

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Keeps the Skin Healthy » Protects Against Blemishes You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes* and *softens;* it benefits the most sensitive skin.

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Motion Picture

JUNE

25 CENTS



Laura La Plante

LONDON CLAPS HANDS FOR CHAPLIN

WHO IS THE MOST USEFUL AMERICAN?

[SEE PAGE 30]



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Motion Picture

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Publisher*

JUNE 1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLI, No. 5

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DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Ann Harding a Gifted Artist

In a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE some one said that Ruth Chatterton in "The Right To Love" was without an equal; that she was at the top alone. Uhm! Uhm! Ain't dat sumpin! But he also goes on to say that she had better watch Ann Harding. I am a bit doubtful as to the correctness of his first statement, but the last part, well, he sure said a mouthful. Furthermore, they all had better watch Ann Harding. Why? Well, because she is the most gifted artist that ever stepped from stage to screen—from the stage where they get real experience. And as for her grace, beauty, charm, voice and—well, everyone knows, so why go on?



E. A. Ward, Chillicothe, O.

Advises Marlene to Be Herself

I went to see "Morocco," the picture of the over-rated German actress, Marlene Dietrich. I will admit she is very good looking and a very good actress, but she holds no light to our Greta.

Dietrich would be much better in every respect if she would just be herself. One could see she was trying to imitate our Garbo.

Dietrich doesn't even look like Garbo and her eyes are not as expressive as Greta's.

Marlene, my advice to you is "Be Yourself."

Lucille Paulett, Farmville, Va.

Wants More Buck Jones Talkies

After seeing *Buck Jones* in "Men Without Law," it was so natural that it looks as if any cowboy could be cast in Western pictures in the talking class. I think Jones pulls off his action all right.



Let Columbia give us more and better productions of the "Good as Gold" cowboy.

Henry B. McGee, Statesville, N. C.

Thank Sweden for Garbo

If some people must advertise their ignorance, why don't they go about with a dunce cap on their heads instead of showing it by making such absurd remarks as: "we can get along without these foreigners. Garbo has made enough money, let her go back to Sweden and give some American a chance."

Instead of resenting the fact that a foreigner has been acclaimed the greatest actress of the American screen, let us thank Sweden for giving us Garbo.

A. Holmes, New York, N. Y.

Farrell and Gaynor Miscast



I have just seen Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in "The Man Who Came Back." Two young people badly miscast. Imagine Charles Farrell as a drunkard and sweet little Janet Gaynor as a "hop-head." I can't—and didn't. The scene in the Shanghai hop joint was too incongruous for me. *Janet*, with her kimono pulled tight about her childish little figure, swaggering up to Charlie with that "sunk to the dregs" look in her eyes, and saying, "*I'll drink with you.*" Oh, why can't our demure Janet Gaynor realize that her possibilities are limited? Her tiny voice—her petite figure—her childishness and complete unsophistication are her assets, but they bind her. Nature did not mean Janet to be "dramatic" in a big way. Mary Pickford has never stepped "out of character" and look where she is today.

Martha Harting, Elwood, Ind.

Pass the Potatoes and Pie

I'm tired of hearing about Constance Bennett being a cold, calculating sophisticate. That's poor publicity and bound to react unfavorably.

Please pass the potatoes and pie to Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. Their emaciated bodies are a sight to behold.

And before I close I want to nominate Charlie Bickford for Clara Bow's guardian.

Mrs. A. T. Krege, Elkhart, Ind.



Details Must Be Watched

I want to compliment Pearl Katzman on her letter which was published in the March issue. She expressed my thoughts to the letter.

Just a word or two about some of the recent productions. Saw "Fighting Caravans," with Gary Cooper, just a few days ago. It was a very good show, but the director made two noticeable mistakes. The first was when the wagon-train started across the prairies. A man was leading a mare, and beside her was a colt. Any westerner could tell you it would be foolish to start out on a trip like that with a young colt.

The other mistake was when the caravans arrived at the fort. The fort was in the middle of the prairie, a thousand miles from timber; yet the fort was built of logs. They must have needed logs pretty bad, to drag them that far.

There are little mistakes like that in nearly every picture, yet the pictures as a whole are very good.

Ralph Moore, Hollywood, California.



Wants Tom Mix and Tony Back

No one ever asks about our great western leader of the old days. When I think of the many happy hours he has given so many of us, I can't see how any one can forget Tom Mix. The least we can do is to sing his praises and ask him to return and make talking westerns. I had the thrill of my life when I had the pleasure of meeting him in person during his visit to my home town, when he was appearing in the Sells-Floto Circus and I want to say he is a wonderful man. Real in every way and his chief charm is that he has not lost the human touch. He is not spoiled nor high hat. Here is hoping all the Tom Mix and Tony fans will rally around and ask him to come back.

B. Goodman, Raleigh, N. C.

A Movie Menace

Why do gangsters and racketeers play such a prominent part in the movies of today? The movies weave a spell of romance and adventure around these denizens of the underworld. The wickedness of the characters is over-shadowed by their courage while, in truth, all criminals are cowards.

We see these experts on vice plan and perpetrate their crimes, elude the law and escape punishment. We learn how the 'perfect crime' is committed and many less skilful criminals have used this knowledge to their advantage (more often disadvantage). If we must have underworld pictures, let us have them before they have been robbed of their true significance; for crime is crime no matter in what guise it may appear.

Vilma King Holt, Louisville, Tenn.

Irene Dunne Is Just the Thing



I would like to inform you that Irene Dunne, Ziegfeld star, was catapulted into the Hollywood spotlight when she became Richard Dix's leading lady in "Cimarron," the most sensational hit of the season.

Miss Dunne is a cheering person, young, pretty, and convent bred. She is different from all others, she doesn't look like a chorus girl or a dancer in a night club. And now Miss Dunne is looking for a legend—one like Greta Garbo with her atmosphere of mystery and secrecy. She may be lonely living like that, but she is very satisfying to contemplate.

Plenty of luck to Miss Dunne.

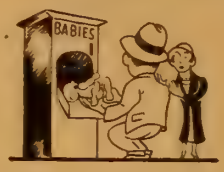
Chas. Hancox, Troy, N. Y.

Gaynor and Farrell Together in Pictures

I understand that Charles Farrell's marriage is to break up the Gaynor-Farrell team. Whoever figured that out is sure a poor manager. When Gaynor married, the same thing was published. Personally, I don't believe they are or ever were really in love. Why not give them a chance to live their own lives? All I demand is, we have Gaynor and Farrell together in pictures forever and ever.

James Eady, Birmingham, Ala.

Imagine This if You Can



"Imagine It"!! The movies have gone in for prophetic visions of the future! A flight to Mars, babies through slot machines, planes parked in air while Irish cops still bawl; a square meal in a pill, and—well, plenty more.

But answer this—whenever some movie magnate gets a brainstorm and wants to startle (and entertain) the public, why don't they go about it in a whole hearted way? Why aren't they at least logical and scientific? In the picture, "Just Imagine", the imagination (?) of the writer was too much prejudiced by recent day ideas and standards.

The flaws apparent to any bright child are too many to relate. But a few: First, why should there be a marriage Tribunal, marriage, and even love, when the primary reasons for love have been (as assumed) removed? And the baby slot machine!!

Second: Can a man killed by lightning be preserved in a normal state for 50 years? Have modern scientists found a way to preserve a man killed in 1930?

Third: The life on Mars as depicted is entirely too much like a fairy tale. Twins—Good and Bad!! The writer should have at least read H. G. Wells.

A. S. B., Elmira, N. Y.

Wants a New Leading Lady for Novarro



Who's behind Dorothy Jordan pushing her along. She's the worst actress on the screen and in my estimation she spoils all of Ramon Novarro's pictures. For Heaven's sake, won't someone tell her to study her diction a little more. It's ghastly. I have never heard a distinct sentence yet.

Ramon Novarro is splendid, but tell him to get a new leading lady for a change.

Gertrude E. Lewis, Vancouver, B. C.

(*Continued on page 122*)



And why not? For a laugh is better than sulphur and molasses as a tonic . . . and, oh! how much sweeter to take.

Be happy, and healthier, too, by finding the picture show that includes one of *Educational's* new springtime talking comedies, and let the years and the worries roll away as you lose yourself in rollicking laughter. Any one of these three great comedies will surely make your ribs ache, but it will cure you of heartache, and maybe headache, too.



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THE HOT NEWS STORY OF THE MONTH

WHAT ABOUT CONNIE AND THE MARQUIS?

She's Dancing With Joel McCrea, And Listening To Phil Plant's Love Songs

WHO is Connie Bennett's heart interest right now? We used to think we knew. When Gloria Swanson finally consented to divorce the Marquis de la Falaise ("Hank" to his friends and the newspaper boys), everyone felt pretty sure the titled Frenchman would be Constance Bennett's new husband. It was "Hank," as Pathé's representative in Paris, who managed the suave Connie into an American movie contract that was to bring her greater fame than even she could have expected when she traded in her marriage with wealthy Phil Plant for a career.

For a while, the Marquis and Connie insisted that their interest in one another was purely of a business nature: star and manager—manager and star. Only it was Constance, and not Gloria, who met the Marquis' train as it pulled into Los Angeles.

When the announcement came from Gloria, two days after Hank's arrival, that she was going to file suit for a divorce, the folks sat back to wait for the Bennett-Falaise romance to reach the altar. Connie and Hank were seen every place together. It looked like the real thing.

But now the gossips are wondering. . . .

About several things—the most important being a blond young man named Joel McCrea, who supported Constance in "Born To Love" and is seen again with her in "The Common Law"—because the lovely lady put her foot down and insisted on Joel.

He's a nice kid who used to be Dorothy Mackaill's boy-friend and he cuts a dashing, sunburned figure at beach basketball. No one had rated him any great shakes as an actor until Connie came along and said: "Mr. McCrea is the ideal leading man." The point is that Connie not only seems to find Joel "the ideal leading man"—but the ideal dancing partner as well.

At the last Mayfair party, Connie wore a stunning blue gown in the best Bennett fashion standards. But this time it was not Connie's dress that startled the natives. It was the fact that Joel McCrea occupied the place of honor at the Bennett side, while Hank, the Marquis, was lost among the other guests somewhere down the table. Connie footed it four times with Joel, while even the most alert spy failed to see her take to the floor with the Marquis.



Constance Bennett was supposed to be the reason why the Marquis (top) neglected his wife, Gloria. But Connie now is dancing with Joel McCrea (with her, above), her "ideal leading man." And boy, can he kiss!

In the meantime, the legend persists that the real love of Connie's life was, and perhaps still is, Phil Plant—ex-husband. Connie is an ambitious girl, justly proud of her success, and there might be such a thing that if Phil would settle down to something worth while and cut out the playboy stuff, she would not turn a deaf ear to his love songs—over the radio, or in person.

It was a pretty little sentiment that Phil dedicated to Connie. about how lonesome he has been since she left him. and he had it sung to her all the way from New York by none other than Morton Downey, her brother-in-law (husband of Barbara). Nobody knows exactly how Connie took the song, because she asked to be alone as she "listened in."

Oh, yes, we are beginning to hear plenty about Connie and Joel—and Connie and Phil. But what about Gloria's Marquis?

Has this charming young Frenchman again gambled with love against a successful Hollywood career—and lost?

Some of the gossips say that Gloria is snickering up her sleeve—that is. when she wears sleeves.

Others are spreading the rumor that it won't be long now before the Marquis and Gloria are reconciled again.

Hollywood sits by and waits for developments. The gossip writers are a trifle glum. A Marquis is much more colorful than a mere leading man, even if he is an "ideal" one. And to have one star snatching away another's husband made good "copy."

Connie dances with Joel. tunes in on Morton. She has us all guessing. And that, one imagines. suits Connie.

By DOROTHY MANNERS

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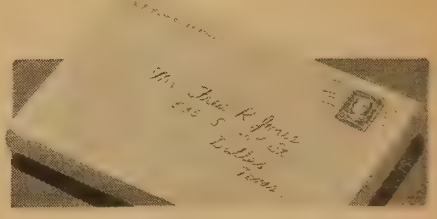
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Only a
handkerchief

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NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albertson, Frank—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ames, Robert—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Roped In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—playing in *The Money King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—recently completed *Tarnished Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barrymore, John—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Common Law*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *A Lady of Resource*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—playing in *Suicide Fleet*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brendel, El—playing in *Riding for a Fall*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Traveling Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *Broadminded*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bushnell, Anthony—playing in *The Passionate Sonata*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Byron, Walter—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Scarlet Hours*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Women Love Once*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cherrill, Virginia—playing in *The Fatal Wedding*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *Meet the Wife*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collyer, June—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—recently completed *City Streets*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Passionate Sonata*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—recently completed *The Woman Between*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Woman of the World*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances—playing in *An American Tragedy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Stepping Out*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—last release *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Born to the Racket*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Cure for the Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglass, Kent—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—last release *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Next Corner*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—playing in *Riding for a Fall*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *The Vice Squad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—last release *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Dancing Partner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hall, James—recently completed *Lightning Flyer*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Halliday, John—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Torch Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *A Little Fib. in the Temple*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hardy, Sam—playing in *Misbehaving*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Hatton, Raymond—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)

Miss 1931

"I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!"

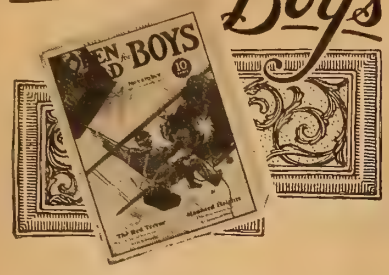


ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



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Good and Good for You.

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 10*)

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hobart, Rose—playing in *We Three*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *An American Tragedy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *White Shoulders*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopper, Hedda—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Riding for a Fall*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *The Sky Patrol*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila — playing in *Cheri-Bibi* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *The Fighting Sheriff*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keith, Ian—recently completed *A Tailor Made Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *The Idol*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—recently completed *Indiscreet*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Landi, Elissa—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Meet the Wife*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—recently completed *Gold Dust Gertie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Livingston, Margaret—playing in *The Idol*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Up Pops the Devil*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Love, Montague—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Vice Squad*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *We Three*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Misbehaving*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Scarlet Hours*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Misbehaving*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—playing in *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Riding for a Fall*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—recently completed *The Secret Six*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—recently completed *Shipmates*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—recently completed *It's a Wise Child*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—playing in *The Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *Daybreak*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliot—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—last release *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Queen of Hollywood*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *Heat Wave*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *Waiting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *The Whoop-te-do Kid*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *The Idol*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Cure for the Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roland, Gilbert—playing in *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Shearer, Norma—playing in *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *High Stakes*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *The Miracle Woman*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *You and I*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *Obey That Impulse*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tibbett, Lawrence—last release *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Riding for a Fall*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Gangster's Wife*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—recently completed *The Woman Between*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Varconi, Victor—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—recently completed *Women of All Nations*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!



"BORN TO THE RACKET"



From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

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Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: *"White Shoulders"* with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; *"The No Girl"*, a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.

RKO Radio Pictures

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"Laugh and Get Rich"* with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in *"Cracked Nuts"*; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in *"Bachelor Apartment."



RADIO PICTURES



The Hollywood Circus

The Show Must Go On — By ROBERT FENDER

Hollywood: Where even the vegetarians bite the hands that feed them.

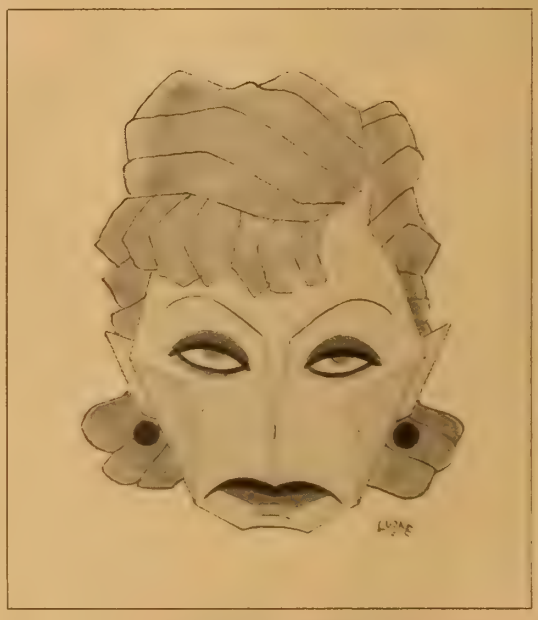
Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels and **Joan Crawford** are joining with **Jim** of Jim's Beauty Shop to give **Max Factor** a little competition. Corporation papers have already been drawn up, and what have they for themselves now but a brand-new cosmetic business? Not a bad idea when you recall that the make-up trade has already become the world's ninth or tenth largest industry.

Gloria Swanson was originally to have been the third member of the firm. But after a month of broken appointments **Bebe** had the man of the house (**Mr. Ben**) 'phone her to make up her mind or. **Gloria** didn't think she'd come along, so **Joan** jumped in. Which one will be sorry?

Give me a wife like **Edward G. Robinson's** and I'd amount to something, too.

When young **Doug** sits down to eat, he doesn't for long.

Maybe it's nerves or part of the old block or something, but during lunchtime the lad is here, there and everywhere. I watched him the other day out at First National's Green Room. (The Green Room is that part of First National's restaurant where only studio big shots are allowed. You can't miss it. Just look for spoons in the coffee cups.) Anyway, **Doug** was there, hopping from table to table, with a heigh-ho for everyone. And just to show he'd been abroad, he made a special trip to the kitchen to direct operations on his Eggs Benedictine.



The Great Swedish Picture Puzzle, as seen by cartoonist Luske, while expressing the idea: "I tank I won't talk to reporters"

I ask a studio publicity woman for some news and here's what I get: **Lilyan Tashman** is having her studio dressing-room done over in white to match the one in her home.

And they get sore if we don't stop the presses for items like that.

Take It Or Else Department:

Joan Blondell strikes poses in her stills that do things to strong men; **Bebe Daniels** will probably do eight more pictures (completing her Warners-First National contract) and move out for good—and why not?; **Greta Garbo** tank she might go home now after three more; **Robert Montgomery** has a patronizing air at parties that burns up some of the boys; **Dick Arlen** got a fan letter ending with: "To me you are the **Buddy Rogers** of Westerns" and didn't like it a little bit; this will be a **Charles Butterworth** year (he's the delightfully droll humorist of "Life of the Party" and "Illicit"); the report is false that upon returning to the United States from Germany, France and England **Anna May,** the Chinese ravisher, said: "Right or **Wong,** My Country."

If some of the most of our players who work extra hard (I refer to those of the inhale-exhale to denote emotion school) would spare **Walter Huston** a few moments some day, it would be just as well. For **Walter** knows a thing or two or six about acting.

Genially and expertly, he held forth on the business for me yesterday. Good acting, he made clear, isn't acting at all. (I hope Lupe Velez, Doug, Jr., Joan Crawford, and Charles Rogers are listening.) Good acting, rather, is simply being natural. But that takes continual practice before an audience.

Always in search of a snicker, we pick up **Louella** (O-My-O-My) **Parson's** column to read this quoted statement from Glenn Tryon: "I never wanted to star. Universal pushed me into stardom."

"Well," goes on (and on) **Louella,** "it looks as if Christie is going to do the same thing. What can a guy do when the companies insist on starring him?"

The quickest way we can think of for Glenn to get out of his predicament is to go ahead and be starred. It'll all be over before he knows it—like having a tooth yanked.

Josef von Sternberg at work. Something to write home about!

Like the late great **Murnau, von Sternberg** is neither understood nor liked by Hollywood. But here, children, is a director. He is the man who, despairing of ever getting anywhere in Paramount's cutting-room, gathered up a bunch of idle actors to show Hollywood how a real picture should be made—and for practically nothing. Hollywood saw his "Salvation Hunters" and marvelled.

He made **George Bancroft** really act in "Underworld" and as if that weren't enough work for one lifetime, trotted over to Europe to discover this year's (and next's) grandest bet: **Marlene Dietrich.**

I watched him do his magic business with "An American Tragedy." That picture will be all **von Sternberg.** Not content with showing the actors how to act, he directs the camera work, does the cutting, carefully coaches the "atmosphere" and has time to set the prop men right.

In order to get the extras into the swing of the story, **von Sternberg** related a little of its plot: "I don't know whether you read 'An American Tragedy' or not," he said. "I hope not. It's very bad literature . . ."

Helen Wills, they say, will be paid $125,000 by Warners to appear in shorts. Those who should know tell me it's too much. The great **Charles Paddock,** on the other hand, is reported to be working on a Universal picture for nothing. Remembering his work opposite Bebe Daniels in "The Campus Flirt," we rise to say that's as it should be.

GEORGE ARLISS



"THE MILLIONAIRE"

George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by EARL DERR BIGGERS
Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI
"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE



DAVID MANNERS
EVALYN KNAPP
JAMES CAGNEY
NOAH BEERY
IVAN SIMPSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

MISS ANNE MORGAN

daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan

discusses modern women.. their success, the importance of attractive appearance, the wise care of the skin



MISS MORGAN IN HER BOUDOIR IN HER HOME IN SUTTON PLACE, NEW YORK

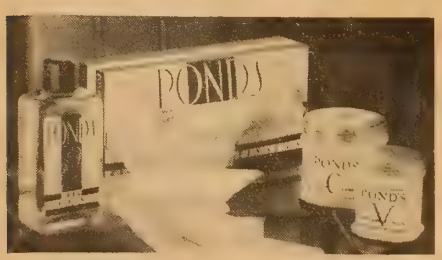
WOMEN'S SUCCESS . . . the very words kindled enthusiasm in Miss Morgan's fine dark eyes, so like her famous father's. "I am deeply interested," she agreed, "in what women have made of themselves—fully developed personalities."

We sat in Miss Morgan's boudoir, she very handsome in her chair of crimson brocade before the open fire. Sunlight fell on her Chéruit gown of golden beige lace, her superb pearls, her wise, kind face, her clear skin and fresh coloring.

Miss Morgan is so famous as president of the American Woman's Association that I had come to ask her opinion about the care of the skin and its importance to women. Unhesitatingly, she answered.

"Modern women desire that their complexions shall be always clear and vigorous," she said. "A high standard of personality demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care.

"I myself have used Pond's for years," she added . . . I felt a thrill of pride that these simple beauty aids had, by sheer merit, won the approval of one familiar with every luxury wealth can buy.



"Women are grateful," Miss Morgan says, "for Pond's four famous beauty aids"

"Through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, Pond's helps women achieve an attractive appearance . . . I am sure they all are grateful," Miss Morgan concluded, with her unforgettably sincere and charming smile.

Pond's four famous products keep your skin enchantingly fresh and clear by the four simple steps of the Pond's Method:

1—For pore-deep cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—To wipe away the cream, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues, better because *softer*, more absorbent . . . in white or Parisian peach color.

3—To tone and firm, close and reduce pores, pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener. It banishes oiliness, keeps texture smooth as satin, brings roses to your cheeks.

4—For powder base, protection and peach-bloom finish, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, on face, neck and arms . . . wherever you powder. Marvelous, too, to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's Tuesdays 5 P. M., D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra. Leading Society Women Speakers. W E A F and N. B. C. Network. **After May 26, Friday evening, 9:30 P. M.**

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After Many Months Of Rest, Billie Dove Will Never Be The Same Again. She Has A New Voice And New Appeal



Of Russian Descent, Sylvia Sidney Likes To Look Tragic. She'll Have A Big Opportunity In "An American Tragedy"



Thomas Meighan Has His Irish Up Again. Once The Best-Paid He-Man In Hollywood, He's Fighting Back In "Young Sinners"



The Screen's Most Serious Star Looks As If She Would Like To Smile. Ruth Chatterton's Tired Of Being Sad



After Years Of Steady Plugging, Neil Hamilton At Last Has A Big Contract. And A Big Chance In "Torch Song"



There Are Many Handsome Film Faces, Few Vivid Ones.
You Won't Forget Wallace Beery's In "The Secret Six"



WE'RE TELLING YOU STRAIGHT—FROM HOLLYWOOD

Cover Charges

WHEN the Warner-First National commissary was recently enlarged, to accommodate the personnel of the merged studios, four classes of service were inaugurated.

If you are served at a table that has no cloth, lunch costs forty-five cents.

The privilege of eating the same food from white linen raises the price to sixty-five cents.

In what is called the Green Room, mainly because the walls are painted green, identical portions cost seventy-five cents.

At the executives' table, divided by a small partition from the main dining room, it is one dollar.

If you ever lunch at Warners-First National and wish to stargaze, sit among the forty-five-cent tables. There's where you'll find the most prominent folks. Only assistant directors and extras eat in the Green Room.

Little Clown Lost

WHAT should have been a triumphal return to Merrie England went a bit sour for one Charles Spencer Chaplin. True, he was nearly mobbed by admirers when he landed at Plymouth. Crowds cheered his train at every station en route to London, and the jam was so great at his hotel he had to be spirited in by a rear entrance.

But the day following the première of "City Lights," the public attitude began to change. For one thing, the reviewers were definitely unenthusiastic about the picture.

Critical comment ran from such mild statements as "it gives the Chaplin-lover an uneasy feeling of a genius tiring a little" and "Chaplin has returned to his earlier and less subtle methods in a story insistently vulgar" to such forthright remarks as "I wonder what would happen to me if I confessed on a public platform, as I am about to confess here in print, that Mr. Charles Chaplin's films bore me to death, and that his wistfulness nauseates me, and that I think Laurel and Hardy are far funnier?"

Chaplin High-Hat?

IN accepting the society of George Bernard Shaw, Lady Astor, Premier Ramsay MacDonald and other prominent folk, Charlie completely overlooked the men who had been his friends and supporters in the English motion picture industry and the Press. He even appeared late at the one large joint interview he granted. Charges that Charlie has gone high-hat were heard on all sides.

A film commentator known as *The Onlooker*, writing in "Today's Cinema," England's largest film trade paper, expressed himself as "having been treated with a curtness and discourtesy I would not countenance in Mussolini. And in voicing this criticism I am doing so conscious that I represent a widespread grievance."

Later, this same gentleman wrote: "They say he (Charlie) is still toying with the idea of playing *Napoleon;* but one begins to think that if Napoleon were here, it would be juster for him to understudy Chaplin."

Too late, Charlie attempted to rectify his manners. He invited the leading producers and exhibitors to meet him at luncheon, provided he be allowed to pay the check. His invitation was unanimously declined.

"We as good as told him we did not want his lunch," one producer said, "and were not very keen about his picture, either."

Shortly after this episode, Charlie left for the Continent. A comparatively small crowd saw him off.



Gangster: "Miss Starlet, I'd like to speak to you about a little matter of protection!"

"Ex" Marks the Spot

WE view as most alarming the arrival of a newly imported French actress at M-G-M, who bears the startling nomenclature of Huguette ex-Duflos.

The presence of the "ex" in her name, as explained by the studio publicity department, is necessary because of

an injunction obtained by her divorced husband. A French court order forbade the actress to use her married name of Duflos. She was permitted, however, to effect a compromise and prefix an "ex" which, it seems, satisfied all concerned.

Life in Hollywood is complicated enough as it is. Think of the consequences, if this "ex" business ever got started. Betty ex-Cruze Compson, Ina ex-Gilbert Claire, Constance ex-Plant Bennett and her sister, Joan ex-Fox Bennett, would be bad enough. But what of Charles ex-Buddy Rogers and Clara ex-It Bow?

Then there are the multiple "ex'es": Constance ex-Pialoglou ex-MacIntosh Talmadge, among others. And, worst of all, Gloria ex-Beery ex-Somborn ex-De la Falaise et de la Coudraye Swanson. Try that on your neighborhood theater electrics.



Acme

If producers are looking for another Garbo, they'd better do their looking in Sweden. Eivor Nordstrom (above) won first prize in a Greta Garbo contest in Greta's own Stockholm

Speaking of Iron Men

LEW AYRES, extra who became star, and Universal, his boss by right of contract, are having their differences.

Lew, sez Hollywood, has become Ayr-ogant.

From inside sources, it is learned that Ayres wants more than three thousand dollars a week from the company that gave him his big chance in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Under the terms of his contract, he receives approximately six hundred a week. Studio executives, according to report, are paying him twice that because they appreciate his value. The extra pay-check comes in the form of a bonus.

Lew's hat was fitting him nicely until another studio recently whispered an offer of seventy-five thousand dollars a picture to him and to his agent.

Then, according to some, his hatband exploded with a pop that was heard as far south as Long Beach.

He immediately stormed the offices of Carl Laemmle, Jr., and demanded an increase from six hundred to twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars. He got the bonus. He quieted down, and made "Iron Man," his latest vehicle.

Since making "Iron Man," he has been thinking things over and has advanced his price to the new figure, which tops the three-thousand-dollar mark and is giving the Laemmles a headache.

Rumors that Universal is disciplining him for his Ayr-ogance became rife following the preview of "Iron Man," in which he is overshadowed by Robert Armstrong. Executives deny this, saying that he picked the story himself and asked to do it.

Aloha

F. W. MURNAU, the late German director, had planned to attend the New York pre ière of his South Seas picture, "Tabu," and had engaged passage via the Canal. His decision to sail rather than travel overland by train was made, we hear, after consulting a Hollywood soothsayer, who predicted disaster from a journey on land. Murnau heeded the warning as it pertained to travel by train and booked passage by ship, only to be killed in an auto accident. His valet, who was riding with him, by some chance escaped unhurt, while the chauffeur suffered only minor injury.

Murnau's real name was Plumpe. He is survived by his mother and two brothers in Germany, where his remains were shipped, following a simple ceremony in Hollywood. Janet Gaynor, Jean Hersholt, William K. Howard and Winfield Sheehan were the only prominent Hollywood people present at the services.

In behalf of his South Sea Island friends, however, we say "Aloha."

The Woman From Paris

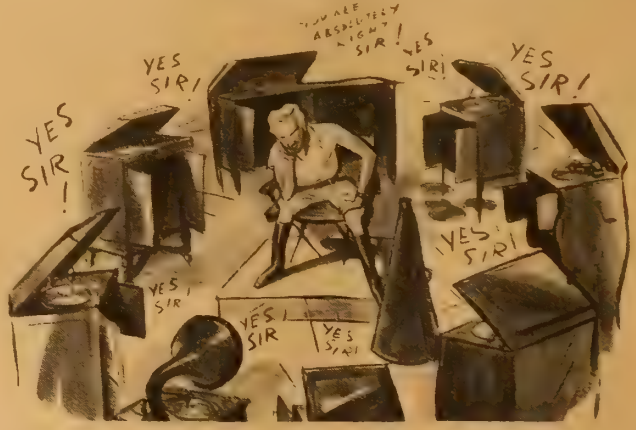
THERE are few Parisians who have ever seen Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, most shy and reticent of famous dress-designers. She and her gilded furniture (which reminds her of the traveling circuses she loved as a child) are almost legendary in Paris. She grants no interviews, admits no one to her inner offices on the Rue Chambon.

What this most revered of fashion dictators thought of her reception in Hollywood, as stylist for the United Artist lot, is material for an author, not a reporter. Introduced to local society at a tea, Mlle. Chanel found herself practically overlooked in the zealous rush for nourishment, which—having been ordered by a man—consisted in hearty sandwiches of rye bread, ham and cheese, potato salad, dill pickles and pie. Women kept right on munching as they regarded the simple Chanel's gray tweed tailor-made suit and four rows of pearls with frank American disappointment.

"If she doesn't smell swell, I'll consider the time wasted." we overheard one reporter confide to another at the door. But whether he smelled Chanel or not we can't say, as he took up his stand at the refreshment table at once and stayed there.

Hollywood is taking Chanel seriously—oh, yes! A famous male dressmaker much patronized by the movie colony came late, and confided that two important customers had come into his salon today to cancel orders for print dresses because Chanel said that prints were out this summer.

"Go home, woman, and burn your gown," he said bitterly to a movie star in a flowered silk, "and come in to my place tomorrow and order a decent dress!"



Movie director, far from filmland on his vacation, hits on plan to lose That Lonesome Feeling

The Talk Of A Town

Where Their Money Went

BACK of the Fox lot stand three old residences. You would pass them by without a second thought, so commonplace are their exteriors. Yet they serve as headquarters for Hollywood's most interesting charity organization, the Assistance League.

The League had a strange beginning. In the days when film companies used actual homes for locations, considerable difficulty arose from time to time in obtaining permission to work on the grounds of large estates. High rentals were of no particular inducement to a wealthy family. Finally, some unusually bright location man thought of offering to contribute the rental to the owner's favorite charity. He seldom encountered a refusal.

Other location men learned of his success and sweet charity profited thereby. Finally, a group of local society women organized the Assistance League—the name of which had dual significance. It rendered assistance to location-seeking movie makers and, with the monies so derived, to needy families.

One of the first enterprises of the League was the establishment of a day nursery, where working mothers could leave their children. A woman's exchange and thrift shop followed. Sixty women now earn a livelihood by selling their handiwork to League shops.



Acme

F. W. Murnau, Germany's ace director, felt hampered in Hollywood. He fled to the South Seas, filmed "Tabu" and returned to new fame, only to be killed in an automobile accident

Famous Waitresses

TO augment its income, the Assistance League took over a parking station and opened a tea-room. The latter venture was not an immediate success. It was, in fact, operating at a loss when Mrs. Abraham Lehr, wife of Sam Goldwyn's general manager, took over the helm.

Mrs. Lehr knows Hollywood and its love of rubbing elbows with celebrities. She corralled a volunteer group of the most famous waitresses in history. Every Tuesday, for example, finds included among the tray-carriers such ladies as the Mesdames Jack Warner, John Ford, Fred Niblo, Tod Browning, Sam Wood, Harry Beaumont, Hunt Stromberg; and the Misses Mary McLaren and Flora Bramley. Others, equally famous, take turns at serving during the week. Tips, by the way, are dropped in a box by the desk. In six months they total better than two thousand dollars.

The waitresses also supply some of the delicacies on their day's menu. Sally Blane brings beans baked by her mother; Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, a justly renowned hash; Mrs. Owen Moore, chocolate cake; Mrs. Tod Browning, whipped cream rolls; and Mrs. Henry King, cheese cake. Carmen Pantages contributes what are known as "kiss pies," made by her grandmother, who rises at dawn to bake them on the day Carmen serves.

Under Mrs. Lehr's management the tea-room has been averaging a profit of around twelve hundred dollars a week. About three hundred people lunch there daily. Which explains why you see less and less of Hollywood's celebrities in commercial Boulevard restaurants these days. They're at the Assistance League.

Humanettes

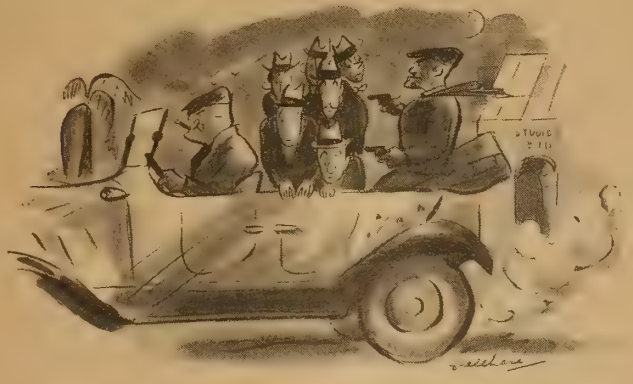
IF you have seen those puppet comedies, released by Radio under the series name of "Humanettes," you have wondered, as we did, how they were made. They are almost weird in their realism and in the fact that there is practically no distortion, although the puppet bodies are one-fourth life size, surmounted by human heads.

We asked Leigh Jason, producer and director of the comedies, for an explanation of this optical illusion. It seems he doesn't understand it, either. Nor does Bert Levey, the cartoonist, from whom Jason got the idea for "Humanettes." Nor do a number of other artists, who claim the little figures have destroyed every academic rule of proportion. It is not a trick of photography. It just happens that a life-sized head appears undistorted on a body one-fourth human size.

The mechanics of animating the puppets is absurdly simple in theory, though the work must be done with painstaking care. The actor dons a black frock from which his head protrudes. The small puppet body is then tied on with black cord so that the actor's head fits between the miniature shoulders. Hands encased in black mittens complete the costume.

Working before a black velvet drop, the actor's body is unseen by the camera. He moves the hands or feet of his *Humanette* by means of four stiff wires. If the action demands the simultaneous movement of both hands and feet, another man, also robed in black, stands behind to manipulate two of the wires. Naturally, all of this necessitates practice—much practice.

Jason has won two honorary awards in France and England in recognition of his work. He is now perfecting a process whereby he can use sets instead of the solid black background. It will be introduced in the next *Humanette* film.



If It Could Only Happen: Some yes-men are taken for a ride because "they know too much"

Fowl Play

HAVING had comedies featuring M-G-M's talking dogs and Tiffany's equally loquacious chimps, the brothers Christie now plan a new series with chickens, geese and ducks. The first, "A Fowl Affair," is already completed.

It concerns the love affair of Elmer McIntosh, a poor country boy, and Genevieve Leghorn, a famous actress. There

(*Continued on page 121*)

That Knows How To Talk

Nominating

We Toss The Hat And Rope As America's Cowboy Comedian's In The Ring Most Useful Citizen



By WILBUR MORSE, JR.

Will isn't any Adonis, but, shucks, neither was Lincoln. He does handsome things, and that's what counts when folks are starving. While the rest of us were still talking, he was down in Arkansas, Doing Something



We Nominate Will Rogers

Because he debunks American "bull"; *because* he represents to the world the honest, shrewd, human and humorous Yankee; *because* his continued efforts in the interests of charity have been equalled only by his own constructive, optimistic propaganda in print, on the screen and over the air in behalf of the man in the street; *because* he is a sportsman, a genius of comedy, and a gentleman of courage and courtesy

Will Rogers



REPUBLICANS called it a "dole." Democrats said it was a measure necessary for the nation's health. Everyone talked of feeding the hungry. Will Rogers, cowboy, Ziegfeld comedian, and motion picture actor, chewed his chewing-gum and went into action.

Whatever you call it, with whatever pretentious or apologetic phrases you describe it, hunger—that emptiness of the guts that drives men to crime or heroism—existed in certain parts of the United States last winter.

Congress went into a huddle on the subject. Party leaders, pedagogues and preachers all offered their solutions of a problem that worried certain sections of the country and terrorized others.

Legislation was proposed. Legislation was debated. Legislation was blocked.

And out of the West there flew an airplane bearing a homely, awkward gentleman who began accomplishing things while the rest of the country mouthed fine phrases.

In one month, Will Rogers fed one hundred and fifty thousand starved souls in Arkansas, while Congress and the Ladies' Aid of the First Dubuque Umpty-Umpty Church told each other what *ought* to be done.

Perhaps you've forgotten, now that it's Spring and the dogwood and lilacs are in blossom—forgotten the winter just past.

Hollywood hasn't forgotten. For it was from Hollywood that Will Rogers, cowboy, gum-chewer and gentleman, flew Eastward last January to lend a showman's talent and a humanitarian's heart to a cause.

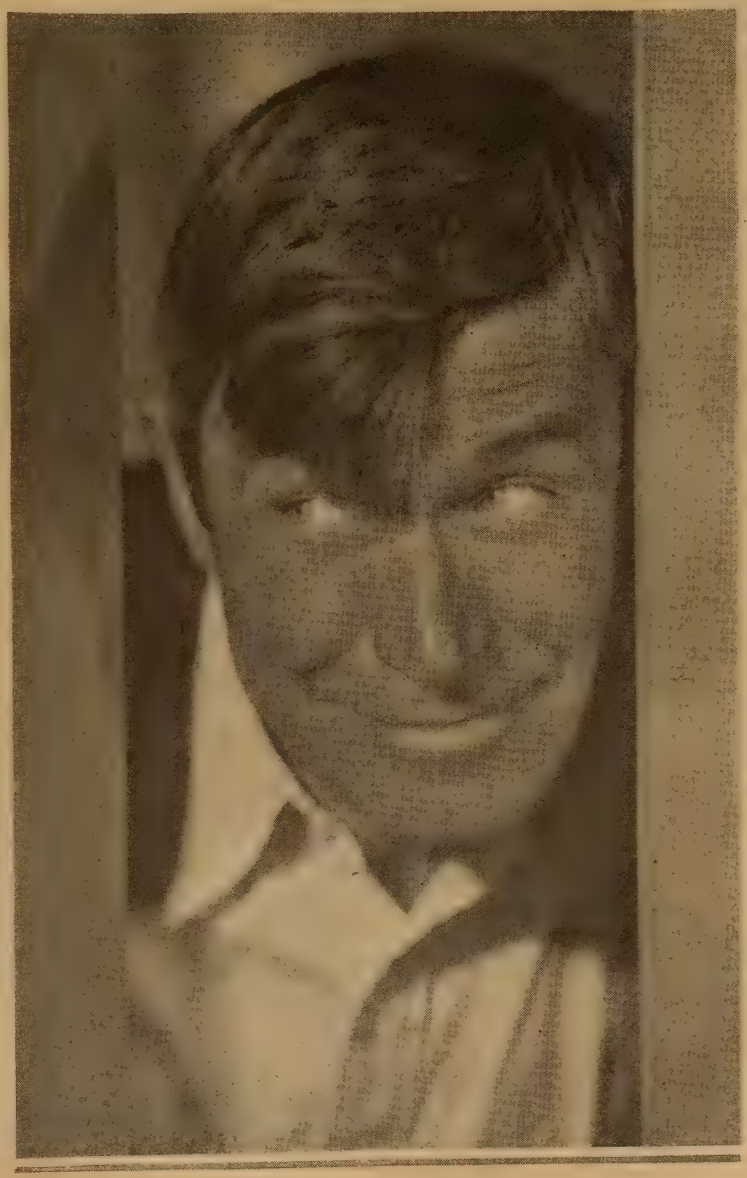
Because MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE believes itself a spokesman of Hollywood, because both MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and Will Rogers are a part and parcel of the film industry, this publication herewith asks the United States to second its nomination of Will Rogers as America's most useful citizen.

Twenty years ago, the motion picture industry was a puny infant cradled in frame buildings, where thrillers were flashed on cracked screens for curious audiences with a nickel to pay for amusement.

Twenty years ago, Will Rogers was unknown to all but a few cowboys, who admired his knack with a rope and his gift of gab.

In twenty years, nickelodeons have been transformed into Broadway picture-palaces, tailors have become millionaire politicians, films have climbed into the position of the nation's fourth largest industry, and an Oklahoma cowhand has pushed himself into a place of prominence that Presidents and Kings acknowledge.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is doubly proud to nominate Will Rogers America's most useful citizen. It is proud because its candidate for that honor is a film actor. It is proud because a member of the film industry, once scoffed at as vulgar, deserves such recognition.



Twenty years ago, Will was just an easygoing cowhand who was wise to the ropes and had a gift of gab. Now he's the busiest fella in forty-eight states—wanted by the movies, the stage, the newspapers, the radio. There's no one like him



The Kid himself, leaning on the ropes. In less than a year, Lew Ayres has fought his way to the top—and the boy's winded. If you believe the rumors, he's actually ill from overwork. Maybe producers think he's an iron man. His latest effort in the Hollywood ring is called just that—"Iron Man"

By

HERBERT

CRUIKSHANK



©George Maillard Kesslere

Massa Bankhead's Gal, Tallulah, Bids The Britons *Toodle-Oo*

Why London's *in a* Fog

IF IT'S magnolias and mocking-birds you're after—the soft, romantic fragrance of the Old South—pick yourself a star from Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., or Wahoo, Nebrasky. 'Cause you-all ain't agwine to find no co'npone and pot-likker hangin' 'round Tallulah Bankhead! She's Alabama-born. But not for an instant is she Alabama-bound.

As a kid, down yonder in Huntsville, she used to play house in the haymow and smoke the Ol' Massa's cheroots out behind the barn. Still a kid, she was packed off to this and that convent, and finally to that select female seminary, the Fairmount School for Girls, in Washington, D. C.

There the family could keep an eye on our Talloo, for it's sort of a Bankhead tradition for them to be Senators and things. Ol' grandpappy Bankhead began it. Uncle John has carried on by heaving out Heflin. And the gal's paw is a Congressman—a clean, decent job, too.

If Tallul' had stuck around, she might now be hobnobbing with Mrs. Gann. Or maybe she'd be on the Longworth side. But, shucks, Ioway corn-cob society holds no allure for the orchidaceous Tallulah. Doesn't now. Didn't then. So she came to New York. And in no time at all had her name in *Broadway Brevities*. Ah, fame!

It's an Indian name—Tallulah—and following the redman's trail, it led her to the wigwam of Gotham's wits, the Algonquin. She identified herself with the town's intelligentsia, and at seventeen took a fling at the theater in a Greenwich Village playhouse, now, alas, replaced by the apartment-home of gentlemen identified with the needle trades.

For three years she battled Broadway for fame. In those days "The Village" was Bohemian. And it was "la vie Bohéme" that Tallulah lived, quite literally in a garret. There was fun, sure. But also there were arguments with the landlady, and similarly distressing moments.

Why She Went East

NOT that New York denied this darling recognition. No, indeed. The smoky blonde, with her great violet, soot-fringed eyes, won the love that is lavished only on a favorite daughter. And for a youngster she progressed in her profession. She followed Constance Binney in "39 East"—and her pals liked Tallulah best. She played in "Nice People," "The Exciters," a half-dozen others. It was only a question of time when Broadway would crown her with its diadem of stardom.

But Talloo, like time and tide, awaits no man. So she ups and buys a one-way ticket across the pond. Why? "I wanted to go to England," says Tallulah. And that seems reason enough. We saw no more of her for eight years. But we heard plenty! For before she'd learned to say "cheerio" or teach the blighters not to crush the mint in a julep, Missy Bankhead was the toast of Lunnon from 'Ampstead 'Eath to Piccadilly.

New York has no such idol. Not for a generation has it bowed in adoration at such a lovely shrine as London worshiped. From the Berts and 'Arrietts of Limehouse to the monocled Johnnies and lorgnetted ladies of Mayfair, the town on the Thames took Tallulah for its own.

(*Continued on page 90*)

LONDON Claps Hands

The Home-Town Lionized Its Little Genius, But -- He Didn't Become "Sir Charlie"



'TIS a dirty night in dear old London. Rain pours down. Fifty bobbies, their mackintosh capes glistening, throw their weight against a surging, shoving crowd that threatens to block traffic. Two (count them, 2) arc lights are trained on the façade of a brilliantly lit building—a thing unheard-of in the annals of English law and order. A vision of ermine and toppers is seen through the rain-splashed windows of the taxis that stretch out in a long line down Tottenham Court Road, waiting to draw up. Their drivers honk their horns and lean out to spit and yell at the man ahead: "Gor blimey, get a bleedin' move on!"

What is it all about? A royal levee? A murder? A pub open after hours?

No. It's Charlie Chaplin, the most famous Englishman in history, come home from foreign parts to show his countrymen "City Lights."

The slum boy who went to America all those years ago has returned to the home-town, and he is standing the whole line-up of London Society on its aristocratic ear. He has tied the swells into knots, made lords and ladies stand on their heads, and turned Mayfair into one big, glorious circus.

He has been back just over a week, and during that time has captured more space in the British newspapers than anybody else has ever done over a similar period. He has done a Garbo on us—he has fled from publicity and just by so doing has attracted it. And, now, here is the opening night of "City Lights," and everybody who is anybody is present at the Dominion Theater.

The picture ends amid a storm of applause. Charlie gets up on the stage and says it is a triumph for him. He is right.

A Triumph—And an Exposé

IT is a triumph for Charlie, and at the same time it is the most sensational exposé ever witnessed of the silly snobbery and publicity-mongering of that which is called London Society—or, at least, a certain and very sizable portion of it.

It is funny, sitting in this enormous theater among the ermine, the Oxfordian drawls and the nine-inch cigarette holders, to glance back over the years to the time when Charlie was still just a common or garden comedian—before the first person (wasn't it Gilbert Seldes?) thought of calling him a genius.

The people who loved him then, who knew he was a genius but couldn't have put it that way, were the kids. Ten years ago, Charlie made a similar trip back to his home-town, London, and it was the kids who gave him his uproarious welcome. It was



Cheerio, Lunnon! Chaplin, with an unfamiliar hat and cane, grins his gladness to be 'ome (top). Thousands were on hand to clap hands when "Chollie" left the station, seated in the tonneau of a car (left)

Acme Photos

for CHAPLIN

By

WALTER

C. K. VANTINE



Acme Photos

Lady Astor, American-born, invited the boy from the slums to lunch—and afterward they had their pictures taken (right). They are flanked by Amy Johnson, the famous aviatrix, and George Bernard Shaw

they who stood in the hotel lobby, patiently waiting to get a glance at him.

This time, of course, the kids hardly know him. It is so long now between his pictures.

For every one kid who stood waiting to see him ten years ago, this time there are a dozen Society swells—a dozen silly people who have learned, as a parrot might learn, to say "genius" when Charlie's name is mentioned. Ten years ago, they thought he was vulgar. Now, they sit and burst their boiled shirts, laughing at him as Harry Myers pours wine down his trousers.

Charlie sits through the show next to Bernard Shaw in the front row of the balcony (the smart location in British picture houses). They have a joke that they share between them, and it has nothing to do with the wine or the trousers or the funny little man on the screen who wears the trousers and the old misfit shoes. It has to do with the Society swells who sit all around them and murmur, intermittently, the word "genius."

Charlie's Like Shaw

SHAW is a man in the same boat. He, too, is dubbed a genius, and Society simpers at him, that same Society which he has spent his life in ridiculing (but they can't see the joke). Charlie has devoted his life to sympathizing with Society's under-dogs, the people who, as the picture is being shown, are standing out in the street in the rain, because they want to see the man who understands them, catch just a fleeting glimpse of him as he leaves the theater.



When Charlie arrived at Paddington Station, he was affectionately mobbed. It looked to him like a riot

Charlie hadn't been back in England a day when they were talking about giving him a knighthood. Malcolm Campbell, who arrived on the same boat and was promptly knighted for exceeding the speed limit at Daytona, was practically forgotten about. Charlie was the first visitor from America who ever summoned Bernard Shaw to his presence, instead of waiting to be summoned, and got away with it.

Then the Prime Minister invited him to spend a day at his country house, Chequers. And Sir Philip Sassoon, and Lady Astor, and Alistair MacDonald, the Prime Minister's son, and score upon score of Society publicity-hunters—they were all on the trail the moment Charlie got to London. They wanted Charlie to attend this party, and that lunch, and go to the other art exhibition—and they were bigwigs whom Charlie couldn't afford to offend, though all he really wanted was to be let alone to visit his old haunts and old friends.

And then there were the actor publicity-hounds. Carl Brisson, the curly-haired matinée idol, signified that he "just wanted to shake Charlie by the hand."

What They All Wanted

SHAKE nothing. He and the rest of his tribe wanted to get a bit of publicity, because everyone who was seen with Charlie was bound to get it. The Society swells wanted the publicity because it flattered their vanity to see their names in the papers coupled with that of the "great genius," whom everybody knew was so unapproachable. The matinée idols wanted publicity because matinée idols always want publicity. The "promising young actresses" wanted their names to be coupled with Charlie's because it might lead to rumors of their becoming his new leading lady, and rumors might lead to actuality.

It was a horrid exhibition. The whole lot of them would have melted away like snow in August if Charlie's history had, by some miracle, been stripped away from him, leaving him just himself. Charlie was the publicity carrion, and the swells waiting in the Carlton Hotel lobby to pounce on him were the vultures each of whom wanted his or her share of the feed.

Everybody used the returned genius for his or her own particu-

(Continued on page 98)

News *and*



International Newsreel

"Well, shall we go in?" Douglas MacLean and Lorraine Eddy (left) took The Big Step only after due consideration. Doug used to be a star comedian, and is now a producer. Mrs. Doug has also clowned for the screen. They're both thirty-seven

AT a recent party Carman Barnes, the newest thing in screen stars, rushed up to a star famous for her vamp rôles, with the greeting "You have color! You have glamour! I adore you!" The acquaintance ripening rapidly after such an auspicious start, the screen vamp and the newly fledged starlet repaired together to the dressing-room to refresh their complexions. The vamp was wearing a corsage of orchids which were unbecoming. After trying them in this place and in that, she tossed them into the waste basket. "Ah!" cried Carman, clasping her hands, "how I adore orchids. I wish I could wear them—*but I'm too young!*"

Notice, please, that the name is "Carman"—not "Carmen," like the opera heroine.

NOW that Ruth Chatterton is back from a month's vacation in New York, she is starting her final seven months at Paramount. And they plan to make four Chatterton pictures in that time—*four*, mind you! If there is anything left of their star at the end of such a program, Warner Brothers are welcome to it, seems to be the attitude.

ANY crumb of authentic information about Garbo seems to be precious, so here goes. The mysterious Greta eats apples at the studio and giggles like a schoolgirl. She "shows off" on the set, walking funny-wise and startling her associates by speaking to them suddenly in her "other voice," a deep bass. She can teach this trick of lowering her tones by four octaves to others, and the time is spent between scenes on a Garbo picture in producing weird sounds from a dozen different diaphragms.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN says, "No more interviews." She is conscious that she does not shine under the circumstances of an interview and finds most of the questions "ridiculous." On the occasion of her first movie interview, she heard the first question, "Miss Tobin, have you a message for your public?" with an outraged expression, and immediately left the room and did not return. But when another interviewer recently asked her, "Miss Tobin, can you learn to be a great actress?" she decided to give up all interviews hereafter—and keep her sanity.

MYRON BRUNIG, the author of "Singerman," heard the name of Sidney Fox mentioned at a party. "I used to know a Sidney Fox who was a stenographer for a New York lawyer," said he. "I took her out to a show one night and on the way to her home I said, 'If I held your hand, what would you do?' She blushed, actually, considered and replied, 'I don't exactly know. You might try and see.' But when I said,



Remember Camilla Horn (seated)? She might have been a Hollywood sensation like Marlene Dietrich (standing), if talkies hadn't come along. They met while Marlene was in Europe

Gossip



Ball

Gloria Lloyd (with the curls, right) asks her adopted sister, Peggy, what she thinks of the Tiny Things that countless fans have sent Mama and Papa for the new baby. They're eagerly awaiting the home-coming of Harold, Jr., who's gaining fast

'If I kissed you, what would you do?' she cried, 'Please don't!' I don't suppose it's the same Sidney though." One of those who knew the little Universal starlet related the incident to her. "I recall it very well," said Sidney. "Except as I remember, he didn't even ask what I'd do if he kissed me."

AT the Cocoanut Grove, one of the very newest of the new romances that seems to be budding this spring: Junior Laemmle with Anita Page, very gorgeous and golden in a very décolleté evening gown, with the high French heels of her evening slippers cut off so that they were almost as low as tennis shoes.



Lippman

Papa Joe E. Brown is out to have his newest, Mary Elizabeth Ann, live up to her last name. Like Garbo, she has to have her daily sun bath. The goggles prevent her from seeing why

Junior may be a big executive, but he isn't very tall, and Anita may be a little dear—but she's quite a big girl!

A SCHOOLGIRL from an exclusive private school in Holmby Hills has Jack Oakie to thank for rescuing her from a traffic summons the other day. She was speeding along Wilshire Boulevard when the cop motioned her to the curb. As he was making out a summons, a swanky sports roadster drew up and the familiar Oakie grin appeared around the side. "Hey, officer!" said Jack, "What are you doing? It's my fault if the young lady was speeding. I dared her to race me." "Do you know her?" asked the cop dubiously. "No, I'm sorry to say I don't," said Jack, "but you know me!" "Run along, sister, it's okay," the officer told her. As she drove away, she looked back to see a blue uniform bent double with laughter at some wise-crack of the Oakie brand.

JUST a natural-born comic, Jack. We met him on the lot the other day. "Hullo! How are you, honey?" Jack shouted. "Tell me all about yourself!" And he inserted his fingers hastily in his ears.

"TALK! Sleep! Eat! Think—Prosperity. And Practice What You Preach!" Thus Uncle Carl Laemmle does his bit in his own handwriting to dispel the hard-times gloom on a blotter, labeled BLOT OUT HARD TIMES, and distributed throughout Los Angeles. Though one rather wonders how one should Eat Prosperity and Sleep Prosperity, still he has the right idea. Absolutely. In another country people have been knighted for less.

HALE HORTON, one of our writers, tells us that he belongs to a Sitting Society. It is formed of admirers and suitors and friends (masculine) of pretty little Sidney Fox, and its object is to see which of her numerous callers can outsit the rest. "Junior Laemmle has a high score," says Hale, "but



Even on his honeymoon, Charlie Farrell had to think of his public—and exercise. Here he is on the sports deck of the *Augustus*. As for Virginia, well, she's not a good sailor

Acme-P. & A.

I hold the record—I sat till two in the morning, and Miss Price, Sidney's chaperon, finally broke up the game."

SEEN at the opening of "Berkeley Square": one of the most sumptuously beautiful screen stars, walking down the aisle, wearing an imported gown and many a jewel—and chewing gum violently as she went.

LEW CODY, crossing the Universal lot, was stopped by a bevy of excited twittering tourists from the Middle West. "Oh, Mr. Cody!" shrieked one. "Please, won't you let me take your picture?" and she held up a small camera of a cheap variety. Good-naturedly, Lew agreed and took a position while she peered into the finder. Then she lowered the camera and spoke reproachfully, "Oh, Mr. Cody," said she, "don't look so self-conscious."

THE Radio lot is large, and distances from stage to dressing-room to cafeteria to photographer's gallery are long. So Arlene Judge, one of the six baby stars signed by Radio recently, has doped out a way of getting about. Without a moment's warning, whenever some man approaches, whether it is a star or a director or an electrician, she begins to hobble pitifully. She probably holds the world's record for being carried about a motion picture lot.

AFTER two years on "Trader Horn," during which time Duncan Renaldo was practically lost to the world in Darkest Africa, and was offered leads with the biggest women stars in the business, Renaldo is finally out at Metro. While the pretty blonde whom his wife accuses of having stolen his love on the eight months' location trip, Edwina Booth, seems to be sitting very pretty. Who says it's a man's world?

Duncan has been busy trying to prove he's American, not Roumanian, as his wife says he is.

"HAVE you boys any desire to play *Hamlet?*" a reporter asked the Marx Brothers as they descended from the train. "Not unless they give us a stroke a hole," replied Harpo. "And will there be music in your next film?" asked a lady reporter. "Not if we can get Chico to play the piano again," responded Groucho. "Monkey Business" is the right name for a Marx Brothers film. They chatter and gesticulate exactly like a cage of them. And they look exactly alike.

"HE would come out a week ahead, the dumb fish," said Groucho Marx, of Harpo, "so as to break up our bridge game on the train." "I wish," said Harpo, breaking a long wistful silence, as he gazed at a pretty fan magazine writer, "that I could sit on your lap." "Did you see that crack in the Los Angeles paper about society going to Miami for the winter sports?" asked Chico. One writer was unfortunate enough to ask Harpo, "If you are punched in the stomach do you really honk?" He gazed at her sadly. "We shall see," said he. And forthwith unbuttoned his coat, his vest, his shirt and his undershirt, exposing to the gaze of the Paramount café a hairy expanse. "Try and see!" he urged.

BING CROSBY and his six months' bride, Dixie Lee, have decided that they can't make a go of it. "Did you see my ad in the paper?" Bing asked a friend on the day the divorce news broke. "She is making it 'mental cruelty' and all I hope is that people don't get the idea that that means I bumped her on the head with a flatiron!"

ALL the censors do is to make the rest of us clever," said Lewis Milestone on the occasion of the preview of "The Front Page." It is amazing how the enforced lack of profanity in the screen version of this ultra-frank stage play goes almost unnoticed. Even the screamingly funny, but prohibited tag line of the play was made censor-proof by having Adolphe Menjou lean heavily on the typewriter as he shouts the forbidden epithet over the telephone, and the rasp of the released typewriter carriage drowns out the objectionable word.

Menjou is a big surprise in the picture—to those who thought he couldn't play anything but suave gents. He's as hard as a twenty-minute egg.



Buddy Rogers may have grown a mustache, girls—but look at what Fredric March did (left)! It all came out while he was on a vacation trip to the West Indies. He won't be keeping it, says the wife

News--Gossip--Comment

Of The Stars And Studios

NOT all celebrities who visit Los Angeles are impressed by the movie glamour. A young novelist, whose fourth book has just appeared, was sitting at a piano, idly strumming at a party recently, when one of the young actors of the Inner Circle of moviedom approached him. "I am so glad to meet you," he said effusively. "Give me your telephone number, old chap, and I'll arrange a luncheon for you, to introduce you to all the stars." "Haven't got a pencil," said the author, and went on strumming.

AND now it looks as though Buster Keaton might lose his contract as an aftermath of the free-for-all that Kathleen Key staged in his studio dressing-room. Maybe he should have made out that check for twenty-five thousand after all!

GARY COOPER has been ill in the hospital. Paramount stars apparently take turns at it. They say Gary has lost ten pounds since overworking in "City Streets." His new sports touring car is the gayest object in the Hollywood scene at the moment—as Gary meant it to be. "I thought I'd cheer folks up," he said when he got it. It's jonquil yellow and apple green, with flashing plate glass and silver fixtures, and a radio—and, for all I know, a beauty parlor concealed in the seats. And how it does roar up Vine Street and along Hollywood Boulevard! It was standing in front of Metro studios the other day. Metro is where Lupe is working in "The Squaw Man," you remember. It's the first time she has been visiting in Culver City and the Metro stars find her enchanting. Ramon Novarro, especially, is enthusiastic over Lupe's gaiety and unflagging vivacity.

RENEE ADOREE and Lila Lee are putting in their enforced vacations in an Arizona sanitarium by sewing furiously. And by the same token, whenever you see some picture star working on the set, embroidering or knitting—it's ten to one they're making something to be sent to either Lila or Renée. Lois Wilson spent all her spare time between scenes on "Seed" crocheting white wool bed jackets for Renée. Both of the girls look plump and well, but their departure for Hollywood is still set months ahead.

It looked for a time as if Maureen O'Sullivan might break up Lila's romance with John Farrow—but John's still true.



Keystone

The truth will out. It isn't Garbo that Marlene Dietrich looks like, but Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*. While she was in Vienna, she dressed up to prove it (left)

EVERYONE wonders how Lilyan Tashman got that black eye. She says her auto stopped suddenly and she hit the windshield. Maybe that's how Kathleen Key hurt her jaw, too. At any rate, one who saw her off recently on the boat claims that she was wearing it in bandages. And where was the boat going? Perhaps, after all, she has departed for "China or some other far-off place" as Buster admits he urged her to do.

COULD there be any connection between Janet Gaynor's recent breakdown and departure for Palm Springs to recuperate, and Charlie Farrell's surprise wedding? We hear that Janet wept bitterly when she heard the news, yet she and Lydell are apparently very happy. Perhaps one never quite gets over a first romance.

SO Lina Basquette and Pev Marley are thinking of trying it again! The general impression seems to be that they were divorced and will have to re-marry. But the fact is that their divorce does not become final until next fall and they are allowed to change their minds at any time in-between.

NEW Romances: Thelma Todd and Lew Ayres. Dorothy Mackaill and Don Cook. Mona Maris and Clarence Brown. Carole Lombard and William Powell, as devoted as ever. And here's the latest rumor! The exotic beauty whom Robert Ames (now unmarried for the fourth time) is beauing around and who calls herself "Madame Spain" is said to be none other than Jean Acker, Rudolph Valentino's first wife.

CECIL BEATON, eccentric British photographer, is again in our midst photographing our stars from startling angles. We saw him taking Kay Francis. Both star and photographer were perched precariously on iron girders, forty feet above the cement floor of a Paramount stage. As I passed I heard the British accents of young Mr. Beaton floating on the air: "Ah,



Hurrell

And this is the English girl who ran away from the chance to play opposite John Gilbert. Edna Best (right) said she was lonesome for hubby in New York. Hollywood said, "Inferiority complex"

Miss Francis, will you kindly move your behind a trifle to the right? Splendid, thank you, thank you!"

MR. BEATON points out the beauties of our Hollywood favorites in a somewhat original fashion. For example, he says that Marion Davies has "an indestructible type of beauty." She could come dripping from a swimming-pool, with her hair plastered about her face, and her beauty would be in no whit impaired. He believes that Garbo, contrary to opinion, is not sensuous, but ethereal; that Norma Shearer has the protected, home type of beauty; and that Marlene Dietrich is *risqué* and earthy. He thinks Lilyan Tashman has the most interesting face in Hollywood. All of which is interesting, coming from a young sophisticate who sweeps away anything of which he does not approve with the devastating remark, "How vomitous!" That's what he said after being introduced to a certain well-known New York night-club hostess.



Like the Prince of Wales, Chaplin can be choosey. He chose to pal with Patricia Detering, photographers' model (left), while in London. Now the little marmoset (a gift from Charlie) tells her she's going to Hollywood

Acme-P. & A.

BROADWAYITES are amused by a letter that Loretta Young addressed to one of the metropolitan critics. She thanked him for some kind words he had written about her, and closed with the statement that his opinion was "valueless." Did Loretta, by any chance, mean "priceless"? Or didn't she?

WE hear interesting news of our own Cedric Belfrage, who during his stay in our midst was a scourge to the Wampas, that association of screen publicity boys, most of whom foamed at the mouth when his name was mentioned. The Belfrage radio talks, relating Hollywood's frailties and foibles, have been among the most successful radio stunts ever pulled off in England. And a Belfrage book, entitled simply "Hollywood," is in preparation now.

THE twenty-page autobiography of Ivan Lebedeff—the longest on file in Hollywood, by the way—is about to be dramatized for the screen. Ivan will play himself, of course, and Irene Dunne may be opposite him, in a hair-raising tale of the Russia-That-Was, filled with escapes, adventures and exploits which Lebedeff, as a Russian nobleman, really lived through. The working title of the picture, strange to say, is "Strange Women." The final chapter of his former life was written last year when he underwent an operation for the removal of a bullet received with the White Army. "I have always been curious," said Ivan, with his clipped Continental accent, "just which army sent that bullet into me. It was a Serbian bullet."

THERE is considerable gossip going about to the effect that Buddy Rogers's appendicitis operation was not for appendicitis at all, but for an internal injury suffered by blowing on his saxophone with too great force. Or is the "gossip" intended to be a wisecrack? And what about Grant Withers' operation? Did he, or didn't he, really have one that time he had his doctor call up Loretta Young long-distance and report to her that her husband was desperately ill and needed her at once? At any rate, if it was a gag to get Loretta to forget any influences that might be trying to separate them and come to him, it wasn't successful. And Grant was out of the hospital in a few days. A few weeks later, he was in New York, where he took Jeanette Loff to the six-day bicycle races.

Loretta is a Catholic. How can there be any divorce?

SEEN at the Mayfair: Ivan Lebedeff dancing with Mary Pickford. Connie Bennett, in a smart blue fish-tail gown, dancing with a tall unknown while the Marquis waited at their table. Arthur Lake and Mary Brian very much engrossed. Walter Huston, in full evening regalia, telling Estelle Taylor (who sang one song with the orchestra) that when they were next in New York he would take her to his sister Margaret, who would develop her voice to prima donna proportions. It was Margaret Huston who taught John Barrymore how to be *Hamlet*, they say. Also among the dancers was Frances Howard in a gown that shrieked "Paris," dancing with Sam Goldwyn, and both looking very distinguished. Gloria Swanson in red at a table with writer



When Joan Crawford asked for a bungalow dressing-room, she not only got it—but got one of Colonial design. Our dancing daughter has a pash for Early American things

If It's News You Want



Wanted: a wealthy wife—and some publicity. Francis X. Bushman, once Great Lover of the screen, lets the world know that he'd like to marry again—for a million dollars. You see him turning down some cash offers (right)

Acme-P. & A.

Gene Markey, and not with the independent producer with whom she has been seen a number of times lately. And no fights, to the disappointment of all present.

PERHAPS Myron Selznick wasn't there, though. Someone was telling us the other day of that rumpus at the Embassy between Frank Fay and Eddie Mannix. When the discussion began, all the men present leaped to their feet and rushed into the fray—with the exception of Myron, who has made a reputation for himself as a dining-room Dempsey. A newspaper woman discovered him clutching the side of his chair with a desperate grip. "Why aren't you in this, Myron?" she queried. "I promised my wife before I started out this evening that I wouldn't fight," explained Myron, sadly. It was this newspaper writer's husband, a well-known doctor, who stopped the scuffle by shouting, "Listen, boys! You can't fight here. You haven't got any license to fight!"

What's going to happen when two certain actors meet?



Out at the Selig Zoo perfecting her monkey-shines, Joan Blondell gets a hand from Jocco. It's fairly obvious that he doesn't feel like a monkey stepping out with Joan

AT a recent luncheon of the Women's Press Club, Louella Parsons announced the engagement of her daughter, Harriett, to Eddie Woods, the young killer of "Mother's Cry." Mingled with the chorus of congratulations, came the dismal voice of one club member. "Can't you make him give up acting, Harriett? We won't be able to start off our sentences: 'All actors are—' if you don't!" "Well," said Harriett, comfortingly, "you can still say 'All actors except Eddie Woods are—'."

NOW it's Josef von Sternberg who speaks out in meeting. A newspaper syndicate was collecting statements from prominent Hollywoodsmen on Bernard Shaw, as an answer to one of Mr. Shaw's bombardments of American minds and manners: "Shaw?" von Sternberg is reported to have snarled. "Shaw? He's outdated and outmoded. Why, he's a worse writer than that guy Dreiser whose 'American Tragedy' I'm making!" This remark, getting into public print, caused such consternation in the Paramount ranks that it is whispered one resignation was in order.

VON STERNBERG may be trying to attract attention by startling remarks, as the cynics opine, but he is a remarkable director. We watched him the other day direct a scene in which Phillips Holmes walks in a door, crosses the floor, kicks a waste-basket out of the way and sits down on a desk. If Phil did this once, he did it twenty times before von Sternberg was satisfied. The young actor was breathing heavily, and touching the perspiration that bubbled through his heavy mask of make-up toward the end. "Don't collapse on me," von Sternberg said, sharply. But the scene was right before he relaxed his purpose.

SYLVIA SIDNEY was working on "An American Tragedy" and finishing the last scenes of "City Streets" at the same time. She confessed, with a funny little smile, that she hadn't seen herself on the screen yet. Even in her shabby make-up for the factory-girl part, she had an odd, whimsical little personality, that may catch the public fancy. But it's absurd to call her Clara Bow's successor. She's an entirely different type. Clara, by the way, is working now, rather languid and hollow-cheeked.

Everyone on the lot is going out of the way to be sympathetic with her. Whether the public believes it or not, Clara has been a sick girl since the DeVoe trial.

ONE of the finest friendships in Hollywood was that existing between Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell, neighbors and buddies. Jobyna (Ralston) Arlen has been a good sport about it, refusing to stand in the way. Now, everyone is wondering whether Virginia Valli will do as much.

THE rumor is that David Manners has been promised stardom next year. A friend of this handsome young actor tells me that, though divorced from his wife, David is still tremendously in love with her, which may explain why no romantic

(*Continued on page 100*)

An Open Letter

To Mr. Paramount

About What Marlene And Ruth And Gary And Their Pals Have Been Doing


RUTH


MARLENE


GARY


DICK


KAY


CLAUDETTE


PHILLIPS


BUDDY


CLARA


STUART


BILL


FREDDIE

June, 1931.

DEAR Mr. Paramount-Publix Corporation:

For first one reason and then another it has taken me a long time to get around to writing this letter. For days and days I didn't have time to do a single, solitary thing except read what the press had to say about Mlle. Clara Bow, who is, I believe, under contract to you. Then I had the Marlene Dietrich languors—actually jittering to myself. Once I caught myself absent-mindedly penning her name on the fly-leaf of a book I was reading. The book was "School Girl," a most erudite exposé of school children, written by Carman Barnes, who, I understand, is also going to do big things for "dear old Paramount," as Jack Oakie says.

Now, however, there are a few things I want to unload from my chest. Some of it isn't so pleasant; but, on the other hand, some of it is. I realize that your business is none of my business, but then that sort of thing never bothered me much. My primer was a newspaper, and my uncle was a detective. You see how it is with me. Anyway, let's be friends. And may I call you Corp for short? "Paramount-Publix Corporation" wears me down to the warp and woof whenever I write it.

Right at the beginning, Corp, I want to congratulate you on the big-time way you have launched Marlene Dietrich on the American public.

If the fans aren't Marlene Dietrich-conscious, it is because they can't read. I saw so many billboards heralding Dietrich, and I read so many glorifications of Dietrich in the magazines and newspapers, that she is as familiar to me as my own ears and nose. And yet, Corp, you didn't tell too much about her. You maintained that intriguing element of mystery. Don't use it too much, though. There's only one Garbo, and Dietrich is quite able to stand on her own feet. She doesn't have to borrow any of the Garbo publicity thunder.

You Picked a Winner

I HAVE to hand it to you, too, for even finding a Marlene Dietrich. She has the glamourous qualities of which stars are made, and there is a breathless, thrilling quality to her acting. I cannot recall any other star who became an all-conquering luminary with one picture. Garbo accomplished it to a certain point, but her tremendous vogue did not begin until she had appeared in several pictures. Some well-established stars work for years and *never* achieve such acclaim, such singular, unique success.

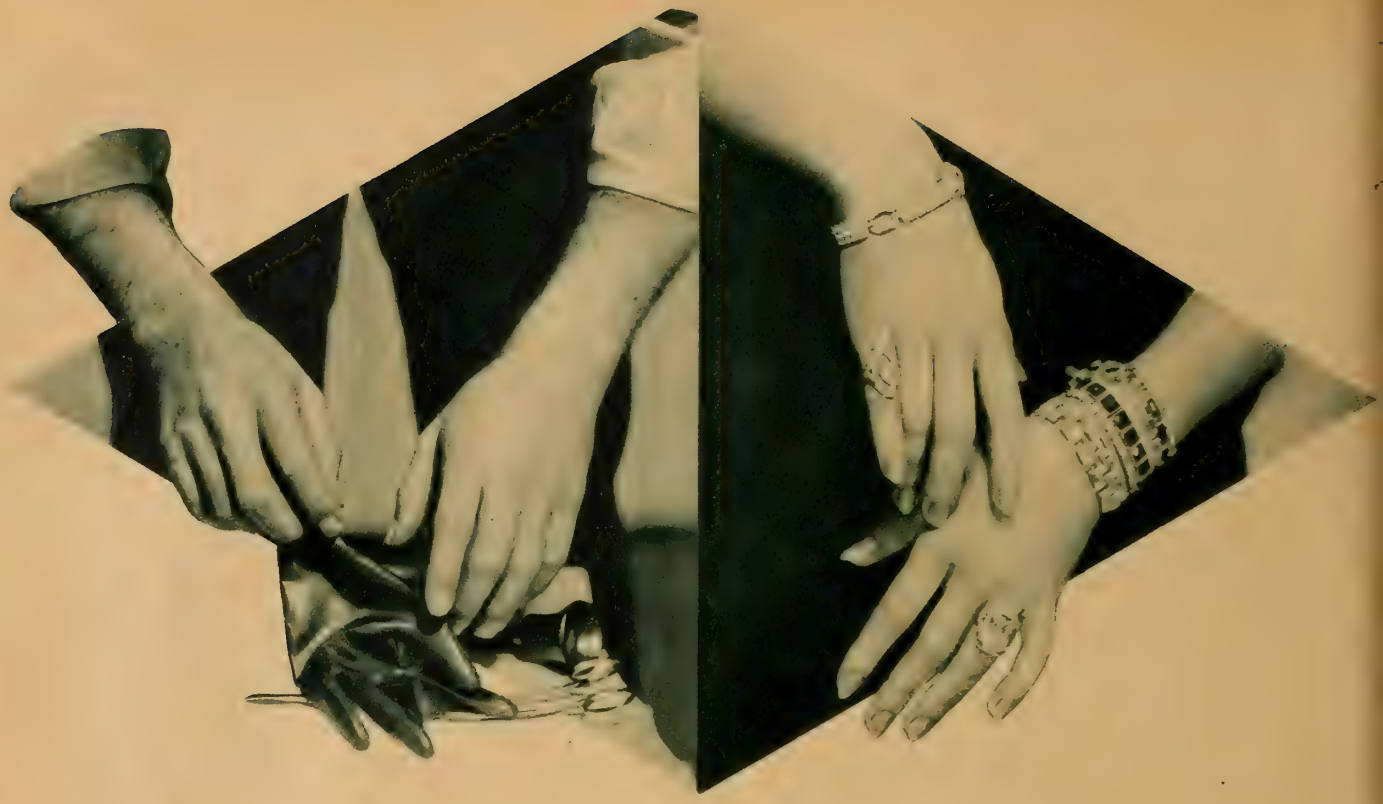
Now, I hate to mention this after talking about something as pleasant as La Dietrich. It may be pouring vinegar in a raw wound, but it seems to me it was bad business to let Warner Brothers lure two of your stars, and one of your best featured players, into new green pastures. You'll miss Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and Kay Francis, even if you aren't saying much about it. For the sake of the dignity of your organization—and

(*Continued on page 110*)



Hurrell

A swell study of a grand old trouper tending to her knitting. That's one of Marie Dressler's favorite pastimes, and this is her favorite hide-out—the sunny upstairs sitting-room of her home in Beverly Hills. She's resting up from a vacation in Hawaii, and wondering what she'll be doing next. 'S a tough life, being an idol at sixty!



Here's What Their

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

DID you ever notice the hands of a motion picture star? The movie stars have nails that shine like the handle on the big front door. Sometimes they are dyed green and red, or to vibrate with a psychic color. You'd think that those hands had never done anything more strenuous than lifting a piece of Melba toast, or beckoning to Meadows. You don't know Meadows? He's been the family butler for years, m'deah.

Even the male stars have perfectly kept hands—the sort of paws you see reaching for the check in cafés where an extra cup of coffee retails for a dollar. You don't find callouses on the mitts of the Hollywood darlings-of-the-debs. Not by a jugful. No, by golly, not even by a couple of jugfuls.

And yet (oh, dear, it probably isn't nice to go digging around in nasty old pasts), some of those hands haven't always been so pampered. They haven't always had such grand manicures. Not always have they beckoned Meadows. They've known work. They've scrubbed and dug, washed and ironed, juggled trays and punched typewriters. Even as we less fortunate souls who are born to blush unseen. If acting careers and face value lessen, those hands can always go back to the old jobs. They'd hate it like almighty sin, those be-youthful hands, but they could do it. What hands have done, they can do again.

Some wisenheimer once said that all Hollywood was just a huge movie set. Some day a lot of property men will come along, tear it all down and send it back to the storerooms. Then there would be a lot of actors out of work. There are a lot, anyway; but then, smarter people than I are trying to settle that problem. And that isn't indigenous to Hollywood and her queer people alone, but to the whole country.



When John Boles was studying surgery, he had to hide those hands (top left) in rubber gloves. Lupe Velez' hands (top right) became used to *joolery* when she was a Mexico City shop-girl. Rita LaRoy's (left, above) once whitewashed hen-coops. Loretta Young's (right, above) have washed a dish or two

Where Janet Could Use Those Eyes

CAN'T you see the famous stars scurrying about, looking for their old jobs? You probably can't, but try, anyway.

Janet Gaynor could take her wistful loveliness and those fragile hands back to her former occupation of file clerk. She used to file whatever it is they file in a San Francisco shoe emporium. Trade should do a nip-up, too. People would drop in just to see those fluttering Gaynor hands searching for size Two A, and, likely as not, reaching for a Six C.

Her co-star in the Fox fillums, Charles Farrell, could go back to Cape Cod and sell tickets in the town theater. He used to do that. All the girls would be spending their chewing-gum money just



Hands Used To Do

And They Could Do It Again— But It Would Be Tough On the Cuticle

to hear Charlie ask, with a grin, "How many, please?"

Fifi Dorsay and Alice White were swell stenographers. Fifi used to work for a Montreal attorney, and she could pound out one hundred and fifty words a minute, in French or English. They say she can actually spell, too, although no one really expects a stenographer to know that much. Alice White worked for a Beverly Hills real estate organization, and then became a script girl. Mary Astor and Ann Harding took dictation, too, and Clara Bow was halfway through a business course when she found she had It. Sidney Fox, Universal's new find, once stenoged for a New York lawyer. A lot of wives would raise an awful rumpus if hubby gave those girls office work, but the male help would never look at the clock. It would be tough on those long, tapering nails the girls have now. Typing plays the very dickens with a manicure.

It might be a little difficult for Betty Compson to make up her mind as to a new job. She might get a job playing the fiddle in an orchestra. She's done that before. And then, again, she has wrapped up a pound of brown sugar and two bars of soap in a store, and she worked as a nurse girl. She'd look pretty snappy, wheeling the young hopeful through the park. Loretta Young used to wash dishes—millions of 'em—when she helped her mother run an actors' boarding house. She's sort of out of practice now, but maybe she could do it again.

Rita LaRoy could go back to the farm. Her hands are just as good at milking a cow as they are at parking diamonds; and are equally expert with whitewash and manicure polish.



The delicate digits of Sidney Fox (top left) were speedy at shorthand. Lew Ayres's hands (top right) got their start on a linotype machine. Carole Lombard's (left, above) were graceful even when she was just a bathing girl. Bill Boyd's strong mitts (right, above) have worked an oil drill

Joan Could Punch Checks

JOAN CRAWFORD once worked as a waitress. She could do it again. Her hands are pale now, but they are still strong. Heaven help the man that made any smart cracks about the hash, too. Mary Duncan yelled "Adam and Eve on a raft, wreck 'em" in Clarkson's Ideal Lunch for three whole days to get local color for a picture rôle—the proprietor offered her a raise, too, if she'd give up the films and stay.

Dramatic training wouldn't hurt Irene Rich's hands, if ever she went back to her old work. Irene was in a San Francisco real estate office. Now, anybody would rent a house if Irene pointed an eloquent finger at the fireplace and said, "It never smokes, either."

I forget . . . it's so rude to point; but anyway, those capable hands will always be able to make a living.

Evelyn Brent's hands are beautiful. It would be a shame if she went back to teaching school. A school child wouldn't know if teacher had six fingers on one hand, and eight thumbs on the other. Evelyn might be able to get in some dramatic effects when she pointed out Lithuania on the map, or when she motioned toward the door as little Johnny Simpson raised a finger.

I don't think James Gleason, for instance, would want to go back to his first job. He used to be an electrician, and the first task he had was fixing the light over a slab in the morgue. He happened to look down and discovered that the slab was inhabited. He was so surprised that he fell off his ladder, and he never did go back for his kit of tools. After that he became an actor.

Drugstore Cowboys

LEW CODY would be more fortunate, and he would meet such nice people. Lew used to dispense chocolate sodas and banana-splits at a soda fountain in Maine. The town maidens always had trouble with their digestion. You can't eat six banana-splits a day without paying the piper, or the doctor. Jack Mulhall was another soda-jerker whose hands could still shake a mean malted milk.

It wouldn't be hard for Louise Fazenda to find a job. Even as a movie star, Louise isn't afraid to dabble in dish water. During the year before she entered motion pictures Louise worked in a dentist's office and dipped chocolates in a candy factory. She can also cook like nobody's business.

Speaking of being handy with the hands, Frank Albertson wins some prize or other. His first job was pulling basting threads out of pants in a Hollywood tailoring establishment. He buys his clothes there now, and is as mad as anything if any basting threads are left in. If pictures fail, he can start at the old work again, unless they commence building men's clothes with a hammer and nails. Some tailors have been doing that for years, I believe.

Natalie Moorhead's first job was nice and refined. She was a settlement worker in Pittsburgh. Natalie could keep her hands as nice as ever on that job, and there will undoubtedly always be settlements to work, even in Pittsburgh. Maybe not nice *clean* settlements. By the way, does anybody know how to work a settlement?

I know that there are lots of artists who would be glad to get a good, experienced model . . . not that that's working with the *hands*, exactly. Lilyan Tashman and Norma Shearer both formerly delighted the eyes of the country's big paint-and-brush men. Those two ladies could hardly keep themselves in nail files on a model's salary, but the work wouldn't be strenuous.

They Have Their Trades

WALTER HUSTON once said that cleverness with the hands went with acting ability. Huston must be right. He, himself, at one time, was an engineer. Regis Toomey was a road surveyor. Gary Cooper worked at cartooning. Charlie Bickford could always go back to harpooning whales—or rum-running. Bert Wheeler was a good jockey. Lew Ayres could go back to banjo-playing or running a linotype machine.

Then there's the great Garbo. If anyone ever solves her mystery or if she ever tanks she go home now, she can always get back her old job in the barber shop, or a position trimming hats with those capable hands of hers, as she did in the old days in Sweden.

Speaking of being clever with the hands, Maurice Chevalier will never have to worry, even if fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong. He has been an apprentice to a carpenter, an electrician, a printer and doll painter. That last job must have been grand practice for putting on the grease paint.

Maybe it isn't so artistic but it's plenty effective: Victor

(*Continued on page 95*)









When Gary Cooper was still on the farm, his hands (above) were more familiar with cows than with firearms. Ann Harding's fingers (left, above) once got sound effects out of a typewriter, as did Mary Astor's (right, above)

Before they began making eloquent gestures, Marlene Dietrich's hands (left) were good at extracting music out of a musical saw. Betty Compson's knuckles (right) acquired their first blisters from washing baby clothes



The Lady Who Knows It All



Hedda Hopper sees all and hears all—and some day will tell all. What she doesn't know is nobody's business

By GLADYS HALL

Hollywood Can't Keep Any Secrets From Hedda Hopper

IF THERE is anything you want to know about Hollywood manners or morals; if you want to know who is going with whom and why and for how long; whether or not Mary Pickford will abdicate her throne; where to find your favorites on week-ends; how to get past the guards at the Lloyd estate; who is about to visit a baby specialist and what couples are considering division, not multiplication; how to discover the telephone numbers of Greta Garbo and other sphinxes; in short, if you want the low-down—ask Hedda Hopper. She knows.

Hedda is Hollywood's one-woman Bureau of Vital Statistics. Not a heart breaks in Hollywood but Hedda hears it crack. Not a dream comes true but Hedda can say, "I told you so." Romances are born and romances die. Hedda is present at the baptisms and at the last rites. And yet she is, unanimously, Hollywood's Most Popular Guest—the life of every party.

She knows everyone worth knowing in Hollywood—and that doesn't mean that she knows only film folk. She also pals with bankers, lawyers, realtors, rectors, doctors, beauty specialists. And they don't keep any secrets from Hedda.

Here is an amazing person. A character. An individual whose memoirs will some day open doors through whose keyholes we had never thought to peek. A finished actress who, on the screen or off, is a sophisticate, a member of the intelligentsia. A fifth wife. The mother of a fifteen-year-old boy. A good-looking, sharp-tongued woman with a sense of humor.

These are the latest questions this Walking Information Desk has answered:

Gladys Hall (across the traditional luncheon table, menu omitted by request): How *do* you know everything?

The Secret of Her Success

HEDDA HOPPER: I know what people want to know. I am enormously interested in people and their affairs. I let them know that I am interested. I meet them more than half-way. I learned a lot when I was in real estate. A couple of years ago, when things were slow for me at the studios, I went into the business. Within the first six days I sold a house for thirty-five thousand dollars. You see, I found out what was wanted and gave it to them. That's the answer.

G. H.: What *does* Hollywood want?

Hedda Hopper: A dose of salts.

G. H.: What *is* Hollywood?

Hedda Hopper: Hollywood is a theatrical gesture. Hollywood is acting all of the time. We have made reputations for wisecracks and unless we have a new wisecrack every hour, we are said to be slipping. We are so used to reaching climaxes on the screen that when we go out evenings, we go right on reaching them. Everything in Hollywood is exaggerated. The color of the houses. Reputations. Lack of reputations. The beauty of the women, The ego of the men. Gossip.

We are, every one of us, acting all of the time. We act when we walk through a department store to buy a brassiere. We act when we are having a manicure. We act at premières. We act at luncheons and at dinners. We act, God knows, at interviews. Acting, acting, always acting the part the public expects of us. We're always putting on a show.

G. H.: Not you, though. *You* don't. If you ask me, you wouldn't be bothered.

(*Continued on page 93*)

Looking In On

By Dorothy Calhoun



Do you know why Harry and Ann Harding Bannister sleep on the roof-top? Why Harry goes to bed early, guests or no guests? Why they get up at seven o'clock? Why Ann doesn't keep house? Who scolds her when the bills are too high? Why they have so many baths? What Ann does when Harry goes out? What their one luxury is? What is the only thing they ever fight about? Here are the answers.—*Editor's Note.*

IT is the first home either of the Harry Bannisters has ever had. They had been married for years and had acquired a plump blonde daughter before they found the exact spot where they wanted to live.

The spot is the top of the mountain ridge that divides Hollywood from the San Fernando Valley. The architecture is "Bannister-California," Ann says—white walls, red roof and dark wood balconies. It is ten minutes from Hollywood Boulevard by a twisting, corkscrew road. It might as well be a hundred miles from Anywhere. "The highest house in Southern California," they tell you proudly. And Ann adds, "We can be alone here sometimes. That's the trouble with most people these days. They are never alone."

Ben and Bebe Lyon own a vacant lot, now covered with sagebrush, on the next ridge. John McDermott's fantastic castle, built of odds and ends of movie sets, is their nearest neighbor—and that's in a mountain canyon. From the immense window on one side of the Bannister living-room, you look over the entire San Fernando Valley; from the immense window on the opposite side of the same room, you look down upon Hollywood and Culver City and out over the ocean to Catalina Island. From the immense window in the end of the living-room, you look over Los Angeles.

"The weather is so dramatic up here," Ann exults, "that we sleep on the roof-top the year around. The sunrise is a pageant, a storm is a spectacle. Sometimes we are above the clouds. And the sun is on us all day, inside the house and outside."

Life on a Hilltop

SHE looks as if she were not afraid of the sun; she is tanned, wiry, vigorous. When she is not working on a picture, she wears overalls and digs among the rocks where their house is perched, agonizing over windblown sweet peas, nursing sun-scorched petunias, and getting her hands dirty; or perhaps she plays a faltering game of tennis on the huge court built on the edge of a cliff; or plunges in the blue waters of the pool.

"That pool is Harry's delight and despair," says Ann. "He has fought it ever since it was built, with filters and vacuum cleaning systems, until now it's the way he wants it. He was his own contractor on the house, bought all the material and put in the wiring himself—three hundred feet of it—with trick switches and inner 'phones. He put in the turntable for autos in the driveway, too. Harry can do anything around the place—"

Or anywhere else, her proud look says. The Bannisters are a mutual-admiration-society of two. Ann talks of Harry, Harry of Ann. When some visiting New York writer called Ann "frowsy" in a newspaper column, Harry wanted to go East, find him and finish him.

"We would have to be happy in each other's society or we couldn't live up here," Ann says—"we spend so many evenings alone. Sometimes we talk or listen to the radio—soft music especially; sometimes we read; and more often we go to bed early. Harry works so hard. No matter who is here he will say, 'Well, I'm sleepy. Good night, everybody,' and goes off to bed, if he feels like it. Life is too short not to do as you like whenever it's possible, he says—and nobody is ever offended. He's so honest."

Early to Bed, Early to Rise

THEY keep early hours in the Bannister home. When they are both working, they breakfast before seven in order to get to the studio in time for two hours of hair-dressing for the golden Harding hair. No morning newspaper in this house. It's too inaccessible for any newspaper to be delivered. No dressing-gowns and kimonos at the table. But on Sundays, or vacations from the studio, they revel in a

Ann *and* Harry

This Is the Life the Bannisters Lead, Up There On the Hilltop

breakfast tray in bed. They dine early, too. They have plain dinners of soup and salad, roast and dessert, without frills for company.

The Bannister ménage is a simple one, but very efficient. Sensible Ann believes that an actress cannot share worries of the household and do her own highly specialized work besides.

"I'm not domestic by inclination," she confesses. "I can sew on a button in an emergency and broil a chop or a steak, but I prefer paying people to run my house who are specialists in their line. It took months of weeding out till I found the servants we have now—Esther, the Swedish cook, and Fong, the Chinese house-boy—who can save me everything. I haven't the slightest idea what we're going to have for dinner tonight, for example. All Harry and I have to do is to sign the checks—and Fong scolds me severely when the bills run too high.

"Besides these two, I have a nurse for the baby, and that is all. Harry and I drive our own automobiles. Thursday is the servants' day off and the nurse, Mrs. Arbuckle, and Harry and I get the dinner and wash the dishes afterward. I think we like Thursdays better than any other day in the week."

Like a Clubhouse

THE Bannister home is informal and friendly. If Harry wants to pitch his hat and sweater onto the couch when he comes in from a game of squash, Ann doesn't suffer agonies until she has summoned the house-boy to remove them. If Jane drops a toy in the living-room, it looks at home there. And Whoopee, the Irish terrier, roams about happily at his own free will and naps on the davenport cushions.

Their distance and altitude save them from the curse of the Hollywood dropper-in. Those who find their winding way to the rock-buttressed hilltop home are real friends, and mostly what Ann calls "civilians"—young married couples from Pasadena who aren't in the movies. Another group are actors—the Gleasons, the Ben Lyons, Cissie Loftus, the young Doug Fairbankses—all highly interested in the building of the Bannister theater under the tennis court. The first production planned for this playhouse will be "Hungry Hearts," and only those who have played in road shows will be allowed to take part.

"I'm disqualified," Ann admits, drolly. "I haven't had enough experience, and I can't do a specialty. Harry is going to take tickets if he can furnish his own plug hat. Cissie Loftus is the star."

Delightful nonsense like this is what the shy Harry Bannisters prefer to Hollywood parties or public appearances at picture openings.

Where They Differ

"OUR tastes are almost exactly alike, except on two subjects," Ann explains. "Harry likes to go to the fights and I don't. I like to play anagrams and he doesn't. So evenings when he goes to the fights I have friends up to play anagrams. That's very simple. Otherwise we do everything

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When Ann sits out on the front steps, it's like sitting on top of the world. By turning around (above) she can overlook all Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley. Left, the man who put in the turntable for autos. Right, the woman who cooks for them one day a week



Zerrenner

It's an old army game—smiling like that. But no one can get away with it like Maurice (sometimes called Chevalier). You have to have "zoze eyes" and "zoze lips," not to mention "zoze eight teeth." He's making the world safe for Frenchmen again in "The Smiling Lieutenant." And Massa Ziegfeld's after him for the next "Follies"

Broken-Hearted?

— — — What Has Charlie Farrell's Sudden Marriage Done To *His* Screen Sweetheart?

By Muriel Babcock



AND what of Janet's heart?

Is it all broken into tiny, crumbling pieces, now that rollicking, Devoted-Suitor Charles Farrell is wed?

Or is it beating steadily, regularly, secure in the knowledge that a tried-and-true friend can never be wholly lost?

Janet Gaynor's heart, replica of that little human organ which has so much control over the destiny of some individuals and so little over others, is probably the most discussed and dissected object in Hollywood to-day.

Hearts are a favorite topic anywhere at any time in the film colony, taking top rank over contracts and salaries and pictures, but this one of Janet's seems to have a particular fascination for both old and young.

Hollywood was shocked and hurt when Janet up and married Lydell Peck, wealthy young San Francisco lawyer, instead of her carefree, merry-hearted lover of "Seventh Heaven," for whom she had broken one engagement—rather cruelly—on the very eve of the première.

Hollywood shook its head sadly when it learned of the lovers' tiff just before Janet's sudden trip to Oakland to get the license to become Mrs. Peck. Hollywood was deeply and strangely moved when it heard that Charlie had put his head in his mother's lap and sobbed and sobbed because he had lost Janet.

Hollywood Didn't Believe It

IN THE face of all this, despite the rumors that Charlie and Virginia Valli would marry sometime, Hollywood never quite believed it possible. It knew of one time when the imminence of the marriage was announced by Virginia to a film publication, apparently much to Charlie's surprise. Hollywood had watched Charlie's hair go gray around the temples when Janet was seriously ill, this past fall. It had observed the tall lad and the tiny girl acting romantic scenes in "The Man Who Came Back," had seen Charlie's eyes light up when Janet smiled at him. It was whispered that the two rehearsed all the love scenes ardently.

Charlie, it was said, would be rumored engaged many times, he might even fall in love, but he would never forget Janet.

Hence, over the coffee cups one fine February (California) morning, the town-talkers were startled almost beyond belief to read of Charlie and Virginia's sudden and secret marriage in Yonkers, New York, at twelve-thirty a. m., February 14.

I imagine Janet was just as amazed as the rest of Hollywood,

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Is Janet taking Charlie's marriage to Virginia Valli (right) as hard as he was said to have taken her marriage to Lydell Peck (left)? Did or didn't they enjoy those love scenes in "The Man Who Came Back" (center)?

Ye Gods! Will It

BY CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley



YOU may yet be going down to the Armory to see Mary Pickford or to a huge black circus tent pitched on somebody's vacant lot to see Doug Fairbanks, or even out to Si Perkins' barn on the edge of town to see Norma Talmadge. That is, if some of the producers do what they say they're going to do.

They say they're going to be independent, and show their pictures where they won't be "taxed" for the privilege. They say they're going to market their pictures themselves and defy "price dictators."

United Artists—the little group of serious producers made up of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn and Joseph M. Schenck—have wrapped arms about each others' necks and sworn to stand solidly together. They have figuratively thumbed noses at the powerful Fox-West Coast Theaters chain, and unanimously chanted a hymn of revolt.

"We do not intend to be dictated to," said Spokesman Joseph M. Schenck. "We will not submit to the cheap terms offered us for our artistic product. We decline to have pauper prices forced upon us. Rather than this, we shall display our pictures independently, even if we have to build theaters ourselves; and in tents, barns and armories if we must!"

Forthwith Mr. Schenck began to make plans for a new theater chain, consulting architects, capitalists, property-owners. Oscar Oldknow, at the head of the Fox-West Coast Theaters, intimated that his company was a business organization, not a charity society, and had nothing more to say.

Rebellion Isn't New

THE latest move toward independence sounds novel and gallant and newsy, and doubtless a lot of people mentally cheered on the rebels. But it is not particularly new. Jacob got into an unpleasant wrangle with Esau. Declarations of independence didn't even begin with July 4, 1776. They have happened vigorously all down the colorful history of the world, in every line of endeavor—including the movies. Yes, even including the movies!

It was just twenty-four years ago that the picture business was beginning to take form and develop the pin-feathers that evolved into the most brilliant entertainment plumage the world has ever seen. And it was just twenty-four years ago that movie rebels first appeared.

About 1907 Harry Davis and John P. Harris, of Pittsburgh, invented the picture theater out of an empty store and some idle undertaker's chairs. John R. Freuler, of Milwaukee, followed suit with an exhibition room acquired from a red-headed ex-policeman, and picture showmanship was born. Suddenly patents became important. Thomas Edison had invented the moving-picture camera and had government protection for it. Others, who believed they had as good a moral right, built cameras for themselves without consulting Mr. Edison and operated them stealthily in the concealment of guarded studios. All sorts of projectors appeared, bearing such names as Cinematograph, Bioscope, Polyscope and the like, and Mr. Edison was annoyed. Legal talent was engaged and the war of the patentees against the independents was on.

The Warrior from Wisconsin

AFTER Messrs. Bill Selig, J. Stuart Blackton, George Kleine, George K. Spoor and others had their independence sued out of them, the Motion Picture Patents Company was born and granted licenses to those who would obey all rules and regulations. Then a small but vigorous fighter bounced out of the State of Wisconsin. One Carl Laemmle deserted the clothing store of his brother-in-law, situated at Oshkosh, went to Chicago and began exhibiting pictures. Remember Carl—later to become Uncle to the whole industry.



A couple of previews of what you may be doing: going out to Si Perkins' barn (top) to see Norma Talmadge, and fighting your way into a tent (right) to see Doug Fairbanks

Come To This?

Will Doug and Mary Be Doing Their Stuff in Tents, Barns and Armories?

Brother Laemmle had a string of theaters for which he seemed unlikely to get film, and a filmless film theater is highly unprofitable. One Bill Swanson had film exchanges, and filmless exchanges earn just as much as filmless theaters. Neither of these young gentlemen liked to take orders. They, too, thumbed noses at control. Mr. Laemmle organized the Independent Motion Picture Company—IMP, for short; and Mr. Swanson banded together twenty-eight exchanges pledged to fight the Patents Company to Hades and back again, if necessary. Swanson declared his independence March 20, 1909. Laemmle followed on April 12. The latter began by advertising his opinion of the Patents group, who chafed and grew hot-and-bothered at the acidulous things said about them.

These independent boys were not hampered by courtesy, like the present United Artists group. Messrs. Swanson and Laemmle not only called a spade a spade, but gave it a whole string of luridly specific adjectives. Their type of argument is well illustrated by a pamphlet issued by independent Joseph R. Miles, who garbled a Patents circular to read:

He Introduced the Word

"LICESENSED manufacturers, LICEensed exchanges, LICEensed projection machines make up a LOUSY statement from the Patents Company." It was the first use of the most useful motion picture adjective, without which no studio could operate for a moment.

Seriously, you couldn't imagine the aristocratic United Artists using such ammunition, could you? Consequently, Mr. Schenck is just a little hampered in his fight for independence.

Harry E. and Roy E. Aitken had come on from St. Louis and Chicago with large packages of money earned in the independent exchange business. They purchased the Majestic and Reliance producing companies, hired D. W. Griffith away from Biograph at a stupendous salary, and publicly notified the Patents group that they would be as independent as they chose and the Patents outfit could go where the climate was more sultry. Their bombardment was one of those last straws to be applied to the already burdened camel's back. The Patents Company's demise was in sight and the independents were due for a win.

Of late years, the patents that make the motion picture possible have been almost forgotten—except since the arrival of the talkies. In place of patents it has been mergers, theater control and sheer bull force that have kept producers in line. But now the spirit of independence is abroad again.

When Mr. Schenck vowed that United Artists, rather than submit to what they termed injustice in the matter of price, would play in tents and horse-sheds, he was but repeating the passionate protests of another group of entertainment-providers who proclaimed their independence twenty-five years ago, and made good their position.

You can thank that former group for lower theater prices. Will this newer group lower movie prices?

Sarah Liked Tents

IT was in the first years of the century that the Theatrical Syndicate imposed terms that David Belasco, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and one or two others called objectionable and impossible. Here and there, they discovered a theater-owner as independent as themselves; here and there, they played in Masonic halls, in armories and in barns. In her tour of the country in 1907, the great and independent Sarah Bernhardt played much of her Southern engagement in a huge circus tent. West and North she used both armories and halls, and did it gleefully, for she was French.

Eventually came peace, but for ten years these rebels fought in "tents, barns and armories." And when he spoke of tents, Mr. Schenck may not have known that the tent had already been a factor in the motion picture exhibition business. In 1907, one Harry Farnish, wanted to get in on the promising new enterprise, but those already in scowled at him. So he went to Chicago and ordered a big black tent to hold a thousand people. It must be black, because he must give afternoon shows. At first he met great success, but in Iowa a heavy rainstorm descended and from the tent his audience emerged piebald and annoyed. Whereupon he went back to Chicago and told his opinion of a tentmaker who used black dye that ran faster

(*Continued on page 96*)

When the National Guard isn't drilling, maybe you'll be going down to the armory to see Mary Pickford



The Nine Lives *of* Lupe

By Dorothy Manners







What, Oh What Was Lupe Velez Before The Reporters Found Her?

WITH the average run of movie stars, one good Life Story is sufficient. Once decided on with the details of their early struggles becomingly phrased in terms of genteel poverty, they usually stick to it. Maybe not altogether accurate, but always dramatic—they follow along the lines of the combined success stories of *Cinderella* and Charlie Schwab.

Greta Garbo was a lonely, mysterious child in Sweden; Sue Carol was a Chicago débutante; Barbara Stanwyck nearly starved to death in Brooklyn boarding-houses; Constance Bennett was being finished from finishing schools. All of which is well and good and in fitting continuity.

But Lupe Velez—Lupe from old Mexico—Gary Cooper's "Loopy" in spite of Walter Winchell's "all called off" rumors—what was Lupe before Hollywood knew her?

In Lupe's five Hollywood years I have read seven stories of her early life and heard several others, and no two agree on any given point, with the exception of her nationality. Compared to the nine lives of Lupe, the proverbial cat is short-lived.

Some of the Wild Tales

LUPE was a wild Mexican child growing up on the plains of her native country. Until she was sixteen she had never owned a hat or a pair of stockings. That's one story.

Lupe was a convent-bred *señorita*, flower of an aristocratic Mexican family whose fortune was lost in one of the Revolutions. That's another one.

Or, if you prefer, Lupe's parents were strolling players in the cheap cabarets of Mexico City and Lupe was the *gamine* attraction of their act. Father used to beat mother—Lupe used to beat father—and so on.

Still another yarn would have you believe that Lupe worshiped her father; and when he disappeared for ten months during a Revolution, the fifteen-year-old child went to work as a sales girl to support her little family.

You hear that Lupe was once engaged to the richest young man in Mexico City and that he sponsored her career in the United States. Another authority has it that Lupe was sent here by the wife of the American consul. She was poor. She was rich. She was wild. She was tame.

What was Lupe?

And has she been kidding somebody, maybe?

"Sure," says wise old Hollywood, "Lupe makes up a new story for every new reporter. She puts her tongue in her cheek and figures out the kind of life they would have liked her to lead."

Lupe's That Way

AND it might have been true. Whoopee-Lupe is that way. (And don't let them tell you that her tragic rôle in "Resurrection" has changed her.) She's still as likely to kick or kiss you as she was the first day she arrived in Hollywood. She still loves and hates and pokes fun at the great, and cusses inelegantly in her funny Spanish-American.

When she strode into the M-G-M commissary at lunch-time, calling lusty greetings right and left, pausing to kiss this one

(*Continued on page 106*)





The girls oug
go for him
David Manne
handsome in
and brawny
in "Upper Ur

Duncan

THE TOWN ABOUT

The other most-talked about woman in Hollywood is the woman no wife fears. Greta Garbo may be the greatest siren on the screen, but off the screen she is lovelorn. Hollywood perpetually wonders: "Is she mysterious because she loves publicity—or hates it? And is it true that she and John Gilbert would like to co-star again?"

Telling On *The*



BY GLADYS HALL

CARMAN BARNES wrote "School Girl" when she was fifteen and a sophomore in boarding-school.

Upon publication of the novel, Carman was "asked to leave" the school. *She was astounded.*

Heavens above, she hadn't intended any harm! Far from it. What can be the harm in writing a simple story of the happenings that intimately surround you? What's wrong about telling the truth?

The book—revealing, as you probably know, the doings and misdoings of boarding-school damsels—sent parents into shuddering skitters. It was, to put it mildly, A Blow. Things they knew dimly, if at all; things they never dreamed of *mentioning*, were chronicled as calmly as comments on the weather.

Carman Barnes didn't know that she was writing a sensational novel.

She knows to-day, of course, that people—older people—took it as sensational. She still wonders why.

The activities she described are not sensational to the younger generation. I have asked several well-brought up boys and girls what they think of "School Girl," and every last one of them has answered casually, "Oh, it's all right—it's certainly *true!*"

Carman is now in Hollywood. She is, indeed, Hollywood's Big Moment.

She was brought out here by Paramount to write for the screen. Specifically, to write a story about débutantes that would do for the Junior Leaguers and other young emblems of the Four Hundred what "School Girl" did for girls happily supposed to be getting their three R's.

What She Turned Out to Be

JESSE LASKY discovered that Carman was that rare apparition, a literary lady *with looks*. Such looks has Carman, indeed, that she ranks with the Dietrichs, the Garbos, the Bennetts and other beauteous belles of the films. One writer

Younger Set

That's How Carman Barnes, Author Of "School Girl," Became A Star Overnight

found that she would resemble Marlene, if Marlene were eighteen and considerably slimmer. At any rate, she is very, very pleasing to the eye, including the eye of the camera.

She is slender to the point of breakability. She has immense, very clear brown eyes with Garbo-ish eyelashes. She has now, if not before, blondined hair, worn straight back from an unfurrowed young brow. She walks with an assured swing. She is very definite in her statements. If she doesn't know, she says so. If she does know, she will hold her point to the last contradiction. She smokes cigarettes, and she eats as lusty youth ate in the pre-diet days.

Paramount executives are, in their own words, "giving her all they have." They are, indeed. **For young Carman is the first person ever to be made a star without so much as doing a scene before the camera.** She is to write her own stories and star in them. Her first will be "A Débutante Confesses." (Title subject to change without notice.) She has a five-year contract. She has her own office with her name on the door. She writes from ten in the morning until late in the afternoon.

She is, apparently, completely self-confident. She says that she intends to be "a great writer."

She may become a great actress. She hopes so, but doesn't know yet. Even if she does, she will stick to her first love, writing. She won't lose her head, she says, because she has a sense of humor.

She likes to dance. She sculpts a little. She reads omnivorously. Bertrand Russell, Somerset Maugham, A. S. M. Hutchinson are among her favorites. She thinks that every girl with a mind of her own should read Bertrand Russell.

Her History in Brief

CARMAN was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and grew up there. Her father was a wealthy manufacturer, and her mother is Dianatha Mills, poet. She early showed writing ability. But if it hadn't been for "School Girl," she probably would have followed the beaten track—gone through finishing school, become a deb, and entered the social whirl.

She is an only child. She has a stepfather and a stepbrother. Her mother is a young mother, and they have been pals all Carman's life. She talks everything over with her mother, from the way she wears her hair to the adjustments of her moral viewpoint.

She cannot remember the time when she didn't know how babies are born. Her mother told her when she was four or five. She has never been curious about the fateful "facts of life." Curiosity, she says, can be very morbid. "And the younger generation is never morbid."



Alexander

Carman grew up fast. She grew old fast. When she was physically fifteen, she was mentally thirty. That was partly, she explained, because she spent most of her time with older people.

She knows everything. All the Younger Generation does. But neither she nor they have *experienced* everything. That surprised me.

"Often," says Carman, "we come up against problems that stump us as much as those that bewildered our grandmothers. I know nobody will believe it, but very often we are *afraid*.

"We have our own standards, made by ourselves for our own individual use, not ready-made and handed down to us.

Should Be Discreet

"THE most important standard is to be discreet. No matter what a girl does, *if she is quiet about it*, it's all right and she's all right. If she is noisy and advertises what she is doing, it is *not* all right.

"I know many a girl who has done all there is to do and has been quiet

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The Picture

Reviews Of The



BEYOND VICTORY

A War Picture To Talk About: This is going to be a much-discussed picture, both favorably and otherwise. The unfavorable comments are apt to be caused by the method of telling; due to each dying soldier's habit of relating his life-story before passing away. Those who will give "Beyond Victory" a big hand must be impressed by its excellent war stuff and the top-notch performance of James Gleason.

The studio purse strings have been released with a grand gesture for this picture. From the stirring opening music by the celebrated Arthur Alexander to the ironic fade-out, an obvious attempt has been made to create a big and worthy effort. Bill (formerly William "Screen") Boyd is billed as star, but his performance is at best perfunctory. Or perhaps he does not shine with particular brilliance because the supporting cast—including such deft troupers as Gleason, Zasu Pitts, Lew Cody and others—is extraordinarily good.



THE MILLIONAIRE

Arliss At His Best: If you can believe in George Arliss as the typical American business man, if his game but losing struggle to shed his broad "a's" and British mannerisms in favor of a Yankee twang does not continually bewilder you, you will like this better than anything Arliss has done yet.

As a combination Rockefeller-Henry Ford multi-millionaire, reluctantly retired from business, he is delightful, But it is when he becomes part-owner of a wayside gas station, disguised as a shabby old fellow with a wife and daughter to support, that he is at his most whimsical best. A rather simple, obvious story becomes with the Arliss touch a warmly human document, and a rare adventure. The synchronization of Tarkington lines and Arliss personality is a happy one.

David Manners is the personification of the clean, square-jawed, red-blooded young American. Evalyn Knapp has the loveliest mouth on the screen. But Arliss is the whole picture.



THE FINGER POINTS

Barthelmess Makes Gangland Pay: Richard Barthelmess is a young reporter on a big city daily—so young that he takes it upon himself to expose a gangster ring and as a consequence ends up in the hospital. The experience embitters him and, unable to pay his hospital bills, he finally accepts "hush money" from the gang. From that beginning, he becomes a power in the underworld, making bolder demands as time goes on under the conviction "they wouldn't dare kill a reporter." What he intends to be a last coup before quitting the racket proves to be his undoing.

Intelligence is manifested in every phase of "The Finger Points"—dialogue, direction and performances. Incidentally, it is a logical explanation for the baffling murder of a real Chicago reporter. Barthelmess gives excellent account of himself, though Regis Toomey comes near to stealing premier honors and Fay Wray supplies charming romantic interest.



THE PUBLIC ENEMY

Brutally Frank Underworld Film: This is the first of the gangster pictures that show the underworld as it is, without glamour or romance, peopled by the weaklings, the unfit, the gutless. Perhaps this is because so many of the ghastly incidents, such as the kidnapping of the wounded gunman from the hospital, were taken from the newspaper accounts of real happenings.

James Cagney, as the boy who grew up from a childhood of petty thievery to become a bootlegger, and Eddie Woods, his pal, make a piteous pair as they are drawn willy-nilly into the path that can have no other ending but tragedy.

The direction rings true, even though in its truth it becomes revolting at times. One might overlook the vomiting of the wounded gunman, but the last scenes are too unnecessarily shocking to be put under the head of good entertainment. Go to see it, if you feel tempted to a life of crime.

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



SVENGALI

You Won't Forget This Barrymore: In one masterful performance, John Barrymore redeems a host of uninspired portrayals. His *Svengali* is brilliantly conceived and played for everything that is in the *macabre*, bestial characterization. It stands with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as his finest screen work. The production of "Svengali," likewise, is thoroughly worthy of its star. Weird sets aid materially in establishing an eerie quality and photography and direction are at all times notable.

The story of *Svengali* and his hypnotic influence over the girl, *Trilby*, is too well known to need recounting here. No overt liberties have been taken with the Du Maurier original, though the screen version encompasses a score of humorous touches, none of which, however, intrudes.

Barrymore's performance is ably seconded by that of Marian Marsh as *Trilby*. She is an appealing, often wistful figure.



BAD SISTER

Sidney Fox Gets A Realistic Start: A new personality is always an event worth recording. This little Sidney Fox is admirably cast as Booth Tarkington's small-town belle who has to learn that she isn't any better than her surroundings.

She is fortunate in not resembling any established screen favorite so closely as to court comparison. Her work in this rather unsympathetic part of a spoiled beauty awakens real curiosity and anticipation. In the rather drab family circle where the younger daughter's triumphs form the chief interest, Zasu Pitts as the sensitive servant girl and David Durand, who plays the small brother so realistically that it hurts, stand out for sharpness of portrayal.

Conrad Nagel does his usual workman-like job as the lover the flirt throws over for Humphrey Bogart, the out-of-town confidence man, and Bert Roach is somehow pathetic, instead of funny, as the town boob she finally marries in haste.



LAUGH AND GET RICH

New Comedy Team, Neat Talkie: RKO has made an astute and delightful move in pairing up Edna May Oliver of "Cimarron" fame, and Hugh Herbert, who caused an equally pleasant memory in "Hook, Line and Sinker." As the keeper of a boarding-house and her lazy husband, this new team get off to an excellent start with one of the best little comedies to happen along in many a celluloid moon, written by Douglas MacLean, who will be remembered as a comic of ability.

There is no over-supply of plot. Herbert as a gullible, small-town braggart, falls for the smooth line of sales talk purveyed by one of his wife's star boarders, and purloins her savings for the purpose of investing in a wildcat oil-well. Oddly enough, there happens to be oil in the well, and something of value in the air-valve invention of daughter's boy-friend. Dorothy Lee, John Harron and Russell Gleason are the romantic triangle, but first honors go to the two principal rôles.



SKIPPY

Don't Miss These Youngsters: A picture to which every child should take his parents. Based on an actual incident in the boyhood of Sam Mintz, the scenarist, and peopled with the characters of Percy Crosby's cartoons, "Skippy" is the charmingly unpretentious story of a real boy.

Finding his father too busy in the city's health department, *Skippy* seeks companionship in Shantytown. There he meets *Sooky* and joins him in trying to save a mongrel pup from the pound. The boys attempt by various means to earn money for the dog's release. Their failure serves to establish a new understanding between *Skippy* and his father.

Poignant tragedy and equally brilliant comedy are deftly intermingled by Norman Taurog's sympathetic direction. Nor can too much praise be bestowed on Jackie Cooper, who is all of six years old, and Robert Coogan, aged five. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green also give a good account of themselves.



THE SECRET SIX

Good, But Could Have Been Better: Lots of talent has been assembled to tell this story of gangland. We have Wallace Beery, as a brutal killer who muscles his way to underworld supremacy; Lewis Stone, as a conniving lawyer, mouthpiece of the racketeers; Clark Gable and Johnny Mack Brown as a pair of newspapermen, one of whom knows too much to be allowed to live; Jean Harlow, as a blonde menace; and Marjorie Rambeau, John Miljan and Paul Hurst in other important rôles. All contribute excellent work.

Yet, despite its great cast, "The Secret Six" fails to rise above the limitation of having had predecessors. Much of this fault may be attributed to the glossing-over of a genuinely interesting idea, in favor of the more hackneyed narrative of the rise and fall of a gang leader and the incidental murder of a newspaperman. This amounts almost to losing sight of the thought that gave "The Secret Six" its title: that of a small group of private citizens impatient with legal red tape and therefore resolved to take the law in their own hands.



THE FRONT PAGE

A Knock-Out, From Beginning To End: We cannot remember ever seeing a faster-moving picture. It snaps like a galvanic battery. Director Lewis Milestone has performed the almost impossible feat of keeping the action, excitement, suspense at top pitch for the entire footage . . . from the first shot, where bored prison attendants try out the gallows with loaded flour sacks, to the last tag-line that sends you away shocked into another unexpected scream of laughter.

With diabolical cleverness, the lines have been shorn of profanity and censorable expressions and still manage to sound profane. The reporters yawning away the last hours of the miserable convict's life, as they callously wait to report his dying agonies, are clean-cut personalities. Adolphe Menjou, as the conscienceless managing editor, and newcomer Pat O'Brien as the brilliant, but unstable reporter, are superb.

Without sentimentality, brutal in spots, melodramatic in others, ruthlessly realistic, this record of the swift events that transpired in a dirty pressroom one evening tingles with life.



STEPPING OUT

Long-Legged Charlotte Makes It Funny: Everyone else in the cast of this farce is a feeder for the laughs that Charlotte Greenwood gets, mostly with her legs. Her lines are incredibly humorless for a comedy character, but this long slim gal has personality and the invaluable gift of seeming to enjoy her antics as much as the audience.

Two philandering husbands put their fortunes in their wives' names to avoid business entanglements, which works all right till the wives find out what they've done, as well as several other little things, one blonde and one brunette. The story then takes off to Tia Juana and follows conventional farce lines into bedrooms and bathrooms, except for one clever gag about a compromising cigar, which is new to us.

In an attempt to capitalize on the recent popularity of Hollywood as a locale, the characters mention movie names and customs, but this angle of the plot might have been better developed. Cliff Edwards is still an elderly college boy, and Reginald Denny is a bit painful in his attempts to be cute.



A TAILOR-MADE MAN

Haines Has A Laugh-Getter: Grand gag-picture, this comes close to being William Haines's show throughout. And whether you like Bill or not (we happen to), you'll have to admit he does a sweet job of acting.

You probably remember that "A Tailor-Made Man" had to do with a tailor's assistant who crashes society with a customer's dress-suit. Arrived at the party, Bill has to do some fast thinking to get away with his bluff. That's when the laughs start piling up.

Dorothy Jordan is Bill's girl this time and very appealing, too. Her scenes with Haines and William Cawthorne (who goes a long way toward stealing the picture) are marked with a freshness that will appeal to you. Director Sam Wood seems to get more acting out of his leading ladies than some others. Maybe he's the reason, for this show's smoothness.

William Austin, that very English Englishman, unloads a lot of his very amusing stuff in this one. And be sure to notice Marjorie Rambeau. Recommended for laughs.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



GUN SMOKE

Slaughter On A Big Scale: If they don't stop making Richard Arlen a gun-totin', noble-sentiment-spoutin' son of the G. O. Spaces, they're going to lose a really fine actor. In fact, a capable cast is entirely wasted on this story of what happens when Eastern gunmen meet Western cowboys.

This idea is so novel that it deserves better development, but aside from an amusing scene where the cowboys think to show them city fellers a thing or two with a gun, only to be beaten at their own game, it resolves itself into the regulation formula in which good forces and bad forces fight. Since there is no possible doubt as to the outcome, the various dangers of the heroines, Louise Fazenda and Mary Brian, do not excite the hardened movie fan. Seldom, even in Bill Hart's palmiest days, has there been such a wholesale slaughter of the wicked.

A fight between the two leaders on the brink of a dizzy precipice has thrilling moments, and Louise Fazenda coaxes a few reluctant laughs with killingly funny *ad lib* asides.



THE TORCH SONG

Joan Struggles, But In Vain: A dismal affair, filled with the sort of people you would not choose to spend an evening with in real life . . . cheap salesmen, cheap little village pick-ups and shoddy hotel clerks. The disappointment in the picture is the more acute because it started well, with Joan Crawford, as cabaret girl lavishing a great love on a small-souled drummer. But after he leaves her flat . . . and if they don't stop casting Neil Hamilton as a first-class cad, he can never be my hero again . . . the story takes a sickening drop into banality, with Joan, turned Salvation Army lassie, prattling lines that sound like sheer burlesque.

Meeting her former lover, the Salvation Sister tries to convert him, and loses religion in his arms. Follows an incredible scene, which will probably be scoured up for the censors and which even the non-religious will find shocking—a jazzy, drunken orgy to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The blame for the picture's shortcomings lies at the door of those who saw a motion picture in this stage drama.



MR. LEMON OF ORANGE

Two Mildly Amusing Brendels: With the obvious intent of giving you more for your money, Fox presents El Brendel twice in his first starring vehicle. The comic, playing a dual rôle, is seen in his usual dumb-Swede characterization and as the chief of a band of racketeers.

Unfortunately, "Mr. Lemon of Orange" has difficulty making up its mind as to whether it is travesty or comedy-drama. There is much of the slap-stick variety of low comedy, including Austin gags and an ill-advised bit wherein Brendel swallows a mouth organ which squeaks whenever he breathes. This piece of business invites comparison to the Chaplin whistle-swallowing in "City Lights" and suffers accordingly.

It is, however, when melodrama intrudes that "Mr. Lemon" turns sour. The big moment of the "plot" concerns an attempt by Fifi Dorsay, sister of a rival gang leader, to put the wrong Brendel on the spot. To this end she invites the Swede to a cabaret. All of which has been done before, oft-times to better effect, in numerous gangster-backstage affairs.



BIG BUSINESS GIRL

Naughty, But Nifty: A secret marriage, revealed halfway through the picture, makes a lot of rather naughty lines and undressing scenes perfectly proper in this blithe comedy of young love and office intrigue directed by that sterling comedy-creator, William Seiter.

Loretta Young's slimness is almost painful in the series of elaborate evening gowns she wears as the college student turned advertising writer. A few more pounds would enhance her beauty, which is not ethereal so much as hungry-looking at present. However, she has a poise and assurance which makes her—to this critic, at least—the truest representative of the Younger Generation on the screen to-day.

Ricardo Cortez is excellent as the seasoned business philanderer and shows a comedy sense which increases the wonder that this really capable actor has not been given more chance on the screen. Frank Albertson romps through his part as the boy orchestra-wonder with his usual effect of not acting at all. Light and amusing entertainment fare.



Dorothy Janis lived among the Borneos while filming "The White Captive," and didn't get the plague. But Mrs. Sidney Lund claims that Dorothy got her husband

Are Location

By

REGINALD TAVINER

WHEN you get on a train or a boat and go for a trip, even when you load up the old six-cylinder shay and head for the Great Open Spaces, you leave something behind. Not your toothbrush especially—but something of the confining conventions that govern you at home. You are a freer, lighter soul because you are detached from your accustomed moorings.

So it is, even with Hollywood, where all souls are supposed to be fairly free. That is why things sometimes happen on location that might never have happened within the walls of the studios themselves. Aside from physical accidents such as wrecks, explosions, *et cetera*, location trips are always fraught with possibilities. Frequently these possibilities become realities, and then there's another location bride, another location tragedy, another location widow—or location widower.

On the other hand, many a happy couple among the stars owe their happiness to a location trip. Some of them owe stardom itself to things that happened, to opportunities that offered, a thousand miles away from the casting-officer. Again, in some cases, absence has made a movie husband's or a movie wife's heart much fonder, as the song has it, for somebody else. After which there's another "Hollywood scandal" that really started in the South Sea Islands or somewhere. If it didn't start in some stay-at-home imagination, as Edwin Carewe pointed out when Mary Aiken complained that she had lost her heart during the desert location for "Song of the Sahara."

Both of the longest location trips of recent years, the one to Africa for "Trader Horn" and the one to Borneo for "The White Captive," brought domestic difficulties in their wake. In Africa and in Borneo it was the same low-hung, romantic, tropical moon that was blamed by the wives who stayed behind; and, back in Los Angeles, those who went found that it was the same law court, anyhow. Edwina Booth and Dorothy Janis would both say that locations are dangerous.

Besides being desperately ill for months with jungle fever, Edwina Booth is still feeling the after-effects of her long African trip. Mrs. Duncan Renaldo, wife of the film's handsome lover, has brought suit against her for a pot of money; much more than all Africa is worth to Edwina. The actor's wife insists that





Left, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo had Mutia for a chaperon but Mrs. Renaldo sued. Below, a scene in "The Big Trail" that *looked* dangerous

Trips Dangerous?

while *Mr. Horn* was trading his salt for ivory, her husband and Edwina traded hearts. Edwina, in short, is accused of "vamping" Renaldo while both dwelled among the cannibals.

The story in the case of the company that Universal sent to Borneo is about the same—at least, Mrs. Sidney Lund, wife of a technician, thinks so. She asserts that her bridegroom-husband also succumbed to tropical fever. But, she says, it was not the Borneo atmosphere, so much as Dorothy Janis that sent his temperature so high that when he came home he wouldn't live with her any more.



Something Usually Happens When Actors Leave Home

They had been married only two months when he left, and she asserts that it was not she, but Dorothy, who had a honeymoon with her husband.

That is one reason why Hollywood believes locations are very apt to be dangerous. Both Miss Booth and Miss Janis declare that there is no basis for the suits; that so far as they are concerned, the only romancing was in the script. But the fact remains that for cause or otherwise, two more Hollywood homes have been broken up by location trips thousands of miles away.

New Scenes, a New Life

THE players themselves recognize that, on location, things are not the same. They are uprooted from their accustomed surroundings; and loaded with equipment and a crew of technicians on trucks, boats, or trains, they are marooned for the duration of the scenes as effectively as though on a desert island. After the day's work is finished, there is little to do; friendships and enmities develop, and even personal life is dramatized to a point that would be almost impossible at home.

Perhaps that is the reason why Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez go on each other's locations as often as they can. During the shooting of "Hell's Harbor," in which Lupe played the lead, Gary, who was not in the picture at all, disappeared. Paramount officials searched Hollywood in vain, and at last found him 'way down in Florida, where Lupe's company had gone. He was lonesome without her, and he knew that Lupe, miles and miles from anywhere, would be lonesome for her Garee, too.

Young sweethearts don't care about taking any unnecessary

(*Continued on page 92*)

Al Capone Won't

Be Sure To Read The Opinion Of Wm. J. Burns, Who Knows His Gangsters



William J. Burns (above) isn't in Hollywood to trap any public enemies. He's here to supervise a series of shorts to show *you* how to trap them. The scene below is from "The Philadelphia-Lancaster Counterfeiters," one of the series



"ORGANIZED crime, such as 'Scarface' Al Capone represents, will never gain a foothold in Hollywood! Hollywood is the last place on earth where a 'wanted' man would try to hide."

Except for the glint in his keen gray eyes, William J. Burns does not look the part of the world's most successful and most famous man-hunter. When it comes to getting his man, however, this quiet-voiced, gray-haired man, now growing full around the middle, makes the Northwest Mountie look like the constable at Pumpkin Center. The William J. Burns Detective Agency, with offices in every large city in the world, has brought thousands of blackmailers, counterfeiters, murderers, forgers and other criminals to the bar of justice. It is a well-known fact that crooks fear the Burns agency far more than they do the uniformed police and that the little sign, "Protected by the Burns Agency," is hated by the light-fingered gentry as the devil hates holy water.

Hundreds of exciting adventures, most of them ending in the apprehension and conviction of criminals, mark the career of William J. Burns; and now, with the affairs of his agency in the hands of his sons, the famous detective has come to Hollywood to make a series of pictures. Twenty-six "shorts" will dramatize some of the famous crimes that Mr. Burns and his operatives have solved. Among these have already appeared "The Asbury Park Murder Case" and the notorious "Wilkins Murder Case." Others to come include several well-known counterfeiting and bank-swindling cases. "The McNamara Outrage" (perpetrated here in Los Angeles) and "The Hall-Mills Murder Case."

You'll See the Real Thing

"IN these pictures, instead of fictional crimes and criminals," says Mr. Burns, "the public will be shown real crimes and told how real criminals operate. They will also get an insight into the detective methods we use. I'm afraid they are much less clever and startling than those used by *Philo Vance*, *Sherlock Holmes* and other detectives of the screen; but they are just as effective. In most cases our methods are so simple that I believe it will show the public how few brains and how little actual cleverness the average crook uses. This should help knock him from the pedestal upon which the public seems determined to place him.

"Both motion pictures and current fiction have a tendency to glorify crime and criminals. The admiration that many people have for Al Capone is no doubt due to lack of sympathy with our prohibition laws, but if people only knew the sordidness and the lack of glamour that crime really possesses, there would be less maudlin sympathy for it.

"The motion picture could do more than any other agency to combat crime and break the grip of the gangster, the crook and the racketeer. This could be done by making pictures that would familiarize the public with the actual methods of criminals, thus enabling them to avoid the traps set for them by crooks.

"Blackmail, for instance, puts more money into the pockets of crooks than do robbery, hold-ups and pocket-picking combined. The methods of the blackmailer, once known, are easily recognized and avoided. Although there are many variations to their schemes, there are only a few basic plots. I would picturize these, dramatize them realistically and make their lesson forceful. Let the light of day in on criminal methods and these forms of crime would be crippled. I shall probably make a series of such pictures when I finish my present assignments."

Bother Hollywood

By

J. EUGENE

CHRISMAN





There's drama in the series of shorts based on the detective experiences of William J. Burns: (top) a scene from "The Black Widow"; (above) a scene from "The Asbury Park Murder Mystery"; (below) a scene from one soon to be released



Why Hollywood Is Safe

"THE newspapers have been full of the gang invasion of Hollywood," I suggested. "How much of this is true? Will Capone organize his rackets here and get the same stranglehold that he has on Chicago?"

"Not a chance," smiled Mr. Burns. "Organized crime can't exist in any city where it does not have at least seventy-five per cent. of the police force on its payroll. The racketeers haven't corrupted your police here. I don't think there is a city in America where the force is more free from graft, bribery and connivance with criminals than in Los Angeles and Hollywood. As long as that condition lasts, Al Capone and his kind will keep their hands off.

"The so-called crime wave that you have had here is due more to the depression than to an invasion of gangsters. The real gangster and gunman isn't going to waste his time sticking up oil stations and automobiles. Probably a few Chicago boys drop in here, but they don't last long when they find the lay of the land.

"One crime that does flourish here is blackmail. Movie people, with their reputations to protect, are easy marks . . . because they will pay rather than squawk. It is safe to say that not two per cent. of the blackmail cases in Hollywood are reported to the police or get into the papers. The trouble with that practice is that once you pay, you go on the blackmailer's 'sucker list' and you are preyed upon by every crook who comes to town.

An Unwelcome Press-Agent

"THE blackmailer thrives upon the fact that actors are afraid to turn him over to the police and face the possible bad publicity. But let him know that we are being called in and nine times out of ten he will vanish. Yes, if I dared violate professional confidences, I could name a considerable number of stars who have paid blackmail when, if they had given us a chance, we could have taken care of it in a hurry."

"What is the real gangster like, Mr. Burns?" I asked, "What player most nearly represents his type on the screen?"

"Chester Morris," replied the detective without hesitation. "In his picture, 'Alibi,' he was the modern crook to perfection. Polished, pleasant, mild-mannered, without a single earmark of the crook; but deadly and fast in action when cornered. Real gangsters who have drifted out here to work in the gang and prison pictures were turned down by casting directors because they were better drawing-room types than anything else. I think perhaps 'Little Caesar' is closer to the real life and conduct of the gangsters than any other picture I've seen. You remember the ending, when *Little Caesar* was drawn out of hiding because of stuff planted in the paper playing on his vanity? We have used that gag hundreds of times without a failure . . . because any crook's weakest point is his vanity."

"Have you any solution for the famous William Desmond Taylor case?" I asked.

Mr. Burns looked up quickly, a twinkle in his eye.

"Who do you think killed him? Do you have a theory?"

I mentioned my own conclusions and Mr. Burns smiled.

"I don't see how anyone could miss guessing right, but we had better not print that, had we?"

"Not on your life," I agreed.

Motion pictures, says Mr. Burns, are frequently the means of locating "wanted" men.

"I know of a number of cases where we have caught men because they were foolish enough to work in pictures," he

(*Continued on page 103*)





Now that Anita Page is almost in the star class, she's taking good care of Mrs. Pomares (above). And Mom takes good care of Anita. She never lets her stay out late—even with Junior Laemmle. When Gary Cooper isn't being mothered by Lupe, it's his father's wife (left) who worries about his being so thin

Every Mother Even In



Smack!—and Jack Oakie, the Terrible Tease, assures his mammy—who also has a great sense of humor—that she's his best gal. Anyway, there haven't been any rumors to the contrary yet

Yes, Richard Barthelmess is naturally serious—as the glimpse of his mother (right) informs you. Ever since Dick became tol'ably famous, he has had his mother with him to guide him





Dorothy Lee's mother (above) is like a pal to her promising young dotter. She's also a good mother-in-law to James Fidler (Dot's new hubby). Mrs. Mina Crolins Gleason, who used to act herself, is mighty proud of her little boy, Jimmie (right). And Jimmie hasn't forgotten who brought him up to be an actor



Has Her Day - - - Hollywood



Marian Marsh's mother—Mrs. Harriett Krauth—looks a little cross (left). But Marian couldn't smile like that if she were. Even though her mother did teach her how to be a good actress

Nothing ever bothers Louise Fazenda's mother (right)—not even Louise. And one good look at her mother reveals where Louise learned how to cook in filling, old-fashioned style





By HELEN



Showing A Big

They Wouldn't Be Didn't Make

THE grand gesture. The theatrical entrance. The impressive moment. These things are the breath of life to show people. They must always "take it big"—live up to their place in the limelight—or they would not be true to their traditions.

Sometimes these gestures are mere ostentation, as naïve and as empty as the posturings of children who are "showing off," born of the inherent desire to hold the center of the stage. Again they may be gestures of pure, open-handed kindness—the simple yielding to generous impulses. Now and then (rarely) they are prompted by shrewd business acumen.

When Eric von Stroheim enters the ballroom at a Mayfair party, tosses back his cape to show the white satin lining and flips the page a coin, striking an attitude, adjusting his monocle and surveying the assemblage with a critical eye—that is ostentation.

But when von Stroheim, several years ago, plotted to take Universal City by armed force, to hold Irving Thalberg (then the general manager of that lot) a prisoner and establish himself as a military dictator "so that I could finish my picture in peace" —that was to have been a real, grand gesture. A protest. Born of desperation. Born of a sincere, if misguided, desire to express himself, with dignity, as an artist.

His Wife Knew Better

THE plot was doomed to a ludicrous frustration. Von has told me how he drilled the extras he was using in the picture. How he supplied them with rifles and ammunition and how he stowed away an arsenal on the lot. The day—the hour—was set.

And when I asked *why* he didn't carry out his plan he replied, ruefully, "My wife—she is smarter than I am. She knows it is —what-you-call-it?—anarchy. For that I can go to the penitentiary. She wouldn't *let* me!"

Von is given to grand gestures, and he does them with an air. Your real trouper always does them with an air. Extravagant, childish, amusing things.

Jack Gilbert, on a sudden impulse, sent Marion Davies a truckload of roses last Christmas Eve. "A Christmas card," he called them.

Marion, surveying with some consternation the ton or so of blooms in her driveway, made a grand gesture of her own. She sent them all down to the Children's Hospital.

It's a habit with Marion. At her Christmas party for the children who had attended the Clinic that she supports, she passed out, in addition to solid, practical articles of food and clothing, numbers of frivolous things—much more important to children than potatoes and warm stockings. French dolls with golden curls that could say "Mama." Ruffled, embroidered frocks to delight the vanity of little girls. Electric trains.

A lavish gesture, perhaps. Social workers might call it impractical. But charity is so often a drab affair of beans and woolens. An actress knows the importance of frivolity.



Marion Davies (top left) gave the children's clinic something besides food and clothing. John Gilbert (top) sent a truckload of roses. Von Stroheim (left) planned to capture Universal City

Santa Claus Griffith

D. W. GRIFFITH loves the ostentatious gesture. He cannot resist giving

LOUISE WALKER





Off In Way

Actors If They Grand Gestures

fifty-dollar tips to waiters and bell-boys—just to see their faces. He is so addicted to this sort of gesture that his living expenses reach appalling totals, even for a film director. But he enjoys it. And so, no doubt, do the bell-boys!

Wilson Mizner, who runs the Brown Derby, once did a burlesque of the typical actorish gesture when he drove to a première in a tumble-down Ford that he had bought at a junkyard for twenty dollars. Clambering out of his antique, in the glare of the lights, he adjusted his top hat, swung his stick jauntily, and started into the theater.

"But, sir," protested the startled doorman, "wh-what about your car?"

"Just keep it!" quoth Mizner, with mock grandeur, and proceeded on his way.

Gloria Swanson made an elaborate gesture a few years ago. Returning from the East, when her affairs were in worse shape, perhaps, than they had ever been before, she determined to give a lavish party, whether she could afford it or not. By way, I take it, of proving that she wasn't licked.



D. W. Griffith (top right) gives waiters fifty-dollar tips—to see their faces. Mary Pickford (top) bought out the theater. Gloria Swanson (right) had a crew of taxis bring sand from the seashore

Being pretty thorough about the whole thing, she ordered the patio of her house done over for the event. Two days before, workmen informed her that they could not finish their job on time because they had run out of sand for mixing cement. It was evening when she received the news and too late to get more from the regular sources of supply. The next day would be too late.

Gloria is a determined woman and was not to be cheated out of her grand gesture. She chartered a crew of taxicabs and dispatched them to the beach—at night—to bring back loads of sand. The bill ran into hundreds of dollars. But the patio was finished and Gloria had her party, as she had planned.

The Biggest Gesture

CHARLES RAY'S famous party, the night before he was declared bankrupt, was a typical actor's gesture. Two orchestras, hordes of entertainers, swarms of caterers and their assistants. Hollywood still talks about it. I have always wondered how his creditors felt about it.

Marie Dressler made a nice little gesture the other day, as typical, in its way, as these larger, more expensive ones.

When she became a star, she received the gift of a portable dressing-room from Marion Davies—very stylish, indeed—all rose and lavender taffeta. Delighted with all this newly acquired elegance, the first thing she did was to hie herself downtown and order a large, comfy, chair upholstered in the identical rose and lavender silk, for Polly Moran, her pal who had *not* been made a star.

Dick Barthelmess made a real *beau geste* when he publicly congratulated young Richard Cromwell on his performance in "Tol'able David." Dick's performance in the silent version of that story, years ago, was one of the things that brought him fame.

Not only did Dick send his felicitations to his young successor, but he even allowed his praise to be used as publicity on the picture. And that, for an actor, was true generosity!

(*Continued on page 105*)



Jackie *And* The Kids *of* 1931

Back in 1920, there was only one talented tot on the screen—five-year-old Jackie Coogan (left, above). Now there are three, and all in one picture, "Skippy." First, the newest Jackie—last name Cooper (center, above)—who is Percy Crosby's cartoon kid in the flesh and an actor besides (see those tears—right, below?). Then, the latest Coogan—Bobby (right, above)—who's stepping into his brother's outgrown shoes as *Sooky*. And, lastly, that valuable little vamp, Mitzi Green (left, below)





Beauty experts warn

against this common error in choosing soap

WOMEN prize youth. Men are attracted to youth. Youth means radiance, beauty, natural charm. "That schoolgirl complexion" is responsible for more conquests than men will admit.

Palmolive Soap is made for one purpose —and one only—to keep lovely complexions young—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Ordinary soaps may harm

Don't be misled. Just ordinary soaps — whatever their claims—will not do for you what Palmolive does.

Until women saw the value of Palmolive as a beauty cleanser, few used soap on the face.

When the cosmetic oils of olive and palm were blended in a complexion soap millions, on expert advice, turned to this new, simple, natural beauty method. Millions of lovely complexions testify to its value.

Today over 20,000 leading beauty experts — recognized specialists — urge the use of Palmolive. Because they know the use of this soap makes their work easier and surer of perfect results. No other soap —no other beauty aid—has or ever had such a weight of professional authority back of it.

Why will these important beauty specialists with large clienteles stake their reputations on this strong recommendation? It is important for you to know.

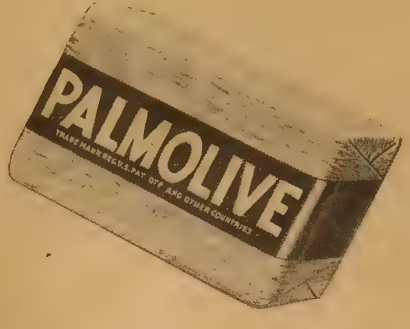
Olive and palm oils

Palmolive — uniquely — is made of olive and palm oils — no other fats whatever. This is very important to you who would use soap on the face. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care and beauty. More women know that—more believe it today than ever before.

There is nothing in Palmolive to roughen or dry the skin. Only the "deep cleansing," lotion-like lather so peculiar to a soap containing olive oil. No wonder beauty specialists urge it.

They see its results. They note the smooth, soft, clear complexions that result.

If you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion, choose Palmolive Soap — and no other!



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"Keep the love of Youth"

says

RICHARD DIX

R. K. O.
Radio Pictures' Star



Learn the Complexion Secret 9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know

"THE woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!" says Richard Dix . . . star of the R. K. O. production, "Cimarron."

"And certainly there seems to be no reason these days to lose this endearing charm! Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses no longer young as birthdays go, but still radiantly attractive—still with that compelling something that causes all the damage to men's hearts.

"Every woman should learn the complexion secret these screen stars know!"

The stars do know the secret of growing lovelier each year—birthdays hold no terrors for them.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap is the secret," famous screen beauties will tell you. "This lovely soap keeps skin youthfully aglow." 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses have used it, *regularly,* for years!

Hollywood, Broadway, European stars find Lux Toilet Soap perfect for every type of skin!

Because they are so dependent on it, this fragrant white soap is found in theaters everywhere—is *official* in all film studios.

Your skin will love it, too!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX

”

that Birthdays cannot steal!



(below)

NANCE O'NEIL, lovely star of countless productions, has used Lux Toilet Soap for years. She says of this white soap: "I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for the very smooth skin required on the screen. I am devoted to it."

(below)

ESTELLE TAYLOR, beautiful star, another of the 605 important Hollywood actresses who use this soap. She says: "A star *must* have beautiful skin. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me in keeping my skin heavenly smooth."



(above)

IRENE DUNNE, delightful Radio Pictures' star who came to the screen from the stage, says enthusiastically: "Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous for the flawless skin the close-ups require!"



Toilet Soap..10¢



Just Like MA

You Don't Know Jack Oakie 'Til You Know "Ev," His Mother

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

AT LAST I've found a comedian who isn't sad in his offstage moments. Having proved the sorrows of so many melancholy comics, I was told to find out what, if anything makes Jack Oakie depressed. After weeks of research at the Paramount studio and in the home, I am delighted to announce that Mr. Oakie is never depressed. Nothing can quench the spirits of the ex-Mr. Lewis Offield.

Whatever happens, Jack just raises his chin slightly and says, "They can't get me down! It's just a racket, that's what it is, a racket!"

Meaning life, or the picture business, or anything.

Nobody alive has ever seen Jack brood, or even frown. His mother swears he never cried when he was a baby. With a head-start like that, you see how hopeless it is to try to depress Oakie.

Jack bubbles over twenty-four hours a day. Unlike other comedians, that I know of, he has no joke book. It's not necessary. In fact, it's impossible to stem the tide of wisecracks, imitations, caricatures, and mammy songs that bubble continuously from the shining Oakie pan.

Smart, wise, hard-boiled as any man who has spent years in vaudeville, he still retains that disarming quality you see on the screen. He's as fresh as a kid in school. If anybody else got as flip as Mr. Oakie, you'd push his face in. But you have to break down and laugh at Jack.

Two minutes after you've met, he puts his arm around you and calls you "honeybunch." Nothing personal. Just to signify that he has nothing against anybody. Jack never seems to be addressing anyone in particular. He walks around with a preoccupied air, scattering the smart cracks for whoever wants to get the benefit of them. Flattery doesn't affect him much. His own egotism is all he needs—and anyone who has "Sweetie," "Fast Company," "The Gang Buster" and "June Moon" to his credit can be as egotistical as he likes without offending me.

Not So Bad As It Sounds

THEY say a boy's disposition depends on the way he was brought up.

Jack is a Mother's Boy. But don't groan until you've heard what his mamma is like.

(*Continued on page 108*)

It Stands Alone

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy



and Colgate's costs but . . .

25c

COLGATE'S toothpaste has *healthfully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

COLGATE'S has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

COLGATE'S now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

COLGATE'S sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

FOR THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE



Longworth

So this—hic!—is Hollywood. The well-lit man-about-town doesn't lean on his old pal, the lamp-post—the lamp-post leans on him. Unused to such familiarity, Charles Butterworth wonders if he ought to see it home to bed. Like a good fellow, Charlie gave up the dry business of law to be illegally funny in "Illicit" and "You and I"

"Mine . . . as though I'd had it made to my order!"



says

JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but *Seventeen* is all I wanted it to be."



Three quick aids to the complexion of Seventeen
The exquisite coloring of youthful skin is in these new make-up accessories! *Seventeen Youth-tone Rouge* brings elusive color tones to your complexion . . . and forms, with the Lipstick, a stunning ensemble in black and silver . . . . *Seventeen Lipstick* comes in youth-tone shades, and is permanent or not, as you choose. Moisten the lips before applying and the color becomes indelible . . . . *Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder* blends shades to simulate the radiance of youthful skin . . . . Also: Seventeen Perfume, Dusting and Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Compact, Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water.

Seventeen

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



CRASHING HOLLYWOOD

Did you ever wonder what became of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle? He now is known as William Goodrich, has become a director, and is turning out comedies that pack laughs and are wiser than most. So it is with this satire of the difference between Hollywood and Ioway. Two hard-berled extra girls entertain a country cousin, who gets away with more than they ever attempted. But before she weds the film magnate who has proposed to her, she wants to crash a "wild party." They find doubles for Garbo, Gilbert, Chaplin, etc., and manufacture one that brings the riot squad. (Educational)

LITTLE DADDY

If you have seen, read or heard of "Green Pastures," you'll get a kick out of the latest effort of Our Gang. For like the famous stage hit, this gives you a cullud folks' version of a Biblical story. While the Gang listens in, Farina attempts to tell his equally black pal, Stymie, about Noah and the Ark. Stymie doesn't believe all he's told, and he rattles Farina with his questions and wisecracks. A touch of pathos—perhaps the influence of Charlie Chaplin—comes into the comedy when the orphan-asylum agent appears and tries to take Stymie. Except for this ending, novel and amusing. (M-G-M)





IN CONFERENCE

Perhaps you saw that now-famous comedy, "A Hollywood Theme Song." If you did, you'll be looking for this second Mack Sennett burlesque of filmland. Suggested by the stage comedy, "Once in a Lifetime"—Broadway's laugh at Hollywood—the story concerns the difficulties of two magnates (one Scotch, the other Jewish) with their big star. In silent days a Great Lover, the handsome hero reveals a soprano voice when talkies come along. It's tough enough on him, but it's even tougher on his bosses. Harry Gribbon as the star and Andy Clyde as the Scot are nothing less than a riot. (Sennett-Educational)

CHICKENS COME HOME

Once upon a time, there were hordes of comedy teams in the movies. There still are plenty around, but you don't hear much of them. The reason? Laurel and Hardy. There's no other twosome that can begin to compare with them. The reasons are fairly obvious in "Chickens Come Home." They have a genuinely funny story to work with—about an ex-sweetheart who comes back to haunt them after they're married—and they know how to make the most of it. They don't get their laughs by cheap wisecracks. They talk as little as possible, and pantomime as much as possible. Watch for this one. (M-G-M)





THE BLACK WIDOW

When William J. Burns began making his series of shorts based on real-life mysteries, the only voice you heard was that of the famous detective. He told each story as it was dramatized before your eyes. They were tense. In "The Black Widow," the suspense is heightened by the actors doing all the talking. Mr. Burns speaks only in a brief foreword, assuring you that you are about to see something that actually happened. This episode relates how a wealthy man was killed by a strange poison, how his nephew was convicted of murder, and how, on the eve of his execution, the poison was explained. (Educational)

WITH PLEASURE

After the first few, song-and-dance acts didn't go across in feature pictures. They seldom go across in shorts. One such act usually looks—and sounds—like any other. But here's one that's different. If you're one of those millions who look upon dentists' offices as torture chambers, you'll cheer the idea behind it. To give his patients something else to think about while he's yanking their molars, a dentist stages a miniature revue in his office. The dance numbers are snappy, the tunes are lively, and the gals have Them and Those. What more could you ask? (Vitaphone Varieties)





THE PIP FROM PITTSBURGH

Charlie Chase has more fans than most feature stars, which proves something or other. People must like to get hysterical. If they don't, they had better stay away from this one. Having drawn a lemon once, he suspects his pal of planning another big joke when he suggests a second blind date. Charlie, in turn, plots revenge. He wears old clothes, doesn't shave, eats garlic. The girl, it turns out, is a beauty. He changes suits with his pal on the ballroom floor, gets rid of both beard and breath. The funniest comedy that Mrs. Chase's bright boy has ever made. (M-G-M)

STARS OF YESTERDAY

Would you like to see Rudolph Valentino again? And William S. Hart? And Mabel Normand? And some of those other old favorites who made movies what they are to-day? Here they are, glimpsed for a moment in cuttings from pictures made years ago. In addition to Rudy and Bill and Mabel, you see Sarah Bernhardt, Texas Guinan, Fatty Arbuckle, Betty Blythe, Ruth Roland, Charles Ray, and Mack Sennett and Ford Sterling with their Keystone Kops. And do you hear anything? Yes, a clever monologue by Walter O'Keefe, telling you all about them. A feature on any program. (Vitaphone Varieties)



Anyone Troubled with

LARGE PORES · BLACKHEADS · OILY SKIN · DRY SKIN



CASE NO. 92 . . . Philadelphia, Pa. Business Girl. Age 17. Skin dry and scaled easily. Doctor reports: "Complexion now good, skin smooth, on right side."

CASE NO. 466 . . . Hollywood, Calif. Teacher. Age 25. Blackheads and scaling. Blackheads practically gone after 30 days on Woodbury side.





CASE NO. 89 . . . Philadelphia, Pa. Factory Operator. Age 18. Excessive oiliness. Doctor reports skin normal on Woodbury side after 30 days.

CASE NO. 209... Baltimore, Md. Secretary. Age 23. Coarse pores; skin sallow and slightly oily. After 30 days, pores reduced and color improved on Woodbury side.



will Welcome this THRILLING NEWS

In the office files of Dr. Walter J. Highman . . . one of the country's foremost Dermatologists . . . are 612 case histories, written by 15 of America's leading skin specialists.

Each case history is an actual story of some woman's quest for skin loveliness. And each story is a story with a thrilling ending!

Last September, 612 women . . . of all ages . . . accepted an invitation from 15 of the nation's most distinguished dermatologists.

Every day, for thirty consecutive days, each "subject" cleansed the *left* side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. But on the *right* side of her face, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap exclusively. Reporting to the physician, or his assistant, each day for an examination.

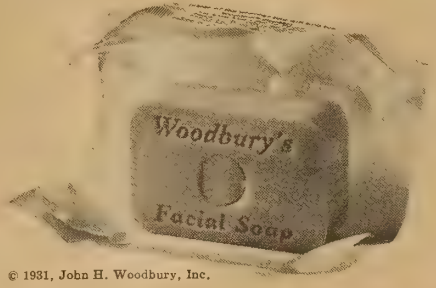
The final summary of the results in these 612 cases gives dramatic proof of the superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap for cleansing and beautifying the skin.

In 271 cases of faulty complexion, the side on which Woodbury's was used showed radiant improvement over the other.

Enlarged pores were benefited in 83 cases . . . with coarse-skin texture made finer and silkier. Excessively oily conditions were improved in 115 cases . . . Dry, scaly skin in 81 cases . . . Blackhead conditions improved in 103 cases.

Even in many instances where the skin was clear and smooth, Woodbury's brought still lovelier tone and texture.

The statements in this advertisement are based on reports checked and approved by Dr. Highman, who served as Chief Supervisor of this Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic.



© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

Thus, Science has confirmed what millions of women already know . . . that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap; that it is an incomparable beauty treatment in *cake form.*

If Woodbury's cost a dollar a cake . . . instead of but 25¢ . . . it would still be the most economical . . . and surest way to skin loveliness.

For your complexion's sake try Woodbury's! Start this proven beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's Facial Soap may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, send coupon for generous sample.

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

906 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Aloha—Ben Lyon returns from the South Seas with a brown wife (Raquel Torres), and his friends are shocked. You may be bored (Tiffany).

Bachelor Apartment—The old story of The Charming Chap who loves Other Men's Wives until he meets The Right Girl. Brought up to date by Lowell Sherman, Mae Murray and Irene Dunne (RKO).

Behind Office Doors—This doesn't detail the dangers of being a stenog; it's more sophisticated than that. Mary Astor has a dramatic time, getting her boss (Robert Ames) to fall for her (RKO).

Body and Soul—Charles Farrell at his best, but first honors go to new-comer Elissa Landi in this complicated story of war, spies and love (Fox).

By Rocket to the Moon—Two scientists and a girl they both love journey to the moon, and do not return. Fantastic, exciting adventure. Made in Germany (Nero).

Captain Applejack—John Halliday has a suppressed desire to be a pirate until adventure attacks him in his home. Amusing melodrama (W. B.).

Charlie Chan Carries On—As a smooth Oriental, Warner Oland solves a series of good murder mysteries on a round-the-world steamer (Fox).

Children of Dreams—A new glimpse of California life, showing you the singing wanderers who pick the native fruit. Tuneful operetta, boasting stage-singers Paul Gregory and Margaret Schilling (W. B.).

Cimarron—How Oklahoma got that way, as imagined by Edna Ferber, and dramatized on an epic scale by a great cast, headed by Richard Dix (RKO).

City Lights—Chaplin's noble experiment—pantomime with sound effects. He's still the same comic, pathetic little tramp. Not his best picture, but funny enough in spots to make you remark, "Here is classic slapstick" (U. A.).

Comrades of 1918—If you can bear one more exposè of the horrors of war, here's a tense German-made tragedy for you (UFA).

A Connecticut Yankee—Will Rogers modernizes Mark Twain's farcical dream about a Yankee at King Arthur's court. You'll weep with laughter (Fox).

The Conquering Horde—Richard Arlen in still another slow opus about the troubles an honest *hombre* has in the cow-country (Par.).

Cracked Nuts—Those rapid-chatter boys, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, as rival generals in a South American revolution. Little action, but wise-cracks aplenty (RKO).

Dance, Fools, Dance—Ex-wealthy Joan Crawford becomes a newspaper reporter, goes down into the underworld, solves a murder mystery. Good melodrama, well acted (M-G-M).

The Devil to Pay—Ronald Colman in another smooth, sophisticated comedy about a lad who hates work and loves heiresses (U. A.).



An all-native cast makes the silent "Tabu"—a tragic story of love in the South Seas—a memorable event



Gangster Jack Holt and Detective Tom Moore share Constance Cummings in the realistic "Last Parade"

Dirigible—Jack Holt sets out for the South Pole in an airship, and Ralph Graves in an airplane, and they both meet disaster and adventure. More exciting than Admiral Byrd's saga (Col.).

Dishonored—Marlene Dietrich proves again that she's a star, in this suspenseful tale of a woman spy who's more a woman than a spy (Par.).

Don't Bet on Women—Edmund Lowe bets Roland Young that any woman is kissable, and Roland bets that his wife (Jeanette MacDonald) isn't. Slight, but amusing (Fox).

Dracula—The famous chiller about the living dead-man is less chilling on the screen. Bela Lugosi, however, keeps you interested (Univ.).

Drums of Jeopardy—With all the craft of an insane man, Warner Oland almost destroys an entire family. A creepy thriller, well done (Tiffany).

The Easiest Way—Constance Bennett becomes Adolphe Menjou's well-kept girl-friend until Robert Montgomery and love come along. Connie triumphs again in a slow-motioned story (M-G-M).

Illicit—Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie dramatically illustrate the advantages and disadvantages of free love (W. B.).

Inspiration—Greta Garbo as a woman of Paris and Robert Montgomery as a pure young man love as no one has loved before in talkies (M-G-M).

It Pays to Advertise—The soap-making business, soap-makers' sons, and soap-makers' sweethearts in a mild comedy featuring Norman Foster, Skeets Gallagher and Carole Lombard (Par.).

It's a Wise Child—Marion Davies is reported expectant, and everyone wonders who the father can be. Frank and funny, with the able help of James Gleason and Polly Moran (M-G-M).

June Moon—As a wise boy from the sticks who thinks he's a better song writer than Irving Berlin, Jack Oakie clicks again (Par.).

Kept Husbands—Dorothy Mackaill gets her man by doing the proposing, and then her troubles start. Not so funny as intended (RKO).

Kiki—Mary Pickford makes a somewhat strained effort to surprise the fans, as a fiery Parisian coquette who insists on loving a married man (U. A.).

Kiss Me Again—Bernice Claire looks swell and sings well in an otherwise dullish revival of Victor Herbert's operetta, "Mlle. Modiste" (F. N.).

Ladies' Man—Other women make William Powell's life easy, but not Kay Francis. A dramatic insight into the life of a gigolo (Par.).

The Lady Refuses—Betty Compson becomes a lady for an evening, and not a lady of the evening. A strange hodge-podge of melodramatic comedy and tragedy (RKO).

The Last Parade—Jack Holt shows you what can happen when a good guy has to become a hard guy. Another tense underworld picture (Col.).

The Lion and the Lamb—Walter Byron and Raymond Hatton almost put across a melodramatic comedy about an earl who is forced to become a crook (Col.).

East Lynne—The most famous tear-jerker of them all is given a handsome revival, with Ann Harding the unhappy wife and mother, Conrad Nagel the stern-lipped husband, and Clive Brook the friend in need (Fox).

Fair Warning—Out where men are apt to be villains, George O'Brien serves notice before he shoots. A Western that will do (Fox).

Father's Son—Lewis Stone and young Leon Janney do justice to Booth Tarkington's intensely human story about an abnormal father and a normal youngster (W. B.).

Fifty Million Frenchmen—On the stage, a musical comedy; on the screen, a musicless comedy—and a good one. Two wild weeks in Paris, with Olsen and Johnson pursuing William Gaxton, who's pursuing Claudia Dell (W. B.).

Finn and Hattie—Leon Errol and Zasu Pitts are amusing as two innocents abroad, and Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are a riot as two untamed youngsters (Par.).

Gentleman's Fate—As the dapper brother of a gang leader (the late lamented Louis Wolheim), John Gilbert talks better and acts better than in any previous talkie (M-G-M).

Girls Demand Excitement—A painless version of life and love at a small co-ed college, with John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill and Virginia Cherrill participating (Fox).

God's Gift to Women—Broad humor, in more ways than one—but funny. Frank Fay is a Parisian *Don Juan* who finally captures American Laura La Plante (W. B.)

Honor Among Lovers—Claudette Colbert makes the mistake of not marrying the boss (Fredric March), but Monroe Owsley. Their acting is much better than the story deserves (Par.).

The Hot Heiress—A lukewarm musical comedy about a society deb (Ona Munson) who falls for a steelworker (Ben Lyon) and gets her man (F. N.).

Lonely Wives—The boldest bedroom farce the talkies have revealed, with Edward Everett Horton in two rôles, and involved with Laura La Plante and Esther Ralston. Good low comedy (RKO-Pathé).

Man of the World—In the unsympathetic rôle of a sophisticated blackmailer, William Powell turns in another good performance (Par.).

Many a Slip—An attempted farce about ultra-modern love. It never gets going, despite the presence of Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett (Univ.).

Men Call It Love—Jealous Leila Hyams leaves her husband (Norman Foster) for Adolphe Menjou—but goes back, as good girls always do. Nothing new or startling (M-G-M).

(*Continued on page 94*)



As in real life, Charlie Chaplin gets taken up by Society swells in his noble experiment, "City Lights"



"ELINOR GLYN says

"Color is your magic key to Romance"

Before you wash another dress or bit of lingerie study these photographs



With ordinary soap

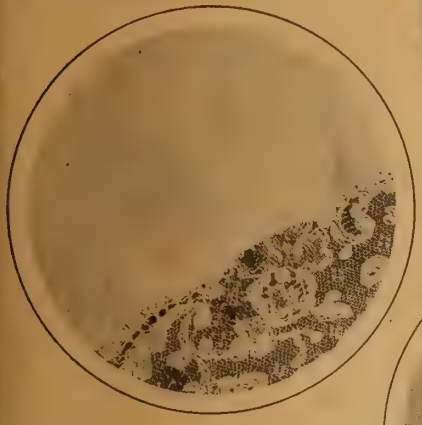
Six washings in ordinary "good" soap have left this charming silk (above) faded and streaked.

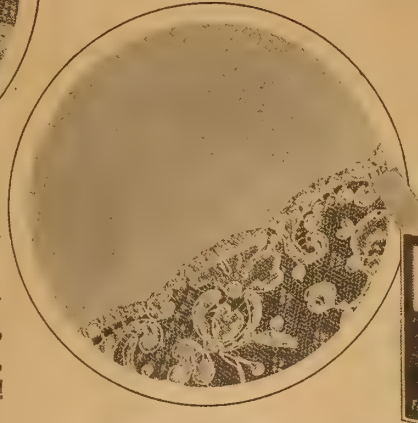
These photographs based on *laboratory washing tests* show the tremendous difference between Lux and ordinary soaps in their effect on color. Look at these 2 pieces of the same flowered silk.



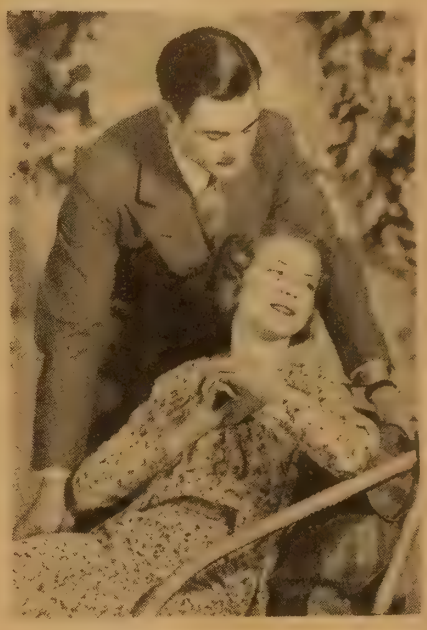
With gentle Lux

Another piece of the same silk, Luxed 6 times, is color-perfect; not a bit of fading or streaking!





The lingerie above, washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap, is faded, streaked and worn. Duplicate lingerie, at the right, *Luxed the same number of times*, is unfaded, lustrous, like new!



"COLOR *is* magic! It can transform even a plain little Jenny-Wren sort of girl into a starry-eyed beauty . . . be her key to romance.

"Be careful to wear the colors that suit *you* best. And after you've chosen your colors, do take care *never to let them fade*, because—

1. **Even a little fading robs a color of its 'live,' thrilling quality and —**
2. **may change it into a shade that is actually *wrong* for you.**

"One tone of green, for example, will make you sparkling-eyed, clear-skinned. A slightly different tone makes you sallow. So never, never risk color fading!

"But, after all, it's very easy to prevent fading! Lux is especially made to *preserve color*. One is never sure of the ordinary 'good' soap. It so often takes out at least a little color as it cleanses, but Lux is *always* safe.

"And remember, too, that not only in your clothes but in your *surroundings*, color casts a magic spell!

"So cherish the beauty of color in your surroundings . . . in draperies, slip covers, even the linens on your dinner table . . . keep it utterly perfect with Lux."

Elinor Glyn



***No matter what the color . . . if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in* LUX**

So Nancy's High-Hat?

That's What Hollywood Says - - But This Carroll Girl Doesn't Care

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK



THERE has always been a rumor around Hollywood that Nancy Carroll was what is known, in polite phraseology, as a so-and-so. She was disagreeable, one heard. She had a temper and a colossal ego.

Since she stopped piping out theme songs, and made herself conspicuous as a dramatic actress, the rumors have grown. They've even broken into print. Nancy, they say, is more disagreeable, more bad-tempered—and high-hat into the bargain. Success, they say, has gone to her titian head.

I don't think that success can be said to have gone to Nancy Carroll's head. To her success is such a foregone conclusion that it's hardly worth mentioning. It simply isn't news.

"I'm discovered about every three years." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled indulgently. "I've known all the time that I had this dramatic talent, and the studio knew it, too, but they just forgot. I did dramatic parts on the stage—'Chicago,' and things like that. In pictures I did 'Abie's Irish Rose' and made the most of every dramatic moment. Then I was in a comedy with Richard Dix, and made it a little more real than comedies usually are. 'The Water Hole' was dramatic. 'Shopworn Angel' was dramatic.

"Then the talkies began, and because I was the only one on the lot who could sing and dance, they put me in musical comedies, and everyone immediately forgot that I had ever done anything else. Then musicals became unpopular, and everyone was very much surprised to find me a dramatic actress again. That's all there is to it. It's no surprise to me. I've known it all along."

She Explains Herself

STILL, there's some truth in the brickbats directed at Nancy's disposition. She's full of contradictions that baffle the amateur character-reader. She has the smile of an angel, and the frown of a man-tamer. Her wide blue eyes can be heavenly-sweet or just plain mean. Her voice is silvery and gentle. But her words sometimes have a note of malevolent authority that doesn't harmonize. You can't be sure whether it's ill-nature or just intensity.

Nancy claims it's intensity. She admits everything, and then reveals enough of herself to explain her disposition.

"I have no difficulty getting along with people now. I guess I did have a little trouble on the way up," she said. "The trouble was that out in Hollywood they patted me on the head and said, 'Now, little girl, you're getting a wonderful break in pictures, you're very lucky, and you should be properly grateful and do what you're told.'

"I didn't feel that way about it at all. It didn't mean much to me. I had played leads on the stage. I knew what I could do, and I didn't feel like being patted on the head and patronized.

"I'm not at all difficult to work with. I'm sure any director I've ever had would tell you that I'm very keen and quick to understand. And other actors, too. I've always worked with them very peacefully.

"But it's all the surrounding things—the publicity department, for instance. Publicity is a great career in itself, and the *good* publicity men are really marvelous. But those boys in Hollywood think if they get anything about you in the papers, it's wonderful—no matter what it is. So they're constantly hounding you, to pose for pictures with license plates, or radios, or to have interviews with people who ask silly questions about what I wear when I go to bed at night, and things like that. Things I *know* won't do me any good.

She Can't Do What George Does

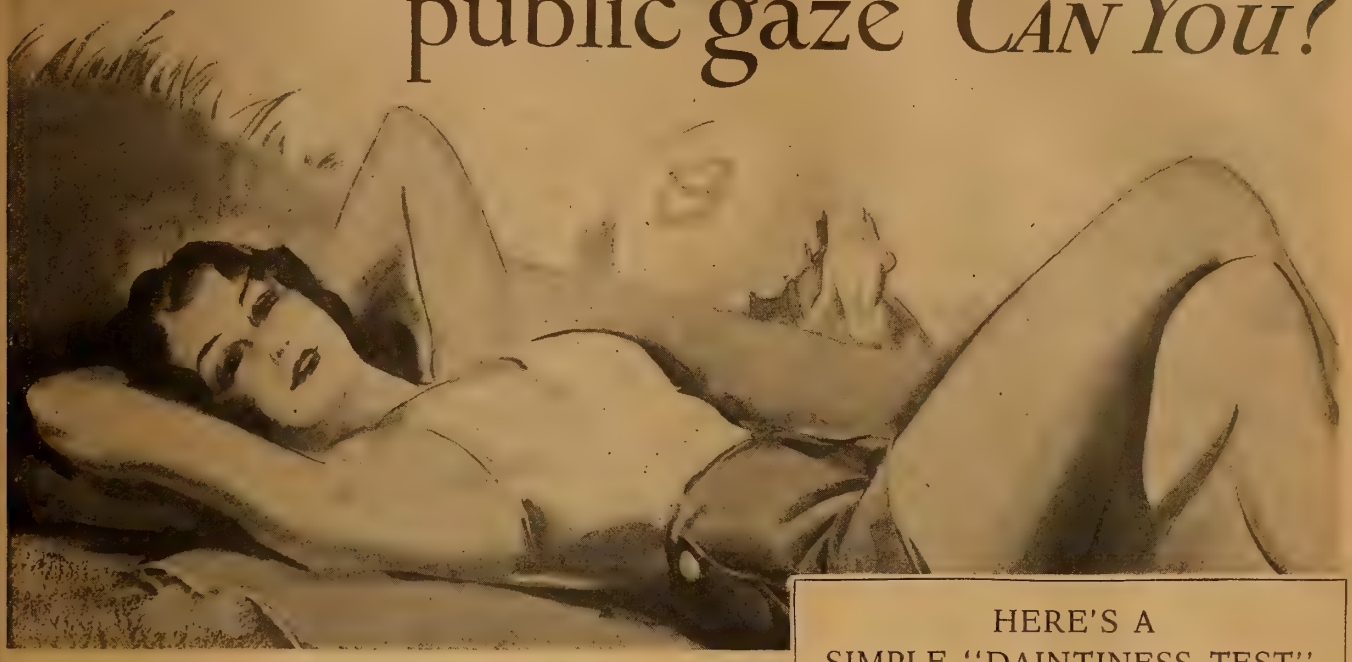
"MOST press-agents seem to believe that old remark of George M. Cohan's that it doesn't matter what people say about you, so long as they say something. But that is *not* true, especially of someone who has to be pleasing and ingratiating to the public. George Cohan could probably have anything said about him without suffering from it, because he's a man. But a girl has to be sweet and soft and pleasing.

"So I refused to do things I didn't think were good for me. And I know now, since I've proved I was right about myself, that I should have been even harder.

"In the Hollywood studio, they seem to make a specialty of

(*Continued on page 112*)

"NOW..I can stand the public gaze" CAN YOU?



CRITICAL EYES . . . challenging close-ups . . . you can meet them without embarrassment if you observe this important detail of good grooming: *A skin free of all trace of disfiguring hair.*

In this day and age superfluous hair is absolutely inexcusable—especially when it can be removed so swiftly and easily with Del-a-tone Cream. This dainty depilatory, I am happy to announce, now comes in a generous new 50c size and a new larger economical $1.00 size. So if you have been using some other hair-remover you can now use the best, . . Del-a-tone, . . without spending a penny more.

I almost hope that you have been using something else to remove superfluous hair because it will be such a genuinely pleasant surprise when you change to Del-a-tone. You can tell instantly that it is superior.

First your eyes will tell you—for you can *see* how creamy-white it is. Then your nose will tell you, for Del-a-tone hasn't any of that overpowering, offensive odor of ordinary depilatories. Lastly, your skin will tell you (after you have rinsed off the Del-a-tone and along with it, the ugly hair) for it will have an alluring petal-softness . . . a satiny feel. If any of my women readers have ever shaved, they will be amazed at how much smoother and cleaner the skin is after using Del-a-tone.

Del-a-tone has attained wide popularity on real merit alone. No extravagant, exaggerated advertising claims have ever been made. Superior quality is the reason for asking you to try it and to guarantee that your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

Mildred Hadley

HERE'S A SIMPLE "DAINTINESS TEST"

It will help you meet the public gaze with poise. Why not clip it out and keep it on your dressing table?

1) Are my underarms*, forearms and legs free of superfluous hair?
2) Is my complexion clear and satiny?
3) Are my teeth sparkling white?
4) Are my nails well-groomed?

*Removal of underarm hair lessens perspiration odor, you know.

Distinguishing features of this modern method of removing hair:

Del-a-tone is a white, faintly-fragrant cream depilatory
. . . easy to use as cold cream
. . . removes hair in three minutes or less
. . . leaves your skin petal-smooth
. . . sold on Money Back Guarantee

DEL-A-TONE CREAM, 50c and $1—(also DEL-A-TONE POWDER, $1 size only) at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below). Write Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Est. 1908) The Delatone Bldg., Dept. 76, 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

DEL-A-TONE

The White Cream Hair-remover

NOW COMES IN TWO SIZES

50¢ NEW . . . . . LARGER $1.00

TRIAL OFFER

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 76 Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous size tube of Del-a-tone Cream for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

THE ANSWER MAN



Fredric March Has A Royal Fan Family They're Curious About Dorothy Mackaill



The Answer Man will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to the Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York



MARTY — Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1905. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has red hair, brown eyes, is not married or engaged. You'll see her next in "Kick In," Norman Foster and Regis Toomey playing the leading male rôles.

WILLIAM—John Garrick's hobby is collecting paintings and etchings. Humphrey Bogart has two hobbies, bridge and golf. Dorothy Christy was born in Reading, Pa. She has appeared on the stage in "Good News," "New Moon," "Follow Thru," "In His Arms," etc. Then Fox secured her for a featured part in "So This Is London" with Will Rogers. She went from there to Paramount to play in "Playboy of Paris," starring Maurice Chevalier. She is five feet four inches tall, with golden hair and blue eyes.

ROSE — Douglas MacLean, you may have wondered what happened to him, recently returned from a trip around the world on a freighter. He is now writing plays. Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Nov. 5, 1905, educated at the Hollywood High School, University of Southern California and Pomona College. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 185 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. You'll see him next in "Born to Love," starring Constance Bennett.



ROSEMARY—Greta Garbo's latest picture released is "Inspiration." Jeanette MacDonald is not married and is playing in "Good Gracious Annabelle," Thomas Meighan appearing opposite. Tallulah Bankhead's first production is "The Tarnished Lady," and she can be reached at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

LOUISE—Juliette Compton was born in Columbus, Ga. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair, blue eyes and is not married. Miss Compton has appeared on the stage in a number of productions, including a season with Florenz Ziegfeld's "Follies." She was a star of English pictures; is now appearing in "Kick In."

FREDDIE—A trailer is short excerpts from a picture flashed on the screen to advertise some coming attraction. This short reel is known as "a trailer." Humphrey Bogart is the chap you refer to who played the rôle of *Jim Watson* in "Body and Soul." He was born in New York City on Jan. 23, 1899. Educated at Trinity School in New York and at Andover College. He is married and his next production will be "Women of All Nations."

CLUB FANS—Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., wishes to hear from all Rudolph Valentino and Rudy Vallee fans. Constance Bennett Clubs, Esther Clancy, 566 Brook Ave., N. Y. C., and Margie Tamburich, 2923 South Lock St., Chicago, Ill. Lew Ayres Clubs, Nora Wilmot, 321 Wohverleigh, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and Minette Shermak, 404 E. 83rd St., N. Y. C. Clara Bow Fan Club, Helene Weiser, 510 Claremont Parkway, Bronx, N. Y.

JOHN G. BARR—Lew Ayres's most re- cent pictures are "Many a Slip," "Up for Murder," and "The Iron Man." Mae Busch was born in Melbourne, Australia. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs about 119 pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., about twenty-eight years ago. His most recent release is "Ladies Man."



HELEN WILBORN—Lily Da- mita played the rôle of *Felice* and Gary Cooper was *Clint Belmet* in "Fighting Caravans." Joan Crawford, Neil Hamilton and John Mack Brown have the leading rôles in "The Torch Song." Alexander Gray is five feet ten and a half inches tall. He was married to Jeanette Wolff, who was killed in an auto accident some time ago. He has a daughter, Jean, who is about eleven years old.

CHARLIE S.—Sorry we cannot supply you with a picture of Rex, the horse. The seating capacity of the Roxy Theater is 6,200. Dolores Del Rio was born in Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. She is five feet four, weighs about 110 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Real name is Dolores Asunsola de Martinez and she is married to Cedric Gibbons, art director. No new picture has been announced for her at this time.



VIVIAN B.—John Loder was born in England, about thirty-three years ago. He is six feet one inch tall, has dark hair and eyes and his real name is Lowe. Buck Jones in Vincennes, Indiana; he is about forty-one years old, five feet eleven, has brown hair, gray eyes and is married to Odille Osborne.

MISS WOODLEY — Dorothy Jordan played opposite Ramon Novarro in "Call of the Flesh." Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 19, 1900, she is five feet five, weighs 122 pounds, has golden hair, brown eyes and is married to Townsend Netcher. Reginald Denny, London, England, on Nov. 20, 1891. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, brown hair, hazel eyes.

MARY LOUISE STONE—Vivienne Se- gal was born in Philadelphia, Pa. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, no record of her being married. Her first picture released was "Golden Dawn," which was released in July, 1930; her most recent was "Viennese Nights."

F. M. FANS—Fredric March hails from Racine, Wis., Aug. 31, 1898. Graduated from University of Wisconsin in 1920. Member of Beta Gamma Sigma and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities. Won his letter at football and track. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Florence Eldridge; recreations are horseback riding, tennis and swimming.

RUTH J.—Richard Cromwell hails from Los Angeles, Cal., born in 1910, is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, light brown hair, gray-blue eyes. The only picture he has appeared in up to this writing is "Tol'able David." Roland Young was born Nov. 11, 1897, and is appearing in "The Squaw Man," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

CHARLES F. D.—No, I've never been to Switzerland but, who can tell, maybe some day I shall. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906; she is five feet six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes.

ALICE DEREMUH—Bert Wheeler is married to Bernice Speer, they have one child. Bert's latest picture is "Too Many Crooks," Radio Pictures Studios. James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900, and is divorced from Irene Hamilton. Sorry we haven't Mitzi Green's home address. However, you may write her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

JANE—Marjorie Beebe was born in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 9, 1909. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. Betty Boyd, also in the above town on May 11, 1908. She is five feet five, weighs 128 pounds, auburn hair, brown eyes.



MARION — Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 30, 1906. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. She is married to Nick Stuart and her hobbies are swimming and golf. Nancy Carroll, New York City, Nov. 19, 1906. She has red hair, blue eyes, married to Jack Kirkland they have a daughter, Patricia, who is about five years old.

HELEN R.—William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, on Feb. 12, 1902. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes, not married and is appearing in "Broadminded," First National Studios.



JUNE—John Mack Brown, Joyzelle, the dancer, and Dorothy Sebastian were born in Alabama. Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, on May 17, 1911. She is five feet six inches tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Glenn Tryon is appearing in Vanity Comedies at this writing.

J. PINCHOK, JR.—Eddie Quillan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31, 1907, five feet four inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His next picture will be "The Kid from Madrid." Ramon Novarro, Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899; his real name is Samaniegos and he's appearing in "Daybreak."

MARY—Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, in 1903. Upon completion of her academic studies, she was privately tutored in dancing and singing in preparation for the stage career she had set her heart on. Her first professional appearance was at the London Hippodrome, after which she came to the United States, where she has since made her home. After several minor engagements in New York, she joined the Ziegfeld forces at the "Midnight Frolic." Thence into pictures via Marshall Neilan.

P. B.—Robert Armstrong hails from Saginaw, Mich. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Ethel Kent, has been appearing in pictures since 1927, and his latest production is "Iron Man," Universal Studios.



ELMO — Rudy Vallee was born in Island Pond, Maine, on July 28, 1901. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has blond hair, blue eyes, has been married and divorced from Leonie Cauchosis McCoy. He is not related to Yvonne Vallee, the wife of Maurice Chevalier.

ALICE G.—The correction of your ad- dress is being taken care of by our circulation department. John Garrick was born in Brighton, England, Aug. 31, 1902. He has blond hair, blue eyes, married to Harriett Bennett and his latest picture is "Red Handed." Charles Farrell, East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905, he is six feet two, weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Was married to Virginia Valli on Feb. 14, 1931.

JOSEPHINE—Gosh! it would take a full page here to give you all the biographies you requested, however, I have sent you several by personal reply. Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Kentucky, in 1910. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes and his latest production is "Obey That Impulse,"

FAY BURTON—You forgot to give your street address, for that personal reply. Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on March 1, 1907. She is five feet two, weighs 115 pounds, blonde hair, hazel eyes, real name Lois Darlington Dowling and she's not married. J. Harold Murray hails from South Berwick, Maine. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has light gray hair, blue eyes, married, has a son and is appearing in vaudeville.

E. A. W.—Ann Harding was born in Texas; she is five feet two inches tall, has ash-blonde hair, blue-gray eyes, married to Harry Bannister.



KAY—Joan Marsh was born Dorothy Rosher in Porterville, Cal., on July 10, 1914. Her first picture was when she was used as a baby in a Universal picture at the age of nine months. Until she was eight she appeared in child parts in various other pictures, including "Daddy Long Legs" and "Pollyanna," with Mary Pickford; "The Young Mrs. Winthrope," with Ethel Clayton, and others with Charlie Chaplin. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 104 pounds and is playing in "A Tailor Made Man."

(Continued on page 114)

This offer may never be repeated



10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least $8.50 if sold separately

Here is one of the most amazing offers ever made to American women. An offer so remarkable that no retail merchant, large or small, could hope to duplicate it. Just think! These are not sample packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same quality as our regular store packages. But instead of costing you $8.50 as they would if sold thru stores, the Coupon brings them to you for only 99 cents and a few cents postage.

We are making a tremendous sacrifice in selling these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages to you for 99 cents, as you can easily see from the suggested retail prices for these identical Milaire Beauty Preparations. We are doing this only because we know that once you try them—once you see for yourself what marvelous values they are—you will come back to us again and again for Milaire Toiletries.

Coupon brings these 10 Preparations for 99¢ and postage

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, is not affected by moisture and is very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Cocoanut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

Copyright, 1931, Milaire Co.

All 10 in the Treatment and Make-up Package for a limited time only for the Coupon and

99¢

plus postage

Send No Money Merely Mail Coupon

Coupon

For One Milaire Make-up Set

MILAIRE COMPANY,
1044 Irma Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Motion Picture Mag.—June, 1931



Fraker

BUCK JONES

Well, well, if here isn't old Buck Jones back hyah on the screen and playing a bandit! He's gone in for the Baxter-Huston stuff, spikking de Englees' and acting up in "Joaquin Murietta"







Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, *beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.* "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

IT'S no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from* 10.30 *to* 11.00 (*Eastern standard time*).



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. B-5, Battle Creek, Michigan

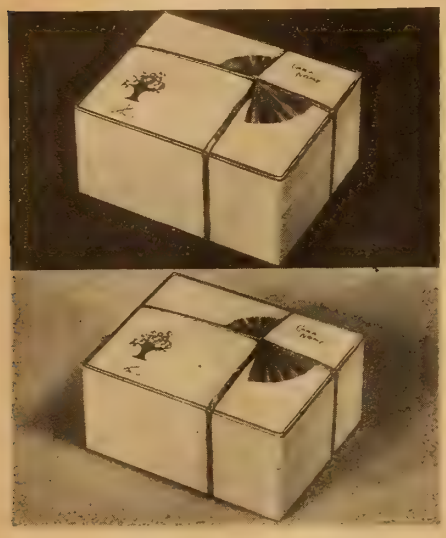
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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"The most satisfying face powder of the year—"★

★The verdict of 400,000 women



Do you want to know a face powder that goes on as evenly as the smoothest cream; that retains all the natural moisture of the skin—is a positive preventive of shine?

Then you will welcome Cara Nome!

Cara Nome Face Powder is the master creation of M. Langlois—whose amazing ability as a cosmetician has won the admiration and praise of beauty specialists the world over!

The exquisitely fine texture of Cara Nome Face Powder makes it cling for hours. It is immaculately pure; absolutely free from starches or fillers; contains nothing that can clog the pores. The most sensitive skin will be thankful for its soothing, caressing touch. Straight from the heart of old France comes its enchanting fragrance!

The generous trial-size boxes or the full-size packages may be obtained at any Rexall Store.

CARA NOME

Famous name of a complete beauty treatment — creams, powders, lotions, sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores. This includes Liggett and Owl Stores.

Why London's In a Fog

(*Continued from page 33*)

Apologetically, we say it would have happened here. But nowhere could opportunity have battered down Tallulah's portals as it did in London. Broadway had Ina Claire, Jeanne Eagels, Katharine Cornell, Pauline Lord, Francine Larrimore—a dozen among whom to divide its affections. But Tallulah was London's only love. For London she played the greatest rôles afforded New York's several favorites.

She starred in Katharine Cornell's "The Green Hat"; in Pauline Lord's "They Knew What They Wanted"; in "The Gold-Diggers" of Ina Claire; in the tragic Eagels' "The Cardboard Lover"; and in Francine Larrimore's "Let Us Be Gay." She even played "Camille" as Duse, Bernhardt and all that mighty galaxy had done before her. Opportunity, with a capital O, for the prodigal daughter of the Algonquin! And the girl made good!

Get That Niche Ready

ODDLY enough, these vehicles have been converted into celluloid, and now that Tallulah is Lasky's gift to film-fans, it is interesting to remember that she has played the rôles enacted on the screen by Garbo, Marion Davies, Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer—aces, all aces! And here's a tip to you—Tallulah's a threat to Greta, a menace to Marlene! Perhaps it's scarcely fair to burden her with comparisons. Better say that we'll be needing a nice new niche in our hearts for our Talloo just as soon as her first talkie, "Tarnished Lady," is released. While we're at it, why not retain the original title, "New York Lady," Mr. Paramount? She is, you know. Even though by adoption.

No simple milkmaid dangling a chain of buttercups, is this glittering stranger who returns to us. There's never a stammer on her tongue. She talks faster than Floyd Gibbons. But says more. Similes to delight a columnist, metaphorical delights, shoot from lips not so firm but what they droop for kisses. As she says them, with that throbbing, throaty, tantalizing voice, nifties become epigrams.

Her outward pose is that of ultra-sophistication. But she showers affection on a pup, and says "Ah" when she sees a baby. Just a sentimentalist at heart. She gives herself a present before each première. Sometimes an ermine wrap. Again a jewel. "If the play's a flop, it will console me," she says, "and if it's a success—then I have celebrated."

She's pretty true to London, but she finds New York the world's most stimulating city. She has no interest in Paris, put on weight eating Berlin delicacies, and says that Venice is like dining well—in a lavatory. Its beauties aren't sufficient to overcome its odors. Tallulah is a realist. She knows the facts of life. She neither shuns them, nor ignores them, but accepts things as they are. With no particular enthusiasm, but without complaint.

She's Still English

ALL sham and phoney, to her, is "a lot of shi-shi"—presumably the British equivalent for good, old Amurrican "baloney." For after Tallulah's eight years of absence there is still a trace of real English in her speech, and of London idiom in her conversation. So, a highball remains whiskey-and-soda. It's "on the films" rather than "on the screen." And the cigarettes she stains with lip-stick are still "Gold Flakes," imported at fairly fabulous cost.

She enjoys good food, but a menu terrifies her, so she seldom selects her own dishes. Champagne—straight, or with sugar and bitters as a cocktail—is her favorite prescribed beverage. The little she has tasted here meets with her approval. She has seen little of New York since her arrival. The day after she landed was devoted to studio film tests. She nearly booked passage again when she saw them. Then found that they were taken for certain technical lighting effects which purposely made her look awful.

As a matter of fact, she screens divinely, with a sort of somber, fascinating beauty that reaches way inside to disturb your heart and soul. She has the largest, most depthful eyes, and the longest lashes in memory. And uses both with devastating effect. Her height is medium, but she creates an illusion of added stature. She's as slender as a boy. But the curves come in the right places.

Her hands are interesting, and well-kept. At present she affects the highly polished, ruby-red brilliance sponsored by the manicures. Her hair, praise be, is natural—a relief from the platinum blondes, silver blondes, radium blondes, and peroxide blondes. It's a smoky brown, and she wears it smartly coiffed.

Talkies Won Her Over

SHE could have been in the movies eight years ago, and, in fact, did make one picture. Other films didn't interest her until sound came in, and she declined all offers. When the talkies changed her attitude toward the cinema, she determined that Paramount was the company with which she wished to be affiliated. She "adores" Greta Garbo.

She declines to generalize about New York men, London men, or any men. There are all sorts. She thinks London drinks more gracefully than New York. Because it has more time. You never can tell when Amos 'n' Andy'll raid the joint here. And that doesn't mean the radio team. She has been engaged. But isn't now.

Visiting celebs drop in at her swanky East Side hostelry. Noel Coward, Lady Peel (Bee Lillie, to you), and Gertrude Lawrence are among those you're apt to find enjoying her hospitality. But she's not really entertaining this season. Too busy at the studio. She's in earnest about her screen career, more than she has been about anything in her scintillant life. And for all her hectic brilliance, and dynamic nervousness, she's utterly calm regarding the future. Not in the least conceited, she's perfectly self-confident. There's a difference.

And there's a difference, too, about Tallulah. A difference that will show upon the screen, and win her an individual fame. Not to mention the fortune that will accompany it. Perhaps a rolling stone gathers no moss—but it's the roving bee that gets the honey. We're glad you're home again, Tallulah! Gol durn it, gal, we allus knowed yer had it in yer!

Would You Believe That--

Marie Dressler has been acting for forty-five years—ever since she was fifteen?

May Robson, Marie's rival, has been acting for forty-eight years?

Will Rogers originally intended to become a Methodist minister?

George Fitzmaurice, the director, is a Frenchman?



Hers to awaken LOVE!

Men found Nan a sympathetic friend . . . they confided in her their love for Vivienne, for Mabel or Lois. *She herself had never had a proposal!*

But tonight there was something intense about Steve, as they sat there lightly chatting.

His voice had lost the usual casual note . . . his arm trembled as he drew her toward him.

"Nan, dear, you've changed so. Your eyes and your hair have such strange, mysterious lights . . . your skin is like a sun-warmed rose . . . your lips are a tropic night!"

Nan felt a warm flood of color mount from her throat to her temples! This was what it was like to awaken love, to change men from friends to poets!



Pompeian Toiletries include:

Beauty Powder — Powder Compact — Dusting Powder
Bloom (Rouge) — Night Cream — Massage Cream
Indelible Lipstick — Day Cream — Talc

Each is priced at 60c (Talc, 25c)

● It was the same Nan

The same girl but, to the eye, a miracle might have taken place. The lifeless skin had vanished . . . an opalescent film of Pompeian Beauty Powder (in Rachel tone)—a light veil of Pompeian Bloom, a creamy rouge (in dusky Oriental tone)—the vivid, living color of a new indelible Pompeian Lipstick, all had quickened her to arresting beauty.

● Your skin may be brought to undreamed of loveliness

Pompeian toiletries are unlike all others. Of the finest ingredients that can be bought, they are so skillfully blended that for your skin—for *every* skin—there is a vital, enhancing color scheme.

You will find that the powder, rouge and lipstick will do for your skin what Pompeian did for Nan. And, because so many millions of women insist each year upon Pompeian, the price is unbelievably low. The use of Pompeian means a substantial saving—a saving which may readily add smart new dancing slippers, an array of silk stockings to your wardrobe.

● Pompeian is sold everywhere

Go to your nearest drug or department store today and select Pompeian toiletries for your individual coloring. With the very first trial, you will observe a new, glowing youthfulness in your skin. Charming, generously packaged powder, rouge and lipstick are only 60c each. (10c sizes of Pompeian Powder and Creams are available at 10c stores.)

● The newest Art Panel—and the loveliest

The latest Pompeian Art Panel, exquisitely painted and expensively reproduced will add beauty and color to your walls. Sent you upon receipt of the coupon properly filled in.



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Dept. 13-5,
Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

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PREPARATIONS



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ALLURING EYES
instantly

If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them—use *genuine* Maybelline preparations. Only they, can transform eyes into bewitching pools—without revealing the secret. That's why millions of women have insisted upon the genuine for more than fifteen years.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. May be had in solid and waterproof liquid forms.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in four delicate, subtle shades—Blue, Brown, Black, Green—will greatly enhance the beauty, brilliance and expression of your eyes.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—a clean, indestructible pencil that doesn't crumble, will form and line your brows for the finishing touch. Choose Black or Brown.

Insist upon genuine, *harmless* Maybelline preparations—at Drug and Dept. stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER
EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL



Are Location Trips Dangerous?

(*Continued from page 65*)

chances of too much competition, even in Hollywood. On location, those chances are multiplied indefinitely. As Mrs. Harry Carey, a veteran of the screen herself, knew very well when she decided to go to Africa with Harry for "Trader Horn."

It was a location trip, too, that ended Laura La Plante's career at Universal. Cast as the French-Canadian girl in "The Storm," notwithstanding her blondeness, Laura went with William Wyler, the director, and Paul Cavanaugh and William Boyd, the male leads, to the high Sierras for snow scenes in a storm-bound cabin. Pretty soon, Laura came walking back and quit. There had been a row over her part.

Victims of the Moon

BUT it was a location, also, that led to Laura's stardom and marriage. Cast opposite Reginald Denny in "Dangerous Innocents," she went to Honolulu. The moon, apparently, was still on duty, for after the picture was finished Laura married the director, William Seiter. The location lasted only two weeks, but the romance it began has lasted for many years now. Incidentally, the couple went right back to Honolulu for their honeymoon.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, and many others of Hollywood's happily married couples got "that way" about each other on location.

It was while Dick was on location in "Wings" that he and Jobyna decided they'd better make it one long location—and a twosome, at that. Jobyna wasn't on the location to start with, but while Dick was down at San Antonio making the flying sequences, Hollywood grew somewhat bleak for her. Texas was the same for Dick. There were a couple of wires, a hastily packed suitcase, and, pretty soon, wedding bells. Perhaps, had it not been for that location trip, they might still be going to marry, "some day."

Similarly, it was a trip to the cow-country during "The Riding Kid" that decided Sally and Hoot to wear the same brand.

Unfortunately, however, it doesn't always work that way.

There was the time, for instance, when Monte Blue and company, including Raquel Torres, went to the South Seas to make "White Shadows." When they returned, it is said that things looked stormy in the Blue household for some time, but the cloud finally passed—though Monte never went on another location trip so far away from home after that!

He St(r)ayed at Home

SOMETIMES it is the stay-at-home half of the family that gets into mischief during a long location trip. When Lillian Lorraine returned after a picture absence, she claimed to find feminine garments that she could not identify hanging in the Acord wardrobe, and promptly brought a divorce suit against Art.

Not so long ago Lynn Reynolds, a young Fox director, took his company out where men are men to make "Back to God's Country." Renée Adorée played the feminine lead. When they got back to Hollywood and Mrs. Reynolds gave a party to welcome her husband home, he went into one of the other rooms in the house and sent a bullet into his brain.

The authorities who investigated the tragedy said that it was a "reaction" from the location trip, and Mrs. Reynolds acknowledged that she and her husband had quarreled over Miss Adorée.

Just as two people thrown into too-close proximity with each other will ultimately want to commit homicide, so on some locations bad blood develops. On the train returning from "The Big Trail" location, there was a fight that would have shamed even the one in "The Spoilers." Raoul Walsh, the director, and Ian Keith, the "heavy," mixed things to a finish in the club car. It was simply a case of getting on each other's nerves from too close association, and, when only a few miles from Hollywood, something snapped.

If they had actually reached home and had had time to bathe and change their shirts, it is a moral certainty that the fight would never have happened.

Nation-Wide Thrills

SOMETIMES the whole country gets a big thrill out of a location trip, long before it hits the screen. A few years ago D. W. Griffith and his entire company, including Carol Dempster, the star, were reported lost in a West Indian hurricane. They were supposedly on a yacht at sea, and the newspapers carried the story in big headlines for three days.

Finally the destroyers sent in search of them found them safe and snug in harbor. But they had been cut off from the world, and couldn't even let their friends know what was happening to them.

Locations often have drastic effects upon professional as well as domestic careers. When Charles Brabin went to Italy to direct the first ill-fated epoch of "Ben Hur," the whole company was recalled after a fortune had been spent in trying to photograph the Rome of the Romans. Brabin had merely gone where he was sent, but the jinx remained with him until he made "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," several years later—and made the Peruvian picture safely on the back lot of the studio! And, after the disastrous trip to Europe, M-G-M had to build a Rome of their own at Culver City.

Moons will have their way, tropical or otherwise; sometimes it is a marriage, sometimes a divorce, sometimes a bride and sometimes a widow. No matter just what it is, it is usually something. Every location trip becomes an adventure, not only for those who make it but for those also who stay at home. And is the adventure dangerous?

Well, Hollywood usually waits to see with its heart in its mouth—and its fingers crossed.

Did You Know That--

Tallulah Bankhead says she has never married because she "never felt rich enough to support a family" and "would rather stay single forever" than let any man pay her bills?

Colleen Moore, Virginia Valli's best friend, joined her on her European honeymoon with Charles Farrell?

Louis Wolheim was invited to occupy the dressing-room vacated by Lon Chaney, and superstitiously refused? And that Jean Hersholt, similarly invited later, did not refuse?

John Gilbert is planning a trip abroad?



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Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

The Lady Who Knows It All

(*Continued from page 47*)

Also Among the Guilty

HEDDA HOPPER: Oh, I don't, don't I? Why, I even act for *you!* You should come to the house some day and see me on my native heath. You'd soon see the difference and what a surprise that would turn out to be! You wouldn't know the old shoe. Look, I'll give you an example—

(Hedda turned and beamed in the direction of Neil Hamilton—or was it Charlie Bickford? No matter. She turned on the works. It was quite obvious. She let loose exaggerated batteries of crinkled eyes and curling smile and flashing teeth. She said in a voice that ran up and down the scale of honeyed graciousness "Hull-o, how ARE you? You're looking WON-derful! SO glad to see you!" She turned back to me, dropped the quaver and said: "Getting a bit plump, isn't he?")

G. H.: I see what you mean—

Hedda Hopper: Certainly you do. That was it. Now, ordinarily, in civilian life I'd have nodded across the room, remarking casually, "Hulloa, how are you? Glad to see you." And that would have been that.

Do you remember Lillian Russell's famous remark: "My dear, I am tired, so *tired.* I have to make-up even when I take my bath!" That's Hollywood. The greasepaint gums up the works.

G. H.: Why don't you marry and get out of it? Write, or something . . . ?

Hedda Hopper: As to marrying, it may not be too late yet! The reason has been, however, that only *very* old men and *very* young boys ever fall in love with me. No man of my own age has ever given me a tumble. Not ever. I was married to a man years older than myself. I have a young son. I give them sympathy at both ages. They react to it in the same way, eventually.

Why She Married De Wolf

G. H.: How, if one may ask, did you ever come to marry a man so much your senior?

Hedda Hopper: My dear, have you ever had the man's voice turned on you?

G. H.: No. How would I?

Hedda Hopper: Well, that was it. Wolfie's voice—the most fascinating, irresistible and devastating voice in the world.

G. H.: But when he stopped talking . . . ?

Hedda Hopper: My dear, *he never did!*

G. H.: Tell me some things about Hollywood, settle a few individual problems. *Is* Clara Bow "finished"?

Hedda Hopper: NO. Nothing can hurt Clara Bow. She is bigger than she has ever been. She hasn't begun. Because she has always been honest. Perhaps I should make an exception to my statement that we all act parts. Clara is the single exception. Clara doesn't act, off the screen. I doubt that she acts much on it. She is a Natural. She *lives* her life. Unfortunately for her, it has been lived in the limelight. Too often, the slimelight. She is every shop-girl's dream of romance. And every blow that Clara gets, they feel it. They feel it, they resent it and they rally, ever more warmly, to the defense.

G. H.: What about the Garbo? You know what I mean—her hermiting, her unbroken seclusion? I wonder how she got that way—naturally or by suggestion?

How Greta Got That Way

HEDDA HOPPER: By suggestion. Lon Chaney's suggestion. The greatest line of publicity ever written was Lon's '*There Is No Lon Chaney.*' He said to Greta, 'It has been very good for me. It will be very good for you.' Perhaps it has been good for her. Results would point that way. I couldn't do it myself. I wouldn't do it. Not if it were to make me as internationally famous as Garbo. Why shut out life? I want to meet life, head-on.

G. H.: You do. What about the Garbo-Dietrich controversy? Do you think they are alike?

Hedda Hopper: No. I think von Sternberg achieved that effect, deliberately. They wanted another Garbo. He made one. It was unnecessary. Dietrich needs no prototype.

G. H.: Is there any real genius of the screen? Any immortal-in-the-making?

Hedda Hopper: Yes. Charlie Chaplin. He is a genius of pantomime.

G. H.: What about the rising generation? Do you detect any of the stuff of greatness there?

Hedda Hopper: One. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. That boy has genius. What he may develop into may not be clear right now, even to himself. But that he will be great is beyond question. In large part he has Joan to thank for this. So many people give Doug credit for all that he has done for Joan. So he has. Joan rescued Doug from an inferiority complex.

(*Continued on page 113*)

TANGEE



"Lipstick must look natural"

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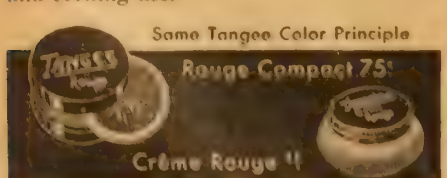
"Let us caution every woman who would be fashionable this season," says Le Jardin des Modes, of Paris, *greatest French fashion magazine.*

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Between movie-acting, polo-playing, and running a vegetable ranch, Edmund Lowe doesn't have much time to read. But when he does indulge in eye-strain, he picks the softest spot in his library

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 82*)

Millie—The depressing, but dramatic saga of a girl who was loved by the wrong men. Helen Twelvetrees is the whole picture. (RKO)

Misbehaving Ladies—A misleading title for a whimsical little comedy about what can happen in a small town when one of the natives, Lila Lee, returns as a princess. (F. N.)

Mother's Millions—Your first view of Marie Dressler as old stage rival, Mary Kelcour. She misses a lot as a woman who isn't so hard-hearted as she looks. (Liberty)

My Past—Bebe Daniels tries hard to be plausible in the movie version of that ghastly little novel, "Ex-Mistress." Ben helps her a little. (W. B.)

Not Exactly Gentlemen—The adventures of three ruffians in the gold-rush country. Rough comedy, with Victor McLaglen. (Fox)

Pagliacci—The famous opera about the tragic clown comes to the screen, verbatim, being adapted for the screen. As on the stage, it is in two acts. The excellent singing is in Italian. (Vadis Cinema)

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath—After some insanely funny instruction from Charlotte Greenwood, Buster Keaton changes from a shy bachelor into a Great Lover. A panic from start to finish. (M-G-M.)

The Prodigal—A wandering Southerner, Lawrence Tibbett, returns home, falls in love with his brother's wife, Esther Ralston. Tibbett's best break in the way of both story and music. Previewed as "The Southerner." (M-G-M.)

Rango—The camera catches the jungle at the business of living. The life struggle of a small orang-outang will amuse you, stir you. (Par.)

Reaching for the Moon—Doug Fairbanks goes modern for the first time in years, and turns out a lively comedy about an insanely busy man who falls insanely in love with a Blonde Bebe Daniels. (U. A.)

Resurrection—Lupe Velez surprises as a peasant girl who is loved and left by a nobleman, and John Boles disappoints as the latter. (Univ.)

The Royal Family—A merry and thinly disguised burlesque of Broadway's autocrats, the Barrymores, with Fredric March giving a memorable takeoff of John. (Par.)

Scandal Sheet—Hard-boiled George Bancroft edits a tabloid, gives it a story when he ends the affair of his wife, Kay Francis, and Clive Brook. Strong stuff. (Par.)

The Seas Beneath—Naval drama. George O'Brien patrols a girl and a German submarine, and gets hurt, in a more entertaining war story. (Fox)

The Single Sin—The one-sex comedy, top-old story about the girl that "Wild Boy Kendall," Ken Johnson, does well enough to the girl. (Tiffany)

The Sin Ship—Marie Astor and Ben Lyon wasted as a ship, but the picture as a story is saved by the fine Louise Wolheim. By-play between this strange sea monster and Lyon. (RKO)

Sit Tight—Winnie Lightner sings, Harold Goodwin and singing couple of songs, and Joe E. Brown becomes a comic wrestler. Speedy entertainment. (W. B.)

Stolen Heaven—Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll make a seaside pair, and their speed-sweetly the second-rate thriller. Paris setting makes big drama out of a slight story. (Par.)

Strangers May Kiss—Norma Shearer returns to the screen in a woman's picture. Her acting up to her usual high standard, but her role is unsympathetic. (M-G-M.)

Swanee River—The old-fashioned movie about life in the South, peopled by a cast by Dorothy Mackaill, Grant Withers as the hero who saves a wide picturesque. (Sono-Art.)

Tabu—The last picture made by the late F. W. Murnau, a beautiful and unusual contribution to life in the South Seas with a strange story about a boy who dares to love the sacred goddess of his tribe. An all-native and entrancing cast. (Par.)

Ten Cents a Dance—The life of a taxi-dancer made notable by the acting of Barbara Stanwyck. (Col.)

Ten Nights in a Barroom—The great old story of the saloon and temperance scene and is generally comedy. William Haines and Joan Seeing-light their way through it. Readable. (M-G-M.)

Trader Horn—Harry Carey and Duncan Renaldo up a jungle tour to search for a missing white girl—and find her. Edwina Booth. The exciting adventures that "build" seem "cook real" very much fascinated. A big event in talkie history. (M-G-M.)

Unfaithful—Her husband is the professional guest, but Ruth Chatterton finds a Blake. Lewis Stone. For the first time, Ruth disappoints. (Par.)

Woman Hungry—Lila Lee marries rather Sidney Blackmer to save herself from his two-timing, who continue to want her. A sexy Western. (F. N.)

Here's What Their Hands Used To Do

(*Continued from page 46*)

McLaglen could go back to boxing. He packs a mean wallop in those two fists. George Duryea could take up wrestling again.

After dipping into the manly art of self-defense I'll rush back to the more soulful occupations. Marlene Dietrich can take her musical saw out of the mothballs, and play scherzos for her supper. Marlene was efficient at sawing long before she dreamed of becoming an actress. Billie Dove paints pansies on china and if she ever needed a job, every teacup in the country would be a candidate for Billie's attention.

There's always the Navy for George Bancroft and George O'Brien. They've eaten beans and slept in hammocks. They could do it again if it was decided to tear down Hollywood and make it a health resort. But that old thirty dollars a month that Uncle Sam'll pay the gobs would hardly keep George O'Brien in chest-developers, and I'm pretty sure you couldn't find a black and gold bedroom for George Bancroft on any Man o' War.

John Garrick could go back to the bank, and William Haines could go back to the broker's office. Any movie star keeps in practice for handling money. Clive Brook would still make an eminently desirable confidential secretary, and Will Rogers could resume ranching. John Barrymore, Norman Foster and Robert Ellis "were newspaper men themselves" once upon a time.

Some of the Hollywood favorites have known no other job than working in pictures. It would be pretty awful for them if anything happened to the canned drama.

Mary Brian might have to marry one of those hundreds of young men to whom she has been rumored engaged. Ruth Chatterton, who made her first money in a Washington, D. C., stock company, might give dramatic readings for the village Browning clubs. Since Carole Lombard started in Mack Sennett comedies, she might advertise bathing suits for some up-and-coming manufacturer of sea-going haberdashery. June Collyer would have to go back to the teacups in her New York home. Loretta Young has studied classical dancing, and might follow in Isadora Duncan's footsteps. These are just suggestions. I can't wear myself out worrying about jobs for these girls.

They've got hands—very pretty hands. Nice to hold, I imagine, but you'd have to be careful. You might spoil the manicure.



A girl who knows how to cook, say the love experts, need never worry about the future. See any furrows in the brow of Irene Dunne?



Kotex stays comfortable

—even in warmer weather



Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary.

As vacation-time approaches, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

Aid to daintiness

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It *stays* soft.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from wrong adjustment. You can remove layers to meet changing needs.

Our leading hospitals use great quantities of Kotex and the delicate absorbent of which it is made. They buy enough annually for millions of pads. What a rare tribute to its hygienic safety, its efficiency!

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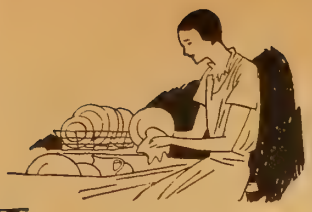
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Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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To remove iodine stains

Our free booklet also explains how to remove 15 difficult (but common) stains. For instance, iodine: Wash while fresh in warm water and soap; apply concentrated ammonia; wash off in alcohol. A "dry" method is also described.



To clean woodwork easier

Don't expect "tired suds" to clean woodwork thoroughly. To do better work in less time and with less effort be sure to change the water frequently.



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The way to get your cleaning done faster—and better—is to combine many little time-saving methods into a single, practical cleaning-plan. Our booklet tells exactly how to do this!



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A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock is interesting, practical. Takes only a few minutes to read—yet can save you many hours. Send for free copy today.

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Ye Gods! Will It Come To This?

(*Continued from page 53*)

than the proverbial scared jack-rabbit.

But we should not imagine that Joseph Schenck is a beginner at this independence game. When he severed his official connection with Loew Enterprises in 1916, he allied himself with the stormiest petrel of all the stormy motion picture years, one Lewis J. Selznick (now a mild and gentle soul with an office in a Hollywood bank building and a home in Beverly Hills). In his day, Selznick out-independented all the independents. If there are extra wrinkles about Adolph Zukor's eyes, Lewis J. Selznick put them there, while Joseph Schenck observed and made mental notes. The Selznick method was to bluff high and handsome, and when the enemy was convinced he was bluffing, to go ahead and do much more than he had threatened.

Joe Must Have an Idea

So when United Artists vow to go forth into the key cities of the country, build or buy theaters for themselves and exhibit their own and other independent products therein, it is safe to assume that Brer Schenck has something up his sleeve. What that something is, one may but guess. For example, on November 20 last, the Los Angeles *Times* printed under a Santa Barbara date-line, carefully marked "Exclusive," a dispatch to the effect that a meeting to discuss the United Artists revolt had been held the day before at the Biltmore Hotel in that city. With the United Artists was Mr. Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount.

There comes to mind a conversation with Douglas Fairbanks a couple of years back. He ventured the opinion that eventually the picture-producing and exhibiting business would simmer down to two big companies and a fringe of independents. The two big companies might conceivably be headed by the Fox interests on the one side and the Zukor interests on the other. The second week in last December, the daughter of Mr. Zukor was divorced from the son of the late Marcus Loew—whose interests are now Fox-controlled.

There is little doubt that the great picture interests are drawing together as a result of financial affiliations. Radio Pictures (which have now absorbed Pathé) and Fox Films are no longer captained by men who are strangers to one another. Rumors continue that Howard Hughes and the Laemmles have talked over the price of Universal. And there are other persistent rumors that something closer than friendship is due between Warner Brothers-First National and Paramount. Else why, ask the insiders, should Paramount let Warners win away such stars as Chatterton and Powell?

There Are Always a Few

But there will always be independents . . . Mary Pickford is not participating in her first independent gesture. In the crucial months of Carl Laemmle's war of independence, he hired "the Biograph girl" away from the Biograph Company to make pictures for the IMP organization. Her salary then was one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Her first independent picture was, appropriately enough, "Their First Misunderstanding."

Then, too, Sam Goldwyn's first venture when he separated from the Famous Players-Lasky group was intended to be a demonstration of his independence. And when Douglas Fairbanks cut himself loose from the Triangle Company, he did so to be an independent producer. Charles Chaplin quit Mack Sennett to produce his pictures himself.

But the boy you want to watch is Howard Hughes, who thought little of spending four million dollars to make "Hell's Angels," and is the newest recruit to join the United Artists. He has unlimited funds—a daily income from oil-drill patents of several thousand dollars. And he has been spending money right and left, buying theaters throughout the West. If he keeps on at the present rate, he will soon have a sizable chain.

In the meantime, do not forget the "tents, barns and armories."



The Hollywood scenery comes up and strikes you plumb across the eyes if you build your home on high ground as Irene Rich did. Park your chaise longue where you can catch the backgrounds

Telling On the Younger Set

(*Continued from page 59*)

about it, gone her own way and said nothing, and she is admired and respected by everyone she knows. I know other girls who have never done anything they wouldn't do in Sunday School, but who make up glaringly, wear daring clothes and otherwise advertise themselves, and everyone thinks the worst.

"*It isn't what we do that matters. It is the way we do it.*

"There is no such thing to-day as a 'ruined' girl. A boy would marry a girl who has had affairs, quite as readily as a girl has always married a boy under the same circumstances. We simply put that sort of thing down to experience, to which all of us have a right if we choose to take it. It is important to us, but it is no longer the one rock upon which we build our lives. If the girl of to-day has an affair with a boy she may worry about it a bit, wonder about it, but she certainly does not feel disgraced. Disgrace isn't used in that connection any more. If a girl has been a promiscuous little tramp, that is another matter.

"Sex is vital to the younger generation. They give it just about all their thought, unless they have something else equally vital to think about. That's why every girl should have a career, an ambition of her own. I, for instance, would never let any man mess up my life. I have too much I want to do, and be.

"I expect to marry, and I believe that most of us expect and want to marry. I expect to have children. I wouldn't miss that experience for anything.

"But even if a girl does expect to marry, she should be equipped for a paying job. There are lots of other colorful things a girl can do if she doesn't write or act or paint. And then if she marries and finds that she doesn't like her husband, she can walk out on him. I believe in divorce. We all do.

"I personally believe that it is a mistake for girls to begin going around too soon. Fourteen, for instance, is too young for dances and parties and night-clubs and boy-friends. If very young kids go in for that sort of thing, by the time they are eighteen and should be beginning, the 'kick' has all gone. 'Kicks' always go.

"I believe in conserving the thrills. When I came to Hollywood, I wanted an ermine coat. It's been an ambition of mine. But my mother said, 'No, wait until you are thirty-five. Ermine coats belong to maturity. Wear what belongs to your age.'

"I think girls should do a lot of reading while they are very young. Good books. Any kind of books rather than none at all. Reading gives us a wider experience than we can possibly have through personal contacts. It helps us to stabilize our point of view, which can't be stable so young. I'm writing a book now. It's about older people. But I'll have to wait two or three years to finish it. I'm not sure that my point of view is right."

Carman thinks Hollywood is "rather superficial." She thinks it lacks stimulus, especially for a writer. New York keeps you keyed up.

She has a swank town-car. She lives with her mother in a charming house. She is extravagant when she can get away with it, and always attracts attention because of the interesting clothes she wears.

When you see "A Débutante Confesses," I can't tell you what kind of picture you will see. But certainly you will see a most astonishing young person. A girl of eighteen who is an author, a playwright, a star . . . a girl of eighteen who has turned all the pages and written on several of them.

++ You will like the Linit Beauty Bath because the results are *immediate* ++



YOU need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing—eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

THIS TEST PROVES IT TO YOU

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!



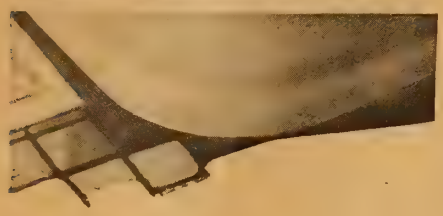
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The bathway to a soft, smooth skin



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There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M-F., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.



Acme

When Charlie accepted Premier Ramsay MacDonald's invitation to Chequers, the Premier met him at the gate, and together they fled the photographers. Charlie delighted the Communists by napping during his visit. The Laborites said the Premier also slept

London Claps Hands for Chaplin

(*Continued from page 35*)

lar ends. He was dragged into political cartoons and his every action was twisted to prove somebody's private argument.

The most amusing instance of this was the report of his visit to the Prime Minister in the vitriolic "Daily Worker," London's Communist sheet.

"Before his feet had touched British soil," it ran, "Charlie found himself committed to a Pleasant (!) Sunday Afternoon at Chequers with the one and only J. R. MacDonald, otherwise known (according to taste and predilection) as 'Our Prime Minister,' 'Jeremiah James' and 'The Lossie Loon.'

The "Touch of the Genius"

"CHARLIE, as we vulgar folk have known for years, is a genius! And never was his artistic intuition finer than on the occasion of this ordeal. He went to Chequers, he saw the Sacrosanct Leader of the Labor Party, and he went to sleep in his chair!

"Just that! The inimitable Charlie! Always the sure and unerring touch! Splendidly obvious! And yet who but the greatest genius would have realized that it was simply the *only* thing to do?"

The Labor Party's own rag, however, in reporting this occasion, also mentioned that the Prime Minister went to sleep at the same time, which slightly altered the complexion of the story.

Meanwhile the Capitalist press was using Charlie equally strenuously as a text for their favorite sermon about the Equal Chances for All under Capitalism. Charlie was the local boy who had made good. Everybody born in a slum could do the same. Q.E.D.

Charlie didn't have to do anything to get publicity, except run away from it. But the cameramen cornered him a few times chatting with various swells, and he couldn't escape. Nor were the swells, the reporters and the cameramen the only menaces he had to deal with. Never, perhaps, in history has a larger and more variegated assortment of long-lost half-brothers, uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces assembled together to weep on a rich "relative's" shoulder. The Carlton lobby was jammed with them. Three secretaries, working in shifts day and night, could hardly manage to cope with them all. Charlie, meanwhile, was climbing up fire-escapes and finding obscure back entrances to the hotel. He might have been very happily compared to a hunted hare with the hounds in full cry after him.

Don't Weep for Him Yet

ARE you about ready to weep for poor Charlie? Then hold your tears. There was, after all, a brighter side to the picture.

In the first place, even if he didn't get much of a holiday, it was all in a good cause. The publicity he received was worth thousands, and from the opening night onward his picture brought him in a small fortune every day from the Dominion Theater. That is one thing.

You or I would suffer all the Society swells in London to come pullulating around if it brought in that much money. At least, even if you wouldn't, I would.

And in the second place Charlie showed

himself to be a genius in quite a different way from that which is usually signified, by managing to keep smiling through it all.

He knew the swells and the hangers-on who plagued his every waking moment were insincere, but he laughed up his sleeve and enjoyed it all as if it were a show on a stage. And, make no mistake about it, he was flattered. It would hardly have been natural if he hadn't been, when you consider how low he was in the English scheme of things when he left his native country as a youth.

But he got an eyeful of London Society that will last him the rest of his life. And that well-known poignant realization of how sweet and how sour success can be at the same time, can never have been so prominent in his consciousness as when he left London.

Why He Left Unknighted

HE left in comparative peace. The ballyhoo was spent, exhausted. The press woke up the morning after the "City Lights" opening and realized that it had made just a bit of a fool of itself. And in one or two instances, vindictively, it kicked back at Charlie, and derided him—the man who fled from publicity like a child from a mad bull—as a publicity-hound. One paper even brought up against him in a sarcastic article that hoary, spiteful old story that he shirked fighting in the war. The article in question was inspired by a newspaper baron who saw "City Lights" when he was suffering from gout, thought it was lousy, and telephoned one of his papers to pan Charlie.

He did not leave London as Sir Charles. In the most hectic period of the pre-première ballyhoo, half the papers in England were suggesting that he be knighted. And Charlie, I understood, was willing to accept the honor if it were offered.

But it could not be. For Charlie has two divorces chalked up against him, and there seems to be reason for believing that he is not a man of such one-hundred-per-cent-pure morals as to be eligible for the British aristocracy. He may be a genius, but he's a frisky boy, and the King won't knight frisky boys.

The papers had it that Charlie could not accept knighthood, because it would carry a condition that he would have to make at least two films a year in England—and he could not make pictures that fast.



International

It was in this modest dwelling, still standing on Kennington Road, London, that Charles Spencer Chaplin first made anybody smile. The date was April 16, 1889

SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



So gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels—even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble—"Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

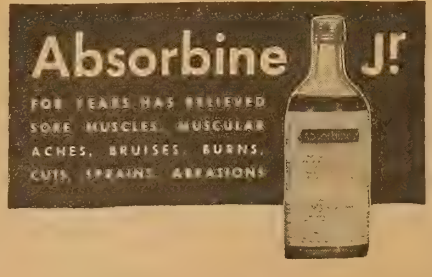
Examine YOUR feet tonight

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.*

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.





Adds Gloss, Lustre—*to lifeless, Dry, Dull Hair*

Leaves It Easy to Manage

IF your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.



A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

News and Gossip

(*Continued from page 41*)

rumors have touched him. "I'm taking out American citizenship papers," says David, "but it's difficult. I can't prove how I ever came into the United States—it was from Canada when I was six years old—so the authorities assure me that technically I'm not here at all. And when our Canadian home was burned, my birth certificate went up in flames, so legally I don't even exist. I'm having the most extraordinary correspondence with Washington! Who says governments don't have a sense of humor? This one kids and wisecracks."

WHEN you see "The Millionaire," you will hear George Arliss say, carefully and painstakingly, "Ant Mary," instead of the British "Ownt Mary." It was a severe trial to him. Another Americanism that cost many feet of ruined film was "I have bin" instead of "I have bean." And now he is to do "Alexander Hamilton" with Doris Kenyon as his leading lady—Alexander Hamilton, who was still a young man when Aaron Burr's bullet cut short his life. However, we feel sure that Arliss will get over that difficulty, too. He did on the stage, where he played the rôle with great success.

EVERYONE likes a little publicity, even those of us who aren't on the screen. One of our writers attended a luncheon the other day at which the lady beside her spoke severely about "the wretched publicity" Einstein had had to endure in this country. "He even had to have his picture taken with *actors*," she added in a tone of horror. The writer urged that even a scientist must like publicity at times. "A scientist thinks only of science," crushed the lady. The conversation waxed somewhat acrimonious and the writer finally asked sweetly, "I am sorry I didn't catch your name when we were introduced." The lady told it, with a conscious look. The writer afterward learned that the lady's husband was a Nobel prize winner for his scientific attainments. But not being a close follower of such subjects, the writer did not recognize the name, and showed plainly that she did not. Whereupon the lady who despised publicity grew livid with anger because the other didn't know who she was!

MOSS HART, co-author of "Once in a Lifetime," received a telegram from John Barrymore. One of the characters in the play refers to him in somewhat this fashion: "John Barrymore used to be an actor, but you wouldn't know it from seeing him in pictures." "Nuts to you," responded John by telegraph. He enjoys all take-offs on himself, they say, and has attended "The Royal Family" many times.

"I HEAR you have signed a contract to make ten pictures a year, Dad," wired John Huston to his father, Walter. "When are you going to find time to do any acting?" John is the author of a novel based on "Frankie and Johnnie," and his father is immensely proud of him. But inseparable as they have always been, John cannot bear the thought of living in California, and Walter cannot make pictures in New York.

Geography has also separated the triumvirate of De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. The last two members of the song-and-show-writing firm have shaken the dust of Hollywood from their feet and returned to Tin Pan Alley, leaving Buddy De Sylva with "one hundred thousand dollars' worth of work," because they simply couldn't stand it out here any longer.

SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN pulled a niftie the other day. Sam is the author of "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" and is doing the adapting of "An American Tragedy" for the screen. "Two geniuses would be too much for the West Coast," said Samuel, in effect, "so they keep Dreiser in New York and von Sternberg out here, and the country doesn't tilt over with Arthur Brisbane running around and around as a balance-wheel between."

PHIL HOLMES, it seems, wasn't von Sternberg's personal choice for the hero of "An American Tragedy." Phil used to make funny cracks about von Sternberg and the director overheard some of them. He took tests of nearly every available juvenile actor in Hollywood before Paramount finally insisted—so my informant tells me—on the choice of Holmes.

THE rumor persists that Greta Garbo will return to Sweden after her next three pictures at Metro are completed. Greta has been thrifty and saved her pennies, investing many of them in Sweden. It is no great secret that she has never been particularly happy in Hollywood, and it is no secret at all that she doesn't give a single Swedish damn about doing the conventional thing. If she has decided that she has earned enough money so that she can go home and sit in the sun the rest of her days, she is indeed the most remarkable woman on the screen. Greta has always taken all the Swedish fan magazines and reads avidly every word they print about her, because these are the things her friends and relatives see. But she is pictured as not bothering to read what is written about her in American fan magazines.

KAY FRANCIS and Kenneth MacKenna have decided that their recent marriage is their own affair and that the public is not entitled to share it. They have not even had their picture taken together. They have, of course, a right to their privacy. But an actor is running a risk in refusing his public a glimpse into his private life, as Joan Bennett points out. "When you become an actress," says Joan, "you give up having a private life. It's part of the game, and if you're wise you'll recognize it." Gloria Swanson's little girl is a beautiful child, above the average in intelligence, but because Gloria has refused to allow a picture of her to be published, the public has a hazy idea that there must be something wrong with the child.

THE Harold Lloyd baby, by the way, is gaining weight rapidly. At the present writing, he weighs more than five pounds and by the time you read this he will probably weigh a pound more. The doctor will not allow him to be removed to the Lloyd castle until he tips the scale at seven pounds, and to date Mildred has not touched him with so much as a finger-tip. When they do get him home, Harold and Mildred are going to keep him in a room that looks out upon the famous terraced waterfall of the Lloyd estate.

SAM COSLOW, Paramount song-writer and radio singer, tells me that the tragedy that darkened his home several months ago, when an automobile went out of control and killed his baby son playing in his front yard, has been a little lightened by the appearance of another tiny son. "The image of the one that's gone," says Sam. He wrote Chevalier's song hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away."

IN 1914, L. W. McChesney was the general manager of the Edison Studios in New York City, the very heart of the movie industry. It was he who started many now-famous stars and directors on their trium-

phant way, including Cedric Gibbons, M.G. M. art director. Recently Mr. McChesney, now vice-president of the great Edison Company, was Cedric's guest. As he and Mrs. McChesney stood on Jack Gilbert's set, they saw Jack stop, cast a black glance in their direction and speak to the director. The visitors were told curtly that Mr. Gilbert refused to go on working while they remained!

THIS happened at Paul (M.G.M. executive) Bern's surprise party for Jean Harlow. And it is the reason why every woman present had a perfectly grand time. Besides Jean, the guest of honor for the evening was a matron from Kansas City, an old friend of Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother. She was wearing a charming pink evening gown. Presently arrived Lilyan Tashman, sweeping into the room with the air of being the best-dressed woman present that Lil always has—unconsciously no doubt. Every woman present drew a breath of apprehension as Lil threw off her evening coat—and revealed a dress exactly like the one worn by the lady from Kansas City. The evening was made for every woman—except Lil.

EVELYN BRENT tells this. On her way downtown the other day, her beautiful town-car stopped with a snarl of brakes as two shabby pedestrians stepped directly into its path from the sidewalk. Evidently disappointed in not being hit (quite a racket for collecting money from the stars), the two retreated to the sidewalk, where the man stooped, picked up a stone and hurled it crashing into the side of the car! There is a decided change in the attitude of the public toward movie stars in Hollywood these days, as the last two movie openings showed plainly. The premières have become too much of a display of jewels and gorgeous gowns to suit a populace out of work.

HAND-KISSING is an acquired taste—but when it is done by Ivan Lebedeff, who does it naturally, it is easily acquired. Marjorie Rambeau at a recent party had the Rambeau fingers kissed by the gallant Ivan and was so enchanted by the incident that she went about all evening, holding out her hand whenever she saw Lebedeff for the performance to be repeated!

THE disappearance and later reappearance—bruised and bewildered in a Monterey Hospital—of Edna Mae Cooper, once a motion picture actress, and more lately the breaker (with Bobby Trout) of the woman's air endurance flight record, may be due to her disappointment over the lack of publicity given her aviation efforts. She wrote Harry Carr, local columnist, a bitter letter, attacking him for saying in his column that he could no longer get excited over endurance flights. It was her intention to capitalize her movie experience and her aviation records by making a vaudeville tour by 'plane. She is a plucky flier and it is a pity that she came in on the tail-end of public interest in sustained flights.

A RECENT attraction at the Filmart was the British production, "Loose Ends," starring Edna Best. Edna, you remember, is the English gal who ran away from Hollywood—allegedly because she was discouraged by the beauty of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and the other Metro stars—just when she was supposed to begin as Gilbert's leading lady. Rumor had it, of course, that Metro had aided and abetted Miss Best's discouragement. However, she will keep her contract, and they say that some opening may be found for her actor-husband on the Coast, so that this unusually devoted wife will not have to be separated from him this time by an entire continent.

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IN A NEW
$1.00
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TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* has met every requirement and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women for permanently destroying hair on the face, arms, legs and underarms.

So simple. So quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin; . . . no prickly stubble later on;. . . no dark shadow under the skin. . . That is why so many stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists recommend *ZIP*.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at $1.00.

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

*To permanently destroy hair ask for ZIP Epilator—*IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
New Package $1.00—de luxe size $5.00

Mme. Berthé Discovers Safe Cream Depilatory

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

New York—For twenty years Mme. Berthé has warned against the use of cream depilatories. Now she has finally succeeded in formulating a product which she can conscientiously recommend. Recent recognition was given to Mme. Berthé [illegible] the marvelous results she obtained.

JUST spread the new **ZiP** Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel in seeing how long it will be before even the slightest semblance of hair reappears—and then only fine hair. **ZiP** Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

For removing hair and discouraging the growth, ask for **ZiP** *Depilatory Cream. Giant tube 50c*

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread *ZIP-SHAVE* over the surface . . . and shave. The application of *ZIP-SHAVE* not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chap as well. Tube, 50c.

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ZIP Epilator, **ZiP** Depilatory Cream, and *ZIP-SHAVE* can be had at all good stores. If your dealer is out of stock, use the coupon.

For personal advice, consultation or demonstration, all without charge, call at my Salon. Regular treatments at nominal prices.



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☐ A Package of *ZIP* Epilator ($1.00)
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THE 3-FOOT CIRCLE TEST

Inside the three-foot circle—even a slight trace of armpit odor gives offense. Yet the offender can hardly ever notice that odor herself.

Fortunately, there is one *safe* and *lasting* way to prevent armpit odor—Nonspi.

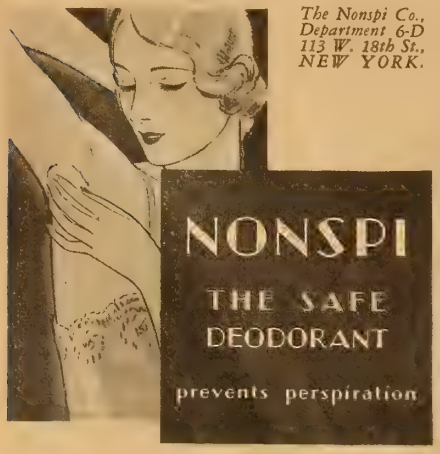
Nonspi is *one* deodorant pronounced both harmless and effective by competent medical authority.

Why? Because it is perfectly safe, and yet protects you for 3 days (72 hours). You need to use it only twice a week. A special ingredient used *only* in Nonspi makes this possible.

By checking perspiration, Nonspi not only stops armpit odor, but also protects you from staining, perhaps ruining, expensive frocks.

Send 10¢ for generous trial bottle, enough for 2 or 3 weeks. Or start today; get full-sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.

The Nonspi Co., Department 6-D 113 W. 18th St., NEW YORK.



WITH Virginia Valli "preferring to be known as Mrs. Charles Farrell in the future," the question of names for wives comes up again. Ina Claire found being called "Mrs. John Gilbert" on the screen distasteful. On the other hand, it is said that Dolores Costello is considering returning to the screen as "Mrs. John Barrymore." Still, "Frau Sieber" wouldn't draw so many fans to a picture as "Marlene Dietrich," and "Mrs. Harold Bannister" in lights doesn't look as blonde as "Ann Harding."

POLLY MORAN is in society again, with a brand-new smile. She was so tired of looking in her mirror, she confesses, and seeing those buck teeth that she had the front ones taken out, and now her smile discloses dazzling pearls. But she looks so different that she is beginning to worry for fear the fans won't recognize her. "Still I can always put false buck teeth on in front if I have to," she says philosophically. At the opening of "Strangers May Kiss," Polly, in black lace, spent her intermission surrounded by a ring of dirty little urchins, writing her name on proffered autograph books. And, by the way, that black lace dress has a history. "I've got a recipe for having a new evening dress every time I go out," says Polly. "I just wear a different-colored slip under my old lace. I've done that for two years—pink, green, yellow, blue. The other day I looked in the closet and that dress looked awful tired. 'Not again, Polly?' it groaned. 'Yes, indeedy,' I told it, 'you're over orchid this time'." And sure enough, there was Polly in black lace over orchid at the opening.

A SOOTHSAYER has told Marie Dressler that she won't live through the year. Wally Reid knew the date of his death for nine years, returning every year to the crystal-gazer to beg him, "Look again. Maybe it's changed!" Wally's prophet has announced that he will not prophesy any deaths or sicknesses in the future.

AT THE opening of "Strangers May Kiss." Gardenias in silver gauze given away to every woman entering the theater, with card attached, "THANK YOU FOR COMING—NORMA SHEARER." Silver "coins" carrying the same inscription given to the men. Norma looking radiant in an enormous chinchilla coat. Robert Montgomery running out onto the stage, waving his arms at a wildly applauding audience (he received by far the biggest hand of the cast), and running off with every appearance of shyness. But they say it's only an act. And that Bob is going a trifle Hollywood these days. Buddy Rogers was talking at a dinner party recently about his early days as a film player. "Once," said Buddy, "I had to play an old man with a beard that came to here," —and he indicated his upper vest button. "In my first picture," countered Bob, "I had to play an older man with a longer beard that came to *here*"—and he indicated his lower vest button!

WHEN F. W. Murnau crashed to his death in a swerving automobile near Santa Barbara, on his way to visit a famous novelist who wanted to make his South Seas picture, "Tabu," into a book, it was the final chapter in a life that went from success to failure several times. Heralded as the greatest director in the world after making "The Last Laugh," Murnau came to Hollywood—and failed, commercially at least. Broken-hearted, he took refuge in the fabled beauty of the South Seas—where he built a dream home (still uncompleted) among the flowers, and made what they say is his greatest picture, with untrained natives as actors.

MURNAU was absolutely ruthless when it came to getting the effect he wanted for a picture. Working on "Bread," later changed to "City Girl," he went North to photograph the great wheat fields. The technical director was told that one important scene would be a picturesque cottage standing in a field of waving grain. He found the field and was about to erect a cottage when Murnau came to him in great excitement. He had discovered, already built, exactly the cottage he wanted and had bought it for the picture. "But, Mr. Murnau, there's no wheat field around it," said the technician aghast. "Build a wheat field around it. That's your job!" said Murnau magnificently. And no argument would move him.

BUDDY ROGERS admits that he is stepping out a bit "to develop my character," as he puts it naïvely. "I've got a grand part in this picture," he told Leslie Fenton, who plays drug addicts on the screen, "a regular Fenton part."

BY THE way, Leslie Fenton had one of the strangest parts any actor ever took in "The Man Who Came Back." His name was in electric lights on the marquee of at least one theater, along with "Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell." Yet he never appeared in the picture! Not a foot of him was ever shot. He was the voice in the opium den sequence, the voice of the haunted man who had killed his sweetheart. And so agonized was his voice, and so much attention did it attract, that the voice without the face was featured in the electric lights!



In this sunny room of a cabin on Lookout Mountain in Tennessee, Carman Barnes, Paramount's newest film star, wrote both of her novels, "School Girl" and "Beau Lover"

Al Capone Won't Bother Hollywood

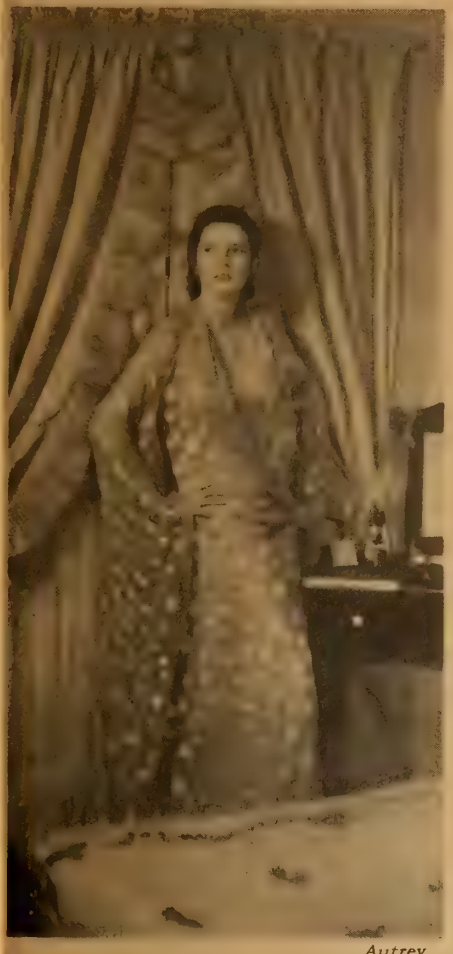
(*Continued from page 67*)

admitted. "We have men detailed to watch pictures for just that purpose. When Lon Chaney made 'The Hunchback Of Notre Dame,' I remember, one of my men spotted an extra in a mob scene who was wanted for forgery. A wire to the Hollywood police did the trick and he's still serving time. Another time we spotted a murderer who played the part of a tout in a race-track picture, and there are several others I don't recall.

"Another reason you have less organized crime out here," continued Mr. Burns, "is because justice is quicker out here than in the East. Nothing so discourages the criminal as the anticipation of swift and sure pursuit. That is why England has one murder to our fifty. Commit a murder in England and often in a week's time you are hanged. Here again the motion picture could do much to combat crime. Let it educate the people until they demand a cleaning up of our criminal court procedure and the swift dealing out of punishment, and our murder rate will drop like a rock."

"You have faced a gun in the hands of a criminal often," I said. "What is the best manner of protecting yourself when you are held up?"

"Stick up your hands as high as you can and keep them there," he smiled, "unless you want to commit suicide. That's the best protection I know. Old-time crooks would rather lose a haul than kill a man; but the modern criminal is usually hopped up on dope, so he kills first and thinks afterward."



Autrey

Marguerite Churchill has a new house in Beverly Hills, where she wears only the newest negligée. It's brocaded georgette

If you were a Screen Star



Marion Davies
in
"The Bachelor Father"
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer in spaces with check mark			

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Would you like to try it? Just send 10c with the coupon for the Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

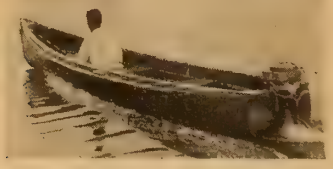
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Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

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Broken-Hearted?

(*Continued from page 51*)

just as amazed as Charlie's father and sister, who had their first word of the impromptu and unrehearsed ceremony from the newspaper correspondents.

Only, no one called Janet and told her. She read the news in the paper as she sat over her breakfast in the little brown bungalow at Palm Springs, where she was convalescing after a serious appendicitis operation.

I wonder about her heart. I wonder if she put her head in anyone's lap and sobbed and sobbed? Probably not, for Janet has been Mrs. Peck for quite some time now and it would not do to show emotion over a lost friend. I can imagine, though, that there was a little hurt feeling along with the hope that Charlie would be very, very happy—which she wired him.

Neither Warned the Other

THERE is a strange parallel in the way the news has come to each of them of the other's wedding—via the newspaper. Poetic justice, perhaps, that Janet had to read of Charlie's marriage as he did of hers.

As a matter of fact, I imagine the Valli-Farrell wedding in Yonkers was as suddenly planned as was Janet's.

When he left here, Charlie told us that he would sail for Europe accompanied only by his friend and business adviser, Carleton Hoekstra. They had purchased steamship tickets to Italy. Once in Rome, they intended to buy an old flivver and tour the country.

Charlie was far from well. He had not yet recovered from the shock of his mother's death on Christmas Eve. He had shown marks of worry and anguish when Janet was ill the weeks preceding. He was going away, he told a friend of mine, just to rest and forget filmland. He had no plans for marriage. Not for a long time. So he said.

He was devoted to Virginia Valli. He had been seen much in her company. He had paid her marked attention and had won her heart. They were said to be in love, in a fine, deep and tender way. Charlie told a friend of mine that Virginia had helped him over more rough spots than any woman he had ever known.

I can imagine, in the East, alone and depressed, he 'phoned Virginia, who was in Seattle, acting in a stock company, to chat and ended up by proposing.

At any rate, they were wed, shortly after midnight of Friday, February 13—they waited until the clock struck twelve to escape the unlucky stigma—in a suburb of New York, far away from Janet, far away from friends, family and home.

Hoekstra nonchalantly turned over his tickets and reservations to Charlie and came on back to Hollywood.

Imitation or Impulse?

AND that, so far as I can find out, is the inside story of Charlie's madcap, impulsive wedding. It seems a hastily arranged—hastily concocted event,—even as Janet's. Did he intend to follow her example, to show her that other people could do things in a startling fashion, or was he also carried away by impulse at a crucial moment?

Mind you, I am not saying and would not say that Janet Gaynor is not in love with her husband, Lydell Peck, or Charlie with Virginia. Goodness knows, they must be. I think all four members of the band are honest young people, and have acted according to their true lights. I think Charlie and Janet are and will be much happier than if they had married one another.

I am sure, however, that in this fantastic town called Hollywood, where stranger things than can be imagined happen, they can never hope to escape from that emotional aura which has enveloped them both since they were the lovers of "Seventh Heaven."

Is Janet's heart broken? Is it true, as they whisper, that she cried for days after the Yonkers wedding?

Who knows?

I do know that Janet is a changed person these days. I have known her four long years. I have watched her grow up from the seemingly impressionable, shy little girl, who sidled noiselessly into a clattering newspaper office to wait for her reporter-fiancé, into a star who is considered by executives, and who considers herself, an important personage.

I know that one day she went to Riverside with this newspaperman, who helped her greatly in the early stages of her career, fully intent upon marrying him. For some reason, she did not—showing that Janet is not always a creature of impulse. They drove the sixty miles back to Los Angeles—single, as they had gone.

What Janet Is Like To-day

SHE has to-day the look of a very young woman who has suffered a good deal, who has had considerable disillusion. She has been very ill and she shows it. Although she left the hospital in late December, she still cannot ride any distance in an automobile. She made the trip to Palm Springs from Hollywood by a slow train, rather than take the risk of being bumped about in an automobile.

I think she is happy in a quiet way with Lydell. I think he has opened the vistas of good music and good literature to her. I think he has introduced her to the things that people of wealth, leisure and position enjoy.

I think she has found that she can be happy both with him and when absent from him. She has made three trips to the Honolulu she loves during the past year—three trips accompanied only by her mother. When she was stricken with appendicitis, Lydell took the first boat to her, but he came back a week ahead.

Sometimes he took the four-hour jaunt from Los Angeles to spend the week-end with her at Palm Springs. Sometimes he didn't. Friends tell me that otherwise, when Janet is away, he just stays home, reading or walking at their home in Playa Del Rey.

How will Charlie's marriage affect Janet's. If Janet really has a broken heart, as the gossips insist, will she go on? I think so. I believe Janet's determined little jaw will carry her through every crisis in her life. And carry her through with flying colors.

I am inclined to think that if her heart really is in pieces, she will pick up all the bits and use them. Maybe not in her personal affairs again, but in creating emotional drama for the screen. It may hurt, it has hurt in the past, but Janet will come through with a profit.

Did You Know That—

Edna Best, who ran away from the chance to be John Gilbert's leading lady in "Cheri-Bibi," saying she was lonesome for her actor-husband in New York, was married way back in 1927?

And that she is coming back to Hollywood this summer and Herbert Marshall (the husband) is coming with her, also to be in films?

Showing Off In A Big Way

(*Continued from page 71*)

Dorothy Mackaill and Alice White once appeared at a first night, wearing identical evening jackets. Each had been led to believe, when she purchased the coat, that hers was the only one in Hollywood.

Dorothy promptly took off hers and put it on wrong side out. "I didn't want Alice to be embarrassed!" she explained.

A feminine gesture, indeed! And a nice one.

When Mary Pickford sought to encourage the struggling Los Angeles Civic Repertory Company, a year or two ago, she did it by buying out the entire house for one performance of Galsworthy's "Escape." Then she invited all her friends to her "theater party." Truly a large gesture!

William S. Hart has not yet relinquished his gesture of refusing to compromise with producers in the industry—although it is said that it has kept him out of work for several years.

He is an actor—not a business man—and his gesture means more to him than the money he could earn in pictures.

I believe that no commercial consideration could ever shake Chaplin's determination to make silent pictures—his own gesture against the talkies. If "City Lights" should, by any remote chance, prove a flop, he would go on and make another and another until he accomplished his purpose.

They are like that.

They make smaller grand gestures constantly, day after day.

Louise Fazenda saw an old man peering longingly through a bakery window. She rushed into the shop, bought a huge sack of rolls and cakes and cookies, rushed out again, thrust them into the astonished old gentleman's arms—and fled around the corner.

Olga Petrova once took a fancy to a newspaper woman who went to interview her. She swept her entire wardrobe, including at least one fur coat, into the interviewer's arms, crying, "I like you so much! I *want* you to have these things!"

The grand gesture. How they love it! It is one of the things that lift the actor's life out of commonplace channels. Foolish, improvident, impulsive, perhaps—but they have such fun making it.



Bikes are coming back, and Russell Gleason and Dorothy Lee illustrate the reason

LIPS now stay lovely 8 *full hours*

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."



You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—*Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, Natural color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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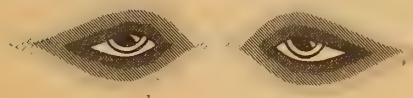
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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
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This is how it's done. Left, Constance Bennett, with a coat loosely draped over her cold shoulders and with no scenery in view, undergoes a rehearsal and direction. Right, the actual shooting starts

The Nine Lives Of Lupe

(Continued from page 54)

and kick at that one, she didn't need the vivid Indian blanket that is part of her wardrobe for "The Squaw Man" to make her the most colorful figure in that colorful assemblage. It was not until Ramon Novarro had stopped by our table to kiss her hand, and Lupe had playfully tickled him in the ribs, that we got around to the subject of her Life Stories.

"Keed somebody?" laughed Lupe in a pitch that carried through the entire room and echoed out onto the screened-in porch. "*No!* I have not keed somebody. What is theez business?"

The business is duly explained. The discrepancies in the Life Stories are brought to her delighted attention. She laughs long. She laughs gustily. Everyone in the place laughs at the sound of Lupe's laughter. It's that contagious. Her teeth flash white in the brown make-up of her Indian characterization. Her eyes flash.

"So? I am *reech.* I am poor. I am bad. I am good. And you do not see how all theez could be true? You think that Lupe lie and keed somebody, yes? Well, I tell you. Lupe has been called meeny things, but Lupe does not lie! All those things I have told about my life are true. Now, I tell you the whole story, the real story of Lupe's life, so you have eet right.

"Very Bad Little Girls"

"I AM born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, and I am very bad little girls." Every table within earshot lends its undivided attention to Lupe's story. "Yas! I am one bad keed. My real name is Guadeloupe Velez Villalabos, but my familee, who are nice people, call me 'Lupe, the wild one.' All my brothers and sisters are very good and well-behaved. But my poor mother and father they do not know what to do with Lupe.

"My mother is sweet, gentle soul who used to be opera singer. My father is colonel in Mexican army. When I am born, we are not poor. We are what you call, medium-feex. We have nice home in Mexico City where my familee move from San Luis Potosi when I am babee.

"But when I grow up a leetle bit to about seven years, my mother tell my father they cannot keep me in Mexico City. 'Theez is no place for Lupe,' she tell my father firm-like. 'We send her back to her grandmother on the ranch. There she cannot run around the streets, yelling like leetle demon. There she will have to go to church and learn her lessons.' So they pack me off to my grandmother.

"But they do not know Lupe. On the ranch I live like wild theeng. I climb trees like monkey and ride ponies faster than ranch boys. My hair get in one thousand tangles because I never comb eet or wear hat. My body get so brown I look more like Indian than Mexican girl. See? Theez is how story get started that I live on plains like wild girl.

"But soon my grandmother she throw up her hands, too. She write my mother that I do not study lessons any more than in Mexico City. So my mother sigh and send for me to come back home. When she see me, she throw up her hands. 'Lupe, Lupe!' she cry, 'you look like wild child.' She say, 'Whatever we goin' to do with you?' Finally, she have talks with my father and they decide to send me to convent in San Antonio, Texas. Our Lady of the Lake Convent is eets name.

Padre Went to War

"I GO to theez convent for three years. I am still wild Lupe—but not quite so wild. I learn to speek English pretty good and when I go back to Mexico City at vacation times, I talk English all times and nobody knows what I say. And I say *pleenty.* I say cuss words at supper table and everybody smile and say how queek I learn nice studies. I cuss and cuss and everybody smile and pat me on the head. See? I *do* go to convent and that is how story get started that I am sweet leetle convent girl. Only Lupe is not so sweet.

"One day, right in meedle of school terms, I am called home to Mexico City queek. The Revolution, she is started—and my father has gone away to fight. I neever return to convent—and for ten months we do not hear from my father. My mother cry and hold her head. She say she know my father is dead—he will neever come back to us. No moneys come. We are very poor.

"'Hell,' I say to myself in English, 'somebody in theez familee has got to work. Somebody has got to get moneys.' So I go to beeg department store in Mexico City when I am fourteen years old and ask for job as salesgirl. They put me on at leetle salaries and I help out at home with what I earn.

"While I am salesgirl, I meet nice young Mexican boy who is very reech. They find

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DETROIT

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for April 1st, 1931. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Business Manager, Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Silver Screen Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; W. S. Pettit, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Henry L. Terhune, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; E. Van Vorst, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but, also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, Jr., PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1931. Elizabeth Bentley. (My commission expires March 30th, 1932.)

million dollars' worth of oil on his father's ranch and theez keed has all the moneys he wants. I am leetle more than babee, but he wants me to marry heem. 'No,' I tell heem, 'I want to go on stage. I want to be singer and dancer.'

How She Reached Los Angeles

"THEEZ show is called 'Rataplan' and at first I got job in chorus. But not for long. Pretty soon Lupe is headline artist in show and everybody talk about theez Lupe Velez who sing and dance so hot. The American peoples in Mexico City laugh and hold their sides when I sing songs in English. I think my English pretty damn good—but all the same they laugh and holler for more of what I say.

"An American womans, Mrs. Frank A. Woodyurd, see me in show and she tell Richard Bennett, father of the Bennett girls, about me. She tell heem I will be fine in show he goin' to produce in Los Angeles, 'The Dove.' So Richard Bennett send for me to come to Los Angeles. I go to the American consul and tell theem I want passport and they are wonderful to me. They feex eet up so I get in theez countree all right.

"Coming up on trains, I flirt just a leetle beet with mans. He ask me to have dineer with heem and when we sit down he put my purse in chair besides heem. When I get off train in Los Angeles I find theez bum have robbed me of fifty dollars. Beleeve me, that is first and only time mans ever got the best of Lupe with moneys.

"I stand on street at station and cuss his heart—but that does not get my moneys back. I got one dollar and ten cents and Richard Bennett is not there to meet me. 'All right,' I say, 'I'll take taxi cabs to hotel and call up Richard Bennett.'

What Mr. Bennett Thought

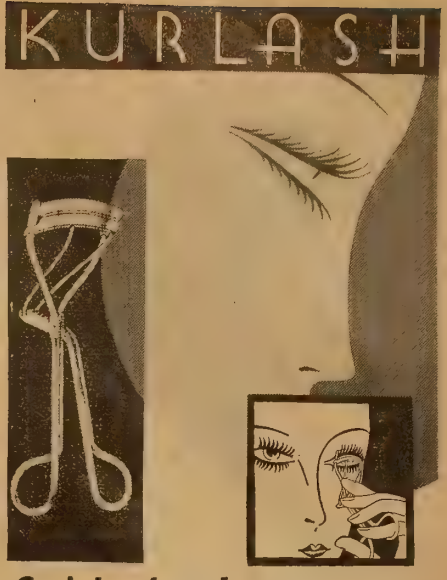
"IN leetle while he come down to see me. He is very surprised to find me such a child. 'You are too young, too inexperienced for theez show, Lupe,' he tell me. 'It was beeg mistake to send for you.' He want to lend me money to get back home—but I tell heem I'm going to stay here. Mr. Bennett give me card to Fanchon and Marco and tell theem to give me a job singing and dancing.

"For months I work in Fanchon and Marco revues. Then I hear that Fannie Brice is opening musical comedy show out in Hollywood, 'The Music Box Revue.' I go ask for job and Fannie, she die laughing at me. She say, 'Keed, you got something. We can use you great in theez show.'

"Fannie Brice is one swells woman. She give me plenty to do in show and Lupe makes a heet. Lots of Hollywood people come opening night to see Fannie, and Harry Rapf is in the audience. After the show, he come back to say 'Hello' to Fanny and he ask to meet me. He say he want to give me test for moovies at M-G-M, but I shrug my shoulders. I'm having too much fun singing and dancing on stage. Finally, when show queets, Hal Roach comes down and offers me a moovie contract. Hal Roach or Harry Rapf—I do not know any difference in theez companees. So I sign contract with Roach for comedies. I could have been M-G-M dramatic star—but I got no sense and the comedies are fun. Jus' to show you how leetle I know: one night Fannie Brice call up and say she is taking me to party Norma Talmadge is giving. 'Bring along evening gown, Lupe,' she tell me. I do not know what evening gown is. So I take my nightgown. Fannie nearly die when I show up in my nightgown.

"There is not much more to the story. When I am at Roach for two months, Douglas Fairbanks send for me for his picture 'The Gaucho.' I am heez leading lady—and for the rest—well, everybody know all about Lupe in Hollywood."

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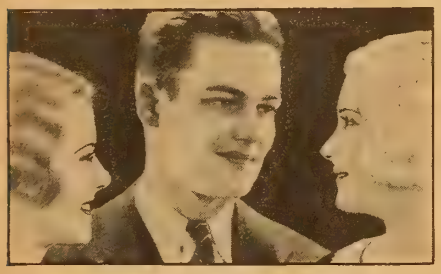
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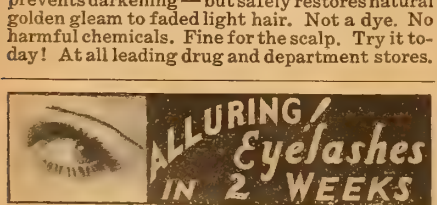
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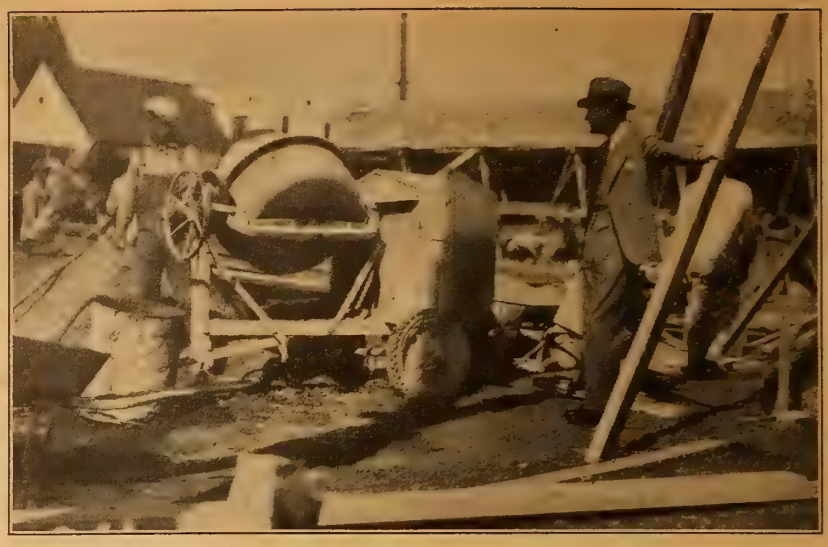
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Conrad Nagel, who knows his vegetables, is going to have another source of income besides the movies. You see him supervising construction of his new market in Beverly Hills

Just Like Ma

(*Continued from page 76*)

Jack calls her "the District Attorney." They live in a house together and he answers to Mom and is bullied by her in the way men like to be bullied. His friends are her friends. When Jack and Dorothy Mackaill step out together, Dot's mother and Mrs. Oakie keep the rafters ringing at home.

Mrs. Oakie—or Mrs. Offield, as she prefers to be called— is sixty. She has white hair, done up in a nifty coiffure, blue eyes that twinkle all the time, and a big Oakie smile. She's plump, but she doesn't think women should let themselves go, and she wouldn't have a stomach for anything in the world.

She's a match for Jack any day when it comes to talking, and just what happens to the rules of conversation when they both get going—well, I shudder to think of it.

Jack's father died when he was twelve. Mrs. Offield's hair turned white, and then she pulled herself together and set out to earn the living for the family. She became a well-known educator and lecturer, in girls' schools in the Middle West. Psychology was her specialty, and she practised it on Jack after school hours. That's why he never cried, even as a small baby—she just tactfully got his mind on something else.

Her devotion to Jack is tempered by a healthy self-esteem. Evelyn Offield is a personage in her own right, and can show a mean scrapbook of her own press clippings, as well as Jack's. She was a psychology teacher in the Scudder School for Girls in New York, and later in a reform school in New York State—from which she made the next logical step, to Hollywood.

MRS. OFFIELD clings to the old order of things, and still calls her son "Lewis"—when she doesn't forget. It bothers Jack—he gets confused, naturally. He calls her "Ev," and she loves it. She loves being the chatelaine of a man's house.

"We don't have anything but boys around here," she says proudly.

Having been born in Virginia, she is gifted with good old Southern hospitality. She welcomes Jack's friends—"Mary Brian and her mother, Frances Dee, Dorothy Mackaill and her mother, Jeanette MacDonald and her mother, all lovely girls"—and indulges them with good old Southern coffee and cake. And if they don't like coffee, Jack sees that they get something else.

In the Oakie household, you can begin to see the power of heredity. Mrs. Offield is a master of the wisecrack—not quite in the modern manner, but still she sits in her chair and keeps up a continual barrage of funny sayings. You can't be sure whether Jack inherited the knack from her, or whether she picked it up from him as the years went by.

Jack is one of the few men who can be caught in the act of being good to his mother, without making you violently ill. They love each other—oh my!—but most of the time they're laughing too hard to get sentimental.

Mrs. Offield wants the world to know that she tries to keep her boy clean. But there her influence seems to falter. Once in a while, looking very unnatural, Jack appears in a shirt with a collar attached, a necktie and some city shoes. But most of the time he affects old sweat-shirts, old flannel trousers, and tennis shoes.

THE real reason for the old flannels may be that Jack believes in saving his money. He has a sort of gift for salting it all away, and aided and abetted by his mother's caution, he will be comfortably independent in a few years.

Unlike most mothers of Mother's Boys, Mrs. Offield insists she wants Jack to marry.

"I don't think any man can know all the happiness there is in life without marrying and having a family," she said. But the catch is that it's going to be very, very hard to find the right girl.

"Most girls are thinking of themselves, not of him. They want to take everything and give nothing. I know that's not the kind of girl who can make a man happy. I want him to marry some girl who has a different conception of things—who will think of him instead of herself, and will give something instead of grabbing everything.

"There was one girl who paid a lot of attention to Jack. I said, 'That girl seems awfully fond of you.' And he said, 'She doesn't even see me! She just sees my contract.' "

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Looking In On Ann And Harry

(*Continued from page 49*)

together. That's why we have two bathrooms—because when I want to take a bath, that's the exact moment when Harry wants to take one, too!"

Ann's bath is lovely—green and lavender with a huge window placed so cleverly that no one can look in and so it needs no shades. Harry's bath, reached by a small secret stairway from their bedroom, is red and black. Jane has her own adorable blue bathroom just off a nursery overflowing with dolls, its walls decorated with *Mother Goose* people whom Jane affectionately kisses good-night.

"She is growing up," says Jane's mother, wistfully. "They have driven me out of the nursery department in the shops. I always go there because I love the things they sell there so, and they say, 'Two and a half? This way, Madam,' and out I go. But you'll see—I'll fool them! I'll get back into the nursery department before long!"

There is one thing the Harry Bannisters are a bit proud of—they have paid for every stick and stone of their home. "We've been told it's the only house without a mortgage in California," laughs Ann. And, I think this is close to being true. The combined new contracts of herself and her husband will total a million and a quarter in the next few years, but they plan to put a good part of this in the bank, not having acquired the exotic tastes of the usual Hollywood notables. They plan to write, when they have enough to "retire." Neither one cares for expensive clothes. If Ann didn't keep a close watch on her husband, he would wear white-duck trousers and a pull-over sweater to lunch at the Biltmore without consciousness of sartorial sin. She, herself, prefers sports clothes.

Their Only Luxury

BUT they do have one luxury—airplanes. Already they own a small plane, and they are planning to buy a large one to travel in if they choose. "I've flown over the house often," Ann smiles. "Worry when Harry is up? No. I don't worry—about anything. Maybe I would if he weren't so thoughtful. He always telephones me wherever he is, so I know what he's doing or going to do." The house has a complicated system of room-to-room phones, too, so that whatever one Bannister is doing the other can hear about in a moment.

Their living-room is enormous. Interior-decorators, looking at its great beams, exclaimed, "Ah, a hunting lodge! You want skins for the floor!" But Ann emphatically did not want skins for the floor. So she and Harry sent away the decorators and picked out every article of furniture themselves. It is all in good taste, very new, very comfortable and a trifle impersonal.

There is one spot in the house that they both prefer to the splendor of the living-room—a small crowded den with a shabby couch ("The only thing we ever fight about," Ann says, "is which shall nap on that couch."), an ugly upright piano littered with dog-eared music ("I drum," explains Ann), and an apple-green bookcase and desk laboriously painted by their own hands. The books in the bookcase are not elegant volumes of the classics bound in limp leather, but well-read popular novels.

You know people like the Harry Bannisters—if you're regular folks and live in a nice town. They're interested in their work and their baby, wrapped up in each other, fond of wind and sunshine and outdoor things, paying their bills.

"I'm so happy," Ann says, simply, "that I suppose I don't make a very good story."

It may not be the usual Hollywood story, but somehow I like to write it.

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An Open Letter

(*Continued from page 42*)

Paramount has been a bulwark of dignity since Hollywood was a blushing child . . . you should have kept those names on your program. You could have afforded to raise the salary-ante better than to have three strong links lifted from the chain of your organization.

Chatterton, particularly, is one of the greatest figures on the screen to-day. Her name gives dignity to any picture. She could make a Bertha M. Clay yarn seem convincing. I will say, Corp, that you built her very carefully to the present great stellar proportions. She is a better actress now than during the heyday of her stage success. Paramount has sown and Warner Brothers will reap, in other words.

Of course, it's all very well to take new material and mold it into box-office panics. It's a lot of fun, but it takes time, and there's many a slip.

Don't They Deserve Better?

I'D like to protest, while we're being so chummy, at the treatment you are giving three of your ace male players. Have you really got a "mad" at Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Charles (Buddy) Rogers? Are you deliberately trying to destroy them? Richard Arlen is slipping through miserably weak pictures. Buddy hasn't had a good story since the oldest flapper in Hollywood had her first henna rinse. And, why do you go on and on, making Gary Cooper be strong and silent and glowering? Here are three young players who could go very far. Gary will undoubtedly survive. But something will have to be done pretty pronto for Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers . . . . and don't depend on miracles.

You've made Buddy be sweet and cleanly youthful (whatever that is) for so long it's like eating too many strawberry sodas. I don't think Buddy has to be, or wants to be, quite so simon-pure. Let's see, some of Buddy's latest pictures have been "Young Eagles," "Safety in Numbers," "Follow Thru," "Heads Up" and "Along Came Youth." Not a real topnotcher in the bunch. I've never thought Buddy was any Richard Mansfield when it came to acting, but he does have a pleasant personality to sell. No manufacturer will send out his prize product in a flimsy wrapping.

Richard Arlen didn't fare much better in "Only Saps Work," "The Santa Fé Trail," "The Border Legion" and "The Sea God." "The Light of Western Stars" wasn't bad, but it was just another horse opera. Dick is a prepossessing young man and people like him. He deserves a better fate than being doomed to all eternity to be cast with cows and spotted ponies. Westerns were the way out on your lot for Jack Holt and Lane Chandler, if I remember correctly.

Why Waste Gary?

AND Gary, he's becoming pretty rubber-stamped. He gave a beautiful performance in "Seven Days' Leave." That shows he doesn't always have to be the same. I'll just cough politely and hurry over "The Man from Wyoming" and "Fighting Caravans." I liked him in "The Spoilers" and "Morocco." But, Corp, in "Morocco" you sacrificed Gary, one of the most valuable players on your lot, for a Marlene Dietrich holiday. In some cities, from the advertising, you wouldn't even know Gary was in the picture. That sort of thing is disheartening and morale-breaking. You are now co-starring Gary and Sylvia Sidney in a picture. Why co-star her in her first picture? Is Gary now just a prop to support new Paramount stars in the making?

I've counted one hundred backward and forward, so now let's talk about Clara Bow. Clara is *still* potentially one of the greatest actresses on the screen. Yet no star in pictures has appeared in such consistently weak vehicles. Here's a partial list: "True to the Navy," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Her Wedding Night" and "No Limit." You could have put Sarah Bernhardt in those things and her audiences would have walked out. It's a miracle that Clara still has fans, and is your greatest box-office attraction. I hope, with her next picture, "Kick In," there will be a turn in the tide toward better stories.

Also, Corp, you haven't been too careful in the handling of this little Brooklyn girl. You were dealing with quicksilver. Try to keep it under your fingers. Clara is one of those unfortunate individuals who seemingly court disaster. After the first four or five Bow escapades, you should have given Clara a good, sensible, official chaperon. I don't mean any old frump with spectacles, halitosis and a wad of hair on the back of her head. Someone Clara would have liked. At least, it seems that the Nevada gambling mess and the Bow-De Voe dirt might have been avoided with a little precaution.

You Slipped Just a Little

YOU'VE had some mighty good pictures, but your percentage for 1929–30 was not up to some other years. I can remember when almost all of your pictures were good. I can even remember the slogan: "This is a Paramount year."

No one can throw rocks at "Tom Sawyer," "Laughter," "The Royal Family," "Morocco," "Sarah and Son," "The Devil's Holiday," and that pippin, "The Love Parade." But, on the other hand, there was a slip on "Dangerous Nan McGrew," "Playboy of Paris," and "Sea Legs," to mention a few.

Now, Corp, get ready for another shower of roses. You have under contract one Phillips Holmes. With the right vehicles and intelligent direction, that boy can become one of the greatest stars on the screen. He has more than his share of good looks, and a fine, sincere feeling for portrayal. You've been mighty fair with him thus far, Corp. You kept him under contract when he was being a naughty boy. You helped him come to his senses, and gave him a flying start toward fame. When he becomes a star, as he will, give him the same intelligent handling that he has had as a featured player.

You have developed Nancy Carroll from a pretty girl who wasn't one-two-three as an actress into a dramatic sensation. I won't forget "The Devil's Holiday" in a hurry. Nancy and Phil are the most promising of your younger players.

To return to Dietrich for a moment—I wish I could feel sure that she would have a lasting career on the American screen. Pola Negri was a greater personality and a greater actress, but you done wrong by our little Pola. You took all the European fire out of the gal and made her about as interesting as Nelly Schultz, who was born in Des Moines and works at the nickel-and-dime store. We all thought that Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix were through when you allowed their contracts to lapse. Now look at 'em. Bebe is struggling along on a bigger salary than ever and Dix has just turned in one of the greatest performances in movie history—*Yancey Cravat* in "Cimarron."

Who'll Be Your New Stars?

RIGHT now you are faced with the necessity of developing new stars—good, strong box-office magnets. Don't you think, Corp, that Fredric March, Claudette Col-

bert and Stuart Erwin are your best bets? Even at that, as excellent as are these players, they may lack the "stuff" from which stars are made. Maybe Mary Brian ought to get a break. Of course, it's sorta funny, the announcement that Carman Barnes is being groomed for stardom. Writing an off-color book in schoolgirl style is no preparation for stardom. You remember what happened to Lila Lee when she became an overnight star? It was long before Lila was ready for the public, and long before the public was ready for Lila. Of course, Lila worked hard and made good on her own; but it took years.

Jack Oakie could do with a good picture, and Stuart Erwin, who is "wowing" the fans from Bangor to Bakersfield, is ready for bigger parts. And, please, be nicer to Maurice Chevalier, and let's have more Lubitsch-directed pictures. Give Josef von Sternberg a free hand. He's a bit arty occasionally, but he's different. And he certainly can turn out interesting pictures.

I'm glad to hear that you're getting Jannings back. If you'll pardon me for saying it, you ought never to have let him go in the first place.

Don't be sore, Corp, because a mere nobody like yours truly spoke right out in meeting. A lot of people have been thinking the same things. We don't like to get less than the best from Paramount, because Paramount is capable of giving the best. And that ain't no bologna. It's simply that we have your best good at heart.

Best wishes,
FRANK LEE DUNNE.



Sidney Fox, one of the newest recruits from the Broadway stage, believes in riding in style. Her outfit consists of tan whip-cord breeches, a yellow turtle neck sweater, tan leather boots and a brown felt hat

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SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Studebaker President Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). In addition to the Studebaker Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Shetland Pony, an Eastman Moving Picture Outfit, Leather Goods, Silverware, Jewelry and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away more than $150,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. A. H. Jones received $3,050.00, John Burroughs $3,795.00, Mrs. M. Iverson $2,320.00, W. R. Eddington $3,050.00, Mrs. Kate L. Needham $3,150.00 and E. J. Cullen $2,220.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.



Find 5 Faces

There are a number of Policemen hidden in the trees and bushes in the picture to the left ready to pounce upon the burglar. Only their caps and faces are visible. See if you can find them. When you find 5, draw a circle around each one or mark each one with an X and send the picture to me together with your name and address.

$1,000.00 for Being Prompt

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you $1,000.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of $3,000.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away Solve the puzzle and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

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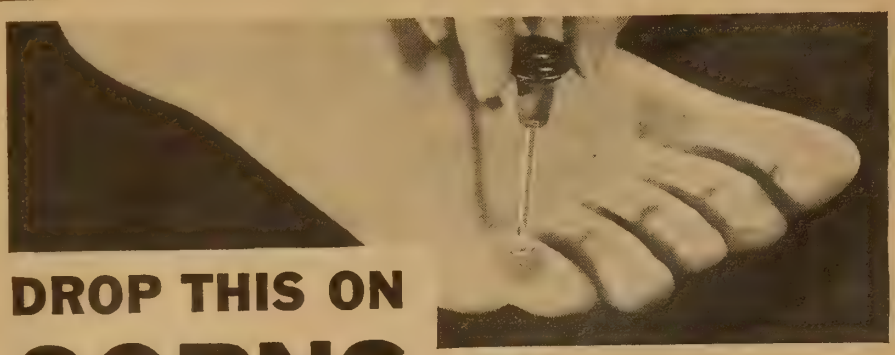
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Longworth

The world has been worrying, wondering whatever became of the Sisters G. And now it turns out that they're still very much in Hollywood—along with Robert Allen, the Dartmouth discovery

So Nancy's High-Hat?

(*Continued from page 54*)

courtesy. They think you're being high-hat if you pass anyone without speaking. If I walk into the restaurant and sit by myself, they say, 'Nancy Carroll—trying to be ritzy.' If you're late and you don't stop to say good-morning to the gateman—that's being snooty. But—my heavens, if you stopped to speak to everyone on the lot, you'd never get anything done.

"You're expected to make pals of the electricians and prop boys, or else some day they won't put your chair under you in the right way. I remember a hair-dresser out there told me, 'It's very important to be a good scout and get along with the crew.' Well—*I* wasn't interested in getting along with the crew. I was thinking about other things. I'm friendly with the prop boys. There's one here who always saves a piece of gum for me. He says he gets more mileage out of Juicy Fruit than he does out of Pepsin, and we have a lot of fun.

"But after all, what have I to say to the crew except 'Good morning' and 'Good night'?

Her Home-Town's Virtues

"HERE in New York it's very different. I have no trouble at all. Everything is completely business-like. If you pass someone without speaking, he knows you're in a hurry and isn't offended. He does the same thing himself. In Hollywood, they seem to pay more attention to the business of living, which is a fine thing in a way. But it's a nuisance when affability becomes a duty, when you never can be yourself.

"They have more courage in the East, too. They don't make so many pictures, but they take chances on the ones they do make. They wouldn't have dared to make 'Laughter' on the West Coast—or 'Stolen Heaven.' I love working here.

"It's a funny thing that in spite of the fact that they don't waste so much time on courtesy, Eastern people are much more friendly. They like you for what you are, regardless of your position in life. In Hollywood it doesn't matter how funny you are, if you're not a highly paid comedian. It makes no difference how interesting you may be, if you're not rich and successful.

"In New York, if they like you, that's all they ask. You go to a party and find a newspaperman and a chorus-girl and a philanthropist all mixed up together, and all on an equal footing.

"Hollywood is awfully small-towny. They have nothing to do but gossip about each other. Everyone who has any success is talked about. They just sit around and wait for you to get high-hat out there.

"Every person who has anything in him, who thinks originally and has the courage to stick to his own ideas, has the same experience. You're sure to run up against a group of people who all think exactly alike, and because you think differently, you're considered disagreeable, and upstage, and difficult. An original thinker always has to fight."

Did You Know That - -

Olive Borden was secretly married to Ted Stewart, New York broker, in March?

Mary Nolan's new hubby (broker Wallace McCrery, Jr., of New York) is twenty-three—two years younger than Mary?

Charlie Chaplin's London supper party, said to have cost $25,000 for two hundred guests, aroused the British poor?

John and Dolores Barrymore are planning to yacht to New York this summer?

The hobby of John Miljan, screen "villain," is raising canaries?

The Lady Who Knows It All

(*Continued from page 93*)

G. H.: What do you think of Janet Gaynor?

Hedda Hopper: The most passionate soul in pictures. Don't be amused, it's true. There is nothing of organdie and lace about Janet. Have you ever watched that girl's eyes dilate? If you want to mark your emotional woman, my dear, *watch the pupils of her eyes.* Watch them dilate when the man she loves enters the room. It can't be done by acting.

G. H.: Norma Shearer?

Hedda Hopper: There is the cleverest girl in pictures. In her personal life, as well as in her professional life. She has a great sense of values. Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford have come farther this past year or so than any other two persons in the movies. And Norma is sweet . . . Not long ago I asked her, as a matter of custom, what Irving had given her when the baby was born. She looked surprised and, perhaps, slightly shocked. Why should one, she seemed to say, be given a gift for the supreme gift? She said, "Why, nothing. What would he give me? He has given me everything. I have everything." She has. Norma Shearer is the one girl in Hollywood who has everything—and is wise enough to know it.

G. H.: Polly Moran?

Hedda Hopper: A great soul. Really great with the greatness of simplicity and warmth and sensitiveness and a beautiful kindliness.

* * *

(On Polly's beautiful kindliness the chairs are shoved back, the curtain goes down.)



Richee

Who's the circus cowboy—all flashed out in white sombrero, red shirt, pisto and white chaps? Jack Oakie, gone bow-legged for "Dude Ranch"



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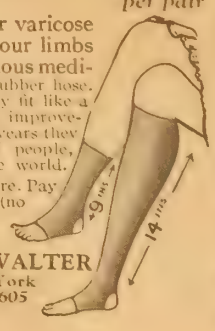
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C S Bull

It looks like his master, but can that be his master's voice? *Reckless* was just as surprised as you at the way Adolphe Menjou talked in "The Front Page"

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

ROSALIE—You refer to John Darrow, who played the role of the German boy in Hell's Angels. His recent productions are "Lovers in College," "The Lady Refuses" and "Susan and I." Greta Garbo's latest picture is Inspiration.

R. APANAS—George O'Brien was born in California, in April, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has black hair, brown eyes and married and receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios.

R. H. B.—Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Va., Jan. 10, 1885. Bob Custer in Frankfort, Kentucky, on Oct. 18, 1900. He has brown hair, hazel eyes, and name is Rowland Anthony Glenn and is married to Josephine Cretien. Alberta Vaughn and Bob Steele are single.

Q. M.—Carroll Nye was born in Canton, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1901. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and is married to Helen Lynch. Gloria Nansen Gale Norway. You will see her next in "Women of All Nations," Fox Studios.

DOROTHY BLACK—Henry Wadsworth was born in "Port and Home." Frances Marion was born on Feb. 9, 1899 and appeared first in picture as "Dancing Daughter." Lew Wasserman has been married twice. His present wife is Irene Speer, they have one child. Betty Astell is "Too Many Cooks," Radio Pictures Studios.

BETTY A.—Pat O'Malley was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 5, 1892. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. Married and has three children. Some of his more recent pictures are "Alibi," "The Bad Guy" and "Mother's Cry." Antonio's real name is Vendrell. Mary Brian's, Louise Dantzler.

AUTUMN SPRITE—Joan Marie Lawes, eight-year old daughter of Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing prison, played the role of "Joan in Up the River." She was born on June 28, 1922 and has always been permitted to wander freely about the prison and be on friendly terms with the prisoners. Her nickname is Chuckie. She has long brown curls, blue-gray eyes and is a gifted dancer. Has two sisters, Kathleen, attending Cornell University and Crystal, a student at the University of Vermont.

MADELINE—Lewis Stone has gray hair and brown eyes. Norma Mckinnon, has a fair and brown [illegible] Wallace Beery was born [illegible] Louise Wilkinson was born [illegible] weighed 180 pounds. Sally Starr is only [illegible] two and a half weighs 140 pounds. Lola Lane [illegible] was born [illegible] 120 pounds. Bill Nestell [illegible] were married to Dorothea Sebastian on Dec. 30, 1930.

DOROTHY THOMAS—David Manners [illegible] Nora Scott [illegible] He is six feet [illegible] and black hair and brown eyes. Married to Sylvia [illegible] and has a daughter [illegible] Mary Mc[illegible] Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

MARGARET DAY—Charles Ruggles was born in Los Angeles, Cal. He is six feet [illegible] weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair, brown eyes [illegible] Mr. Ruggles is unmarried and one of those [illegible] completely forgotten [illegible] Ruggles of Red Gap." Lew Ayres was born [illegible] Angeles, California. He is six feet [illegible] weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair, brown eyes [illegible] Norma Talmadge was born [illegible] New York. Address [illegible] and they would be pleased to receive [illegible] communications.

ELDA—Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich. He is six feet [illegible] weighs 170 pounds, has dark brown hair, brown eyes [illegible] Agnes Ayres. Mother was born [illegible] Mary Pickford was born [illegible] Toronto, Canada. Address [illegible] Famous Players-Lasky Studios.

LOUISE—Joel McCrea was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Nov. 5, 1905. He is six feet [illegible] inches, weighs 185 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes and is married and has one daughter [illegible] Marion Davies. Mailing address, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mary Brian was born [illegible] Texas. She is five feet [illegible] inches, weighs 100 pounds, has brown hair and eyes.

TINA—Joan Marsh is five feet two, weighs 104 pounds. Sharon Lynn, five feet four and a half inches, 115 pounds. Helene Costello, [illegible] five feet three, 120 pounds. Clara Bow, [illegible] five feet three, 108 pounds. Kitty Kelly, five feet [illegible] inches, 108 pounds. Ruth Chatterton, [illegible] five feet, 110 pounds. Dolores Costello, [illegible] four feet three, 100 pounds. Jeanie Carmichael, [illegible] four years old. Address Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

JOHN—Stanley Smith is now appearing on the stage in a production called "You Said It," you may write him c/o Chanin Theater, West 46th St., N. Y. Stanley was born in Kansas City, Kansas, in 1905. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has light brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and is not married.

MARIE—Jean Arthur has been married and divorced from Julian Ancker. Her latest picture is "A Virtuous Husband." Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in "Scarlet Hour." Nancy's sister, Terry, had a small part in "Stolen Heaven."

MAUDIE M. S.—Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. He has dark hair, brown eyes and is appearing in "The Unholy Garden," United Artists Studios. Myrna Loy, Helena, Montana, she is about twenty-five years old, has red hair, light green eyes, is of Scotch-Welsh descent and her most recent picture released is "Body and Soul," starring Charles Farrell and Elissa Landi.

BEATRICE—Al Jolson was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, he is about forty-one years old, married to Ruby Keeler, the dancer, and he is appearing on the stage at this writing in a production called "The Wonder Bar."

AGATHA—Jack Whiting hails from Philadelphia, Pa. Has a birthday on June 22. Has red hair, blue eyes, married to Beth Sully. His latest picture released was "Man of the Sky." Is appearing at this time on the stage in "America's Sweetheart," here in New York. Anita Louise is about fifteen years old, has blonde hair, blue eyes, real name is Fremault, and she is playing in "Madame Julia," Radio Pictures Studios.

HELEN L.—Ramon Novarro's latest production is "Daybreak." Conrad Nagel was born on March 16, 1896, and is married to Ruth Helms. Kay Johnson is playing in "The Single Sin." William Haines in "The Tailor Made Man." Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., on Nov. 15, 1879.

LEROY HILL—Walter Miller has been playing right along. He is married to Eileen Schofield and is appearing in "King of the Wild," a serial for Mascot Pictures Corp. Lloyd Hughes in "The Great Air Robbery," Columbia Studios; Marceline Day has the feminine lead.

FRED CHANG—Dorothy Revier was born in San Francisco, Cal., does not tell her age. Barbara Stanwyck hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907, married to Frank Fay, and she is appearing in "Night Nurse," Warner Brothers Studios. Marion Davies, Jan. 3, 1900, not married, and is playing in "It's a Wise Child," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

MAY FLOWER — Bet you like June roses too! Bessie Love was born in Midland, Texas.



Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay still *look* happy together, even though the gossipers say they aren't. And Malibu Beach is far from Reno



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At its front door.

It has gold mines,
And it has deserts.

It has some mountains
Even some dead volcanoes.

It has good roads.
And human speed cops.

And, last but not least,
It has Hollywood—the town
The whole world talks about.

Maybe you'd like
To go there this summer.

Maybe you've seen
Some railroad guides,
Noticed the low
Summer fares.

Maybe you've looked over
The family chariot,
Wondered if it could
Ever get there and back.

California's calling. . .

But if you can't see
Hollywood *this* year—
Cheer up! You can read
ALL about it in

MOTION PICTURE

SCREEN REPORTER FOR THE WORLD

on Sept. 10, 1898. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has golden hair and brown eyes. Dorothy Sebastian, Birmingham, Ala., on April 21, 1903, five feet three inches tall, has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, married to Bill Boyd and is appearing in "Beyond Victory."

RUTH—Larry Kent's most recent re- lease is "The Seas Beneath." Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22, 1909. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and is still a bachelor. You will see him next in "An American Tragedy." Elsie Ferguson can be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

ROSIE—Evalyn Knapp was born in Kansas City, Mo., on June 17, 1908. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs about 108 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes. She is of Swedish-American descent and has appeared in the following screen productions, "Sinners Holiday," "Mother's Cry," "River's End," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "The Millionaire," and "You and I."

A WELL-WISHER—Your questions about Evalyn Knapp have been answered above. George Arliss hails from London, England, born on April 10, 1868. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs about 140 pounds. Real name George Arliss Andrews and is married to Florence Montgomery. His latest production is "The Millionaire."

DELLA—You forgot to give your street

MARY SMITH—Dolores Costello.

BLONDIE—Warner Baxter is married

JACK—William Harrigan was born in

(Continued on page 118)



The Man of Mystery—S. S. Van Dine, himself. *Philo Vance's* daddy has just written another screen thriller: "The Blue Moon Murder"

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OF JANET GAYNOR

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Janet Gaynor

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M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 247 Binghamton, N.Y.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 116*)

LUPE VELEZ FAN—Lupe is appearing in "The Squaw Man;" Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman, Roland Young, Charles Bickford and J. Farrell MacDonald also in the cast. Marjorie and Alice White are not related. Marjorie's real name is Guthrie. Sally O'Neil's latest picture is "Salvation Nell." Clara Bow has red hair and brown eyes. Phyllis Haver's name is pronounced like "shaver." Fifi like Fee-Fee; Leila Hyams, Lee-la Himes. Schildkraut, Scheeld-kraut, kraut rhymes with out. Pathe, like Path-a, a like in day. Chevalier, Sho-val-yay, all syllables accented.

BILLY—Geneva Mitchell, one of the ex-Follies girls, has appeared in the following productions: "Son of the Gods," "Back Pay," "Top Speed," "Follow Thru," "Safety in Numbers," "Her Wedding Night," and "The Single Sin." Miss Mitchell started her stage career with Ziegfeld back in 1922. But as a child, she did a variety of stage work.

LEW AYRES FAN—Lew was born on Dec. 28, 1908, and is not married. Joe Frisco's real name is Louis J. Joseph. He is said to have taken the name Frisco from a freight train. You can never tell from where inspiration will come. Jack Holt, Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor have the leading rôles in "White Shoulders," Radio Pictures Studios.

ROSELLE—You refer to Clark Gable who played the rôle of *Luca* in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on Feb. 1, 1901. He is the son of William H. Gable, a contractor. His forbears are all Pennsylvania Dutch. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. Played on the stage in a number of stage productions before entering pictures. First picture being "The Painted Desert."

JUNE—"Mickey Mouse" was barred from a national movie contest recently, but you can't keep a good man down. Today the comic little rodent is one of the most popular screen stars of two continents. The Columbia star is known as "Miki Kuchi," in Japan; "Mickel Mus" in Greece, "Michele Topolino," in Italy; "Miguel Ratoncito" in Spain; "Miguel Rato" in Portugal and "Mickel Souris," in France. The little fellow is centering to [illegible] picture; he is becoming a personality—a tribute to the genius of Walt Disney, his boss.

JUST JERRY—By all means let's try and improve the [illegible] summer, of some of our most worthless [illegible] selling watermelons. [illegible] Los Angeles, Cal. Educated at the University of [illegible] is five feet three inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has blue eyes, brown hair and is not married. You'll [illegible] next in "Rogue [illegible]." Lee Duncan is the owner of Rin-Tin-Tin.

(*Continued on page 120*)



Tra-la, tra-la, 'tis Spring. And Mona Maris isn't dancing with tears in her eyes. For Clarence Brown is hers, all hers

THIS MAGAZINE HAS SOME INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS

WHENEVER you find an item about someone you used to know, or see the picture of a once-familiar place, there's an extra thrill in the day. Fading memories grow bright . . . in a flash you begin to "remember when—"

Actually every magazine you read is full of good news about friends of yours . . . friends that come into your home every day to help get the work done . . . friends you take with you when you go out . . . friends that make life easier, brighter, richer.

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Advertisements bring you fresh and reliable news of things you could hardly do without. Form the good habit of reading them thoroughly every day. Watch them for news of your friends old *and new*.

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Tom Mix's name has been linked with that of Mrs. Mable Pelkey, circus performer, whom he met while with the Sells-Floto Circus. However, Tom denies all and insists he still loves his erstwhile, Victoria Ford.

2. It is whispered that they are not hitting it off any too well. Constance Bennett has been showing an interest in Joel McCrea, a very handsome boy, which you can be sure has not pleased the Marquis.

3. Robert Montgomery is the guilty one. He has absolutely "gone Hollywood." Success does change them.

4. Mitzi Green is the lucky child and Richard Cromwell who played in "Tol'able David" is the young man who receives the small salary.

5. Constance and Hedda are both numbered among Hollywood's well-dressed women, and you can imagine their embarrassment when they arrived at the Mayfair and discovered they were both wearing the same model evening gown and of the same color.

6. Francis X. Bushman, who was at one time the outstanding male lover of the screen, is broke and he is looking for a wife who has at least a million dollars.

7. Lou Tellegen has had his face rejuvenated. If he succeeds in looking not a day over thirty-five, he will get a talking picture contract.

8. Irving Thalberg, who now holds an important executive job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and who is Norma Shearer's husband, at one time worked for A. & S., the Brooklyn department store. It was a break for him when Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, brought him to Hollywood.

9. Marlene Dietrich heads the list of Director von Sternberg's choice of Hollywood's six most beautiful women. The other five are: Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Clara Bow, Frances Dee and Joan Crawford.

10. The gentleman who is escorting Gloria Swanson around Hollywood these days is Gene Markey, motion picture writer. Gloria says they are very much in love.

11. On his recent visit to California, Mayor Jimmie Walker of New York was approached by a number of large film companies with offers of movie contracts, one of which he says he may accept when his term of office expires.

12. Kent Douglass' real name is Robert Montgomery, the same as that of another film player; he was also known as Douglass Montgomery on the stage.

13. Mary Nolan, the former Imogene Wilson, gave all her friends a pleasant surprise when she was wed to Wallace T. McCreary. Maybe Mary's luck has changed.

14. She's no celebrity. In fact, she's not even connected with the movies. He's going to marry Virginia Shelley, a young Hollywood High School girl with whom he studied his Algebra lessons.

15. No. Contrary to all reports, Buddy's operation was for an internal injury which was caused by blowing on the saxophone.

16. The longest autobiography on file of any movie personality is that of Ivan Lebedeff. It will shortly be filmed with Lebedeff heading the cast. It deals with the Russian Revolution—adventures, etc., which he lived through.

17. Robert Ames, who has been divorced for the fourth time, is being seen with a lady who calls herself "Madame Spain," who is none other than Jean Acker, Rudie Valentino's first wife.

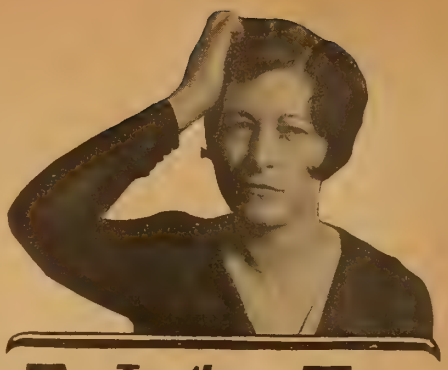
18. Fred W. Murnau, the German motion picture director, died from injuries received in an automobile accident two or three weeks before his picture "Tabu" was released. It is considered his greatest triumph since "The Last Laugh" and "Sunrise."

19. Lilyan Tashman's reputation of being the screen's best-dressed woman received an awful blow at a party given for Jean Harlow. Jean's mother's friend, a middle-aged matron from Kansas, was wearing an evening gown which was exactly like Lilyan's.

(A correction. The answer to question 13 in the May issue should have been Dorothy Janis and not Dorothy Jordan.)



The latest problem of the studio efficiency experts is the Backgammon epidemic. Here are Director William Beaudine and Irene Rich wasting somebody's time—perhaps their own—between scenes



Try the Finger-tip Test

Dandruff all over your shoulders is bad enough—but dandruff caked on your scalp, clogging up the pores and stifling the growth of hair is worse. This invisible *dandruff-cap* threatens the life of the hair. You can tell in a second if you have it. Scratch your scalp gently, then look at your finger-nails.

You must shampoo regularly anyway—why not use Fitch's and remove every speck of dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every particle of even the most heavily incrusted dandruff, *under a money-back guarantee.* Lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. Just as good for blondes as for brunettes.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 118*)

ROSAMOND MAXWELL—Warner Baxter was born in Columbia, Ohio, on March 29, 1892. He is five feet eleven inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, married to Winifred Bryson and he is appearing in "Daddy Long Legs," Fox Studios.

CLAIRE—Sorry I haven't the name of Zazu Pitts' housekeeper. Bill (Screen) Boyd was married to Dorothy Sebastian on Dec. 19, 1930. Mitzi Green is ten years old, the last measurements we had of her are: four feet four and a half inches tall, weight, 71 pounds, but of course Mitzi is growing all the time and it's rather difficult to keep track of her height and weight.

HARRY—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City. When he was two years of age, his father died. Faced with the problem of supporting herself and her son, his mother turned to the stage and became a character actress of note. When she was on tour, Dick was sent to a military school, and after that entered Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. On vacations, he occasionally played small rôles in stock with his mother. She was Caroline Harris, who taught Nazimova to speak English, who later repaid that debt, by giving Dick his first break in the movies. He had a leading part in her picture, "War Brides."

MARIE—June MacCloy was born in Sturgis, Mich. She developed an unusually deep and powerful contralto voice as a child and was sent to Toledo to study singing while she attended the Urson Academy for girls in the same city. During vacation, Miss MacCloy worked in the want-ad department of the Toledo *Times*, where she earned her "spending money" for the school year. After one year at the University of Michigan, however, the opportunity to go to New York and appear in George White's Scandals proved more alluring than college. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is five feet five inches tall.

ANGIE G.—Matty Kemp played the rôle of *Arthur* in "Common Clay." Constance Bennett is five feet four inches tall, weighs about 94 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes and is divorced from Phil Plant. Wait until you see her in "Outside the Law." Janet Gaynor was married to Lydell Peck on Sept. 11, 1929. Helen Chandler is playing opposite Ramon Novarro in "Daybreak."

BRUCE NIXON—That is the real name of Marian Nixon as far as we know. She was born in Superior, Wis., on Oct. 20, 1906. Has brown hair and eyes. Married to Edward Hillman, Jr. since Aug. 11, 1929. Her most recent picture released was "Ex-Flame." Leslie Fenton is appearing in "Kick-In" starring Clara Bow.

JOHN L.—Yes, I'm quite sure the player's height is taken in his stocking feet. Can you imagine some of their heights taken in their "spike" heel shoes? Ottiano [illegible] was born in Kenosha, Wis. He is six feet tall. [illegible] Wayne, in Winterset, Iowa, is six feet two, weighs 198 pounds. Lew Ayres in Minneapolis, Minn., and is five feet eleven, weighing 155 pounds.



Usually a gentleman's man is the one to give commands on matters of attire. But Lew Cody reverses the order by demonstrating to his man, Jim, how to get the most out of a bow tie

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Twice as far as an
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We're Telling You Straight —From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

is, of course, a villain, a thoroughly bad egg. The pun is the Christies', not ours.

The barnyard variety of chickens, we learn, take direction very easily. They are made to "talk" by dropping water on their beaks. Ducks are a little more difficult and the geese nearly impossible to direct.

The Christies' most serious problem at the moment is in finding a name for their new comedies. In the manner of the M-G-M "Barkies," the name "Fowlies" has been suggested. This has an unpleasant implication. So have "Cluckies" and "Quackies." Any suggestion you might have in mind would be welcome, we know.

The Vulgar Nude

HONORS in the form of medals, citations and just ordinary critical praise continue to be heaped upon "All Quiet on the Western Front." Yet this production has fought one of the most bitter foreign censorship battles in the history of motion pictures.

Banned in its entirety from Germany and other countries, brutally cut by many censoring boards in every land, seized and burned by rioting mobs in China and some of the Balkan states, "All Quiet" has been anything but quiet. None the less, it remained for Ireland to add the final astounding touch to a now overlong list of censorship stupidities.

"All Quiet" was awarded a gold plaque by the British Faculty of Arts as the greatest picture of 1930. Replicas of the medal were supplied to all exhibitors, to be displayed and otherwise used in advertising. The design presented an undraped figure in a running pose.

The Irish censor, who had passed the picture, promptly banned the plaque and forbade its display.

"Grandma's Farm"

THE place, some ten acres in extent, was purchased by Belle Bennett while she was playing *Stella Dallas*. She wanted to make a home for her old grandmother and this small farm on Ventura Boulevard was just the spot—close to Hollywood, yet semi-secluded and homey.

Since the grandmother passed her last days in comfort there and went to a greater reward, the farmhouse with all its quaint old furnishings has stood vacant. Until a few weeks back, when Belle conceived the idea of turning the property into a wayside tavern.

Wisely, she refused to have the house done over. As a consequence, it has all the charm of its vintage—its parlor boasting family albums, what-nots, an old melodeon, a stereoscope, in fact, everything you remember from your own grandma's parlor.

Belle thought it would add a realistic touch to employ a sweet, white-haired old lady to preside over things. Right in Hollywood, one was found and her job was merely to sit in the parlor, rocking and knitting and smiling welcome to the incoming guests.

A few days later, she resigned. She couldn't finish out her week. Too much noise and too late hours, even for a modern "Grandma."

Did You Know That--

One of the world's best poorhouses is in Southern California?

Carl Laemmle dons earphones when attending talkies?

Broadway's most famous twosome—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—have at last succumbed to the movies?

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Now You're Talking!

(*Continued from page 6*)

How He Met Will Rogers



Can you imagine Will Rogers hitch-hiking? Well, that's just what he did on his recent tour for relief funds.

It seems that in order to avoid the crowd awaiting him at the Miami, Oklahoma, airport Will had the pilot land five miles out of town and he walked along the hi-way seeking a ride. My uncle, thinking he'd do his "Boy Scout deed" for the day, picked poor, tired Will up without recognizing the famous star.

Imagine his surprise (and chagrin) when Mr. Rogers offered to bring him a cigar at the town's only drug store to show his appreciation. It was a good cigar too and now my uncle has a true story to tell his grandchildren.

Mildred Gamble, Abilene, Kansas.

Longer Intervals Between Laughs

I am an enthusiastic squawkie fan—so long as I can hear what the folks are saying. But the rub comes in right there. Always, when some character pulls a wisecrack and sends the house into roars, another character pipes up right after him with some comeback. There I am with my eardrums stuck out like doorknobs and my neck pushed out over the next seat in front as I strain to catch what it's all about. And I don't. What I want to know is, why the Thomas Jefferson can't there be longer intervals between speeches in the laughable sequences? *G. L. Clark, Birmingham, Ala.*

The Marx Brothers



What a perfect flop "Animal Crackers" turned out to be. Who let those four guys out? Some people may have enjoyed it, but as for me, I think it was a lot of "hooey." You would think four adults would have some sense or at least make believe they had.

Melba Markham, Los Angeles, Cal.

Who—Why—and Where?

Who selected the cast for Greta Garbo's "Inspiration"? A terrible mistake, those old men and that infant lover.

The cast in "Anna Christie" was almost as bad. Marie Dressler is a whole show herself. She dominates every picture. In other words, Marie was the star in "Anna Christie" and not Greta Garbo as it should have been.

Why has Hedda Hopper never been given an important part in a picture? She is the pink essence of culture and refinement and would be charming in a really smart picture.

Why do the actors get all the blame for a bad picture? Where are the directors when the critics open fire? *Mary Rose, Memphis, Tenn.*

Convinced by the Box Office



The old saying, "Youth Must Be Served," has been revised. It is now, "Age Must Be Served."

This has been emphasized by the remarkable fight made by *Marie Dressler* to impress her talents upon the Movie Moguls. This was not done until the Box Office finally convinced them.

Like sports, the movies have been constant in their demands for youth. But a new attitude is now apparent. They recognize that experience, talent, have a market value that do not go with mere Youth.

More power to the striplings of sixty-five and thereabouts. *K. K. Carroll, Las Vegas, N. M.*

Why Not Strive for Reality?



I've been a movie fan for a good number of years—think they're great—nothing like 'em! Some punk—some otherwise—but still all hitting the spot that craves entertainment, but finally am exasperated to the point where I've just got to yell, "For Pete's sake, use a little common sense!"

Here's my kick (pardon I'm blushing)—the girls' "undies." Maybe I'm getting a wee bit personal, but for the life of me I can't see how every good-looking girl, whether she works at Woolworth's, slings hash in a two-by-four, or is an usherette in a show-house that boasts the grand admission price of "Afternoons 20 cents, Evenings 35 cents, Children 10 cents at all times"—unfailingly when disrobing reveals lingerie that would be the envy of the best dressed woman in Hollywood. Come to earth, producers! How do they do it? Did'ja ever stop to think?

Just recently I saw the very interesting and worthwhile picture, "War Nurse," and I'll be darned if—among the death, bomb-shell, hunger, cold and suffering—our heroine nurses didn't run around in the most adorable teddies, all trimmed up pretty in lace and rosebuds. Ye gods! Rosebuds and lace in the trenches! Let's have our movies a little more true to life.

Ernie F. Linden, San Francisco, Cal.

Oakie a He-Man



Is it any wonder Jack Oakie is a favorite with the public and the people he works with. Recently I attended a premiere at Warner Bros. Hollywood Theater—that is, I stood on the outside. All the insignificant foreigners and extras drove up in their chauffeured cars and tried to make a scene. All dressed up in their high silk hats and their formal clothes. One of these insignificants finally remarked to his companions occupying a very elaborate car, he wondered if the onlookers knew the war was over. Do you think Jack Oakie would say a thing like that? Not on your life. He likes the public. When he attended the premiere at Warner Bros. did he wear a silk hat and formal attire? Not on your life. *He wore a tan camel hair coat* and some very attractive sport shoes. He walked from the parking lot to the theater. He does not try to splurge. That's what the public likes, real he-men.

F. F. L., Los Angeles, Cal.

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Disagrees with Judge Lindsey



Judge Ben Lindsey finds motion picture producers refining life down to suitable entertainment for morons. The scheduled production line-up for 1931 covers a greatly increased number of new talkies, all to be launched on a world without an intelligentsia.

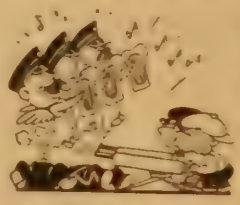
From our childhood up, we go out to find just the thing Judge Lindsey condemns, a tinsel world. We know life, as it really is, outside the theater, and our only escape is the last close-up showing the happy ending. Ask any child what films he enjoys, and he will pick out the unreality of a "Peter Pan." Motion pictures do not need to teach him the realities of life. They will be thrown upon him from every other quarter.

Take our dreams away and our ideals could not survive. This is the mission of true entertainment, not to remind us how hard all we are but to help us believe there's a silver lining behind the cloud.

Naturally the recent output of the studios leaves much to be desired. Their growth is [illegible] upon our own growth upon our spirit of toleration. Remember, you advocates of "realism," even the lowly worm becomes a butterfly!

Hope Marie Jaeger, Hollywood, California.

Not Enough Variety



The movie producers have a trait in common with [illegible] that is going to [illegible] in any effort. When an underworld picture proved [illegible] THAT is what the public wants and then [illegible] "under" the better.

[illegible] put one song in a picture. [illegible] the pictures as many they would [illegible]

[illegible] variety and [illegible] Pictures.

Frances M. Dee, San Pedro, Cal.

Telling Them a Thing or Two



Here are some things what my pal and I have been planning for a long time.

Gloria Swanson's face has as much expression as a piece of stewed tripe and it's really too bad that she can't wear a formal gown more than twice and think that is the same town. Who's she [illegible]?

Someone [illegible] or I [illegible] can appear in a low-cut necklace and really look sophisticated [illegible] Claire Dodd wears one around her [illegible] she looks just [illegible]

Joe E. Brown's mouth [illegible] unless he had his ears pinned back [illegible]

Ish Jan Crawford we're sorry her eyes are so [illegible] but to try turning some [illegible] or something to take away that [illegible]

Frannie and Shirley, Burlingame, Cal.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO. CHICAGO

As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"



The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*



Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect — instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips Just what you've wanted — lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Six Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



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The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

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Dept. A-1516. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Street.....

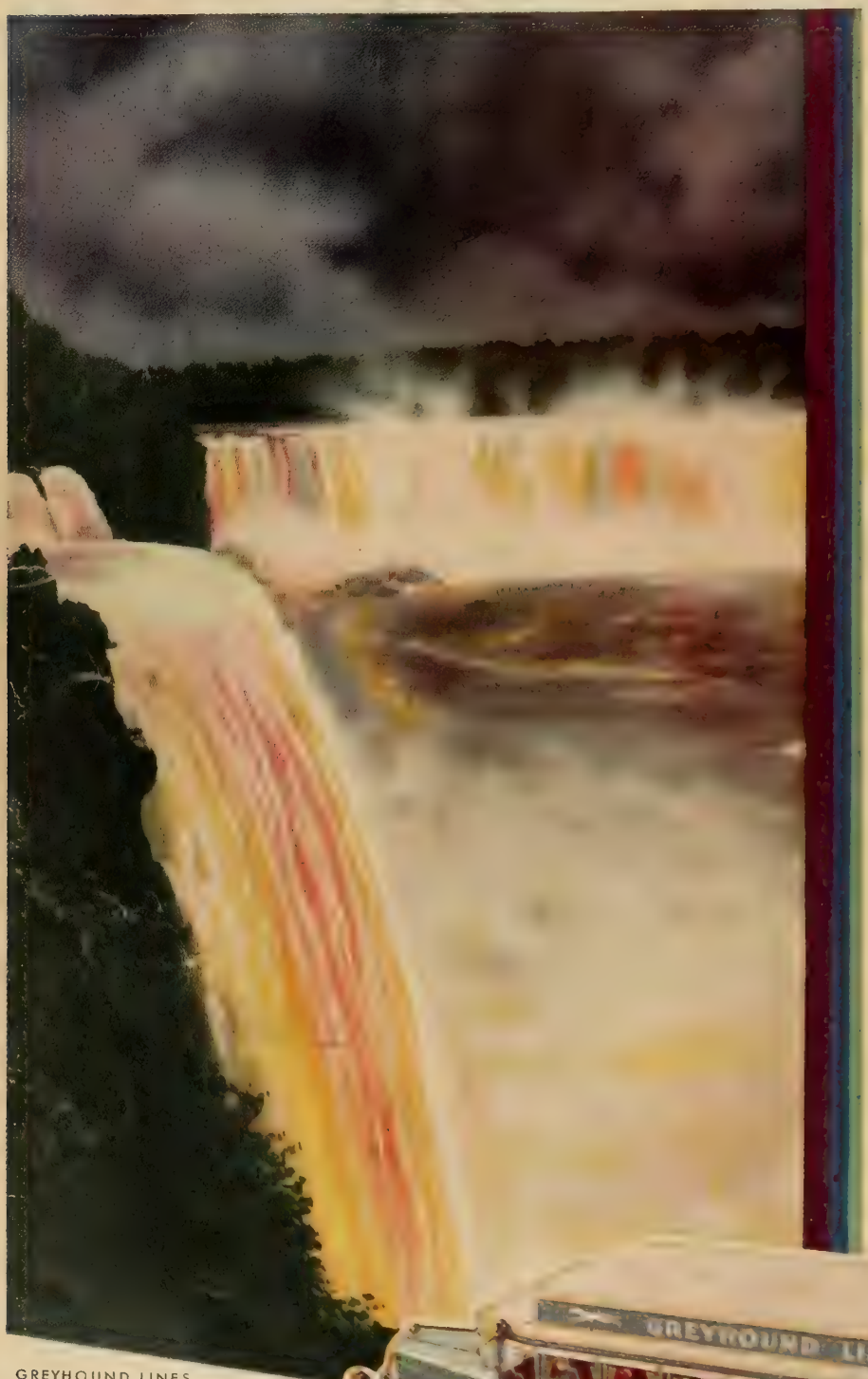
City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

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So much more pleasure seeing it—the Greyhound way



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Please send me pictorial folders, "Vacation" or "Scenic Highways." (Check which).

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Tinted photograph of Niagara Falls at night, under colored floodlights, as viewed by Greyhound passengers

Motion Picture

JULY

25 CENTS



Ruth Chatterton

Will Rogers
For President—Why Not?
VALENTINO BIGAMY TRIAL

THE WORLD THUNDERS ITS WELCOME TO METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

NEW STAR



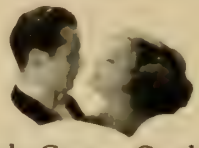
HIS STEPS TO STARDOM



with Joan Crawford in "Untamed"



in "The Big House"



with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"



with Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



THE public has made Robert Montgomery its new idol—made him an outstanding star by the tremendous enthusiasm it showed for his great work. Here he is in one of the finest performances of his career—a glamorous, thrilling sea romance. He's a fighting, loving gob whether on the high seas or on the dance floor with the Admiral's daughter in his arms.

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The Greatest Sea Drama Ever Filmed!

with ERNEST TORRENCE HOBART BOSWORTH
DOROTHY JORDAN CLIFF EDWARDS

Directed by Harry Pollard . . . Produced in conjunction with the U. S. Navy.



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Be happy, and healthier, too, by finding the picture show that includes one of *Educational's* new springtime talking comedies, and let the years and the worries roll away as you lose yourself in rollicking laughter. Any one of these three great comedies will surely make your ribs ache, but it will cure you of heartache, and maybe headache, too.



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Another of the "Hollywood Girls" series of IDEAL COMEDIES

Virginia Brooks, Rita Flynn, Phyllis Crane **and "half the stars of Hollywood" in one wild jamboree of joy at the faked "wild party" that gave the girl from Iowa her fill of Hollywood.**

"A FOWL AFFAIR"

GAYETY COMEDY

The most novel comedy that has come out of Hollywood in years. Chickens and ducks make up the cast . . . with human voices. It's a scream for anybody, of any age.

An AL CHRISTIE Production

Directed by Neal Burns and Barney McGill







"IN CONFERENCE"

MACK SENNETT COMEDY

Sennett once again turns the laughs on the picture business itself, in one of his greatest satires. With *Harry Gribbon, Andy Clyde* and *George P. Wilson*.

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Here are *the new* motion picture *favorites*



Your Favorite Stars!

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RUTH CHATTERTON
GARY COOPER
NANCY CARROLL
CLARA BOW
JACK OAKIE
RICHARD ARLEN
FREDRIC MARCH
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CLIVE BROOK
CHARLES ROGERS
JACKIE COOGAN

Be sure to see:

NANCY CARROLL
Fredric March
in
"THE NIGHT ANGEL"
Edmund Goulding Prod.

•

"THE VICE SQUAD"
Paul Lukas—Kay Francis

•

"UP POPS THE DEVIL"
Norman Foster, Carole Lombard
Skeets Gallagher, Stuart Erwin

•

"THE LAWYER'S SECRET"
Clive Brook, Richard Arlen,
Charles Rogers, Fay Wray

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Motion Picture

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

JULY 1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XLI, No. 6

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

$20.00 Letter

You Must See "Cimarron"

ST. LOUIS, MO.—May I submit my letter to you with the sincere wish that it may be the means of inciting more people to see "Cimarron."

To me "Cimarron" was a stride forward in the history of motion pictures. For two hours I left the commonplaceness of every-day existence and witnessed the springing up of a New Empire, its struggle for existence, its social and economic development, and the vision and foresight of one *Yancey Cravat.* It glorified that band of people who dared to conquer the wilderness; who stood by their convictions, and blazed a trail of glory down through the years.

To the rôle of *Yancey Cravat,* Richard Dix brings all the romantic fire of youth plus the wisdom of maturity. In him is exemplified that colorful spirit of adventure that called forth the courage necessary for the colonization of the great Southwest.

It behooves every one to see this epic of motion pictures, to soar with these pioneers to the heights of romance, to live again the glories and heartaches that were theirs, and to emulate that spirit of tolerance, wisdom and understanding that made *Yancey Cravat* live and die a hero. *Miss L. W.*

$10.00 Letter

The Story and the Screen

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Most directors base their pictures on original ideas. The results are gratifying in most cases, and is there anything more entertaining than a film with a good story, clean fun, marvelous dancing and superb singing? Other directors take a well-known work, film it, and the result is most surprising. It is doubtful whether the author himself would recognize the plot, to say nothing of the characters.

And so, after reading that masterpiece, "All Quiet on the Western Front," and hearing that it was to be filmed, I wondered. Would it be recognizable? Would it be mocked at? Could any stars portray those desolate, pitiful German boys caught in the greedy arms of the God of War? And then it came. Who will ever forget those schoolboys tramping in the mud, the heartrending screams, the sobs, the sighs, the clamor of the machinery, the roar of the cannons, the whiz of a bullet—calm.

What an achievement for the Cinema! To take a story, film it conscientiously, event after event, and arrive at the result—Unsurpassable Greatness! Let the good work go on, as the movie lovers wish it to happen more often!

Give us more films that are exact duplicates of worth-while books and the Screen will forever have the patronage of people who like the comedy, the drama, the romance, but on one condition—they must rise above mediocrity and afford entertainment for young and old. *A. J. E.*

$5.00 Prize

Pictures Might At Least Be Consistent

BOULDER, COLO.—I love a good movie, but the incongruities make some really fine scenes ridiculous. For instance; persons caught in a terrible rain or flood, do not emerge from such an experience with perfectly dry clothing. A man lost in the wilderness for months, with none of the conveniences of civilization at his disposal, is not rescued clean-shaven, clothes neatly brushed, etc. Pioneer scenes with Indian attacks are often conducted in such a manner as to make an Indian or a child of ten laugh. Tackle, pulleys and other paraphernalia used in these same scenes could not possibly have been at hand.

Another, perhaps more important, criticism. When a truly fine production, such as "All Quiet on the Western Front," or one of that nature is shown, why precede or follow it with some slapstick comedy? This jars upon the sensibilities of many people, and certainly detracts from the seriousness of the subject. Such a picture should stand alone, or at least be accompanied by current events reels, or something entirely in keeping.

Margarete L. Irwin.

Honorable Mention

Ridiculous Advertising

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Who is responsible for movie advertising? Something should be done to cure its bad case of swelling hyperbole. Most of it is funny, some is ridiculous and occasionally it is disgusting. These quotations, picked at random from newspaper and magazine ads, will do more than anything I can say to illustrate.

"A picture that will live forever in your memory"—that's taking a lot for granted. "The supreme thrill of the year"—there were at least six of these. "The picture the whole country is talking about"—this of a very mediocre picture. "Grandest comedy festival of all time"—that's taking in a lot of territory. "The laugh show of the ages"—how long have we had comedies?

Conservative advertising may be foolish and the public may be so phlegmatic that they must be shouted at to be attracted but constant racket dulls the senses. Why make the ads so funny that we can get our entertainment at home—laughing at them? *K. G.*

Prizes For Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars for the three best letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, commune yourself to about 150 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Not All Actors Are Stars

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Not every lawyer is a Clarence Darrow, nor every doctor a Mayo. Not all good actors are stars. Yet the world needs the well-trained lawyer who is not spectacular and the well-trained doctor who is not world famous. And the screen has a crying need for the good actor who is not, and cannot be, a star.

Conrad Nagel has been quoted as saying that he would not sign a contract in which he was to be starred because he realized thoroughly that his was not a personality strong enough to carry a picture.

Couldn't a serum be made of the idea and injected into many actors? There are not many as wise as Mr. Nagel. There are excellent actors who, because of outstanding and consistent merit, are given starring parts with disastrous results. Their names as part of the cast meant added strength, beauty, and appeal, but they are not capable of carrying the weight of a picture. A few attempts and they either go back to the ranks, a has-been star, or else disappear entirely. Fans who loved them as leading men or women, as "characters" or comedians, are bored with ninety minutes of acting which, while good, falls short of greatness.

Here's to the player who knows his own zenith! *C. R.*

Movie Mothers

CHICAGO, ILL.—Every now and then we read that one of our favorite movie actresses has become a mother. This is always interesting to the public and makes us glad to know that these famous people will live again through their children after they are gone or are too old to act.

But how disappointing to read that some popular star refuses to have her baby photographed for fear that it will disillusion the public. What a weak excuse. We know that they have the child and are naturally curious to see it. When this pleasure is denied us, we are bound to hold resentment toward the star rather than feel that she is merely doing this to avoid shattering our dreams about her. If she is a good actress and has a good part, we don't think about her normal life and only see the life she portrays on the screen.

Gloria Swanson has been considered high hat since she took her stand. Nancy Carroll is in line and now our dear Norma Shearer seems to be doing likewise. Please change your attitude, Norma, for you can't help being popular acting on the screen as you do.

Margaret Hill.

Once More the Producers Are Guilty

CHICAGO, ILL.—It is painful to see the tiredness in the young eyes of many of our favorite screen actresses. It is not to be hidden by any artifice of makeup. They show it more than the men, possibly they work harder than the men.

In most cases, they are too young to

(Continued on page 132)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

in "CHANCES"

with

ROSE HOBART

The picture thousands of fans have waited for, clamored for, actually demanded—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in a greater role than in "The Dawn Patrol" . . . He reaches full-fledged stardom in "*Chances*" where men sport with fate, honor and life; and love tramps the shambles of the battlefield . . . "The Dawn-Patrol-Fairbanks" as you would have him in war and love—with the gorgeously beautiful Rose Hobart.



Directed by ALAN DAWN
Story by A. HAMILTON GIBBS
Adaptation by Waldemer Young
with a cast including
ANTHONY BUSHELL
HOLMES HERBERT
MARY FORBES

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

THE HOT NEWS STORY OF THE MONTH

ARE ESTELLE AND JACK PARTING FRIENDS?

The Wife Of The Ex-World's Champion Insists This Isn't Any Grudge Fight

By GLADYS HALL

IT HASN'T been an easy thing for Estelle to be the wife of Jack Dempsey, a Public Idol, a World Figure, a demanding male. If she has tried to be Estelle Taylor just a little, who is to cast the first stone at her for that?

Jack wanted a home—and was seldom in it. He was refereeing a fight here, opening a casino there. In New York. In Chicago. Off to Caliente. Everywhere in demand. And everywhere answering the demand.

There were many nights when Estelle sat at home, not daring (or caring) to go out, because there would be a long-distance call coming in from Jack. Nights when she could not accept invitations for fear Jack might, unexpectedly, return. Little pleasures she might have had, legitimately enough, were either cancelled or "enjoyed" with an undercurrent of worry. Parts she might have played were given to others because, the producers said, "Taylor's probably off somewhere with Dempsey."

There was one year when she made eight trips across the continent to be with him. There were months when, wherever Jack went, Estelle went also. She sat silently in smoke-clogged hotel rooms while loud-vested men talked the jargon of the ring and, sometimes, the gutter. Men who said, "Dempsey's wife is pretty damn snooty—how does she get that way?"

Jack objected to her "offishness." He might also have objected to her friendliness. For, where his wife was concerned, the ex-champion was a radical conservative. In his possessive eye there glinted, unmistakably, the green-eyed monster. Directors, fellow actors, newspapermen and casual guests were all potential rivals.

It is ironic that their constant companionship should fizzle out over a trifle. Jack came home, as usual, unexpectedly. He found Estelle ready to go to the Mayfair with two friends, a man and a woman. Estelle asked him to accompany her.



When she could, Estelle traveled with Jack on his trips about the country (as above). When she couldn't, she waited for his 'phone calls. Below, the home on Los Feliz Boulevard where she waited



It would be fun to go out together after so long an absence. Jack refused to go. He wanted her to remain at home. She refused—for the first time. An issue had to be made. If she kept on giving in, doing only what he wanted, how long could she call her soul her own?

Estelle went to the Mayfair, the third person in a trio. When she came back, the fuse had blown out. The Taylor-Dempsey marriage was in its last round.

Estelle went to the Mayfair. Jack wanted her to stay at home. Over so childish, so simple a trifle they parted.

Seven years ago Estelle Taylor married Jack Dempsey. Because she loved him. Because he loved her. He had a career, a great one. He loved it. She had a career, one she was trying to make great. She loved it, too. Jack had his family to take care of. His mother has a mansion, cars, servants, luxuries. Estelle had her family to take care of. Her mother, her step father, her sister, her sister's child. She bought her mother a modest, pleasant home. She told me, "My mother could have had an even less expensive home than she has, as my mother. But as Jack Dempsey's mother in law appearances had to be considered."

Everything that has been done for Estelle's family Estelle has done. Jack Dempsey did not marry her family. That was made clear to her from the beginning. She would have to look after them. That meant working. And between the necessities of providing for her own people and being the wife of Jack Dempsey, Estelle has steered as fair a course as was open to her.

Their seven years together have been now tender, now troublous, sometimes terrific. There were bitter quarrels over trivialities. Estelle going up in a 'plane when Jack had forbidden her to take the risk. Estelle going to the Mayfair, one of a group. Silly things, little things. Scratches on a surface

(Continued on page 103)

THE RADIO TITAN, INDOMITABLE SYMBOL OF SCREEN LEADERSHIP, UNFURLS THE GOLDEN BANNER OF A GLORIOUS NEW SHOW SEASON!



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IRENE DUNNE



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILY DAMITA

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Fanny Hurst gives you "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION," intriguing story of Hollywood; and Wesley Ruggles, great director, brings a penetrating drama of today, "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" Other attractions of road-show calibre are "MIRACLE CITY" by Howard Estabrook and Willard Mack's "THE DOVE" with Dolores Del Rio.

Great Pictures... Great Stars... Great Entertainment, the reward for those who follow the RADIO TITAN on his Triumphant March to New Conquests.

RKO Radio Pictures

RADIO PICTURES



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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY CAN BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—playing in *Helga*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Arthur Jean—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *Nancy's Private Affair*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—last release *Iron Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—playing in *The Money King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—recently completed *Tarnished Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Barrymore, John—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Square Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blane, Sally—playing in *Two Can Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *Hush Money*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Women Love Once*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boles, John—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—recently completed *Kick In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—playing in *Iron Chalice*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—recently completed *Trapping Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *Warning to the Church*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *The Lawyer's Secret*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *Broadminded*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Bushnell, Anthony—playing in *Forgotten Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Cantor, Eddie—playing in *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *The Night Angel*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chandler, Helen—playing in *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—last release *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Lady with a Past*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cherrill, Virginia—playing in *Wyoming Humbug*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *The Smiling Lieutenant*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Claire, Ina—recently completed *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *Meet the Boyfriend*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Secrets of a Secretary*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collyer, June—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Unholy Garden*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Hoopla*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *I Take This Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *The Next Corner*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Costello, Dolores—playing in *Expensive Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Girls Together*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—playing in *The Spanish Husband*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—last release *The Maltese Falcon*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Imagination*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—recently completed *Young Donovan's Kid*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Young as You Feel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglass, Kent—playing in *Five and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dove, Billie—playing in *The Age for Love*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Ellers, Sally—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—recently completed *Dear Ruth*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—last release *Reaching for the Moon*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Merely Mary Ann*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Paramount Production*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Confessions of a Co-ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Part Time Sweetheart*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *It's Love Me Again*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Green, Mitzi—playing in *Paramount Production*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *Just a Gigolo*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Halliday, John—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Girl Crazy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)



A New Test for the Opportunity to Win $2,500

SIGHTS like the one above were not uncommon in the days of settling our great West. Pony express riders were courageous, keen-eyed Indian fighters who risked their lives daily in keeping the growing frontier outposts in touch with civilization. It took a keen eye and great quickness of thought to keep from being slaughtered by bloodthirsty redskins and plundered of the important packets in their charge.

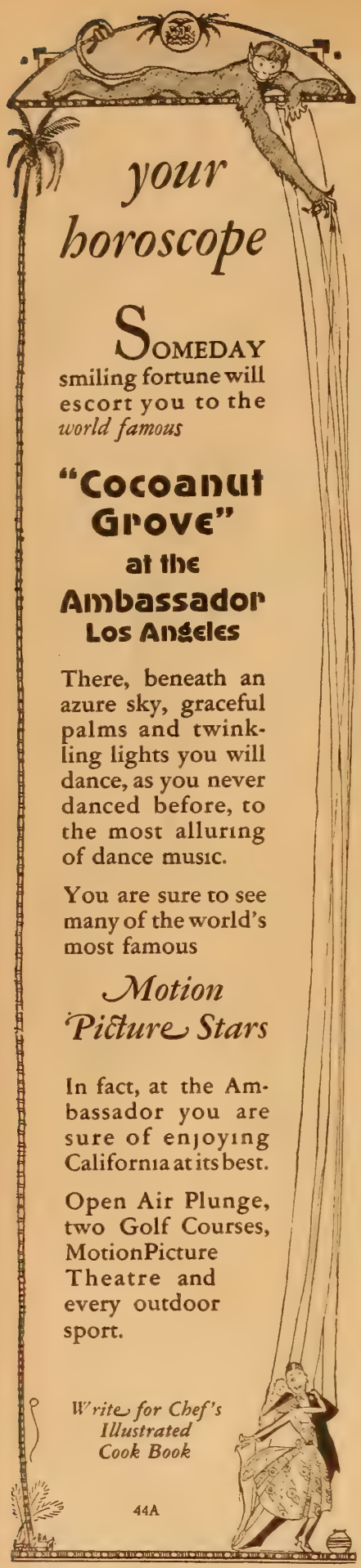
Here is a test of what keen-eyed observation might be necessary. The rider above has perceived an ambush, has goaded his horse into a frenzied dash for life and has wheeled in his saddle to cut down any pursuer who might get within rifle shot. There is no trace of an Indian to the casual observer, yet there are the faces of five Indians concealed in the picture. How sharp is your eye?

60 Grand Prizes, including prizes of $2,500.00, $1,100.00, $1,000.00, $900.00 and $500.00 in value will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize will be $1,785.00 cash or a Studebaker Commander eight-cylinder Sedan, and $715.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of $2,500.00.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Just think! A $2,500.00 prize to you if you answer correctly and are prompt and win first prize!

Look carefully. If you can find at least 4 of the Indians' faces, lose no time, but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and mail it to me. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. BUT IF YOU CAN FIND AT LEAST 4 OF THE HIDDEN FACES, RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO

T. A. HUGHES, Adv. Dir., Dept. 431, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois



WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 10*)

Harding, Ann—playing in *Devotion*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hardy, Sam—playing in *Two Can Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—playing in *Goldie*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hatton, Raymond—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Hobart, Rose—playing in *Waterloo Bridge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Confessions of a Co-Ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopper, Hedda—recently completed *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—recently completed *The Sky Raiders*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—recently completed *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—recently completed *Cheri-Bibi*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hymer, Warren—playing in *Goldie*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Shipmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Sidewalks of New York*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in *Hush Money*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Knapp, Evalyn—playing in *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *Always Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in *Meet the Wife*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Side Show*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *I Take This Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Love, Montague—playing in *Alexander Hamilton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Four Square*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Bought*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Two Can Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *A Good Act Now*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Manners, David—recently completed *Upper Underworld*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *The Night Angel*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Mae—playing in *Over the Hill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Two Can Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—recently completed *Young Sinners*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Great Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mercer, Beryl—recently completed *Arsene Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Daddy Long Legs*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *Son of the Rajah*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Man in Possession*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Politics*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Corsair*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—recently completed *The Mad Genius*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Son of the Rajah*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—playing in *Transatlantic*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *The Whoop-te-do Kid*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Son of the Rajah*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliot—playing in *Spent Bullets*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *Dude Ranch*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *Wyoming Wonder*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oland, Warner—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Gentleman's Fate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—recently completed *The Reckless Hour*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—last release *Kiki*—Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Other Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—recently completed *Wanting at the Church*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *The Whoop-te-do Kid*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rambeau, Marjorie—playing in *Sea Eagles*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *Fifty and Ten*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Four Star Final*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Charles—playing in *Two Lovers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Young As You Feel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roland, Gilbert—recently completed *Rebound*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Girl Crazy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Iron Couture*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—recently completed *A Free Soul*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Hush Money*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *The Miracle Woman*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Arsene Goodbye*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—last release *Indiscreet*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tobin, Genevieve—recently completed *Seed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—recently completed *Shoot In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Quick*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *A Woman of Experience*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—recently completed *The Spider Ring*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Varconi, Victor—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Squaw Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Four Star Final*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *The Black Camel*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Locked Door*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *I Like Your Nerve*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Two Can Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

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Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1. How was the secret marriage of Prince Serge Mdivani, Pola Negri's former husband, and Mary McCormic, brought to light?

2. Can you name the famed adventurer and radio personality who recently signed a movie contract?

3. Why did Lillian Roth's sudden marriage to William C. Scott, son of a Pittsburgh lumber magnet, surprise everybody?

4. From which popular movie couple was jewelry worth about $32.000 stolen?

5. Why has the screen comedienne, Polly Moran, been confined to a bed in the Hollywood Hospital?

6. Name the screen star who was married to a Los Angeles real estate man for three weeks before the new wedding ring on her finger was questioned?

7. Who is the man that called marriage a "middle-class institution" a few months ago when he was divorced from his third wife and who is the screen siren that has become wife number four?

8. Can you name the movie girl who recently announced the opening of her beauty salon?

9. Who is the movie producer who said he was through with Hollywood and going to Hawaii to buy a sugar plantation? Why?

10. Do you know the name of the screen veteran who is returning to the films after an absence of many years?

11. What are the names of the two personalities, both tremendously popular in different fields, whose marriage will shortly be dissolved in the divorce courts?



Acme

Here's where Jack Dempsey, ex-heavyweight champion and husband of Estelle Taylor, awaits his divorce. It's his Reno home—rented for two months at $1,000 a month—while Jack fishes and establishes legal residence for a quick cure for marital troubles

12. A former movie star of the silent days put her elaborate Hollywood home with its magnificent furnishings on the auction block, do you know who she is and why she is disposing of it?

13. Who is the popular and well-liked lady of the films whose health has not been able to keep up with her tremendous success?

14. Who is the movie star who wants all her films destroyed after her death?

15. When "The Torch Song" was previewed by studio officials, who is the player that was removed from the cast and who replaced him?

16. Do you know the screen beauty who can't make up her mind as to which one of three handsome gentlemen she wants to marry?

17. Upon her return from a sanitarium where she received treatment for a nervous disorder, a former Follies girl and movie actress started divorce proceedings against her husband. Do you know her?

18. Can you guess who the sweet young thing is who is taking up a good deal of John Considine's time despite the fact that two other attractive girls are rivals for his favor?

19. Which Hollywood couple recently became the parents of a darling baby girl?

(Turn to page 116)

Now It's FUN

To Reduce-Keep Fit-Gain Strength

. . . in 5 Minutes a Day—at Home!



Re-Creates The "Zone of Youth"

The true "Zone of Youth" is in the abdominal and hip region. Sagging muscles, protruding stomach, flabby hips are signs of oncoming age, the result of having "let oneself go." Just five minutes a day with the Steelflex Health Builder quickly Re-Creates the "ZONE OF YOUTH" and KEEPS it youthful.

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Try it 10 Days on Approval—Send No Money Now!

EVERYONE realizes the value of DAILY exercise. Heretofore, it has been bothersome, took too much time, and was too much like work! But, wouldn't you like to recover the PHYSICAL FITNESS and the FIGURE OF YOUTH—if it were actually FUN to do so?—Wouldn't you be GLAD to get rid of that PROTRUDING ABDOMEN and the EXCESS FAT around your hips, arms, legs, neck and shoulders IF YOU COULD REALLY ENJOY DOING IT? Wouldn't you be eager to restore natural ELASTICITY to those sagging, flabby muscles—to generate NEW HEALTH, NEW STRENGTH, NEW STAMINA in your Chest, Back, Arms, Legs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels—IF DOING SO WERE AS FASCINATING AS PLAY . . . and if all this took only FIVE MINUTES A DAY?

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Strong Enough To Stand Any "Pull"

STEELFLEX *FIVE-MINUTE* HEALTH BUILDER

THIS amazing invention provides the NECESSARY INCENTIVE to reduce, build strength, and maintain health, by making it a genuine PLEASURE to take a daily FIVE-MINUTE WORKOUT!

The action of Steelflex Five-Minute Health Builder provides NOT ONLY the scientific rowing stroke b also a COMPENSATING AUTOMATIC "PULL-BACK" which utilizes the well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities.



Try this for strengthening abdominal muscles and back. Wonderful for reducing.

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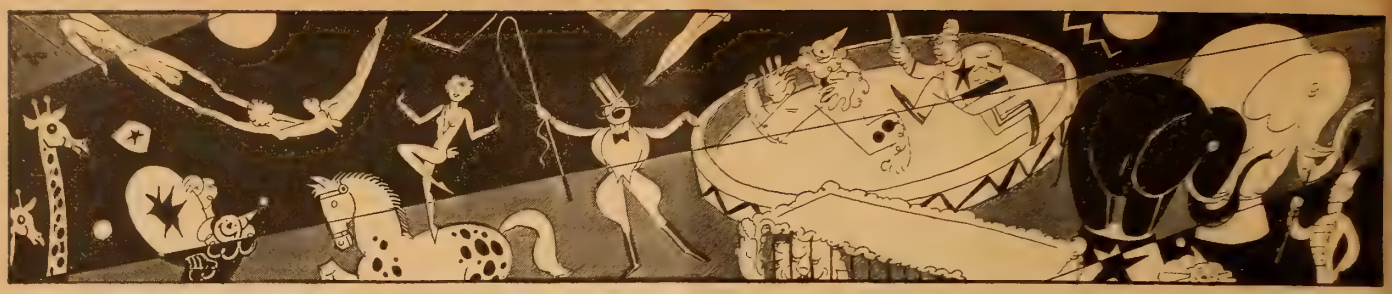
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The Hollywood Circus

The Show Must Go On — By ROBERT FENDER

Then there's the delightful young girl who, when she was offered a chance to appear in Warner Brothers' shorts, blushingly replied that she barely knew the Warner Brothers.

An extra tells us of his system for beating landladies out of rent. Three or four days before the money's due, he hauls out a battered clarinet and blows away like anything. When enough roomers have kicked to the landlady, she comes to his room and demands silence. That's his cue to act insulted, pack up his stuff and move on to the next place. It works—with some landladies.

Mary Brian is simply pining away to be known as the gal with the snappy line, and that's too bad. Being meek and mouse-like boosted Mary up into the three-thousand-dollar-a-week (*every* week) class. Hollywood doesn't encourage fast chatter in its stars. Ask **Aileen Pringle.**

Joan Crawford pulled a neat one the other day. Director **Harry Beaumont** called for quiet and proceeded with a close-up of **Neil Hamilton.**

Then it was that Woggles, **Joan's** pet pup, decided to bark. **Joan** stuck her hand into Woggles's mouth, maintained quiet and got out of it with nary a scratch. Smart gal.



Hollywood's gossip artists have Gary and Lupe this way—none too lovey-dovey. Gary went to Arizona for his health, and Lupe is headed for Broadway, which means they're separated. But as for any real split-up, may we be allowed a polite "pooh-pooh"?

The doorman at the Embassy Club (if you haven't an ermine cloak, you'd better stay home), who gets around one hundred and fifty dollars a month, is said to have most of his cash out in loans to five-thousand-dollar-a-week stars.

The **Greta Garbo** "secrecy" myth is the greatest single act of publicizing in the history of motion pictures. No one (yes, **President Hoover,** I'm speaking to you, too) can interview **Greta.**

Metro is so tickled about it they've decided to try it on another of their people. **Norma Shearer** is the one you can't interview now—except over the radio.

Ran into **Jack Oakie** to-day, dressed like something or other in chaps, sombrero and such. Asked I: "What does it all mean, **Jack?**" Answered **Jack:** "Paramount's version of a cowboy."

Over At Metro The Other Day I Noticed:

Billy Haines taking a tango lesson with the whole company of "Dancing Partner" looking on and not laughing . . . **Charles Bickford,** in high boots and sort of man-of-the-mountains costume, sitting in the corner of the restaurant in morose mood . . . **Marjorie Rambeau,** who almost instantly had most of the unattached males in the restaurant over at her table . . . a certain favorite Metro delicacy of catsup on crackers that most everyone eats since **Eleanor Packer** told them about it . . .

Wild-eyed **Lupe** in Indian Girl make-up for **Cee Bee's** "Squaw Man" . . . **Warner Baxter, Roland Young** and **Eleanor Boardman** emoting like anything for the same show . . . **Cee Bee de Mille,** less crochety than in the old days—he no longer has a throne or throne boy and he barely snarled when he saw us on the set! . . .

The gossip that **Jack Gilbert** and **Greta Garbo** may make a silent together (and wouldn't you go?) . . . **Gladys Hall** looking all over the place for **Warner Baxter** for an interview and finally locating him . . . **Kent Douglass,** who, they say, has about six more months to bask in Metro sunshine and then . . . the piano player who played for every single **Chaney** picture and finally played at his funeral on one of those funny little studio organs . . . **Greta Garbo** being more of a cut-up than even **Billy Haines;** practical jokes are her biggest laughs and she plays 'em on everyone from electricians down or up . . .

Winifred Kingston, Dustin Farnum's widow, hanging around the "Squaw Man" set every day to watch things; she was in the first edition eighteen years ago—the one in which Dustin made his great mistake of demanding five thousand dollars in cash instead of taking stock in the old De Mille-Lasky company. By this time his widow would have been worth I quail three million dollars.

Certain Los Angeles society gals, members of the Junior League, are earning money for charity by working as extras. Directors are having a hard time making them appear like society gals. Not elegant enough.

Dress-suit "extra" boys, who spend their days going from "cabaret" sets of one studio to another. Blank-faced, vacant-minded, they sit, staring at nothing, feeling nothing, thinking of nothing. Beautifully groomed, they strut around immaculate in their "tails." Pockets empty. Heads empty. Finally, the assistant director says, "That's all for to-day, boys." They collect their seven-fifty each and depart for their many-mirrored hall-rooms. Strangest tribe in the world.



HE is genius—madman —lover! His hypnotic spell reaches out of darkness controlling love—hate—life itself.

SHE is the beauty who has all Paris at her famous feet—who wins men with a smile—who hates Svengali the sinister love maker—until his magic spell forces even *her* heart to beat to his *manufactured love!*

JOHN BARRYMORE

as "SVENGALI"

The Hypnotist

MARIAN MARSH

as "Trilby"

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

Based on the novel "Trilby" by DU MAURIER

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Don't miss the newest beauty of the screen, alluring Marian Marsh, selected for this great part by Mr. Barrymore, himself.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

"Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds"

says

MRS NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE



Smooth, lovely skin is easily won by the use of POND'S *four preparations (at right)*

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season . . . a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting . . . winter in Italy or Egypt . . . spring in Paris . . . such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic, for before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of Georgia, in Russia. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always smartly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

Her clear pale ivory complexion bespeaks unfailing care. "After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin?" she asks. "A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one's simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than diamonds and pearls when one is in evening dress."

LIKE many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond's. "No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow the Pond's Method every day," she says. "The four steps make it so easy to keep one's skin lovely!"

You, too, must know this wonderful easy way to keep your skin always glowing with youth:

1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away cream, dirt, make-up and powder. These *softer* Tissues are 52% more absorbent than ordinary tissues, by laboratory test. White or peach.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow—to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, bring lovely, natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4—Now smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, and an exquisite finish . . . Use it on neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder . . . Marvelous, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

At bedtime: always cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

•

Tune in on Pond's Program Friday evening at 9:30 P. M. D. S. T. Reisman's Orchestra at Central Park Casino. WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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The girl who has the others worried is stage-famous Tallulah Bankhead. Her first talkie, "Tarnished Lady," is a sensation



Bredell

A newspaper clipping gives him the idea of murder—a dramatic study of the gifted Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy"



Bredell

Loved and left and frightened—Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy." New to the screen, she is not new to acting



Secrets will out. A singer, Irene Dunne revealed she was an actress in "Cimarron." Supposedly single, she has long been wed



Never a blonde before, Joan Crawford may never be a brunette again. She's blonde even to personality in "Girls Together"



Fryer

When Dolores Costello Barrymore returns in "Expensive Women," she'll have a new—and deeper—voice. Her John coached her



Ellis

Profile or no profile, John Barrymore is through with this romantic-hero piffle. He acts in "Svengali" and "The Mad Genius"



Harold Lloyd introduces you to one swell little fighter. Harold, Jr., has battled his way to fame already. Starting young!

JUN 24 1931



WE'RE TELLING YOU STRAIGHT—FROM HOLLYWOOD

Big Business Girls

NOT since Joan and young Doug both said "Yes" has there been a good movie romance.

Of course, Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels were wed, Lupe and Gary are still going strong (despite rumors to the contrary), Lew Ayres trots around with Lola Lane, and William Powell and Carole Lombard are lovey-dovey, but—

These screen lovers don't seem to have much standing with yon screen sirens. The girls are marrying away from home—and prefer brokers.

In Atlanta, Lillian Roth marries one William G. Scott, of Pittsburgh, who is merely the son of a lumber magnate.

Somewhere near New York, Olive Borden marries one Theodore Spector. Only a broker.

In New York, Mary Nolan walks up to the altar with one Wallace T. Macrery, Jr. Another broker.

In Reno, Helen Twelvetrees marries one Frank Woody. He's from Hollywood, but he's a real estate broker.

In Honolulu, Dorothy Mackaill almost marries one Neil A. Miller, assistant horticulturist of the Hawaiian Sugar Refiners' Association.

In Hollywood, Jeanette MacDonald announces her intention to be married in June to Robert G. Ritchie. A broker.

And they call Hollywood "the capital of romance"!

The Brooklyn Battler

THE best little fighter in Hollywood has turned out to be Clara Bow. When Daisy De Voe threatened to Tell All, Clara went to court just the same, and prosecuted her former secretary. The scandal sheets printed what Daisy had to tell—and Clara is still around, getting some real chances to act; her fans still going strong.

Then, a few weeks ago, a publisher of a Coast weekly was indicted and arrested on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails.

The alleged "obscene matter" concerned Clara—was, in fact, an attack upon her. And Daisy De Voe was alleged to have supplied affidavits for the onslaught. Daisy denied it.

Paramount officials, who stayed very much in the background during the De Voe trial, joined with Federal officers in calling the attack "vicious, obscene and unwarranted."

And the ever-present Rex Bell, boy friend and bodyguard of Clara, was quoted as saying that two unnamed men had approached him with itching palms and said that Clara's name would not appear in the paper if she came through with some cash. This she refused to do.

Give the little girl a hand. Hollywood is doing it—in fact, has been doing it right along.

Why He's Silent

MAYBE you wondered what Charlie Chaplin was thinking of, a few months ago, when he turned down an offer of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a few radio broadcasts.

Here's the low-down:

A few years ago, he was persuaded to speak over the air. It would be a novel experience for him, etc. Charlie accepted, wrote a witty little speech, memorized it. And when the time came, he was at the broadcasting station early.

He sat around, waiting for the moment to go on. He began to feel a little fidgety and shaky. And then there he was, facing the microphone. The studio orchestra blared, and he was announced.

His mind went blank. He couldn't think of one of his memorized lines. He stammered a moment, then stated that he would do some of his imitations. He beckoned a cornetist to him, told the "mike" that he would first imitate a cornet. The cornetist obligingly tooted.

Charlie used every instrument in the orchestra,



Business of acting like a ball of fire is on the up and up at the Junior Prom. It's action and no back talk, especially with a movie scout on the loose ready to grab Joe College for a Hollywood career.

thanked his listeners, signed off —with perspiration pouring off his face.

R. S. V. P.

WONDER what Doug Fairbanks thought, 'way off there in the Far East, when he heard that Alfonso XIII, newsreel star, had abdicated the Spanish throne?

Doug, you see, was expecting the greatest publicity of his career this autumn, when Alfonso was hoping to visit America in general and Hollywood in particular. The King, naturally, would have stayed at Pickfair.

Maybe he'll still be coming. The Hollywood climate is great for comebacks.



Acme

Mary Nolan didn't keep her marriage secret (it's the style this year). Returning to New York for a stage venture, Mary up and married Wallace T. Macrery, Jr. (above). She's 25, and he's 23

Strange Coincidence

JOHN McCORMICK, who used to be both husband and director of Colleen Moore and now is neither, sailed for Honolulu a few weeks ago. He told *bon voyage* friends that he was through with Hollywood and was going to Hawaii to buy a sugar plantation.

He intimated what friends had long suspected—that he was sorry he and Colleen had told their troubles to a judge and that he realized, now, that he had lost "the best little woman in the world." He also intimated that he wasn't planning to marry anybody else. Meaning Mae Clarke? They had been rumored engaged.

And a few days later Colleen sailed into New York from a West Indies cruise. She hadn't read any papers before she announced to ship news reporters that she was definitely through with the movies. She said that she didn't know what she would do—but rather thought she would be going abroad. (To Hawaii?)

She said nothing about Al Scott, curly blond New Yorker, to whom she has been reported engaged—yea, even married. Nor did she mutter anything about her former husband. But she was traveling under her married name of Mrs. Kathleen McCormick, instead of Colleen Moore, as usual.

Family Argument

WHEN Estelle Taylor told a New Orleans newshawk last winter that she "didn't want any babies," the reporter forgot one word, it seems, according to Estelle. The all-important word was "yet."

Answering Jack Dempsey's mournful claim that the reporter quoted her in full, fiery Estelle tells the world that she wanted to hear the patter of little feet around the house as much as he did. And that makes you wonder how much Jack really longed to be a Daddy.

Anyway, the sports writers now have an explanation for Jack's losing that title to Gene Tunney. He was thinking about how he didn't have any little tots to fight for, or any baby who needed new shoes.

It's too bad, however, that they couldn't agree on a story even if they couldn't agree on a baby.

Taboo

WE came upon an executive order at Paramount. It was addressed "To All Writers," and as we fall under that classification, we perused the document with some interest.

As it turned out, the document did not concern us, but the writers who toil on the scripts that are to become Paramount pictures. We quote:

"To All Writers:

"We have repeatedly advised the Writing Staff there are a number of phrases and words which cannot ever be included in any of our pictures for censorship reasons or because of obscene or vulgar meanings in other English-speaking countries.

"In spite of our repeated requests to exclude these words and phrases their use continues, which simply puts the Executive and Censorship Staffs to the trouble of insisting upon their elimination, which insistence must be complied with. A duplicate list of these words follows:

"1. All profanity, including 'Damn' and 'Hell.'

"2. Vulgar slang, such as 'Screwy,' 'Nuts,' 'Aw, Nuts.'

"3. All references to the Deity, such as 'My God,' 'Lord save us' and all others that are not used with reverence.

"4. Incomplete phrases implying profanity. Examples: 'What the—!' 'Why the—?' 'Where the—?' 'Who the—?' 'How the—!' 'Well. I'll be a son of a—!'

"5. Nicknames which demean other races. Examples: Wop, Chink, Pollack, etc.

"6. Smartcracking references to established institutions, such as 'Dead as a *church* picnic.' Or slighting references to the Boy Scouts, the Purity League, the Red Cross, the Army and Navy, the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., etc.

"7. The following words must not be used on account of obscene or vulgar meanings in the British Empire: 'Craps,' 'Bum,' 'Lousy,' 'Bloody,' 'Buzzard,' 'Guts,' 'Punk.'

"The organization policy is also against such trite and over-used slang phrases as 'I'll be seein' ya.'"

Thus are our movie morals guarded!



Picture of Jack Dempsey, all ready for a marital battle, wondering where he put those boxing gloves. Or maybe he's wondering if that society girl expects him to play tennis

Prosperity

THAT shut-down at Universal cut the studio payroll from an estimated two hundred thousand dollars a week to forty thousand. Returning to work after their enforced vacation without pay,

every employee found a new blotter on his desk. It read: "Think—Eat—Dream Prosperity." The blotters bore the signature of Carl Laemmle.

Throughout the day, long lines of workers formed at the paymaster's window, soliciting advances on the first week's checks.

Two Ways To Win

OLIVER HARDY, the hefty member of the team of Laurel and Hardy, worked out a system at roulette in Caliente. It consists of covering a series of numbers on whatever side of the wheel he happens to be standing. He did himself proud in the Mexican resort and, flushed with success, decided to continue his pursuit of Lady Luck in Hollywood.

Introduced at one of the smaller local clubs, Hardy found his system backing up on him. In the first half-hour, he dropped around three hundred dollars without once placing a winning bet.

The Babe had such faith in his system, he began looking for possible irregularities in the wheel. The roulette table was one of those small portable affairs and it seemed impossible that it could be wired for crooked play.

Then Babe discovered something. Three successive times, the ball landed on the side of the table upon which the croupier was somewhat carelessly leaning.

Hardy sighted the table. It was light enough, all right, to be thrown off balance by a slight pressure. He cupped his chin in his hand and rested his elbow on the board. Immediately he won.

There followed one of the strangest contests of all times. But the croupier was no match for the Babe in leaning. The rotund comedian had a hundred-odd pounds' advantage in weight and he outleaned his opponent with ease.

The croupier called for reinforcements and flanked by another leaner caused Hardy to exert some real pressure. Strained looks furrowed the brows of all three men, but Babe still proved himself the master, even with the odds two to one.

He recouped his losses in short order and, inside of an hour, the bank announced itself broke. Babe still believes in his system.

Too Good to Release

OUT at the Mack Sennett Studio, carefully guarded in the room that contains copies of all the Sennett pictures for years back, is a can holding the film that is dearest to Mack's heart.

It isn't a copy of his greatest box-office success, nor his very first one, nor yet his funniest.



Apeda

Picture of Estelle Taylor turning her back on Jack Dempsey, while tossing this challenge over a very cold shoulder: "I'll see you in court!" There's no gun in her dainty hands



Acme

When Lillian Roth married W. C. Scott (above) three months after her former fiance had died, a New York columnist asked her if she had done it to heal the hurt. She wired, "That's right"

It is, in fact, composed only of ruined film that anyone else would have thrown away, and is known simply as the "Reel of Mistakes."

When an actor "blows up" in his lines, forgets his business, or otherwise steps out of character while the camera is recording, the result is often ludicrous, but that bit of wasted film is ordinarily swept out the cutting-room door at the end of the day. It took Mack Sennett to think of assembling those scraps into a reel that is funnier than many pictures that are carefully planned.

Shown only in the studio projection-room for the amusement of visitors and friends of the producer, the "Reel of Mistakes" features some of the most famous stars in filmdom, and illustrates graphically their different reactions when they realize that they have spoiled a scene. Some are humble and contrite. Some take it as a big joke. But most of them are just plain mad.

Sennett once considered releasing the film in theaters as an example of things you never see in the movies. He gave it up, however, because the fancy language of some of his baby-faced, innocent-looking ingénues, upon blowing up for the thirteenth time in succession, just couldn't be made to pass the censors. There were lip-readers even in the silent days, remember—

Life's Little Ironies

JESSE DE VORSKA, Hebrew comic, got a job at Fox because he could blow smoke through his ears. He blows in "Women of All Nations."

One Karl Nemeny, obscure lawyer in Czecho-Slovakia, earned a screen chance because his nose was broken during the War and he now resembles the lamented Louis Wolheim.

Charles (once Buddy) Rogers was cast as a youthful heavy in a secondary rôle in "Lawyer's Secret" and first shots to be seen by studio officials revealed he had stolen every scene. Some of them were remade, to give the other lads a break or two.

Joan Castle, New York girl, is being kept on salary by Fox because she is often mistaken for Janet Gaynor.

Fredric March, who did a priceless imitation of John Barrymore in "The Royal Family," is now slated to do "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which John did in silents.

The script of Greta Garbo's projected picture, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox," has given the writers trouble. It's easy to think of "falls," but "rises" come hard.

A Detroit beauty contest winner turned down a film offer because she thought she'd be happier in Detroit.

Universal wanted Estelle Taylor for their picture, "Talk of the Town."

M-G-M signed up a stage-famous Dorothy Lee, and now she'll have to change her name because there's already a screen star with that moniker.

A throat ailment kept Raymond Griffith out of talkies, so he turned to writing—and money is rolling in.

That Knows How To Talk

We Nominate

Hollywood And Motion Picture Enter National Politics





We are not kidding Will Rogers.

We are not kidding you.

This is no inspired publicity campaign for Will Rogers, film star.

This is what the entire motion picture industry feels—and wants you to feel.

The makers of motion pictures have been libeled and belittled too long. All is not sex and slapstick in Hollywood.

The nation's fourth largest industry is big enough to produce a man worthy of the highest honor in the land.

It has produced one. That man is Will Rogers.

There is little doubt that he is America's Most Useful Citizen.

Why couldn't he be America's *First* Citizen?

Will Rogers for President?

Why not?

—*The Editor.*



Acme

WILL ROGERS *for* President--Why Not?

By WILBUR MORSE, JR.



"WHY not Will Rogers for President?" Hollywood is asking itself and the country at large that question. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S nomination of the humane humorist as "America's Most Useful Citizen" has had an astonishing reception and sequel.

Movie moguls, politicians, business and professional men have joined the man in the street in repeating: "Why not Will Rogers for President?"

Again, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, proud of its twenty years' record as the industry's oldest and most respected spokesman, forecasts public opinion and takes its stand—an editorial stand and a reportorial reflection.

Prompted by a wide and ever-growing sentiment throughout the nation, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE nominates Will Rogers for President of the United States.

That nomination finds a large audience in the film business eager to second it. Picture people have turned political and the question of what talkie will gross the largest receipts in 1931 and who is the coming great star has given way to conjectures as to who will be elected President in 1932.

And Hollywood wants Will Rogers for President.

More and more during the last ten years, the motion picture business has become a power in national politics. Not only because it is the fourth largest industry in the country, not only because the screen is one of the most powerful mediums of propaganda, but also because the topsiders of the film business have begun to take their places in the economic councils that guide the government.

David Sarnoff, Hiram Brown, Louis B. Mayer, Adolph Zukor—these men are among the business bosses of the country to-day. And as pictures have become an integral part of the nation's structure, so Hollywood now seeks recognition as the source of something more than slapstick comedies.



Acme

Upper right, the best-known "Congressman-at-Large." He'd make an athletic President — like T. R. And he wouldn't look amiss in the White House garb

Too long has Hollywood felt itself labeled by love-nest headlines. Now it seeks recognition with a bid for thoughtful national attention.

That bid is Will Rogers.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in offering Will Rogers' name to the country as a Presidential possibility, is not expressing merely its own editorial opinion. It is also reporting a very definite political situation.

There is to-day a very strong undercover movement to bring Rogers' name to the attention of the next National Conventions—and the country generally.

About a year and a half ago, certain spokesman for nationally-known Democratic leaders quietly started a campaign to boost Rogers as a candidate for the Democratic nomination.

The plan of these politicians was to start "Rogers for President" movements simultaneously in Beverly Hills and Claremore, Oklahoma, the former the residence, the latter the home-town of the popular comedian.

That project was a partisan one and, it was said, merely an attempt to start jockeying candidacies for the next National Democratic Convention. It was merely a "favorite son" boom.

The "Rogers For President" movement that is now finding an echo in political circles is non-partisan in its inception. It started among a group of influential laymen.

A month ago, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, speaking for the film industry, bestowed the title of "America's Most Useful Citizen" upon Will Rogers—both in tribute to his many humanitarian activities and in approbation of his humorous campaigns as the nation's chief "debunker" and safety valve.

This magazine's picture of a shrewd, sagacious Yankee, whose feet were ever on the ground of common sense and whose hand was ever outstretched to aid a common cause, has appealed equally to the masses and the mighty.

Why shouldn't a man such as this occupy the White House, where his keen political perspective and his genuinely human personality would have far-reaching effects on both the government and the governed alike?

"America's Most Useful Citizen . . . Why Not Will Rogers for President?"

That has been the general reception to the tribute.

Let's examine this proposal more closely.

Granted that Will Rogers could be elected, if his universal popularity were expressed at Presidential polls, the figure of Will in the White House is an intriguing one.

His intolerance of sham and political hypocrisy, his demands for common-sense government, his appreciation of the everyday problems of the man in the street, and his sympathy for honest effort by individuals or nations would make Rogers an ideal Chief Executive.

"Governments don't have much to do with nations anyhow," Rogers, himself, has said. "Their importance is greatly overrated. The real business of a country is carried on, no matter who's King or Emperor or Dictator or Chief or President.

"We raise all the fuss and mess around whether it will be a Republican or a Democrat, and one hundred and twenty million have to make their living under either one of them, and it don't much matter which."

Such sentiments are in close accord with the expressed belief of many industrial chieftains that if Congress could close down for ten years, the nation's business health would benefit.

"It's the people of a country that have to change and not the governments," holds Will.

"We've lived under more than thirty Presidents. They couldn't have *all* been great. In fact, if we told the truth about 'em, maybe some of 'em was pretty punk. But we drug along in spite of 'em."

"And we've had—and could have—a lot worse men than Rogers running things," echoes the man in the street.

Will and that multitude they call "the man in the street" think alike on a great many subjects. But what Will thinks of himself as a possible President won't be known in the immediate present.

Informed by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that it was preparing to take up the popular cry of "Rogers For President," Will waved the whole matter aside with a gesture.

"That's just a lot of hooey," he said. "I'm not out for a political job. I'm not a politician. In fact, I'm not a member of any party."

Will's declaration that he is a member of no party is significant. For in America to-day party politics control the Presidency. The whole structure of the government is built on the party system.

And yet, because of that very fact that he has no party affiliations, Will Rogers appeals all the more strongly to the vast number of his admirers in and out of the picture industry who would like to see him drafted for a Presidential campaign.

Moreover, though wealthy, he has none of the taint of Wall Street about him. (Another factor that might hinder nomination.) He is as independent as a Texas steer.

How great a following *has* Will Rogers? How nation-wide is that sentiment favoring him as a Presidential prospect?

In tossing Will Rogers' hat into the political arena of 1932, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has asked itself that question and is now preparing to answer it.

As this is written, a nation-wide tour to sound out the reaction of the country is being launched from Hollywood.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE proposes to canvass the country on its sentiments and the support he might expect, if Will Rogers consented to his name being presented at a National Convention.

The results of this poll, the opinions of politicians and laymen throughout the country, the answer to Hollywood's query, "Why Not Will Rogers For President?" will be published in this magazine next month.

Hollywood predicts that the rest of the United States will join it in its sincere nomination of "America's Most Useful Citizen" as "America's First Citizen."



Acme





Blair

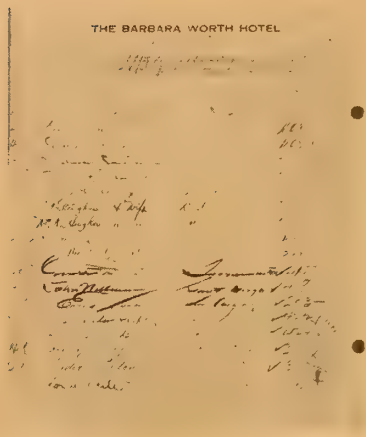
Above, left to right, Will, Jr., Jimmy, Mrs. Rogers, Mary and Will himself. Like T. R., he's strong for family life. Below, how he might look in a "front-porch" campaign. Bottom, Wilbur Morse (standing at rear) parks the now-famous "Rogers-for-President" car outside the Hotel Will Rogers at Claremore, Oklahoma. Will's home-town seconds Hollywood's nomination



Russell Ball

"Now, there," muses Ralph Forbes, with cheers in his eyes, "is an actress I admire. She doesn't have a dozen boy-friends and six divorces. She stays off the front page. She's a one-man woman." And he—as luck would have it—is Ruth Chatterton's man

Why Was Valentino







Confessions Of A Los Angeles Court Reporter

(*Reginald Taviner*)

THEY say that if you stand at the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway long enough, you'll see everybody who really is anybody in the world pass by. Well, I don't know about Forty-Second and Broadway, New York, but I do know that if you cover the Los Angeles courts long enough, you'll see most of the Hollywood stars.

You'll see them, too, when they're in the middle of real drama—drama that they're living, not acting; the kind of drama that goes with a judge and a jury, with life and death, fortune and happiness at stake. There are no "hoke" plots, no rehearsals or retakes; just human emotions, and the constant climaxes that they bring forth.

It's a pretty grim old set—and the scenario, like the mills of the gods, grinds slowly—"but grind exceeding fine."

For seven years, in the heyday of Hollywood's biggest sensations, my own card was thumb-tacked to the back of a chair at the benches up in front of the courtroom. In the press row we watched the most famous names of movieland play their rôles. And, during that time, I usually had a seat in the scurrying police cars, shrieking around the freshly inked "X" of Hollywood's latest spot.

We were news-hounds, always on the scent. Reporters, trying to tell the rest of the world what we saw and heard—what was going on. A wad of copy paper and a soft pencil, its point sharpened for murders and love-nests, kidnappers and blackmailers, runaway marriages and scarehead divorces, sugar daddies, kiss sirens—the whole gamut of the front page.

Headline Fodder

THE Pickford-Fairbanks abduction case . . . the Taylor murder . . . Charlie Chaplin's domestic linen, laundered in court . . . Gloria Swanson's divorces . . . Mary Miles Minter and her mother . . . Edna Purviance . . . Texas Guinan . . . Jean Acker . . . Nazimova . . . Marie Prevost . . . Barbara La Marr, the girl who the judge said was too beautiful to be good . . . We knew the testimony that wasn't admitted, we had the lowdown the public didn't get.

Such memories flash back in a flood. How gorgeous Gloria looked in her severe black gown, sitting like an exotic Madonna on the stand; how Mabel Normand fainted while her chauffeur was being tried for the shooting of Courtlandt Dines; how Doug used to sit in a little chair not far from Mary while her testimony sent two youths to prison; how the District Attorney hung on to Mary Miles Minter's slacks and hated even while the boys were photographing them.

Highlights, we used to say, those days. Big moments, when a dramatic flash in the courtroom would bring a "break." Thinking in headlines only: "*Mavis Hall Confesses Drug Ring*." That was Pat Kelly, who killed Ray Raymond the song and dance man, for love of Dorothy MacKaye. Right after the Dr. Young murder.

Dr. Young was only a dentist though, not a movie star. He killed his wife for her money, and buried her in his Beverly home. Then committed suicide in jail by twisting a piece of copper wire tightly around his own neck. As grisly as the leg-sawing scene in "Moby Dick." And the little dentist made *Dr. Fu Manchu* look like an angel.

But the big stories didn't always "break." Sometimes, like history, news has to be made.



Above, Valentino as *The Sheik*—or, as most prefer, "The Great Lover." Top left, Exhibit "A"—the "honeymoon" register. Rudy's name is second, and the three names below his comprised his party. Top right, where Rudy starred off the screen—the Los Angeles Court House

How the Story Started

THAT'S how Rudolph Valentino happened to come into court. The wheels of justice were given a shove. I know because it was another reporter and I who shoved them. Otherwise, perhaps poor old Rudy would never have seen the inside of a courtroom, much less sat there for two solid weeks, on trial for bigamy.

Tried *for* Bigamy?



The men who helped Rudy win: Left to right, W. I. Gilbert, his attorney, and Troy Pace and Frank James, Mr. Gilbert's associates. The defendant is just back of Mr. James

Here's The Story--
Never Told Before

Bigamy—and Rudy the greatest lover the world has ever known!

In the final analysis, though, his own press-agent couldn't have done better by him than we did. Not that we had any such motive when we started out. We were manufacturing news because we were hard up for it—making bannerlines grow where they would do the most good. And opportunity knocks but once at a time.

It was on a Saturday morning, back in the early summer of 1922, that a wire story came through from Mexicali about Rudy's marriage to Natacha Rambova, whose real name was Winifred Hudnut, below the border. That story started us thinking. It was only a few months since we had covered the Valentino-Acker divorce, and in California a year must elapse before divorced persons may remarry.

Since that time dozens of people, movie stars among them, have married in Mexico before their California decrees became final. But it was the Valentino case which settled all that.

The other reporter and myself went up to the District Attorney's office to see what we could do about making the path of true love run a little tougher—and the presses a little faster.

The Major Was Willing

"HOW come," we asked Major Tom McClelland, since deceased, but Chief Complaint Deputy then, "how come that a man can have more than one wife at a time in this most Christian and monogamous State of California?"

"He can't," the Major replied.

"Maybe not—and then again, maybe we know somebody who has. Do we get the break on the story?"

The Major nodded. Things are still done in just that same way—often.

"Valentino hasn't been divorced a year. If a complaint is issued against him for thinking this is Utah and he is arrested and tried, it's a banner story all over the world," we suggested. "The official who does it will be as famous as he is before the story is finished."

Even then, we had an idea in just what way that official would become famous, but we didn't say anything about that. The Major fell for it like a ton of bricks. Two detectives, Jesse Winn and Eddie King, were sent to Mexicali to get the necessary evidence there and follow Rudy's movements back; a few days later, the complaint was put on file and the bannerlines in all the papers. In our papers, however, first. That had been the deal.

Major McClelland prosecuted that case himself. It isn't only movie folks who keep clipping books.

Until that time, to the other reporter and myself, Rudy Valentino was just a screen sheik who seemed to have all the women in the country cuckoo about him. We weren't jealous, of course—any more than about a hundred-odd million other men whose sweethearts and wives dragged them to see him. He didn't mean a thing to us, except a flock of big type and maybe some two- or three-column by-lines.

We had heard that he was once a dishwasher down in Florida. We had heard all kinds of things. We felt that we might be doing a civic, as well as a reportorial duty. We felt—oh, rats.



Chidnoff

Jean Acker (left) testified how she had divorced Rudy—less than a year before. Rudy testified that Natacha Rambova (right) had become his wife in name only

Rudy Won Us Over

BUT when Rudy came in to furnish his ten-thousand-dollar bond, flanked by a lot of other movie folk, among whom was June Mathis, his discoverer, the scene began to change a bit. In the flesh, he didn't look like such a bad guy

(*Continued on page 90*)



©Keystone

They laughed when he sat down, etc. But Charlie Chaplin didn't sit for several hours after a hunt on the Normandy estate of the Duke of Westminster. During the chase, a wild and dreadful boar charged on him, and was shot just in time

News *and*

WHEN the singies suddenly went out of favor, Hollywood producers found themselves with a flock of high-priced voices under contract. Among these voices was Walter Pidgeon's. The story goes that the studio executives went to him and asked him to release them, and were grieved and amazed when he politely refused. Whereupon they decided to discourage him by putting him at the lowly work of an "extra."

The evidence is borne out by the fact that in "The Hot Heiress" Walter certainly was just one of a crowd of "extras" at a cocktail party. He complied pleasantly enough and the joke seemed to be on the studio, which was paying an "extra" something like five hundred a week! However, the matter has evidently been adjusted and Walter is free-lancing.

Who'll be the next?

CAROLE LOMBARD and Bill Powell have made up and Hollywood breathes more easily. When Bill suffers, he *suffers*. Sundays, when the six-year Powell heir visits his father, Carole goes to his apartment house and sees that Bill doesn't feed the youngster candy. She is learning to play tennis to match Bill's prowess, which has been developed by constant playing on Ronald Colman's tennis-court.

"So you're a tennis fiend?" a friend remarked, watching the Lombard figure leaping into the air after a hot shot.

Carole glanced enigmatically across the court toward Bill. "For the time being," she answered.

WHEN Paul Whiteman announced that he would soon be single again, the eyes of Hollywood turned speculatively toward Margaret Livingston, who receives long-distance telephone calls and wires from Paul almost daily. Margaret is the silent partner in a beautiful new apartment building, but the gentleman who represents the other investors frowned at the suggestion that she have her picture taken with the building.

"The public," he pointed out, "wouldn't take our apartment house seriously if they knew there was a movie actress connected with it." Which recalls the signs on Hollywood bungalow courts in the early days: "No Children, Dogs or Movie Actors Allowed."

BERT WHEELER acquired a bicycle to ride from set to set. Robert Woolsey went him one better. He got himself a motor-cycle.

THE Spanish actors, like the Spanish royalty, are having hard times these days. Consular reports sent to the studios from all parts of the world panned Hollywood-made foreign versions, and the studios have been trying to get rid of their foreign casts. At Metro they have bought most of them off at half price, but José Crespo and two others are staunchly sticking. Conchita



Acme

This is how Chaplin likes 'em—that is, if they're brunette. He discovered Floricel Constantinesco in Paris. She's eighteen. Roumanian by birth. And his next leading lady!



Gros

These movie stars' boudoirs aren't in the running, after all. Look at the boudoir of Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, the Paris—and Hollywood—fashion designer. She's a circus fan, and has surrounded herself with circus van furniture and bric-a-brac

Gossip

Montenegro, "the Spanish Joan Crawford," is to be translated into an English starlet in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

JOAN now is working on "Girls Together," in which Monroe Owsley plays hero. We are reminded that Monroe and Joan, in early Broadway days, were once Like That about each other and that Joan promised to wait for him to make his fortune. Wonder if they get any kick out of their love scenes? Zeppo Marx was another old admirer of the Crawford when she was giving night-club patrons a thrill as Lucille La Seur.



Ball

Every picture tells a story. This one tells the world that Lina Basquette is finding things to admire in Peverell Marley again. Their divorce decree will not become final

WHEN "Complete Surrender"—formerly known as "The Torch Song"—was previewed in a suburban theater, the audience gasped. At the scene where Joan Crawford tap-dances to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," outraged fathers and mothers herded their children up the aisle and out of the sinful place, evidently expecting a bolt of lightning to strike at any moment. The manager, standing in the lobby, was besieged by irate patrons. America isn't sophisticated enough yet to find its religion a laughing matter.

IT IS an open secret in Hollywood that "Daybreak" proved a problem at Metro. Several different endings—from tragic to sappy—were made and tried out on various preview audiences. Meanwhile work on Novarro's new film was held up after a few days' shooting, while Ramon took a rest at Arrowhead. Novarro's contract is almost up. Press-agents report that he is planning "a vacation trip" to Europe. His friends hint that he won't be coming back.

WHERE do rumors start? Like that one about Doug Fairbanks, Junior, being killed by a fall from a horse, for instance? And after Doug, Junior, protested frantically to the papers and his friends that he was quite alive, the rumor shifted to Doug, Senior, and became a fall from an elephant while panther-shooting in India! That even went on the air, and Mary Pickford had a scare when she heard it over the radio. The idea of Doug falling off an elephant.

MARY has been carrying on alone, keeping up the Fairbanks tradition of hospitality, while Doug is away, by entertaining for Lady Mountbatten. But it wasn't Mary to whom one visiting peeress referred when she said: "People have been so lovely to me here—it is sad that there are some whom I could not entertain in return if they ever came to London." By the way, Doug promised his Indian hosts to return soon and shoot more panthers "with my wife, Mary Fairbanks." Doesn't that sound funny?



Looks like another romance. Walter Byron was down to see Dorothy Mackaill off on a vacation trip to Hawaii. And he lingered so long that he was almost carried away, himself Has Dot a new boy friend?

Acme

THE judgment of our (visiting) peers is not always flattering. There was Prince Ghiko, the Roumanian aviator, who recently visited Hollywood and fell a victim to the charms of some of our dazzling screen beauties, including Lola Lane. At the end of a party at which John Farrow carried off all the romantic honors, the Prince shook his head sadly.

"I do not understand," said he. "I never shall understand your women. Here am I—an aristocrat, with a title, a national hero in Roumania—and there is Meester Farrow. Very charming chap, to be sure, but a sailor—a writer—nobody, really. Yet the beautiful ladies prefer him to me. No, I do not understand your women—"

NOT that Lola and John Farrow are that way. Lew Ayres still keeps Lola's telephone wires warm. And now that Lila Lee is back from the sanitarium Johnny is likely to forget all the other would-be girl-friends.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been writing an autobiography on his trip abroad—a word here and a word there.

IT WAS at a preview at a theater in one of the Orange Valley towns. On the screen Lew Ayres had just knocked Jean Harlow down. The grubby urchin in the seat ahead turned with a superior air to the grubbier urchin with him.

"That's what they call Rex-Leasing her in Hollywood," he cracked.

A DASH of headline publicity, it seems, doesn't hurt a player. There was Rex Lease, for instance, bemoaning the ruin of his career at the time of the Vivian Duncan black-eye episode—yet the studio renewed his contract and he hasn't been out of work a day since. And Eleanor Hunt, Ziegfeld beauty, eloped with Rex in April. Rex's former girl-friend, Betty Pierce, who stood by him through the black-eye episode, is sick in the hospital. On the eve of eloping Rex admitted that he "was awfully worried about her." It's confusing, that's what it is.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has been taking screen and voice tests—and it looks like a comeback.

THEY call them cocktail parties. I don't know why. At any rate, they are the smart way of entertaining in Hollywood just now. Moreover, they offer swelegant opportunities for informal dressing. Even Mary Pickford wore lounging pajamas to one recently. Lilyan Tashman went to her own party in black chiffon pajamas with a prim little white cutaway taffeta jacket. Gloria Swanson appeared in American beauty dinner pajamas. And when it was time to go home, Kenneth MacKenna (who has turned director now) couldn't find his brand-new wife, Kay Francis. They looked and looked. She was sitting up in a tree in the patio, gossiping with Lil. Probably so as not to be overheard. But that is where that little bird heard it, no doubt!

THIS is carrying publicity a bit far we think. When a famous actor died in April, the papers carried stories of how a dear friend of his was at his bedside when the end came and held his hand and listened to his dying words. And the friend was working at the studio that day and didn't even hear about his death until hours later. But the press-agent knew that the two had been life-long pals and saw a chance to get his client into the paper, and that's that. Somehow, it has a ghoulish air about it, don't you think?

A BLONDE may be down, but she's never out! There was Mary Robertson, who became Imogene Wilson and then Mary Nolan, being sued by this one and that one. For wages by servants. For a ruined carpet in a rented house. No job, ill.

The next you know, Mary is smiling radiantly from the front pages in an ermine coat and diamonds, with a young broker-husband at her side! The bridegroom, Wallace T. Macrery, Jr., is twenty-three and Mary says she is twenty-five.

I wonder whether the servant who sued for his wages is the



When director Luther Reed filed a suit for divorce, his actress wife, Jocelyn Lee, filed a counter-suit. She won the legal battle and the two children, Celeste and Dana

International

News--Gossip--Comment

Filipino houseboy who was there the day I talked with Mary and who called her "dearie." I wonder if she'll really have "lots of babies" as she says she wants to. I wonder—altogether too much.

ONE of the strangest studio notices ever issued was that sent about among the employees of First National-Warner Brothers, telling each one of them to take an hour off in the afternoon—"to pray for the recovery of Lewis Warner," the twenty-two-year-old son of Harry Warner who was dangerously ill in New York from poisoning following the extraction of a tooth. The next day, Hollywood was saddened by the news of his death. It is odd to remember that his uncle, Sam Warner, also died as the result of a tooth infection.

This hits the future of Warner Brothers a staggering blow, leaving in the younger generation only young Jack Warner, son of Jack; Harry's two daughters; Dave's one daughter; and small Lita Basquette Warner, Lina's little girl.

THE tiny Lloyd baby is rapidly eating himself into the big baby class. At ten weeks he weighed seven pounds and a half, a net gain of four-and-a-half pounds. He is installed in his own nursery, eating cereal and orange juice, and is "at home" to a few intimate friends. Harold calls him "Bud." But Daddy Harold has been in the hospital, playing backgammon while he recovered rapidly from an appendix operation. Harold had been staving off the operation for weeks, but finally decided to go through with it rather than risk holding up another picture.

IRVING THALBERG and wife, Norma Shearer, have gone to Yurrup—along with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and wife, Joan Crawford.

REMEMBER when Baclanova retired from the screen to become a mother, and remember how she said, after the Blessed Event, that she was content to play the rôle of Mother forever and anon? She's returning, to be a siren (no less), in Adolphe Menjou's new picture.

And remember Madge Evans, the child actress of a few years ago? She has grown up and become a hit on the Broadway stage,



The nose of Karla Gutorhlein (right) of the Sisters "G" no longer matches her sister's. She said an auto accident with director Zultan Korda is to blame and sued—in vain—for $62,500

International



The information given with this photo said that Claire Windsor was off for Europe on her "first vacation in eight years." And they hang pictures! What else has she been doing all this while?

Acme

most recently in "Philip Goes Forth." And she also is back in films again—right now.

MAYBE Hollywood was wrong, when it said that Edna Best had an inferiority complex, because she ran away from the chance to play opposite John Gilbert in "Cheri-Bibi." She stated at the time that she was lonely for her husband in New York and added, perhaps to make the studio feel better, that she didn't think she would have been much good in the picture.

Arrived in New York, she promptly began rehearsals for a play called "Melo." When it appeared, the critics hailed it as a high spot in a low dramatic season—and mentioned the fact that Edna was Best.

And her husband, Herbert Marshall, helping "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" to make a long run, has been hailed by some of the boys who get free tickets as the best actor of the season.

It's interesting that they'll both be coming to Hollywood this summer.

WHEN Charles (Buddy) Rogers lost his star billing and fell into the featured class, the lad was pictured as lying awake nights, wondering if he ought to quit pictures. He had an offer from George White, producer of the "Scandals," to star in the new summer version—perhaps with June MacCloy, who has been dropped by Paramount, at least temporarily. But he won't be making that long trek to New York, not right away. His studio, says the studio, needs him. Now, if that new bass voice of his only gets across——

POLA NEGRI is staging a real gamble for new fame and new fortune. For three years, she has been turning down all sorts of foreign picture offers, biding her time, improving her English, waiting to get back to Hollywood. And the chance has finally come.

She is to make the choice of the story for her picture, herself. She alone will be responsible for her "comeback" vehicle.

Of The Stars And Studios



Ramon Novarro wants to sing, and Hollywood doesn't have much use for singers. So, says rumor, Ramon's soon going abroad—to Spain or Italy—to star in semi-operatic films

Which, we assure you, is unusual. Stars—particularly those coming back—seldom pick their stories.

She is signed for the one picture. If it clicks, she is all set. If it flops, she says she'll never make another. But she doesn't expect it to flop. She points out that she still has looks, figure, and emotion—and has been on the stage most of the time she has been away. Most important, perhaps, she has great ambition

SOME people you may have missed: Claire Luce has been honeymooning in Egypt and on the Continent. Victor Seastrom, who helped Chaney, Gilbert and Shearer to reach the top with his direction of "He Who Gets Slapped," is directing and acting in German films. Gilda Gray is having a fling at vaudeville. Betty ("Queen of Sheba") Blythe and Glenn ("Merton of the Movies") Hunter have been appearing in stock in Rochester, New York. Joseph Schildkraut is working in English films. Rod La Rocque and wife, Vilma Banky, are still touring in the play, "Cherries Are Ripe," and they do say that Vilma is drawing more applause than Rod.

BUT where is Emil Jannings? We thought his name was on the dotted line for a return to these shores in April.

FOR five years Robert Edeson, Jack Barrymore, Joe Cawthorne and Edmund Breese had attended the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Legion Stadium together, occupying the same ringside seats—aisle 9, seats 4, 6, 8, 10. Two of these old friends were present when the astonishingly beautiful last scene of Edeson's career was enacted.

The funeral—held by his request at high noon, so that nobody would hold up a picture by attending—was over and the actor's body, following his wishes, had been cremated. Under a dazzling blue California sky, a speedboat left the Barrymore yacht, carrying Aida Edeson, the widow, Bobby North, Jack Barrymore and Joseph Cawthorne.

Three miles out to sea, Barrymore tossed roses on the still Pacific, Cawthorne repeated the Lord's Prayer and Aida Edeson scattered the ashes of the dead actor on the water crying "Good-bye, Bob! A happy voyage!" And the curtain was rung down on the last of the original Famous Players; James Neill, the other survivor, having died a few days before Edeson.

"AND what do *you* do?" Theodore Dreiser asked our reporter, Dorothy Spensley, as she talked to him about his rumored plans for a "bombshell" on "An American Tragedy."

"Oh, I ask beautiful blonde movie actresses about their souls," she answered.

"Then," said Dreiser, with profound pity, "I expect you must be the most pessimistic young woman in the whole world."

"THEY tell me," said Dreiser, referring to the studio's attempts to film his long story, "that I'll be crazy over it when I see it. I believe it," he added with sinister emphasis.

Aside from the fact that the scenario is "an insult to his intelligence," that the director isn't one he would personally have chosen, and that the cast doesn't resemble his idea of his characters, the film of "An American Tragedy" will probably be perfectly satisfactory to the author!

WHILE it was whispered that Paramount officials were meeting behind closed doors to discuss how to stop the publication of a series of sensational articles sworn to by Daisy DeVoe, late of the County Jail, Clara herself was riding a pinto pony on the fifty-thousand-acre ranch recently purchased by Rex Bell and Earl Simpson in Nevada.

Purchased for Clara, the rumors have it. Moreover, "they" say that Clara is going in for cattle-raising. It only shows what can happen when a big-city girl meets one of these he-Westerners!

CLARA also has a hide-out in the hills near Hollywood—and reasonably enough, she won't tell where it is.



Murray

This time, Hollywood has made a real capture—Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne. The King and Queen of Broadway are going to film the stage hit, "Private Lives," for M-G-M

WE HAD called up Nils Asther to congratulate him on becoming a father. The news had just broken—two weeks after the event—in the morning's paper. For some moments the talk continued at cross purposes, then it suddenly percolated to Nils that we were talking about something that was news to him. "What is this?" he shouted. "I don't understand!"

"Haven't you read the morning's paper?" we stammered. "You have a two-weeks-old daughter named Little Eva."

Then Nils confessed. He did not have to read the papers to learn of his wife or baby, but he had no idea that the papers had learned about Evelyn yet.

Nils has been offered nine pictures in the last six months and turned them all down, waiting for the right one in which to return to the screen.

A NEWSPAPER reporter roused Jeanette MacDonald out of bed the other morning to ask her how badly she had been shot by a jealous Princess, when taking a midnight ride with a certain Crown Prince along the Riviera last fall. And was it true that the bullet had destroyed the sight of one eye entirely? Jeanette was inclined to laugh merrily.

But when he displayed newspaper stories already printed in Eastern papers under flaring headlines, she grew indignant. Jeanette has never been abroad in her life. She has never met the august personage of the newspaper story (although the Prince has admitted in public that "Jeanette MacDonald is my favorite motion picture actress"). And she was making "Oh, For a Man" in Hollywood ten days after the shooting was supposed to have occurred. Yet, in spite of this ironclad alibi, the newspapermen have been making her life miserable ever since!

AND it's embarrassing, because Jeanette has announced her engagement to Robert Ritchie who, 'tis said, gave up a career as stock broker to become her business manager. That was after a dance at the Mayfair, where so many romances start—and stop.



Coburn

Like every other movie fan with a dog, Roscoe Ates thinks his dog would be good in the "barkies." The comedian is training him to be, like himself, a howling success



Bull

Polly Moran "got tired of seeing those buck teeth." So she had them replaced. Next, she fell and broke her nose. Nothing, however, has happened to her sense of humor

HARPO (Red Wig) Marx has set a new style for gentlemen's evening wear in Hollywood. Harpo appeared at the opening of "Dirigible" in a tall silk tophat and carrying a cane. As he passed down the darkened aisle, a few moments after the picture had begun, a light bulb, set in the top of his malacca cane, attracted the gaze of five hundred spectators until Harpo was safely settled in his seat.

Each one of the brothers Marx is searching diligently for the leading lady for their picture, and taking tests of every available screen beauty in Hollywood. So far, the place is unfilled.

Calling Groucho the other Sunday morning to inquire how the plans for their picture were progressing, we were told, "Wait a moment till I turn off the radio. A minister is talking about Moses and you're talking about Schulberg!"

ONE fan-magazine writer finds so many celebrities to be written about in Hollywood that she has from three to five lunches a day.

The other night, she interviewed Walter Huston at dinner at his home. As she left, he regarded her chiffon gown with concern.

"It's chilly to-night," said he and, diving into a closet, returned with a woman's sports top coat. "Here, put this on! I don't know who left it here, but it's been kicking around for a long time. Don't bother to return it!"

Arriving home, she told her husband that Huston had given her the coat. "A movie star," shouted the husband violently, "gave you that coat?"

With some satisfaction she decided that he was jealous—until he added, in the same outraged tone, "*without any fur on it?*"

WITH Marlene returning from a visit to her Berlin home, the Garbo-Dietrich controversy raises its head. These two, so often compared and contrasted, have never met. But Marlene has made a pilgrimage to Garbo's home.

For an hour she walked around the outside of the grounds.

(Continued on page 98)

You'll Find It In Motion Picture

An Open Letter

To Mr. M-G-M

You Ought To Know What I Think About Greta, John, Norma, Ramon & Co.


GRETA


ADOLPHE


POLLY


BOB


NORMA


RAMON


WALLY


MARIE


NEIL


JOAN


JOHN


BILL

July, 1931.

DEAR Mr. McGuM,

Now, of course, there may not even be a Mr. McGuM in that big studio of yours. Somehow I have always hoped there might be. It's a nice name, and anyway, M-G-M always sounds like McGuM. I'm calling you that anyway, just to be more sociable. So what can we do about it?

In the first place, I feel almost embarrassed at writing to such an important mogul as yourself. However, I'm using my Christmas stationery and trying to be careful about the grammar and spelling. If I split an infinitive, just let me know about it the next time we meet. I have a lot of respect for you, Mr. McGuM. In my innocent, platonic fashion, I'm really awfully fond of you. You've made going to the picture theaters a pleasure.

It seems to me that in all of this hullabaloo of talking pictures, invasions of stage people, the high cost of gasoline and joy water (sometimes the same thing, darn it), you have gone serenely on your way. Your studio comes nearest to achieving peace—if such a funny thing ever existed in Filmania. There may be earthquakes in Italy, Mussolini may bellow, and Ina Claire may leave the bed and board of John Gilbert, but you go on in the same old way, making good pictures with the same old stars. Sometimes you even make the same old stories—but they're so "fussed" up they look like Lonsdale and Noel Coward on dress parade.

You Haven't Killed Any Yet

SOME studios may kill off their stars in a year or two through bad stories and bad direction. Doesn't Oscar Wilde say that each man kills the thing he loves? Well, McGuM, that fragment of a poem must be pretty well known out here. Not by you, I'm glad to say. Your stellar list hasn't changed much with the passing of the years. Your stars improve in acting ability and they become more popular with time. A Metro star may be down, but he's seldom out. Maybe you are loyal to the players, writers and directors who have builded your fortune. I hope so. Loyalty in Hollywood is as scarce as genuine red hair.

Of course, you do make mistakes occasionally. I feel that I can talk about that without hurting your feelings. You see, I make mistakes, too, so we have something in common. Oh, excuse it please; using "common" in connection with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

When all the other studios were frantically signing anybody who had played "atmosphere" or shifted scenery in the stock companies of Albany, Toledo and Peoria—anything for stage experience—you went quietly about developing your own silent stars. Most of the stage people have returned to Broadway, and just look now at Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. Both were prominent figures of the old silent régime, and

(*Continued on page 94*)



Tired . . .

Tired of posing the same old way . . . Tired of putting on the siren act . . . So Gene Robert Richee persuades Lilyan Tashman to be caught napping. It's a jolly new idea of Cecil Beaton, young English photographer. Beauties aren't beauties, he says, until they're off their guard. (He makes a lot of cracks like that on pages 46 and 47.) Lilyan, he says, is the only screen beauty who even looks sophisticated

You

By Gladys Hall



You feel sorry for Alice White (right), no longer a star, who likes to talk about "us stars." And for William S. Hart (below), because he has never had the son he wanted



YOU feel sorry for them.

You think you envy them, but——

You feel sorry for them, because they have Rolls-Royces, and thousands of dollars a week, and palaces to live in, and praise and adulation, and beautiful faces, and ghosts in their lives, and things like that. Because so many silly women are in love with the men. And so many silly men in love with the women.

You feel sorry for them, because, at twenty-four or so, they are through with Life. Or Life is through with them. The joys, the thrills, the triumphs, the excitement—all over with.

Lila Lee————

John Gilbert, who once said, "What shall I have after I am forty! What will there be left for me to have! What shall I *want?*"

You think of Valentino and weep. Not because he is dead, but because he was alive—and didn't half live. He had money and luxury and beauty and passion. Women were in love with him, but no woman loved him as he needed to be loved. The world hung about his neck. And all he wanted was a friend, a home, and children. A peasant lad who died with a broken heart. Because the world was too "kind."

You think of poor Wally Reid and Barbara La Marr and Mabel Normand and you could weep for the poverty they didn't know long enough, for the sacrifices they didn't have to make, for the things they had, rather than for the things they didn't have. The Horn of Plenty tilted over them, and was filled with poisoned whipped cream.

Norma Knows Now

YOU used to feel sorry for Norma Talmadge. When she was the queen of Hollywood. When the name of Talmadge rang through every gathering and the name of Talmadge blazoned every paper. When Norma used to laugh——so hard that the tears could not creep forth. You felt sorry for Norma then. You don't feel sorry for her now. Now that she is almost through, as the cards read to-day. Now that she is no longer in her teens. Now that she has the only thing she ever wanted—money, and finds it dead sea fruit. She has come to evaluate friendship, to crave the sound of a child's voice. She *knows*——now.

You feel sorry for John Gilbert. Because he was so sensationally popular. So popular that he dared not risk the commonplace chains of domesticity. You would have envied him if he had stayed as he was when you first knew him. Directing somewhat unimportant pictures, in love with Leatrice Joy, eager to marry and found a home, earnest, young, unspoiled. Yes, you *do* feel sorry for him. Not because he seems to have slipped as a movie actor, but because he seems to have slipped as a *man*. And because, you fear, the setback that hurts him is the setback as a movie actor and not the setback as a man.

You feel sorry for Clara Bow. It's all very well for Rex Bell to say you shouldn't, that she is young, with her life ahead of her, mistakes behind her, and pretty successful at that. But you don't think she is pretty successful. You feel she is hurt and soiled by slander and scandal, her youth a draggled thing, and her life poisoned at the roots by the very quality of the success she has known.

You feel sorry for poor little Alice White, who goes about saying things about "us stars . . . " What is in store for the Alice Whites!

Too Beautiful?

YOU feel sorry for all the great beauties of the screen—Corinne Griffith—Mary Nolan—Clara Kimball Young. You feel sorry for them for the odd reason that they were, perhaps *are*, so beautiful. It is a curse to be too beautiful. For age makes no exceptions. Beauty that is paid for goes in the same way as

Feel Sorry *for* Them

Stars To-day—But What Will They Be To-morrow?



You feel sorry for Clara Bow (left), even though her boy-friend, Rex Bell tells you that you shouldn't. And for Lew Ayres (below), because he is no longer the same

beauty that blooms unseen. Beauty that must fade and be forgotten, by all but the women themselves. They are women who will brood over the memory of it in empty rooms. *Rooms they have never furnished against the fading years.*

You feel sorry for them, I tell you. Don't envy them, you men and women who are struggling along with plain, everyday faces in plain everyday lives. You have the substance. They have the shadow. And the shadow makes chilly company for the long middle years.

You feel sorry for them because they are so *afraid*. Dick Barthelmess is afraid. That he may say the wrong thing, do the wrong thing. Afraid that his youth is leaving him. Afraid of all the shadows on the studio walls.

You feel sorry—just the least bit———for the Harold Lloyds, in their castle on the hill, in the midst of lavish beauty. Because you feel that Harold dotes upon carpet slippers and doesn't like so awfully well to sit in palatial rooms.

You feel sorry for the youngsters—Lew Ayres—Gary Cooper—Buddy Rogers—



"America's Boy-Friend" Wonders

BUDDY, who was told that he was swell, America's Boy-Friend, the answer to every maiden's prayer—and believed it. And now they are not telling him those sugar-coated things any more. And he is bewildered. He doesn't understand. Was it the truth—or wasn't it? What to do about it! You feel sorry for Lew Ayres, because he came to Hollywood so fresh and friendly and naive and unspoiled. The Hollywood hue is upon him. He has been "going around" with such decorative ladies as Lola Lane and Jean Harlow. Exciting girls. Flaming girls. But Lew's type!

You feel sorry for Gary, because this is not his racket. Gary, who might have remained in the open, ridden the range, heard the lone coyote call, watched the dawn come up, clean and cold. Gary in Hollywood, thin and ill and tired.

You may have to feel sorry for young Robert Montgomery, who will have to jam his intelligent head firmly on his shoulders with his own hands if he is not to lose it. The fan fever rages about him, contagious, dangerous.

You feel sorry for Charlie Bickford because he is such a magnificent, stalwart specimen of a man. A man who should be doing a magnificent, stalwart work in the world. *Man's work.* You feel sorry for him because he has the movies by the neck, because he gets temperamental about silly quarrels, because he is what he is, instead of what he should be.

Joan Went Hungry

YOU feel sorry for Joan Crawford because, in order to achieve the slender and exquisite beauty of her body, she nearly starved to death. She didn't eat a real meal for years. How could you help but feel sorry for anybody who had *starved?*

You feel sorry for so many of them, because they go without eating, they go without having children, they go without suffering or any of the real emotions. They go without fun. They sacrifice the lovely things, the lasting things for the thing that cannot last and is not, really, so very lovely.

(*Continued on page 99*)



Taking Beauty

By J. Eugene Chrisman

DISCOVERED—the bravest man in the world.

He is Cecil Beaton, famous eccentric photographer of beautiful women. Compared to him, Sergeant York had a yellow streak and Lindbergh is a craven. York only captured a few hundred Huns and Lindy only made a solo flight to Paris, while Mr. Beaton has dared to select the six most beautiful women in Hollywood and say it in print. Imagine the danger of such words as these:

"There is only one sophisticated woman on the screen—Lilyan Tashman.

"Garbo has no sex appeal. None. Her eyes have been called mystical, but I find in them not passion but compassion.

"Marion Davies is the only woman in Hollywood who needs no artificial setting for her beauty. Her beauty is indestructible."

He scorns the conventional, and goes in for highly original poses, camera angles and effects so unusual that they border on the bizarre. One of his photographs—that of the British poetess, Miss Edith Sitwell, posed in the attitude of death—has been reproduced the world over.

"Hollywood photographers are still in the Victorian age of photography." Mr. Beaton emphasized his remark with a piece of buttered toast (he assumes extraordinary positions in photographing, but breakfasts right side up). "They have no imagination, no originality. They think artistic photography means placing a spray of flowers in the subject's hand and having her strike an agonizing pose. Rot!"

Later in the day we had opportunity to watch Mr. Beaton in action on the Paramount lot as he snapped some of the stars. His acrobatic methods reminded us of Doug at his best. Prone on his tummy, "shooting" upward, swinging precariously from a beam shooting down, it all looked like a lot of monkeyshines to us.

Catch Them Off Their Guard

"LOOK for the unusual! Only by the use of unique poses and different angles can we hope to characterize our subject truly." Mr. Beaton poured himself another cup of coffee. "Every object in the world is striking or beautiful from some particular viewpoint, whether it be the flywheel of a great engine or the soft curve of a woman's breast. The artistic photographer finds that viewpoint and captures that beauty.

"The conventional photograph portrait is a silly, stilted thing. You know the poses by heart—head tilted back, eyes rolled up, hands draped about chin, flowers, dimples, smirks. The photographer clicks his shutter. The result shows the character the sitter wishes to assume before the world. I place my subjects in unusual poses in



Cecil Beaton is noted for his unusual—and sometimes unflattering—snapshots of beauties. 'Way up at the top, he's on the rafters, getting a new slant at Wynne Gibson (at bottom across the page). Left, shooting up at Paramount's new siren (top of opposite page)



The half-dozen screen beauties who most appeal to the Beaton eye are (top to bottom) Ina Claire, Norma Shearer, Lilyan Tashman, Greta Garbo, Marion Davies and Marlene Dietrich

For A Ride



Cecil Beaton: "I can select more beautiful women at any social gathering in New York, London or on the Continent than can be found in all Hollywood"



Cecil Beaton, English Photographer, Doesn't Mind Telling What Our Sirens Lack

order that I may force them to drop the mask they wear. I seek the angle from which the camera will best surprise the quality I wish to emphasize.

"But it is often said that there are more beautiful women in Hollywood than any other city in the world." We cleverly caught Mr. Beaton at a disadvantage as he took a bite of toast, "Is that true?"

"Oh, positively not," he assured us promptly. "The women of the screen possess that type of beauty which requires the make-up box and the motion picture camera to bring out. Ann Harding is a fine example of this—strikingly beautiful on the screen, very plain when seen in person. Real beauty, if I may be trite, comes from a cultured, exquisite soul and merely shines through the mold of the features. I can select more beautiful women at any social gathering in New York, London or on the Continent than can be found in all Hollywood, for there one finds the culture and sophistication that accompany real beauty."

No, They Aren't Sophisticated

"THEN you do not find our beauties sophisticated?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow, positively not! Very naive, most of them, very!"

"Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett and Kay Francis have been called the most sophisticated women of the screen."

"Miss Bennett and Miss Francis," murmured Mr. Beaton, "are very nice girls, but sophisticated—?" He waved a languid hand, sending Connie and Kay into the ranks of schoolgirls. "Miss Tashman is the only woman in Hollywood who even approaches real sophistication."

"Do you find a resemblance to Garbo in Marlene Dietrich?"

"Not in the least," he answered readily. "I fail to see the so-called sex appeal of Greta Garbo, while Miss Dietrich in every line of face and figure expresses the flesh-and-blood passions,

(*Continued on page 109*)



Peeping In On

By Faith Service



C. S Bull

IF you should peek through the keyhole at Joan and Doug — what do you suppose you'd see? You might be surprised. You *will* be surprised if what you expect is a gilded, Hollywood atmosphere, gay parties, a young siren and a poetic *Lothario*. You will not find two film stars at home. You will observe young Mister and Missus Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, getting away from it all.

Their home is of Spanish architecture. It is placed among flowers, back of a patio court, on a broad and shady road in Brentwood. The door-knocker is made of two kissing heads, a man's and a girl's. You step in and you are back in another century. You see old American and early English pieces. Hooked rugs. Gay, flowered chintzes and a hearth fire burning. And tea about to be served, if it's late afternoon.

Joan and Doug are collecting Early American furniture because, when they build their permanent home, that is the kind of a home it will be.

Joan did most of the house. Doug (or Douglas, as she calls him) left it to her, knowing that their taste in home-making is one. Billy Haines (who runs an antique shop on the side) dropped in now and then and looked things over. He also did two rooms completely—the library and Douglas's room. Douglas's room, redone, was Joan's Christmas present to him. New drapes. New furniture. Wall-paper. And the dressing-room to match.

Young Mrs. Fairbanks sews, too. Hooks rugs and things. She recently made, all by hand, curtains for the kitchen, pantry and laundry room. Six pairs, of ruffled green-and-white-checked gingham.

Just Mr. and Mrs.

INSIDE this house that is a home, Joan and Doug drop the bright glitter of their working world. They are more typically the American man and wife than any movie couple of like age I know about. Joan plans all the meals as carefully, as thoughtfully, even as economically as any Mrs. New-Bride in the land. She can't do it in the mornings, as most young *hausfraus* do, because of the early morning rush to the studio. So she does it in the evenings, after dinner. She takes time off immediately after coffee, goes into her kitchen, examines her ice-box, makes out lists and leaves them with the cook to order from.

She always plans Doug's breakfast with especial care. No two mornings are alike. If he has ham and eggs one morning, he has corned beef hash and popovers the next. Joan herself drinks a glass of water diluted with a little orange juice as she dresses to "go to work." But Douglas eats a man-sized meal. A bowl of fruit. Cereal. Bacon and eggs. Toast. Coffee.

When Joan is "between pictures," she gives even more meticulous care to the planning of meals, always with Douglas's likes and dislikes in mind. She plans little surprises for him, things he likes. She carefully eliminates things he does not like. She has learned his culinary leanings like the alphabet.

Sometimes they do a "Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean." Douglas, for instance, abhors spare ribs; Joan dotes on 'em. Douglas dotes upon tripe; Joan abhors it. So, some evening, Joan will have her spare ribs and Douglas his tripe and everybody's happy. Joan never sits down to dinner until Douglas is home to share it with her. She couldn't.



Do you know why their house is Early American inside, though Spanish outside? How Joan makes sure that Doug is contented? Why children will have to wait? What they *don't* talk about at home, and how they spend their evenings? What they like to do on their "night out"? Who their friends are? What sort of presents they give one another? What Doug says when a servant is to be given the gate? Here are the answers.—*Editor's Note.*

Hints to Housewives

MANY a housewife with a discontented husband on her hands could take lessons from Joan Fairbanks. Not lessons in enticement and gaiety and glitter, so much as lessons in the old-fashioned way of holding a man through his creature comforts.

Joan *and* Doug

This Is How the Junior Fairbankses Act at Home



Fryer

Joan, personally, attends to Doug's clothes. She raised dramatic hands to high heaven when I asked her if he is neat around the house. "Heavens, NO!" she said. His mother had always "picked up" after him. Joan does likewise. Before she goes to bed every night, she goes through an established routine. It consists of collecting the garments Douglas has taken off. One sock here. One shoe there. Coat over the fire-screen. Tie hanging from the chandelier. Joan assembles the scattered wardrobe, hangs up, puts some in the laundry, leaves others tagged for the tailor or the dry-cleaner. She says, "I simply have to continue or he wouldn't be presentable. I couldn't have children. I'd have to neglect him so I'd probably lose him!"

Between pictures, too, Joan goes in for house-cleaning in a Big Way. No mere dilly-dallying over book-shelves and bureau drawers. Joan scrubs and sweeps and polishes, tied up in a bungalow apron and cap.

She regularly inspects Doug's bureau to see that he is well-stocked with handkerchiefs, socks, shirts and undies. When the tide is low, she replenishes.

Joan Does It—And Loves It

IT'S easy enough to romance on a moonlight night. It's not so easy to watch over a man's socks and shirts and shoes and food and comfort day in and day out, *loving it*—which is what Joan does.

There are only two resident servants in the Fairbanks Junior ménage. Cook and butler. There are also a chauffeur, and a secretary, sleeping home. Joan has a personal maid only when she is working.

There are three cars. Joan has a Cadillac. Douglas has ditto. And they share a Ford between them.

On Sundays, the young Fairbankses sleep until ten-thirty or eleven. They breakfast around noon. The balance of the day, according to custom, they spend at Pickfair.



Above, in the garden of their Brentwood home, which used to be Joan's alone. Across the page, the ex-whoopee girl who has settled down—and their living-room. Top right, the star who hates mascara

Doug does NOT read the morning paper at the breakfast table. Joan has seen to that. He began their married life by burying himself behind the day's news. Joan carried on conversations with herself, aloud. She made comments. Douglas no longer reads the paper at the breakfast table.

He *does* sing in the shower. "Oh, DOES he!" laughs Joan. He sings, inevitably, the drinking song from "The Student Prince." No cold water can ever quench that.

Joan hires and fires the servants. When some difficulty arises and action is called for, Douglas shies. He says, "Tell 'em I've gone to Africa." "But," says Joan, "supposing I have gone to Africa with you?" "Then," says Douglas triumphantly, "tell the secretary to do it. He'd have to, anyway, if you had gone with me."

They Get Away From It All

THE young Fairbankses indulge in little or no shop-talk, once their Spanish doors have shut them into their Early American interior. They greet one another in the evening with "How do you feel, darling?" They say, "Gee, I had a good day's work!" or "Gosh, what a rotten day this has been!" And that

(*Continued on page 105*)



Abbe

The King In Paris

A little chap in a great big room—but the hotel people insisted on giving Charlie Chaplin the royal suite. And, with it, all the privacy of a king. Every time he stirred out, a mob swirled about him. Every time he stayed in, he was hounded by notables, reporters, favor-seekers. He tried to write on his next picture, and failed. That's why he moved on to Africa—and other outposts of civilization

Connie's New Boy-Friend

Nothing Serious Of Course—But Joel McCrea Has His Home Town Buzzing

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Who Knew Him When



Is he cutting out the Marquis? Joel McCrea has to laugh. Yet he and Connie are attentive—very. They have the folks guessing

JOEL McCREA and the Marquis de la Falaise were Talking Things Over in the lunchroom at the RKO Studio. There was a friendly gleam in the eyes of the Marquis—but Joel looked downright upset.

"Joel," said "Hank," with a noble chuckle, "I'm afraid you're in for it." He tapped a newspaper squib they had been reading when I came up. Far be it from me to snoop, but I think I saw Miss Constance Bennett's name there with Joel's on one side and Hank's on the other.

"Yes," continued Henri, in high good humor. "I'm afraid the gossips have hooked onto you, my boy."

"Look here," said Joel, dabbing at his sunburned forehead with a handkerchief, "this is downright embarrassing for, er—all of us. You and the lady in particular. There should be something we could do to stop it. Why can't we come out and say what good friends you and I are?"

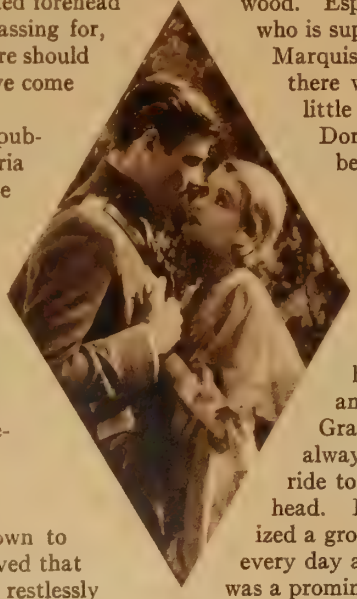
"No," said Hank, who is wiser in the ways of publicity, having weathered two years of it with Gloria Swanson and about six months with Constance Bennett. "If you told them what good friends you and I are, everyone would say you were a bum to double-cross a pal."

The whole thing seemed to amuse Henri immensely. He continued to chuckle as he patted Joel on the shoulder. "I'm afraid you're in for it and there's nothing you, or the lady, or I can do."

"Oh, Lord," said Joel, with almost touching bewilderment.

I Knew Him When—

AFTER Hank left us, Joel and I settled down to luncheon. That is, I settled down. Joel moved that big, gangling, healthy body of his about a little restlessly though we said no more about what Joel and the Marquis had been Talking About.



"So this is Joel?" I thought, as he gave our order of salad and iced-tea. We've been hearing a lot about Joel lately in Hollywood. Especially in connection with Constance Bennett, who is supposed to be (and probably is) the fiancée of the Marquis de la Falaise. And before the Connie-rumors there was some mention of Gloria Swanson, a pretty little society girl in Los Angeles, and more important, Dorothy Mackaill, who used to go around with Joel before hardly anyone had ever heard of him.

As the newest heart-breaker in Hollywood, Joel is something of a surprise to me, considering that we used to go to grade school together. But to tell the truth, I don't think anyone is more surprised than Joel, himself.

Except for about three feet of extension in his height, Joel doesn't look a bit different than he did when he was in the Sixth grade (low sixth) and I was in the Eighth at Gardner Junction Grammar School, West Hollywood. His face was always peeling from sunburn even then. He used to ride to school on a bicycle with a cowboy's hat on his head. He and another kid named George Talpey organized a group of "cowboys" who staged rodeos on bicycles every day at the noon and recess hours. Joel's father, who was a prominent business man of Hollywood, used to encourage Joel's Western ambitions. He even bought him a horse.

(*Continued on page 111*)

Footsteps

By Helen Louise Walker



Valentino was a bus boy in New York. His feet carried him from the kitchen to the kliegs

WHAT are the qualifications of a movie star? A good many people, who would like to be stars, wonder about that. What sort of people are they in the beginning? What are their backgrounds? From what sort of families do they spring?

It is a well-known fact that if you want to be President of the United States, it is well for you to be born on a farm and to split rails and pitch hay a good deal in your early youth. These things, indeed, are practically essential.

If a man is going to be a great captain of finance, then he should certainly come to this country as a poor immigrant boy and work his way up. Else what can the success magazines say of him when he is sixty?

Well, then, what makes an actor? Whence do they come?

It would be interesting if the footprints of all of them were visible on the Boulevard, as are the footprints of a few of them in the cement forecourt of Mr. Grauman's Chinese Theater. Footprints leading from the far corners of the earth, from peasant villages and from the great capitals, from hovels and from palaces, from tenements and from universities, from distant Arabia and from the Hollywood High School. Footprints.

Chaplin. Born poor and obscure on London's teeming East Side (which corresponds to New York's Ghetto), he came to this country, an immigrant, twenty years ago. That, of course, is the pattern for a captain of finance. But Chaplin was destined, always, to be a great clown.



Chaplin's famous feet got their start dodging the Bobbies in London's East End

Now He Pals with Nobility

HE HAS just been visiting his native isle and the Continent, entertained by kings, dukes, earls, prime ministers, presidents. His own king, who "almost" knighted him, is said to "take a lively interest in him" and to be pleased and flattered no end because Chaplin is still a British subject.

Had Chaplin remained in England instead of emigrating, he would undoubtedly have become a clown anyway—because he is like that. But the chances are that he would have remained a pretty obscure person. Clowns, in Europe, are rarely invited to visit at the homes of prime ministers. And rarely do they earn the personal gratitude of kings by staying at home.

As a matter of fact, I never heard of a president sending Harold Lloyd any personal and fervent thanks for staying in the United States. And Lloyd's footsteps led from a very modest home in a small Nebraska town. He achieved his first experience in the show business by ushering in a theater there.

Hollywood is truly a melting pot—probably the only place now in which your status depends entirely upon what you have accomplished and upon nothing else. There are no barriers—social or otherwise—that a showman cannot surmount if he is really good in his line. Which accounts for the great number of the footsteps.

Would Mary Have Met Doug?

MARY PICKFORD'S father was a railway brakeman and Mary was born in Toronto, "on the wrong side of the tracks," destined by birth to obscurity and poverty.

But she came to Hollywood.

She is married to Douglas Fairbanks, who entered pictures via Harvard University and whose family Mary's family would scarcely have met, had they stayed in their own environments.

What's more, Doug and Mary are almost America's official hosts and social ambassadors. They are expected to receive and to entertain any visiting royalty or celebrities who chance to come our way. What notice do you think these people would

To Hollywood

If You Want to Own an Indoor Pool, Just Head This Way!



Mary Pickford's feet received some tough bruises in Toronto before they found comfort in Hollywood

have taken of the brakeman's little daughter, had she stayed in Toronto?

To become a famous motion picture actor must your footsteps lead from the Ghetto, from "the wrong side of the tracks" or from "down by the stockyards"? There would seem to be more successes whose origins were humble than otherwise.

Yet there is Ivan Lebedeff who, back home in Russia, was an aristocrat who lived in a manor house and attended the Czar's own school. Ivan came to Hollywood—and kissed the hands of ladies whose family histories did not seem to matter.

Footsteps from strange places.

Sue Carol was a rich little girl from Chicago, possessed of social position and things. She found it impractical to let this be known when she first came to Hollywood. She is married to Nick Stuart, who came to California, an immigrant from Roumania, at fourteen. He didn't know a word of English then.

If he hadn't come to Hollywood—well, Sue might have passed through his village, touring, some time, and have seen him working in the fields—

Footsteps.

Would Ruth Have Known Clara?

RUTH CHATTERTON came from an eminently respectable, solid, conservative, New York family. So respectable were they, indeed, that they would have none of her for a long time after she ran away from a good boarding-school to go on the stage!

It is a question whether Ruth's background and breeding were liabilities or assets to her. A shrewd critic has said that Ruth's innate consciousness of gentility is the greatest flaw in her acting. Probably the fact that she escaped from her genteel circle while she was very young is the only thing that saved her at all.

Elinor Glyn once told me that no well-bred, well-educated girl could be a successful actress. "They are trained in self-control from the time they are babies. They acquire a veneer of poise which so becomes a part of them that it is impossible for them to break it down and achieve abandon," she said.

She made the remark in a discussion of Clara Bow—who is good at abandon. Madame Glyn considered Clara's lowly, untutored, unrestrained, Brooklyn sidewalk childhood one of the elements of her charm.

Chatterton and Bow have been stars on the same lot. Would they ever have met at all, in their own city, had they not come to Hollywood? It seems extremely unlikely.

Garbo certainly has no restraints or inhibitions that one can discover. The girl who tank she go home now—who declined to bestir herself to go to the studio to lunch with a Swedish Prince, "because I am not hongry"—is the product of a poor, Swedish, peasant village. There is an elemental something, an earthy quality about her, something primitive and natural and very beautiful.

A Swedish peasant girl.

Bob Had a Different Start

SHE made a picture with Robert Montgomery, whose father was the wealthy president of a rubber company and who grew up in a mansion in Beacon, New York.

Footsteps from far places, leading them together.

Natalie Moorhead and Catherine Dale Owen both belong to blue-blooded families. Both have beauty and poise and breeding. Neither has gone very far as an actress. Well?

(*Continued on page 107*)



Adolphe Menjou came clean from Pittsburgh and cleaned up in the movies when his feet brought him to the Coast

Gay Grass Widows



Fryer

By Lillian Shirley

NOT so long ago there was a film wedding in Hollywood which brought out almost as many celebrities as attended the opening of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights." I took a visiting friend from the East, and between the shrieking of police sirens, shouts of newsreel cameramen, honking of automobiles, dust, pushing crowds, chatter of spectators and the clang of trolley gongs, she wanted to know things.

"Who's that getting out of the limousine?" she asked.

"Ina Claire," I replied.

"Isn't she married to John Gilbert? Where's he?"

"Separated just recently," I told her. "I understand he's——"

"Oo-oo! Isn't that Constance Bennett? Who's the man with her?"

"That's Hank. Otherwise the Marquis de la Falaise et d Coudraye."

"But he's Gloria Swanson's——"

"My dear——do keep up to date. That was last January."

"There, I'm sure that's Betty Compson. She's married to Cruze, the director, isn't she!"

"Wrong again. They're divorced and Betty's said to be engaged to Hugh Trevor," I explained as patiently as possible. These ignorant Eastern women!

"Well, sakes alive! Why can't you-all stay married in Hollywood?" she complained. "It's enough to drive a person distracted. Not but what they look gay and happy," she admitted.

It's a Changeful Climate

AND after the last shoe had been thrown and the final siren had howled and the last handful of rice had been cast, I began to think about these grass widows of Hollywood and how cheerful and gay and amused they seemed to be, despite their matrimonial shipwrecks.

Answering my friend's injured inquiry as to why they don't stay married out here, I suppose it's because everything else changes so rapidly and regularly—pictures, rôles, contracts, studios, houses and friends—it's too much to expect that mere husbands shouldn't be turned in occasionally for new models. Divorce doesn't sadden any of our famous ladies. They're just as gay as can be. Go anywhere you like——to the Mayfair Club, the Cocoanut Grove, the Blossom Room, the Embassy Club, the Brown Derby——and you'll find them making decorous, but pleasant whoopee.

There's Jean Harlow, the original platinum blonde. Not so long ago Jean was married to Charles T McGrew, a young Chicago society man, but the knot on that matrimonial hitch yielded to the pull of the screen and came untied. And Jean, though seen everywhere, shows no inclination to get caught up in another alliance, but runs her social life from her mother's home in Beverly Hills.

Like Father, Like Daughter

AND plainly divorce is contagious in the Bennett family. Father Richard set the example some time ago, and then the extremely decorative daughters, Constance and Joan, found their married lives too desperate to bear. Connie flicked off Philip Plant, her multi-millionaire encumbrance, but kept her small son; and Joan ditched her Seattle broker partner, John Marion Fox, but kept her three-year-old daughter.

Just now the gossip is that Connie is to marry Gloria Swanson's Marquis——Hank, as he is better known in Hollywood. It's a common sight to see this pair entertaining at one table and farther down the room, Gloria and a group of her friends having a lot of fun. Both ladies are ultra-fashionable and at first nights and smart affairs their clothes are part of the exhibit. But—I have never seen them kiss.

Recently Marquis Hank was quoted as saying that he and Gloria would still be happily married if they had remained in France, but that she is a business woman first and a wife next. Phil

of Hollywood

99 Out of a 100 Don't Want To Be Married Again









Jean Harlow (across the page) is seen wherever the ex-wives happily gather. So are Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson and Hedda Hopper (across the top) and Virginia Cherrill (above). Only Betty has a steady beau

Plant has been heard to say the same thing about Constance. (No doubt he remembers that million-dollar divorce settlement.)

Every now and then Sister Joan is reported engaged to Johnny Considine. Johnny's an associate producer at the Fox Studio, and once was to marry Carmen Pantages, until his rather direct papa said some equally direct things——so that came to an end. While Joan may not be so prosperous as Connie and her wardrobe may be considerably less spectacular, she has as gay a time. The social event that finds her missing is pretty apt to be small-time affair.

Betty Isn't Bowed

AND don't get the idea that glamourous Betty Compson is all bowed down in grief and sadness because she and Jimmy Cruze have come apart. Betty's the life of any party she attends. In her divorce trial she explained she had to get rid of Jimmy so she could get some sleep, for he had the house so full of friends and strangers all the time that they had to run three shifts of servants—like a factory.

Now she has opened her own charming home on Hollywood Boulevard and is doing some snappy entertaining on her own account—but in moderation, please. No sackcloth and ashes for Betty. Hugh Trevor is her pretty constant squire, so it wouldn't surprise me much if there's a grass widow missing from the ranks before long.

One of the lady-like sensations everywhere she goes is little Billie Dove. It is fairly recently that Billie has joined the ranks of the divorcées ———Irvin Willat and she finding a common interest in Scotty dogs not binding enough to hold a marriage together. The other day, I asked her if she would marry Howard Hughes, and she looked down at a big square-cut diamond on the proper finger and—just smiled. As Howard is a millionaire and young, and Billie most of the time looks as if she was on her way home from the Hollywood High School, I'm suspicious that the grass widows may soon lose another member.

The stage and screen beauty who slips so easily from one to the other is just back home. You remember that it isn't so long ago that Marilyn Miller put Jack Pickford back in circulation. She hasn't decided that she wants to take another chance, so she's still clinging to the free group. And I don't mind saying that when Marilyn is in Hollywood, the grass-widow contingent takes on considerable joy and gladness and laughter.

From Marquis to Markey?

BY the way, mentioning Gloria Swanson a while back, I forgot to say that her name is now coupled with that of Gene Markey, who was reported to be engaged to marry Ina Claire once. But I don't think that's taken very seriously. When Helen Twelvetrees first came to Hollywood, she was rather inclined to sit back modestly and talk sweetly about "my husband, Clarke" at suitable intervals, but since she has become

(*Continued on page 110*)







It has become a habit for Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss (above) to do things together, including acting. They have been constant companions for thirty-two happy crowded years



These Have

And In Hollywood at That!

When Jimmie Gleason (top left) married Lucille Webster (top right), they were so young that people thought they didn't know what they were doing. They're twenty-five years older now (above) — "and none the wiser"





When Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hardy were first married, they looked as at the near right. Today, a generation later, they look as at the far right. "We haven't changed much," they'll tell you. "And that goes for romance, too"



George Fawcett says he can't remember when he was married, it was that long ago. Mrs. Fawcett (with him, above) says it seems like yesterday. Anyway, they're both still happy

Loves Lasted

Reno Papers Please Copy!











Trust a Scotchman to keep a good thing. It was back in the wing-collar and big lace bonnet days of 1902 (see top) that Ernest Torrence took unto himself a wife. He still has the same one (above), they're both happy to state

Here's one of those Then - and - Now pictures for the family album. At the far left, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn when they were first wedded. At the near left, thirty-one years later. They still send Valentines

Married The



Hurrell

By Dorothy Manners

WHEN Norma Shearer gave birth to a boy-baby last summer, certain ladies of Hollywood sighed wistfully over this new demonstration of the Shearer correctness. "Wouldn't you just know Norma would start her family off right by having a boy first? She's so *efficient* about everything."

Even in such a crucial event Norma Shearer had not let down her banner of Doing the Thoroughly Correct Thing.

It has been that way from the beginning.

In an industry laden with topsy-turvy careers, accidental fame and catch-as-catch-can celebrity, Norma has moved smoothly and with purpose from the extra ranks of Eastern studios to the enviable position of M-G-M's third box-office star of last year. "The Divorcée" broke all records. Now, they say, "Strangers May Kiss" may even top that one.

Secure, steady, her three-inch heels planted firmly on her pedestal, she is at once a novelty and a cause for awed admiration from Hollywood. Those who are a little too awed, and slightly envious are inclined to sniff: "Oh, well, her marriage to Irving Thalberg didn't hurt her any." To which the correct answer is: I can name you half a dozen other feminine stars of last year who had matrimonial or romantic connections with the Front Office—and where are they now? It's a lot easier to break down and admit that Norma has something the others do not—the most important thing being a *brain*.

In the smartly coiffured Shearer head, no detail of her career is unimportant. No scene in a picture is too casual to be rushed No detail too slight to be carelessly overlooked; she gives the same meticulous care to major and minor scenes.

How Norma Meets Her Public

THE boys in the publicity department know that when Norma Shearer is busy on a picture, she is not to be disturbed by interview appointments or photographic sittings

Modern Way

As Mrs. Thalberg, Norma Shearer Is The Mistress Kind Of Wife



Hurrell

They further know that when that picture is finished she will give them one week of her time for these things. That she will keep her appointments to the letter and the stories she gives out will be carefully thought over. At the end of the week it is *finis*—there is no extension of time. In view of the helter-skelter plans and appointments of many other stars, they are avidly grateful for her efficiency.

You might be justified in imagining that such a Model of Correctness would be uncomfortable to meet. A little awe-inspiring, a little frightening. Such virtue should at least deserve a bended knee, you argue in your mind—until you are ushered into the Shearer presence.

If Norma had her eye on the clock during our talk, I didn't know it. If she had anything else to do that day (and I know she did—a costumer was waiting and so was the studio photographer), I was not made conscious of it. So far as I was concerned, the afternoon was ours to chat of Modern Marriages and To-day's Women and all the things Norma does so smartly before the camera.

She looked like a James Montgomery Flagg illustration. She wore a smart street suit, combining the colors of black and green. A small black hat almost entirely hid her hair. There is something polished and shiny about her that is hard to describe. She always looks thoroughly "scrubbed."

What Else Is a Good Wife?

WE had begun a polite argument about the Modern Wife. It is dangerous to argue with Norma . . . that quick brain of hers gets to the point so swiftly. She usually wins arguments. She won this one. I had been holding to the idea that the Modern Wife . . . as given us by the new novels, plays, and particularly the Shearer pictures . . . behaved more in the manner of a skilful mistress than a good wife.

"But what," said Norma, "is a good wife but a good mistress?"

In view of the Thalberg baby, and everything, I was a trifle stopped, but not quite daunted.

I stammered, "Do you mean you—that you think a wife should behave like—that you in your own marriage—"

"I hope so," laughed Norma. I warned you she won the argument.

"For instance," she went on, "take that dowdy little wife in the first part of 'Let Us Be Gay.' If she had been more of the mistress and less of the Little Woman, she would not have lost her husband. As it was, she finally had to resort to the mistress tactics to get him back again. Why not practise them in the first place?

"Remember how dreadful she looked when she got up in the morning? It is hard for all of us to look our best the minute we get out of bed—but I think it is important to make the effort. It is particularly difficult when you are a screen star and your husband is used to seeing you in flattering, soft-focus close-ups. Believe me," she laughed, "it's hard to live up to those exaggerated slants on your charm the first thing in the morning. It was for me.

This Was Her Problem

"TO me, one of the big problems of getting married was: what in the world I was going to do about wrapping a net around my hair at night? I have the kind of hair that must be petted and kept in place, and yet those little protective nets

(*Continued on page 108*)

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



QUICK MILLIONS

Gangsters Again, But Good: If you haven't sickened of your old friend, the racketeering story, with molls and guns and underworld intrigue, here it is again, told graphically and with concise charm. It introduces Hollywood's latest directorial menace, Roland Brown, author of "Doorway to Hell," also gangster fodder, who, four years ago, was a laborer on the Fox lot, the company that let him megaphone this one.

The premise of the picture is slick. A hero who isn't a hero ends, dramatically, "on the spot"—where he had placed so many of his criminal colleagues. This may not be novel, in telling, but Spencer Tracy does a swell job of being a truck driver-hoodlum, with blood on his conscience, who wants to ride in a town-car. He does. And to his death.

Marguerite Churchill, *coiffed* like Kay Francis, is the Gold Coast girl he craves, and Sally Eilers troops along easily as the girl who gives, gives and forgives. The picture is staccato.



TOO MANY COOKS

Wheeler Minus Woolsey, Alas: The scenario department furnished spiritless lines and laborious laughs, and the director wasn't quite certain what he was supposed to do. At least, that is the impression you get from this comedy, which centers around the building of a home by two young people in love.

Bert Wheeler badly feels the lack of his side-kick, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee's made-to-order cuteness is beginning to pall. Hallam Cooley and Sharon Lynn are dull in their negative rôles of the friends of the engaged couple. And a noisy rabble of comedy characters who play the family of the girl, determined to have their say about the building of the house, are dragged on and off to keep the plot going.

It is pretty sad business, relieved now and then by a genuine laugh and, toward the end, by some fairly touching glimpses of Wheeler offering for sale the home he had hoped to be happy in. Even Rosco Ates's stuttering gets tiresome.



THE WOMAN BETWEEN

Fair Story, Fairer Star: Lily Damita is a most contradictory person, and therefore fascinating. No sooner do you make up your mind that she is not a photographic subject than she looks radiantly beautiful. You are inclined to shudder with Anglo-Saxon reticence from her emotional moments (when she expresses despair by beating her breast and sorrow by rolling her eyes) and then she gives a quick little smile or a slight tilt of the head and expresses the most subtle shades of feeling.

In "The Woman Between" she is given one becoming background of a modernistic gown shop, but in the home where a stepdaughter regards her as an interloper and a stepson makes love to her, she is less fortunate.

Despite glamourous settings and the always-absorbing theme of illicit love, "The Woman Between" just misses being drama and comes perilously close to burlesque at times.



THE MALTESE FALCON

Cortez Steals This Odd Mystery: This odd mystery picture is woven about the possession of a jewel-crusted statuette of a falcon, which everyone in the cast suspects everyone else of having. Several murders enliven the action, which otherwise concerns a lady-killer detective and a pretty thief.

Bebe Daniels, as the adventuress, is eclipsed by the highly colored (or, at least, highly colorful) personality of Ricardo Cortez, who creates a new cinema character, a graceless, but attractive heavy. He betrays the heroine to the police in spite of the fact that he loves her, violating every cinema code of decency and yet strolling off with the sympathy.

A certain excitement and suspense has been injected into the story by clever directorial touches and by the sinister characterization of Dudley Digges as the mild, servile little murderer. The explanation of the mystery at the close has a surprise element, but is somewhat disappointing.

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



BROADMINDED

Joe E. Brown Works Hard: A mildly amusing comedy, featuring the enormous mouth of Joe E. Brown. Considerably more attention might have been paid to the devising of comic situations, and less to the facial characteristics of the star. For while Joe is unquestionably gifted with one of the unique faces in all moviedom, it is scarcely fair to let the full burden of the picture rest upon it.

The sketchy story deals with the transcontinental jaunt of Brown and his ward, Buster Collier, whom Joe is supposed to protect from the advances of all designing females. In California, however, the travelers encounter a pair of young ladies in the persons of Ona Munson and Marjorie White, who cause Joe to change his ideas as to avoiding the opposite sex. The subsequent activities of the quartet to reach the inevitable clinch provide a number of laughable situations.

Bela (*Dracula*) Lugosi is the leering menace.



DUDE RANCH

Light, But Laughable: This farce comedy of a theatrical troupe masquerading as cowboys and a gang of stick-up men masquerading as tourists with a backdrop of a dude ranch has that staunch trio, Stew Irwin, Jack Oakie, and Mitzi Green for laugh insurance. Mirth that depends upon misunderstandings may not be for the sophisticated, still events happen so fast, and they are such noisy events that nobody need fear boredom.

As the timid trouper who tries to enact a hero under the spell of June Collyer's dimples, Oakie has moments of real pathos which for the first time suggest that an infectious grin and a talent for wisecracking may not be his only assets. George Webb, better known as Esther Ralston's husband, is seen in a small part as a suave crook.

The honors, however, go as usual to Mitzi Green, who is the most reliable comedienne, young or old, on the screen.



CITY STREETS

Gang Story, Fair Enough: A sharpshooter in an amusement concession is drawn into the toils of gangdom by his flashy work with the gun and by the bright eyes and coquettish flirt of the skirts of a baby-faced moll, played vivaciously by a newcomer, Sylvia Sidney, who has a quaint, cunning film personality though her features are too small and irregular for conventional camera beauty.

Gary Cooper, as the innocent youth, who, light-heartedly, becomes a gunman under the tutelage of the girl's papa, is so thin that all that is left of him is height and the winning Cooper smile, but he is so good in the part that one wonders again when he is to have something big enough for his possibilities.

In spite of the excellent cast this is a director's picture. Rouben Mamoulian has put the beer racket clearly before the public. The technical shots of beer truck wheels rolling endlessly through the mud teach a lesson in the dramatic value of trifles.



A FREE SOUL

Great Cast in a Strong Story: Adela Rogers St. John managed to endow her characters with importance, and this quality has been deftly translated into a film.

But admiration for the smooth building up of the plot to an inevitable, yet simple climax is almost lost in the brilliant acting of a cast extravagant with names. Even the smaller parts of Jimmy Gleason as the tough little bodyguard of the eccentric lawyer, and Lucy Beaumont as the matriarch stand out.

Norma Shearer covers white-hot emotions with the brittle manner of the modern girl in a way that leaves no doubt of her ability as a dramatic actress. Incidentally, she never looked more beautiful. Leslie Howard, as the super-civilized polo player, contrasts with Clark Gable as the handsome brute who appeals to the physical side of the girl's nature.

But the picture honors go to Lionel Barrymore, who does the best acting we have seen on the screen for many months.



SHIPMATES

Good, Clean Fun In The Navy: The talkies have taken another step toward regaining the ground they lost in range of subject matter when the cinema ceased to be silent. This time, it is the big Navy picture which comes back from the dim dark days B.D.R.D. (Before Drawing-Room Dramas).

There are the usual scenes of dreadnoughts, big guns, battle practice, and the paradé ground at Annapolis, that we remember so well in pictures like "The Flying Fleet" and "Tell It to the Marines." "Shipmates" has a good deal of the light-hearted flavor of the Haines opus.

In fact, Robert Montgomery, as *Johnny Jones*, the breezy young sailor who doesn't take the Navy seriously, turns in a perfect William Haines characterization. He pretends to the admiral's daughter that he is a rich oil magnate and then has to make good in the Navy in order to win her.

The cast, with Dorothy Jordan, Cliff Edwards, and Ernest Torrence, is of unusually high caliber. Hobart Bosworth proves himself the grandest actor of them all as the admiral.



DAYBREAK

Something New For Novarro: Reasonable doubt exists as to whether "Daybreak" is an ideal vehicle for Ramon Novarro. But as Novarro fans seem none too particular, it will probably win its modicum of success.

As a dashing young Austrian Lieutenant, he saves the innocent Helen Chandler from the unwelcome attentions of an elderly roué. He then spends the evening in her company, dining, dancing, sitting under the moon, and takes her home at daybreak. She is deeply in love, an affection he insults by leaving her money. So she turns the kind of a woman he thought she was and accepts the offer of her wealthy admirer. When they meet again, she is quite the woman of the world and taunts the Lieutenant into losing more than he can afford at gambling. M-G-M have taken several endings and are undecided as to which to use, so we must leave the finale in doubt.

Novarro and Helen Chandler give sincere performances, but to Jean Hersholt go most of the honors.



CHERI-BIBI

Gilbert Comes Back This Time: Not an epic, this colorful story, nor even a super-production. But it gives us the pre-talkie John Gilbert again. His voice is resonant. His abilities seem to transcend the material given him. He has, again, the power and the passion that made him an idol.

Cheri-Bibi is a famous magician. We see him do his stuff before our very eyes. He is in love with a daughter of the French aristocracy, Leila Hyams. Her father objects and is found murdered on the very heels of his objection. *Cheri-Bibi* is suspected. Not always plausible, it is great fun to watch.

Jean Hersholt, friend of *Cheri-Bibi* and kindly toy-maker, hasn't enough to do. Leila Hyams doesn't quite fit in with our idea of the French aristocracy. But she is an appealing object of romance, which is sufficient. Natalie Moorhead and Ian Keith supply the evil in a pleasantly sophisticated way.

There are thrills. There are several scenes, done by Gilbert, of real dramatic power. And there is the super-thrill of seeing John Gilbert "come back."



YOUNG AS YOU FEEL

Rogers Good In An Antique: Decidedly not up to the Will Rogers standard. Originally a play by George Ade called "Father and the Boys," it served William H. Crane as a starring vehicle for many years—and it shows its age. The comedy, despite Rogers' up-to-date wisecracks, is badly dated. Popular old plays can't always be remade successfully.

For plot we have the formula of a wealthy busy father and his two wastrel sons. In vain does the parent attempt to interest his boys in what he calls the worth-while things of life. Failing to stop them in their wild careers, Dad turns play-boy, too, and runs off with a French actress. Naturally, this leads to the sons doing a quick about-face.

Rogers again has an admirable foil in Fifi Dorsay. Donald Dilloway plays one of the sons and from where we sat, it looks as though this chap bids well to become one of our leading juveniles. Lucien Littlefield adds needed comic emphasis. "Young as You Feel" is at best mild entertainment for Rogers fans.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



RIDING FOR A FALL

Neat Little Domestic Comedy: Based on "Six Cylinder Love," the William Anthony McGuire play, filmed under the title of "The Minute Man" and currently known as "Riding for a Fall," this picture is a comedian's holiday under any name. With a cast headed by Spencer Tracy, Sidney Fox, Edward Everett Horton and including William Collier, Sr., Una Merkel and Bert Roach, they even yank in El Brendel for a few laughs in the closing sequence.

It's all good clean fun, *sans* sexy implication or suggestion, and deals with a problem that concerns nearly everyone—the family automobile. Tracy, as a slick auto salesman, sells a couple of newlyweds an expensive car. With it come even more expensive friends, and the fun begins. Slightly less exaggerated, everything that happens could happen and the dialogue contains some lines of real comic import. Playing it in fast farce tempo keeps things moving at break-neck speed.

Take the whole family for a real evening's entertainment.



IRON MAN

This One Packs A Punch: A good manager and a bad woman wage a mental battle over the control of a fighter who becomes champion in "Iron Man." The manager is Robert Armstrong, who walks away with the show, taking it from Lew Ayres, the fighter. The bad woman is the brittle and yet seductive Jean Harlow, cast as Lew's wife. John Miljan, suave as usual, cheats on Ayres.

Under the management of Armstrong, Ayres slugs his way to the championship. Under the devastating influence of his money-hungry, philandering wife, he "goes soft," repudiates the manager, and finds himself face down on the canvas.

Armstrong is given far more chance to act than Ayres, and he takes advantage of every opportunity. Ayres is shunted into the background, in spite of the fact that he recently was voted the most popular actor in motion pictures in several newspaper contests. Ayres is obviously miscast, for he does not possess enough iron in either his personality or his physique to portray adequately the "Iron Man."



SEED

Tearful, But Dramatic: Having something (but not much) to do with the Charles G. Norris birth-control novel of the same name, "Seed" tells the story of two maids and a man. One woman is his wife and has borne him five handsome children. The other is a boyhood sweetheart. She reawakens his ambition to write and, inspired by her interest, he finishes a novel, begun long before. There follows the conflict of two women, one representative of home and hearth, one of success and fame.

Much can be said of the intelligent acting of the principals. John Boles is dramatically capable without the aid of songs, Lois Wilson stages a splendid comeback as the wife, and Genevieve Tobin delivers her usual deft characterization as the other woman. A lovable youngster, one Dickie Moore, steals every scene in which he appears.

There are long sequences in which nothing happens and a few minor irrelevancies and technical oversights. Despite which, "Seed" is far above average domestic drama.



OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Gloria Clowns Again—Just Fair: If you liked Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow," you'll undoubtedly like her in her latest. But, if you prefer the Swanson you saw in "The Trespasser," you'll not like it. She spends most of her time obeying that impulse at the behest of Ben Lyon, lover.

She is accumulating the solidity of the thirties, which makes her attempt at being a hoyden of twenty a trifle unbecoming and unreal. She sings two songs, but she introduces them in the "Get ready, everybody—I'm going to do a song" style.

The story opens with Gloria giving the air to Monroe Owsley, with whom she has been indiscreet. She meets Ben Lyon and forgets all about Owsley as she goes for Ben in a big way. But Owsley pops into the picture again as suitor for the hand of her little sister, Barbara Kent. Gloria favors Arthur Lake, bright, naïve youngster. She goes about putting Owsley out of the running and re-establishing the pining Arthur. But to do this, she must tell all to Ben. She does. And he, forsooth, possesses an understanding heart.

"No Visitors,

By

JACK GRANT





No, Ma'am! You Movies Are Made--

A NEW sign recently made its appearance beside the information desk at the entrance of the Roach studio. Brief and to the point, it reads:

NOTICE

We regret that owing to interference with actors and directors in the production of pictures we are compelled to discontinue the courtesy of visiting the sets heretofore accorded the public.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, *Inc.*

The comedy lots of Hal Roach and Mack Sennett were the last white hopes of Hollywood visitors interested in personally seeing how movies are made. Even before the advent of microphones, the larger studios refused admittance to casual sightseers, and letters of introduction to someone in authority did not always afford an "open sesame."

Time was when the motion picture industry was most hospitable. It was considered good advertising to get acquainted with the public in person. Guides called attention to the titles of pictures and advised Mr. and Mrs. Smith to watch for release dates at their local theater.

Abuses of studio hospitality gradually caused a reversal of the open-house policy. Small objects disappeared from the sets. It was not a question of theft, but merely the desire of a souvenir-hunter to have something belonging to an especial favorite. Such losses were often more costly than their intrinsic worth. A cigarette-holder used by Adolphe Menjou cost one company a half-day's work while the holder was exactly duplicated to match a close-up.

They Came, They Fell, They Sued

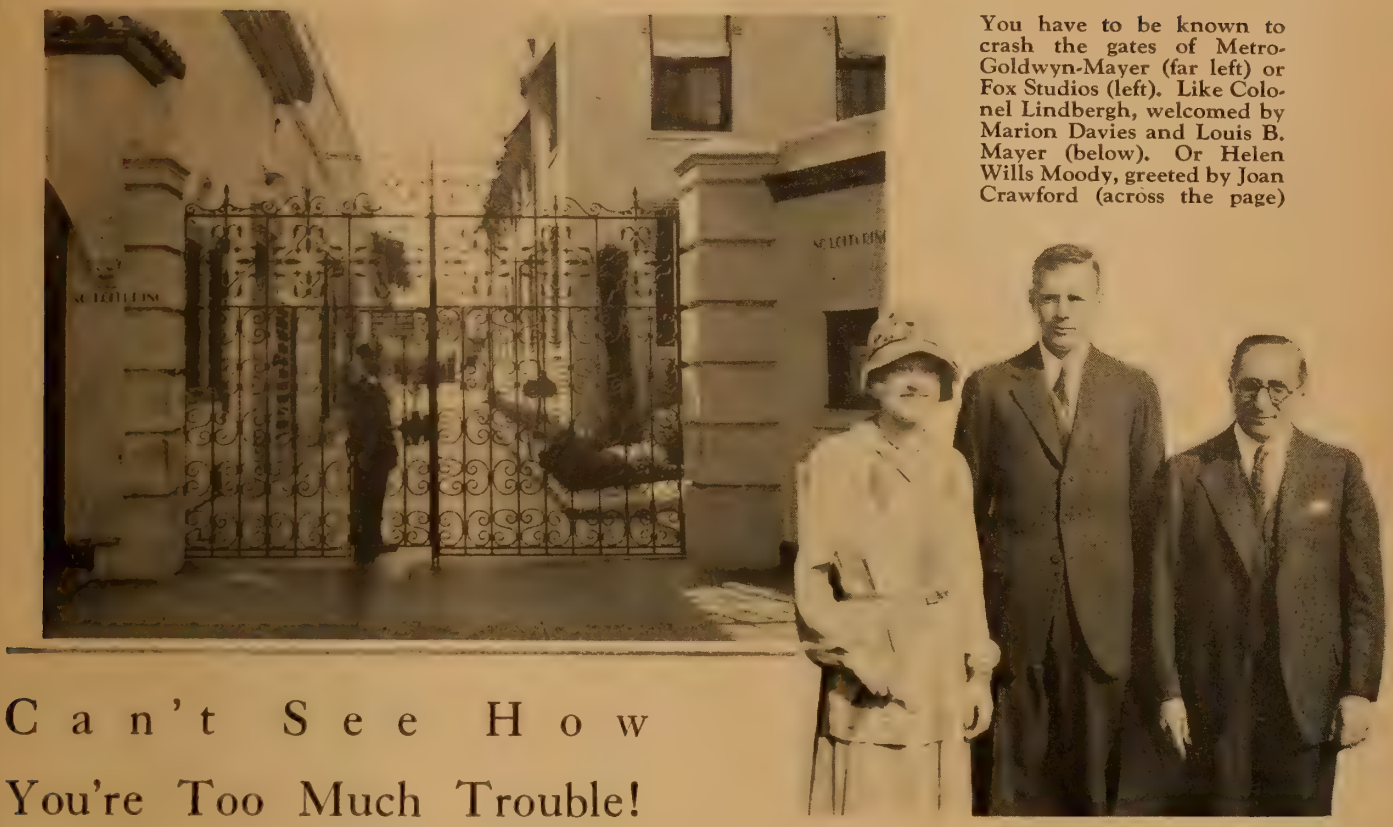
THERE were, too, a constantly increasing number of minor accidents and resultant lawsuits. People unaccustomed to the labyrinth of electric cables often tripped and injured themselves. The majority were good sports, but too many thought in terms of big money for little injuries. One woman, walking in broad daylight on an open road, broke her ankle by falling in a mudhole. The same thing might have happened on any dirt road.





These celebs were welcome: Charles M. Schwab, the steel king, and his wife (right); and Sir Thomas Lipton, flanked by Louis B. Mayer, Anita Page, Marion Davies and Harry Rapf (far right) on a visit to M-G-M

PLEASE!"



You have to be known to crash the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (far left) or Fox Studios (left). Like Colonel Lindbergh, welcomed by Marion Davies and Louis B. Mayer (below). Or Helen Wills Moody, greeted by Joan Crawford (across the page)

Can't See How You're Too Much Trouble!

yet she sued the studio for twenty thousand and received a large settlement.

Then there are the visitors who stand within hearing of the players and make personal remarks, usually not very complimentary. Film make-up is seldom a beauty aid, you know. Many visitors stare unblinkingly, and if you have ever been so regarded by inquisitive eyes, you know how the players feel. It isn't the same as appearing in a finished stage production before an audience. On the set, you rehearse each scene before the "take" and are constantly being corrected by the director. No actor likes to appear before his public under such unflattering circumstances.

Actors try at all times to be pleasant and obliging to the folks they meet. It is to their advantage to make a friend of every casual acquaintance, of course, but sometimes it doesn't seem worth the effort. Take as a random example, the case of Lilyan Tashman and a young lady who asked her to pose for a painting.

Lilyan accommodated by standing a half-hour while the artist busily sketched away. She would have preferred to sit down and rest for the next scene, but she stood a full thirty minutes before asking to see how the portrait was progressing. The artist was reluctant to show her work. She was finally prevailed upon, however, and the sketch proved to be a very bad copy of the gown the actress was wearing. The girl had not even attempted to draw Lilyan's features. The design of the frock was all that she wanted.

Courtesy Was Costly

PRODUCTION units work against time, and time is money—in big scenes, many hundreds of dollars a minute. Visitors can unwittingly cause the loss of valuable time by getting in the way of workmen and electricians, or by talking to the players with the inevitable autograph-book in mind.

The studios began to compute the cost of visitors and found them mighty expensive advertising. One after another the gates

(*Continued on page 114*)



One visitor who stopped all work when he visited M-G-M was ex-President Coolidge, seen with Will Hays, Mrs. Coolidge, Mary Pickford and Louis B. Mayer (left). He was even asked to make a speech (far left)

Hunting

By

HELEN

LOUISE

WALKER



Is This Type A Hero?



In the old days, you could tell a hero from a heavy—but now? Stanley Fields (above) was a bad gangster in "City Streets" and Spencer Tracy (right) a good one in "Quick Millions"

IT'S ALL very confusing, that's what it is. Time was when a girl knew a hero when she saw him. He wore his shirt open at the throat and he had wavy hair and one of those profiles. You know—Greek. He was the big, outdoor type and he usually wore a cowboy hat and chaps. Maybe he had one of those little mustaches. . . .

But now everything is different. You can't tell the hero from the heavy, to save you. Likely as not, the wavy-haired lad with the dimples murders his mother for her insurance before the picture ends and you have a lot of trick photography with shadows of prison bars and a personally conducted trip to the electric chair and a bit of dialogue about the wages of sin. And people writhing. Personally, if I have to watch many more young men writhe in death agonies, I shall have to give up pictures.

They get riddled with machine-gun bullets or hanged or electrocuted or taken for a ride—all the nice ones. Pictures are so darned *deadly* these days!

What Hollywood needs desperately at this moment is a good, up-to-date, first class, improved, 1931 model hero. Our old heroes have grown sadly shopworn and we haven't, as yet, any very satisfactory substitutes.

Jack Hill, who handled Tom Mix's affairs for years, expressed a part of our difficulty the other day when he remarked: "The moment a certain young man, named Lindbergh, flew the Atlantic Ocean—the day of the cowboy hero was over.



Jack Holt (left) first came to film fame as a tough Westerner. But times have moved on—and Jack plays gangsters

"I went on tour with Tom soon after that and I took the trouble to visit public libraries in cities all over the country. I found that the demand, everywhere, for the old-fashioned Western adventure story was on the wane and that the demand for books on aviation and stories about aviators was growing daily.

"That showed us how the wind blew. Tom might just as well go to the circus."

Producers saw how the wind blew, too, at about that time and they made a valiant effort to supply the demand for aviator-heroes. But it didn't work very well.

It is hard to make a man look dashing in goggles. And flying, once you are in the air, is a monotonous business. Planes are clumsy contrivances for chases and battles. Even crack-ups become a little boring after you have seen a dozen or so of them.

Besides, there is the expense. "Hell's Angels" cost four million dollars and took three or four years to make. The old-fashioned "programme Western" cost about eight thousand on an average and could be shot in a week. You can see . . .

So pictures turned to the gangsters. And the gangster is fast becoming our typical hero type.

These stories lend themselves pretty well to picture purposes. You can have revolvers and chases with motor-cycles and auto-

For A HERO

First, It Was Cowboys-- Next, Aviators-- Then Gangsters. *What Next?*





Warren Hymer (above) has a way of looking hard—so he's one of the white hopes on the Fox lot. James Cagney (left) is one of Warner Brothers' most promising baby-faced killers

Is This Type A Hero?

mobiles and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. The newspapers help a lot in surrounding the gangster with romance and glamour. And there you are. Of course, your hero has to die at the end to satisfy the censor. But he usually dies nobly, even when he is executed.

Jack Holt, I think, is really the dean of our typical heroes. He has run the gamut of types. He has played cowboys, mounted policemen, aviators and just recently—a gangster, in the logical course of events. I talked with him about it. He was slightly agitated.

"It's bad, this surrounding the gangster with glamour," he said. "It is young people, really, who do the hero-worshipping. And what do they want in a hero? Courage, resourcefulness, strength—and virtue. They want him, really, to be on the side of the conventional right. They want him to win against odds.

"You've got to build up some sympathy for your central character if you are to make him interesting. Make excuses for his wrongdoing, have him make some noble sacrifice.

The Movies' New Lessons

"A FRIEND of mine visited San Quentin the other day, to study criminals for a picture he is to do. There were two young convicts there, recently sentenced for hold-up. They admitted that they got their inspiration and their plan of procedure from pictures!

"The Westerns may have been stereotyped and sentimental. But at least virtue triumphed and the strong man was in the right. I think they will come back. They had everything. The costumes were dashing, they had outdoor backgrounds with beautiful scenery. And horses. No chase with motor-cycles can ever be so thrilling as a chase with horses."

However, even the pictures that are being made with Western locales are being modernized. In "The Squaw Man," just filmed for the third time by C. B. de Mille, they have changed the cattle-rustlers to rum-runners, just by way of being up to date.

Dick Arlen recently finished a picture that symbolizes the last stand of the cowboy. It is called "Gun Smoke" and in it a band of city gangsters invade the plains, battle with the cowboys and are all killed—every one of 'em: cowboys were better shots than gangsters. One of the last triumphs of the old West in pictures.

Pictures are apparently doing their best to build up an illusion that the gangster is in reality a brave fellow with a heart of gold. That's because we need a hero so badly. . . .

All Good Bad Men

IN "The Doorway to Hell," you remember, Lew Ayres was a gang leader. Handsome, rich, loyal, brave, good to his little brother, true to his girl—with seeds of virtue

(*Continued on page 116*)



Richard Arlen (right) is an old-fashioned type of hero—a cowboy. But he went modern in "Gun Smoke." He battled gunmen





"Pop, can I have five dollars?" Which isn't strange, coming from Charles Rogers (above). Pop handles the finances. Note the gray hair? Marion Davies can be as funny as the law allows, because her Dad, ex-Judge Douras of New York (left), knows the legal limit

It's A Wise Movie Who



You never heard of Gary Cooper getting in a legal tangle, did you? That's because Judge Henry Cooper is his father (above). Elliott Nugent could overlook his father, J. C. (right), but he doesn't. They are pals and have acted together and written plays together





Before Phillips Holmes could convince anybody else he was an actor, he had to convince Taylor Holmes (above). Now the son is likely to become more famous than the father. And Georgia Fawcett claims that her Dad never practised being gruffly paternal at home



Child Gives Father His Due





If you ask Allan Hersholt (above), his father is a great Dane. Jean is arranging for Denmark's entries in the 1932 Olympic Games. And Jimmie Gleason (left) is going to get a new necktie from his son, Russell, on Father's Day for being as chummy as he looks

THEY'RE BACK

All The Old Returning - - And

By DOROTHY



Hurrell



Acme

Eleanor Boardman (above) has had two children, changed in looks, and "never been so ambitious." Pola Negri (right) was helped back by thoughts of Marlene's success

THEY'RE back again, those old favorites of yours, all the way down the line to D. W. Griffith's trembling, fragile Mae Marsh and Clara Kimball Young. Hollywood is always up to some trick with her pets. Either forgetting them in the rush of Broadway to the talkies, or taking them to her heart again by the wholesale. Just at present Spring House-Cleaning in the studios finds Hollywood dusting off old pedestals and lighting lamps that have been all but forgotten in the past years.

Press notices start off: "You will remember Miss So-and-So as the fascinating *What-Not* in the magnificent production of 'This-And-That.'" And, of course, you do—whether you'll admit it or not.

The new season is emphasized with such Scrap-Book names as the statuesque Clara Kimball; the now maternal-looking Mae Marsh; not to mention much more recent "old-timers" such as Billie Dove, Dolores Del Rio, Dolores Costello, Pola Negri, Eleanor Boardman, and possibly, Colleen Moore.

Fads? Or fixtures? How long will they will remain? How definite are their comebacks.

With the exception of Eleanor, the two Dolores, and Billie, most of these comebacks are considered to be no more than experiments. With Broadway talent coming at very high figures, cagy Hollywood producers are attempting to revive interest in former "box-office" names that may be procured off the shelf at far more modest salary prices.

It is no secret that Pola Negri has been more than anxious to come back to the American screen. Two years ago, right in the midst of the talkie mêlée, she visited Hollywood with such an idea in mind. But Hollywood apparently had forgotten Pola, once the flame of the box office. No "starring" or even "featured" offer came her way. The movies were too busy with Chatterton, Harding and Bennett. Discouraged and disappointed, Pola returned to European productions and to "personal appearances" abroad. For a moment the foreign stars were doomed, in the rush of singies, talkies and dancies to the fore.

But when the dust of Broadway had settled, the producers awoke to find that Garbo was still with us. Yea, and Dietrich, the German. And Landi. And Chevalier. And Lupe. Even the broken English of Jannings no longer barred him from the American screen. Somebody must have reasoned, in the midst of this fascinating-foreigner interest: "Why not Pola Negri?" Garbo and Dietrich have done much to prove that Pola's type of screen story is still very much in popular vogue. Thus does Pola come back to rival the thrones of Marlene and Greta. Who knows? The experimental contract may work!

Mae Marsh's contract with Fox is another that is regarded as a one-picture "comeback." Out of a host of tests of actresses for the mother's rôle in "Over the Hill," Mae's were by far the most heart-throbbing.

For more than ten years Mae Marsh has been away from the screen. As Mrs. Louis Lee Arms, mother of three lovely children, she has been contented and happy in her domestic life. In fact, Mae had permanently given up all thoughts of the screen and her

IN AGAIN

Favorites Are Here's Why

MANNERS





Clara Kimball Young (above) didn't return to be a star, but to enjoy herself. Mae Marsh, seen with her youngest (left), comes back because her eldest demanded to hear her voice

career until a friend of hers, a manager, begged her to accept an offer from Fox to be tested for the rôle Mary Carr made famous in the silent "Over the Hill." If it had been any other picture—or any other part—it is doubtful if Mae would have considered the test. But Mae and her family had seen that picture of a mother's great love for her children and had loved it. Her children, too, were anxious to see their mother on the screen.

"I am proud to come back in a rôle like this," says Mae, now that the contract is signed and pocketed. "If I never make another picture, I will be proud to have been associated with this one."

Clara Kimball Young, who lost thirty pounds for her comeback, has no starring contract with Radio-Pathé. Nor does she care how small are the parts they give her. It was the thrill of the talkies alone that tempted Clara back to the camera after she had been away so long. Overtures for her return to the screen had been made, but she always declined.

"I should never have wanted to come back to the silent screen," she explained to the boys who were getting publicity statements from her, "but when the talkies came in, I actually thrilled at the idea of them. Here was a screen I had never known. Here was something new and different. It made me feel that one had never been a movie star at all—unless she had conquered the talkies. The silent screen—well, I felt I had had my day. All I want now is just the chance to try myself at this fascinating new screen career, so that I can feel that I really do belong to the movies in all its phases."

Billie Watched and Waited

THERE is no doubt but that the younger women . . . Eleanor Boardman, Dolores Del Rio, Dolores Costello . . . and Billie Dove . . . have returned to more permanent claims to public interest.

With the backing of Howard Hughes, the lovely Billie Dove looms as a star who will have the best material available in stories, casts and directors. So far as actual production interest goes, Billie will have the most elaborately mounted "comeback" of them all. Howard Hughes has been eight months finding a suitable story for the girl Hollywood says he will marry as soon as she is legally free. In "The Age for Love," he believes he has found a plot that will not only re-establish Billie as a starring figure, but will introduce her as a new personality. She has been studying voice, and now speaks with a glamourous huskiness.

Billie Dove is anxious to live down her reputation of mere beauty in stardom. Hughes is anxious to help her. It is their plan to do away with all the soft-focus "stills" that passed for drama in Billie's previous starring days. Ever since she left the screen more than a year ago, Billie has been grooming herself with these new ideas in mind. Her languor has vanished in a round of tennis, golf and fencing lessons. She goes to the new pictures religiously, studying the new technique. She has spent hours reading and re-reading plays that she might do. She has learned and rehearsed many rôles that she knew she was not to

(*Continued on page 112*)







Kiss Them--*Don't Kid Them*

By

HARRIET PARSONS

Who Fell In Love With Eddie And Marries Him In June



Across the top, she asks him to Tell All; hears about that Chicago blonde; jots down what he thinks of women in general. Above, actor silences interviewer

The Bride-To-Be Gets Eddie Woods To Tell The World About His Love-Life

IT HAS always been a staunch theory of mine that business and pleasure should not be mixed; likewise that one's professional life and one's love-life should be kept separate and distinct. This story gives me an unexpected opportunity to prove both theories.

As a matter of fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that the editor of this magazine was putting over a fast one when he gave me this assignment. Editors, you see, have to read a lot of stories—some of them pretty bad ones. too—and every once in a while they like to get even.

Well, anyway, it happened this way: Telephone rings. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE calling: "Miss Parsons, we would like to have you do an interview for us." Writer promptly assumes most ingratiating tone of voice: "How very nice—I'd just love to." "Fine. It's to be an interview with a promising young actor on the subject of love." "Splendid." "The young man has just finished making 'Mother's Cry' and 'The Public Enemy.' His name, by the way, is Edward Woods." "But listen, I can't—" "Woods—W-o-o-d-s. We'd like the story as soon as possible." "But, look here, he's—" "Thank you. Good-bye."

A fine situation! Edward Woods happens by a peculiar coincidence to be not only a promising actor, but the young man I am about to marry (June is the month). Interviewing him on the subject of love is apt to be a rather embarrassing business.

However, the presses must be fed. I reach for the telephone.

"Hello—Eddie?—I just had an assignment—"

"Hello, darling. I was just going to call you. How about going to the beach this afternoon?"

"Eddie—listen!—MOTION PICTURE wants an interview—"

"Great! But what's that got to do with us? Now, about the beach—"

"Eddie—*listen* a minute—it's an interview with you."

"Well, that's fine. You know enough about me. How soon can you be ready to go to the beach?"

"It's an interview on love, Eddie."

"Great! Nobody knows better how I feel about love than you do. You can dash it off in no time to-morrow. Now let's—"

"Eddie Woods, you come right over here and help me."

A knock at the door. "Hello, dear—sure you don't want to change your mind about the beach?"

"You sit down and be interviewed. No—over there. Now, how do you feel about marriage, Mr. Woods?"

"You know darn well how I feel about it. By the way, we mustn't forget to invite Uncle Curtis to the wedding."

"Eddie, this is an interview—not a personal discussion. Do you think actors should marry women in their own profession?"

"Well, I think it has its advantages. An actor has a better chance of being understood by a woman in his own line of work."

"Do you mean you wish you were marrying an actress instead of me?"

"Why—why, darling—I—"

"You *do*!—oh, you brute—here's your ring!"

"Honey, I wouldn't think of marrying anyone in the world but you. I thought this was an interview and not a personal discussion. Besides, I think writers are much nicer than actresses."

"Darling! No—you stay over there. I have to ask you some more questions."

(*Continued on page 96*)

Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive



Pezza, of Naples, says: ***"No woman deserves a lovely skin if she fails to observe the most important daily beauty rule: wash the face with Palmolive Soap every morning and every night."***

Armando Pezza



PEZZA, *of Naples*
He prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."

CECILE ANDRE, *of Palermo: "Palmolive is the one soap I can rely on to cleanse the skin and at the same time keep it supple."*



The glamourous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.



World travelers are frequently directed to the salon of Pezza in Naples.

FROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy, sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as are their sisters in 15 other countries. They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

All receive same advice

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

That cleansing, so vital to beauty, is best accomplished with Palmolive Soap and warm water. A rich lather should be made, which is massaged into the skin, then rinsed away with warm water, followed by cold.

Italy's experts are part of a vast international group (including more than 20,000, think of that!) every one of whom advises Palmolive. They think it ideal for the bath, too. Which is a very practical suggestion, since Palmolive never costs more than 10 cents the cake.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"Why look your

SAYS

BILLIE BURKE

Famous stage Beauty declares no woman needs look her age

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why *any* woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

• • •

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness! She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle, luxurious care!



BILLIE BURKE, wife of a prominent theatrical manager and the mother of a beloved young daughter. Her charm is never more compelling than when she is presiding as the amazingly youthful mistress of her luxurious home.

LUX

age? I am 39!"



BILLIE BURKE

As this photograph plainlyshows,theyears have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game." She says: "To keep youthful charm, it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*."

Toilet Soap 10¢

Mary Has A Little Line



This Booful Brian Girl Isn't Meek And Mouse-Like Any More - - *No Sir!*

By ROBERT FENDER

Mary has a little line
And everywhere she goes
It panics 'em.

DON'T start telling us that doesn't rhyme. It's not supposed to rhyme. What it *is* supposed to do is tell a message—a great truth. This: Mary Brian, believe it or not, has a line. Our sweet little Mary, of all people! Now, maybe you'll understand what we mean when we keep telling you Hollywood is changing.

No longer is Mary the appreciative listener, filling in at just the right time with just the right remarks of approval. At this point, *Mary* is doing the talking. And she's doing it in such a delightfully bright manner that all Hollywood is pleased to listen. She's tossing off *bon mot* after *bon mot*, flip-crack after flip-crack. Left with a group of young men, she starts shooting even before she sees the whites of their eyes. That bad.

There's nothing vicious about Mary's quips. They haven't the acid of Wilson Mizner's or the flattening qualities of Walter Winchell's. They aren't aimed at anybody or anything. They're simply the bubblings-over of a gal who has long wanted to say things, but who somehow or other hasn't dared.

Mary's twenty-one. She's been in pictures since she was fifteen. Subtract fifteen from twenty-one (I can't) and the answer is the number of years Mary's had to struggle along with that awful tag of "sweet girl" someone stuck on her early in the game. Placed in that predicament, I'll bet you'd get a line, too—in self-defense, if for no other reason.

Life Was a Pain

"LIVING was getting to be an awful bother," she confessed to me as we munched in the studio cafeteria. "Parties weren't any fun for me. Everyone was always very nice and thoughtful. The boys were careful to mention how pleasant it was to be with me. The girls took pains to compliment my dress and coiffure. I came back with the correct responses and it was all very respectable and proper. It was also awfully dull.

"My life had no—no *bang!*

"I started scouting around for a way out. Being a pretty-pretty, with every curl in place, was a nice safe way of getting by. (No one has been actually thrown out of a party for being dull, you know.) But I wanted to do more than get by. I wanted to shake loose from the kind of girl they had me tagged. I felt, not only at parties, but here on the lot and everywhere else that *what I was supposed to be* was stifling the *real me*. It looked as if I were going to have to spend the rest of my life living up to a reputation—a spineless, doll-like reputation for sweetness! I felt trapped."

"A bad feeling," I sympathized.

"*Plenty* bad feeling," Mary came back. "The kind of feeling that leaves you all washed up and done for—that makes you want to go to nearly any excess to beat it."

"And how did you beat it, Mary?"

"I beat it," she weighed the words, "by being natural—by throwing off the cloak of make-believe and learning to speak right out in meeting."

"Exactly how?"

He Stopped and Listened

"WELL—that puts me in a pretty hard spot. One thing I remember, though. A lot of the lads in these parts think it's pretty hot to get tight on a date. Now that's long been a headache with me, but I've never known exactly how to cope with it. Until one night a party of us were at a hotel dancing, when the boy with whom I had the next fox-trot started taking that one drink too many. Then I gave voice to a sentiment I'd long wanted to get out of my system. I said: 'You know, you really don't have to be carried out on a stretcher to make a hit with me.'

(*Continued on page 92*)

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TOM SANTSCHI

Within the past year thirteen of the film famous have passed beyond the call of *Camera*. Their Rehearsals are ended. Some have gone calmly, some tragically, one deliberately. One was a star who cannot be replaced. One was a great director. Two were heroes, and two heroines. The rest—some of them picture pioneers—played character rôles. Hollywood mourns them all. And so do picturegoers all over the world



CHARLES CLARY



LOUIS WOLHEIM



F. W. MURNAU





RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT

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"Even in perfume I like superlatives!"

says

DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I've a weakness . . I confess it . . for the *est* of everything! The *smartest* frock . . the *swankiest* motorcar . . the amus*ingest* people . . oh, I could go on and on. Only, I'd never found my *est* in perfume . . until that happy day when I discovered Seventeen. Seventeen is the new*est* . . alluring*est* . . daring*est* . . gay*est* . . and of all perfume moods, the young*est* . . truly, my superlative in perfumes!"



Youth-tone make-up

. . . the *quick* way to the complexion of Seventeen! These make-up preparations artfully simulate the natural color tones of youthful skin. *Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder* is based on two color tones instead of one, thus lending an effect of youthful transparency to the skin. *Seventeen Lipstick* imparts the soft coloring of youth to lips. It becomes indelible if the lips are moistened before applying. *Seventeen Rouge* comes in youth-tone shades to match the Lipstick; the purse-size Rouge Compact is charming, and matches Seventeen Lipstick and Powder Compact. . . . Also: Seventeen Perfume, Dusting Powder, Talcum, Liquid and Solid Brillantines, Sachet, Toilet Water, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, and Astringent.



The Seventeen Bridge Ensemble will lend a new smart note to your entertaining. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter.

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



FRESHMAN LOVE

Ruth Etting has That Certain Something in her voice. Music publishers haunt her, teasing her to sing their songs and make them hits. Long-famous on Broadway, she has been discovered by the producers of screen shorts. And in this particular piece, they have given her a real break. She puts over three good numbers, all in snappy style, with a story in the background. A college freshman falls for her, and a bunch of teasers answer his love-letters to her. Finally, when the boy's sweetie begs Ruth to give him back to her, they frame his tormentors for a big fade-out laugh. Here is some painless singing (Vitaphone Varieties).

CHASING AROUND

Maybe you're one of those anti-evolution critters and don't see anything funny about chimpanzees that look and act ridiculously human. And, on the other hand, maybe you aren't. In which case you'll get a kick out of the latest effort of Tiffany's furred comedians. It starts off with a snappy family quarrel, in which the son—with an English accent that will panic you—attempts to act as peacemaker. Then father and son go for an airplane ride that is among the funniest bits ever filmed. The lines crackle wisely, and the acting of the chimps is something to see. Have a look at this, if it comes your way (Tiffany).





NUMBER, PLEASE

Another short we defy you to sleep through is this speedy —and unusually funny—little number. Here, for your edification, is the life of a telephone operator in a busy hotel. One of those super-wise-crackers, who gets a great kick out of herself. You know the type. The scene is the hotel lobby. And the hello girl, in this case, is one Sheila Darret (a new one to us), who can talk faster than Floyd Gibbons. She takes care of several calls a second, takes care of several ogling gents a minute, and sees and hears all that is going on in the lobby. This girl is a natural comedienne. Where has she been keeping herself? (Vitaphone Varieties).

THE COWCATCHER'S DAUGHTER

All the producers in Hollywood are turning out Westerns —even Mack Sennett. But Mack's is different. He doesn't try to have you take his productions seriously. In fact, he's downright coy and clownish. Andy Clyde is a quavering old ranch-owner whose dotter (Marjorie Beebe) has run away with her trick horse to the circus. Harry Gribbon, a big overgrown cowhand with a big overgrown Western accent, goes after her. Pa promises the gal to him, but along comes a handsome stranger and—ha! ha! The dialogue is uncommonly wise for an outdoor opus. (Educational).





A FOWL AFFAIR

Here is a real novelty—something you have never seen before. Moreover, here is a real comedy, with all the actors either ducks, chickens or geese. They move about a miniature town, drive miniature cars, wear miniature human clothes—and have full grown human voices. The plot concerns the great love of *Elmer Mallard*, a poor country boy, for the great stage star, *Genevieve Leghorn*, and the villainous designs of *Red Miller*, "a bad egg." In other words, a burlesque of hokum melodrama. The way the fowls—much harder to train than any animals—strut their stuff will not only amuse you, but amaze you (Educational).

HEROES OF THE FLAMES

"Give us action!" yell the youngsters, and Hollywood grinds out another serial. And do the kids like it? Yes, if there's something doing every minute, with plenty of noise, and a bang-up finish to every episode. And another requirement: the hero must be big, brave, poor and handsome; and the girl has to be pretty and sweet, and have a rich father and a kid brother. "Heroes of the Flames" has everything. Tim McCoy, who has just finished fighting Indians, now is fighting flames, rescuing people. If there's a ten-year-old in the family, send him to see it. He'll have the time of his life (Universal).





OUR WIFE

Remember comic Ben Turpin of the criss-cross eyes? He's back. If you can imagine such a thing, he all but steals this one from those never failing laugh-getters, Laurel and Hardy. Not that they're any less effective than usual, but Ben's eyes add an unexpected twist to the fun. Hardy—he's the fat one—proposes to elope with plump Babe London, and Laurel volunteers to help. He shows up with an Austin, into which all three try to pry themselves. Then, searching for a justice, they find Turpin, who performs the ceremony. They can't tell to whom he is speaking, and neither, one learns, can he. Grade A nonsense (M-G-M).

SPEED

Mack Sennett calls this one "a comedy special" and he isn't kidding us a bit. It's not only a neat little comedy, but also turns out to be educational—and is handsomely photographed in Sennett-color. Marjorie Beebe and Alberta Vaughn are both determined to marry Frank Eastman, football hero—and the first to reach the far-away Frankie will get him. Alberta starts out in a 'plane and Marge in a flivver, but they both end up in the 'plane—and come to a novel ending. What they see of points of interest and beauty spots from the airplane windows will give you aviators' wanderlust and a thrill or two or three (Educational).



Famous Romances

LILYAN TASHMAN AND EDMUND LOWE



SHE SAYS:

"Clothes, jewels, perfumes all help, but the very root of romance is your own loveliness, your physical freshness and beauty. Cherish that and you live romance. For romance follows in the wake of beauty."

HE SAYS:

"This world, being what it is, men are going to keep on admiring beautiful women and falling in love with them. Keep loveliness . . . guard it . . . strive for it, if you want to find and keep romance."

"Happily Ever After"..

A STORY-BOOK PHRASE YOUR LOVELINESS MAKES COME TRUE

They took an old favorite phrase from the scenario department . . . and lived it!

Took a "happy ending" and made it come true!

The blonde alluring loveliness of Lilyan Tashman is vivid evidence of that old, old truth that a lovely woman always seems to find romance . . . and keep it.

That vivacious blonde beauty of hers comes largely from the petal smoothness of her skin. How well she knows that her skin needs care . . . and that only the soundest beauty helps will do.

In these two daily beauty essentials—Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream—Lilyan Tashman finds two true custodians for her precious beauty.

Such a Cold Cream! So light and melty! So penetrating and bland. Gone in a second that wrinkled "dry skin feeling." "Thanks for the luscious relief!" says the drawn, tired skin. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps the skin supple, smooth and soft.

Such a Facial Cream! A foundation cream that protects the skin, holds make-up, reduces the pores . . . and banishes nose shine!

Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and other scientific beauty aids are made by skin specialists, not perfumers or cosmeticians. Ask for them at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

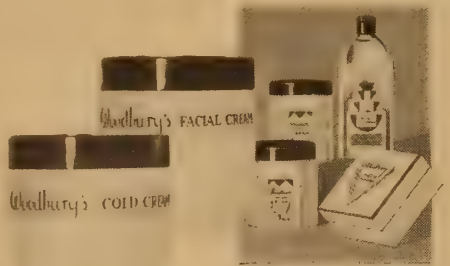
TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

At Night: After washing your face with Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

During Day: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

For Lines and Wrinkles: Use Woodbury's Cleansing Cream and Woodbury's Tissue Cream in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.



COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 6307 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose ten cents.

Oily Skin ☐	Flabby Skin ☐	Sallow Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐	Coarse Pores ☐	Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐	Blackheads ☐	

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Woodbury's

COLD CREAM, FACIAL CREAM

and allied scientific beauty aids

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TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

The Air Police—Kenneth Harlan and Charles Delaney in a little war between two U. S. fliers and some Mexican smugglers. You might like the aviation (Sono-Art).

Bad Sister—Sidney Fox makes a bright bow to movie fans in a Booth Tarkington story about a small-town girl who has big-town ideas (Univ.).

Bachelor Apartment—Lowell Sherman makes merry with other men's wives until Irene Dunne reforms him. Better than you might suppose (RKO).

Behind Office Doors—Mary Astor illustrates the difficulties of being an unloved stenog. It's a little different, anyway (RKO).

Beyond Victory—In pictorial form, the last thoughts of several front-line soldiers. Both bitter and sentimental, and lacking a real punch. James Gleason out-acts the star, Bill Boyd (RKO-Pathé).

Big Business Girl—A semi-naughty, but neat little comedy about a young married couple—Loretta Young and Frank Albertson—who try to lead separate lives (F. N.).

Broadminded—Joe E. Brown works hard for a few laughs in an opus about the trouble a fellow has keeping away from women (F. N.).

Charlie Chan Carries On—That amusing Oriental detective (smoothly played by Warner Oland) solves a series of good murder mysteries on a round-the-world cruise (Fox).

Children of Dreams—Life and love among the singing wanderers who pick California's fruit. An operetta that has its moments, thanks to stage-singers Paul Gregory and Margaret Schilling (W. B.).

City Lights—Charlie Chaplin deftly mixes slapstick and sobs in a story about a comic-pathetic little tramp who loves a blind girl. He's silent and—in spots—very funny (U. A.).

City Streets—Even Gary Cooper gets embroiled with a dramatic underworld, but the reason for seeing the picture is newcomer Sylvia Sidney (Par.).

Complete Surrender—Joan Crawford, a cabaret-dancer with a broken heart, turns Salvation Army lassie. Joan tries hard, but the story defies even her talents. Previewed as "The Torch Song" (M-G-M).

A Connecticut Yankee—They have modernized and altered Mark Twain's classic, but Will Rogers makes you like it—and laugh (Fox).

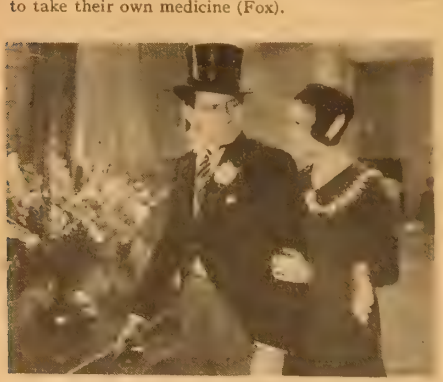
Cracked Nuts—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey let loose a barrage of wisecracks in a burlesque South American revolution. Fairly funny (RKO).

Daybreak—Ramon Novarro turns sophisticated and loses nothing thereby—in a tangled tale of romantic intrigue (M-G-M).

Dirigible—A spectacular yarn about South Polar adventure, with Jack Holt commanding an airship, and Ralph Graves piloting an airplane (Col.).

Dishonored—Marlene Dietrich goes to the top of the class as a woman spy who proves to be more woman than spy. Here's something tense (Par.).

Doctors' Wives—Warner Baxter learns—amusingly enough—that philandering doctors sometimes have to take their own medicine (Fox).



Spencer Tracy goes high-hat as a big-time racketeer in "Quick Millions" and neglects little Sally Eilers



Laura La Plante and Lew Cody both enjoy themselves in a bit of marital nonsense called "Meet the Wife"

The Finger Points—Hollywood's explanation of the murder of a certain Chicago reporter, with Richard Barthelmess the reporter. Far from realistic (F. N.).

The Front Page—Adolphe Menjou surprises the world as a hard-boiled editor in a robust and true-to-life picture of crime reporters. The fastest-paced talkie yet made (U. A.).

God's Gift to Women—Naughty Frank Fay wins nice Laura La Plante in a vaudeville version of the Paree (W. B.).

Gun Smoke—A novel idea—about a war between gunmen and cowboys—degenerates quite promptly into a Western. Richard Arlen is present. Par.

Hell Bound—Leo Carrillo gives one of the talkies' best portraits of a gutter character in a fast-moving story, more romantic than most. Tiffany.

Honor Among Lovers—Claudette Colbert marries caddish Monroe Owsley, then begins to love her hard-making boss, Fredric March. Director Arzner adorns the slight story. Par.

The Hot Heiress—A lukewarm musical comedy about the romance of a banker's daughter, Marion Shilling, and a steelworker, Ben Lyon.—F. N.

Iron Man—The rise and fall of a prize-fighter graphically portrayed by Lew Ayres. Tragedy and hokum in this one. Univ.

It's a Wise Child—Marion Davies, expectant and expectant, and everyone wonders what the baby will be. Sexy, but funny. M-G-M.

June Moon—An amusing satire on song writers, from the sticks who think up a good tune to the pros than Irving Berlin. Jack Oakie clicks in a big way. (Par.).

Kiki—Mary Pickford, with boudoir eyes and a French accent, out to surprise and delight her fans as a Parisian spitfire. She surprises. But them she amuses. U. A.

Ladies' Man—The life and times of a cad, smoothly enacted by William Powell. Par.

Laugh and Get Rich—A dumb, and kind of comedy about boarding-house life with Eugene Pallette, Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert. Make it what it is. (RKO).

The Lightning Flyer—The racing-car president gets makes good by starting at the bottom.—James Hall, fights, wrecks and hokum. Col.

Man of the World—William Powell, in still another unsympathetic role, shows what a man can do with a blackmailer lives and loves. Par.

Meet the Wife—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante husband, resenters and ex-wife. Plenty of marriage, ried to Harry Myers. Entertaining nonsense. Col.

Men Call It Love—Adolphe Menjou woos Leila Hyams away from her husband, Norman Kerry, and loses her again. Neither new nor spicy. M-G-M.

The Millionaire—George Arliss in another picture and another hit. This time he is a wealthy invalid who regains his health as money slowly slips down the social ladder (W. B.).

Misbehaving Ladies—A misleading title for a whimsical little farce about a small town's welcome to a princess. Lila Lee.—F. N.

Mother's Millions—Watch your step, Marie Dressler! Here's May Robson, your old stage rival, off to a great screen start as a woman who isn't as hard-hearted as she looks. Liberty.

Mr. Lemon of Orange—El Brendel doubles as a dumb Swede and a tough gangster. Water-thin comedy. Fox.

My Past—Bebe Daniels as a misleading lady who remains unbelievably pure. Ben Lyon with her, but not of much assistance (W. B.).

The Mystery of Life—The movies grow educational and present the story of Evolution, with a good lecture on the side by Clarence Darrow. Univ.

Pagliacci—The screen's first attempt at grand opera, and none too successful. It is in two acts, as on the stage, moves slowly. The San Carlo Opera Company sings it well—in Italian. Audio Cinema.

Playthings of Hollywood—An attempt to capitalize on the scandal-sheet stories about Hollywood that falls flat. Rita La Roy is on hand. Hollywood Pictures.

The Prodigal—Lawrence Tibbett returns to the old plantation, falls in love with his sister-in-law (Esther Ralston). Good musical drama (M-G-M).

The Public Enemy—Showing you the underworld as it is—mind-numbing and glamorous. Edward Woods and James Cagney open your eyes. W. B.

Quick Millions—A truck-driver hero rises to big-time racketeer and abuses his power. Spencer Tracy excellent in a gangland opus that has its better moments. Fox.

The Seas Beneath—George O'Brien pursues a German girl and a German girl gets him. Fair-to-good naval romance. Fox.

The Secret Six—A half-dozen good men and [illegible] in a gang-chasing picture. Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lewis Stone and Johnny Mack Brown are good at gunplay in an underworld drama. M-G-M.

Shipmates—Despite a few slow places, a fine picture of the navy and navy life. Robert Montgomery gets off to a handsome start as a sailor. M-G-M.

Skippy—Norma Cossart [illegible] in the [illegible] Coogan and [illegible] Sooky. Don't miss this one. Par.

The Smiling Lieutenant—Maurice Chevalier gets [illegible] Miss Colbert sings and Chevalier sings. Par.

The Spy—Neil Hamilton as a Russian [illegible] Par.

Stepping Out—Two prizefighters [illegible] Gertrude Olmsted [illegible] is funny. M-G-M.

Strangers May Kiss—Norma Shearer [illegible] Robert Montgomery steals the picture. M-G-M.

Subway Express—A taxi mystery melodrama. A [illegible] Jack Holt [illegible] Col.



Tallulah Bankhead—aided by Clive Brook—gets a dramatic start as a talkie star in "Tarnished Lady"

New Skin Beauty Overnight Amazing Discovery - FREE

free 7 DAY BEAUTY TREATMENT

Look 10 Years Younger

Thousand-Year-Old Beauty Secret Rediscovered. Erases Age-Lines, Wrinkles. Clears, Softens Skin. Ends Pimples, Blackheads. Results Overnight.



NOW NO EXCUSE for ugly skin, lines or wrinkles. You can have a clear, unblemished, girlish skin like magic. Amazing discovery, SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME, brings results OVERNIGHT. Almost before you can realize it, your lovely, new, youthful skin attracts admiration and envy. Free 7-day treatment proves you can look years younger and many times prettier, right away. Send for it TODAY.

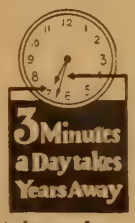
Pimples, Blackheads, Lines Go

Sem-Pray acts in marvelous new way. It penetrates deep into skin; clears pores of excess oil and all impurities. Blackheads and pimples vanish before your eyes. Skin becomes soft as a baby's; smooth and velvety. Takes shine from oily skin; makes dry skin normal.

Softens, Whitens, Tones Skin

Blotches, muddiness vanish at once. Skin becomes beautifully fine and white. Age-lines and wrinkles go quick. Sagging cheeks, double chin, puffs under eyes, firm right up. Undernourished tissue is fed, stimulated and toned. New beauty quick. Amazes everyone.

Better than "Beauty Parlor" Treatments. Years Vanish



A 3-minute treatment with Sem-Pray is better than an hour's treatment with ordinary creams and lotions. It is the only beauty aid you need. Three minutes a day is enough to take years away. New youth overnight. And new oval container also enables you to carry Sem-Pray with you. Push-up bottom, used as easily as lipstick, without touching with fingers. Give yourself many beauty treatments a day. Use also when shopping, after motoring, after exposure to sun, dust and wind to freshen the skin and relieve irritation. Use after swimming. Use also as a foundation cream.

Beauty Experts Astounded

Beauty experts astounded. They see Sem-Pray do overnight what previously has taken many beauty treatments to effect.



Sem-Pray Is the Only Beauty Aid You Need



Dorothy Mackaill and Basil Rathbone in "Green Stockings." Says Miss Mackaill: "Sem-Pray takes years from one's looks and gives lovely charm."

Youth and Beauty Quick

Rare Eastern Oils Bring Skin Loveliness Such as Ordinary Creams Can Never Give



Simply put the Sem-Pray oval container to face and smooth on. Fingers never touch the creme.

Sem-Pray contains rare Eastern oils from the lands of the beautiful Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and other famous beauties who knew secrets of youth formerly unknown to the modern woman. Beautifying ingredients never before used in any creams: rediscovered and now compressed into dainty rose-pink, almond-scented cake.

Different—Far Superior to Ordinary Creams

Only 3 persons in the world know how Sem-Pray is made from these wonderful Eastern oils. Only in Sem-Pray can you get this quick new way to youth and beauty. Only in Sem-Pray can you actually see results overnight. Also a wonderful foundation cream. Blends powder and rouge perfectly. Prevents caking and spottiness. No other beautifier so quick and complete as Sem-Pray. Brings new youth at once.



Use Sem-Pray any time, anywhere. Fits snugly in corner of handbag.

Get Sem-Pray Today New Beauty Tomorrow

Get 60c package Sem-Pray at your favorite toilet goods counter or drug store today. New beauty tomorrow. Or send for free 7-day treatment. Better than 7 trips to a beauty parlor. Send today.

Movie Stars Wild About Sem-Pray Compressed Creme

Makes Them Look Years Younger

Many movie stars look as young today as they did 10 years ago and some look even younger now, due to absence of lines, blemishes, pouches and bagginess. Many with grown children still play "flapper" parts. They credit Sem-Pray with their new youth. Send for free package today.

Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson



See her ten years ago —and today. Younger looking than ever. She says: "Sem-Pray holds youth down thru the years."

Charming Agnes Ayres



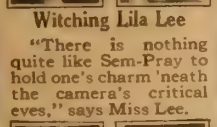
She says: "Sem-Pray holds youth." These pictures taken 10 years apart are evident that Miss Ayres knows.

Winsome Viola Dana



Ten years of youth that would be otherwise lost. She says, "It pays to keep young with Sem-Pray."

Witching Lila Lee



"There is nothing quite like Sem-Pray to hold one's charm 'neath the camera's critical eyes," says Miss Lee.

Beautiful MariePrevost



Miss Prevost says: "Sem-Pray keeps my skin always young and lovely. Erases lines."

InspiringPaulineStarke



"Sem-Pray keeps away wrinkles, erases lines and enables one to maintain unfading youth and beauty."



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7-Day Beauty Treatment

Mail coupon below at once for FREE 7-day treatment of Sem-Pray beautifiers, including amazing Sem-Pray Compressed Creme, Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge. All FREE.

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Please send packet of 7-day Sem-Pray Beautifiers, including Sem-Pray Compressed Creme, Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please print or write plainly)

She Won't *Tell All*

So Hollywood (Wrong Again) Calls Genevieve Tobin "High-Hat"



By HALE HORTON

WHEN Genevieve Tobin rushes about town in her Ford town-car, her head is poised with all the hauteur of a queen. Yet I have seen her get tossed and blush and grin like a schoolgirl simply because one of her many fans recognized her and passed a torn scrap of paper through the window of her car to be autographed.

And a moment later I have seen her step from the car and prepare to force her way through a restless, mumbling crowd who obviously resented screen stars. Genevieve sensed danger in the crowd, but again she was the haughty one. Not with the insulting sort of grandeur assumed by so many of our stars—the sort that brings forth the Bronx cheer. But with a dignified air of self-assurance. There's a difference. The crowd sensed it—and politely dropped back, clearing a path all the way to the theater's door.

It is only by such glimpses and by casual conversations that you learn anything about Genevieve Tobin. She is impossible to interview. She hides behind short, curt replies that are baffling, not to say irritating, until you begin to understand her. Even a supervisor can tell you that you can't interview successfully without asking some questions that a sensitive woman would resent. Most women cover their resentment. But not Genevieve.

Why She Can't "Tell All"

IT is impossible for her to warm up to writers and "tell all" simply because it will rate her columns of rather necessary publicity. She is more apt to freeze—to answer abruptly, or to comment on the merits of the question with such frankness as to make the writers furious. This "frankness" of Genevieve's is deeply appreciated by her friends, but with comparative strangers it's apt to leave an odd impression—and Genevieve is aware of it. It depresses her; but she is incapable of acting otherwise. As a result, she is through with interviews.

When the mood is upon her, however, she does warm up and talk freely. For in spite of her mentality, she is nervous and emotional. She speaks with lightning-like rapidity—and with gestures. Her words have a sting, and her observations are keen. She has a sly sense of humor, and derives huge enjoyment from baiting her friends. She is an incorrigible tease.

With the exception of one woman editor, Genevieve is the most utterly feminine creature I've

(Continued on page 100)

Why waste time on *old fashioned methods*

. . . when you can learn to play at home without a teacher?



DON'T let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don't let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true! For you—*anyone*—can easily *teach yourself* to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It's *so* easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The note in the first space is always f. The note in the second space is *always* a. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell *face.*

Now, isn't that simple? You don't have to know one note from another in order to begin. For the U. S. School way explains everything as *you go along*—both in print and picture—so that almost before you know it, you are playing *real tunes and melodies* right from the notes.

You simply *can't go wrong.* First you are *told* what to do, then the picture *shows* you how to do it—then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

Easy as A-B-C

No wonder over 600,000 men and women have learned to play this easy way! For this famous course is based on sound, fundamental musical principles highly simplified. It's not a "trick" or "stunt" method. You learn to play from notes, just as the best musicians do. You learn to pick up any piece of music, read it, and understand it.

No time is wasted on theories. *You get all the musical facts.* You get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control, harmony.

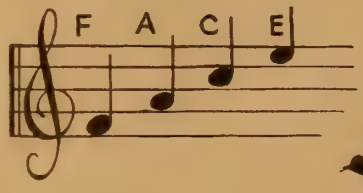
You'll find yourself studying the U. S. School way with a smile. Your own home is your studio. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. There are no dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through. Instead, it's just like playing a game—you learn so fast!

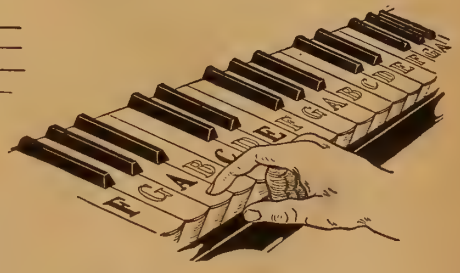
No Talent Needed

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And remember—no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average just the same—only a few cents a day.

You'll never regret having learned to play. For those who can entertain with music at parties—who can snap up things with peppy numbers—are always sought after, always sure of a good time! Start *now* and surprise your friends!

Easy as A-B-C





Easy as A-B-C

Learning music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet you can learn to play your favorite instrument in just a few months this delightfully easy new way!

Learn to Play ANY Instrument

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	'Cello
Violin	Ukulele
Guitar	Clarinet
Mandolin	Flute
Harp	Saxophone
Cornet	Trombone

Drums and Traps
Piano Accordion
Sight Singing
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Voice and Speech Culture
Italian and German Accordion
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Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

"Music Lessons in Your Own Home" is an interesting little book that is yours for the asking. With this free book we will send you a typical demonstration lesson that proves, better than words, how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite instrument by note—in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old, slow methods—the U. S. School way. No obligation.

If you really want to play—if new friends, good times, social popularity, and increased income appeal to you—clip and mail the coupon NOW. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 607 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you
.....Instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

THE ANSWER MAN



Joan Crawford's New Fans Keep Us Busy And The Mail Is Heavy For Richard Dix



The Answer Man will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to the Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York



VIVIAN—Kay Francis hails from Oklahoma City, Okla. She is five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair, grey eyes, married to Kenneth MacKenna and her latest flicker is "Night Court," Paramount Studios. John Mack Brown born in Dotham, Ala., on Sept. 4, 1904. Married to Cornelia Foster and has a child.

E. H. G.—You refer to Don Francis, who played the rôle of Tim McCoy's friend in "The Indians Are Coming." Tim was born in Saginaw, Mich., on April 10, 1891. Buck Jones in Vincennes, Ind., in 1889. Buck Jones' latest picture is "The Texas Ranger," Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

HARRIETT—Glad to hear from you again. Marilyn Miller was born in Evansville, Ind., on Sept. 1, 1900, she is five feet tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes and her real moniker is Mary Lynn Reynolds. Has been married twice, first husband was Frank Carter, second, Jack Pickford. Miss Miller has just returned from a European trip and will no doubt resume her screen work.

E. A.—Lewis Stone was born in Wor- cester, Mass., but was educated in a New York military school. He has been active all his life and is a veteran of the stage as well as a pioneer in motion pictures. Has been in the Spanish-American War and the World War. When the latter closed, he was commissioned a Major in the Reserve Corps, the rank he still holds. He is married to Hazel Elizabeth Woof and will be seen next in "Always Goodbye."



LADY OF LEISURE — Mary Astor has auburn hair and brown eyes. Norma Shearer was born in Canada on Aug. 10, 1904. Has brown hair, light blue eyes, married to Irving Thalberg. They have a son, Irving, Jr., who was born on Aug. 24, 1930. You'll see Miss Shearer next in "A Free Soul," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

M. A. L.—For a ten-year-old, you sure have a fine handwriting—keep up the good work and you'll probably turn out to be somebody's bookkeeper. Mitzi Green was born in New York City, about ten years ago. Junior Durkin is about fifteen and can be reached at the Paramount Studios. Marie Dressler and Louise Dresser are not related, note the difference in the spelling of their last names. "Follow the Leader" was adapted from the stage play "Manhattan Mary."

JAMIE—Just too bad you had to lose that roadster of yours. But cheer up, there is a Santa Claus, and you still have Kiki. Joan Crawford appeared on the stage in "The Passing Show" and "Innocent Eyes." She is an expert dancer, having won twenty-six loving cups in dancing competitions. That is her hobby. Is also a good swimmer. Has brown hair, blue eyes, five feet four inches tall, weighs 120 pounds.



LUCILLE — That's right, if you work hard enough at anything, in the end you will find yourself on top, unless you're digging a well. Paul Lukas was born on May 26, 1897, he is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 186 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and is appearing in "The Vice Squad," Paramount Studios.

DIX FAN—Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Brimmer. He was almost born in Los Angeles, Cal.: he missed it by just six weeks, his parents moving from that city to St. Paul, Minn., just six weeks before his birth. Richard received his education in Minnesota, graduating from the St. Paul Central High School, where he studied to be a surgeon, the wish of his father. Worked in a bank and on the stage before entering pictures. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds.

COOKY—Thelma Todd was born in Lawrence, Mass., and is of Scotch-Irish-American ancestry. Graduated from the Lowell Normal School and was appointed a primary grade teacher in Lawrence, where her father was an alderman. After a few years of this, she was chosen as a contestant in the Elks' beauty contest and won, being named Miss Massachusetts. Simultaneously, she was chosen by Paramount for its school and made her first picture for that company.



HELMA— Nena Quartaro hails from New York City and has a birthday on March 17. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has dark hair and black eyes. She is of Spanish-Italian descent, not married. She played opposite Nick Stuart and Tom Santschi in "Trapped," Big 4 Film Corp.

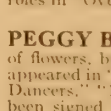
GATT—You forgot your home address. Charles Farrell, Elissa Landi and Humphrey Bogart had the leading rôles in "Body and Soul." Mary Pickford, Reginald Denny and Margaret Livingston in "Kiki." Charles Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill and Harry Myers in "City Lights." John Boles, Lupe Velez, Nance O'Neill and William Keighley in "Resurrection." Nancy Carroll, Phillips Holmes, Louis Calhern and Dagmar Oakland in "Stolen Heaven."

CLAIRE LUCE FANS—Wish to correct the statement we made in saying Miss Luce's real name was Snow. S'no it isn't, Luce is her real moniker. Miriam Seegar was born in Greentown, Ind., on Sept. 1, 1910. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes.

IMPATIENT BABS—Don't be like that. I've answered you just as quick as I could. Your letter was too late for the last issue. However, Mitzi Green is ten years old. William Bakewell and Una Merkel are twenty-three. Mary Brian was born on Feb. 17, 1908. Jack Oakie, Nov. 14, 1903. Lilian Roth, on Dec. 13, 1911, she was married on April 14, 1931, to William S. Scott. See "What the Stars Are Doing" for the list of their new productions.

ROBERT—Louis Wolheim was born in New York City, March 28, 1880. Was five feet ten inches tall, had brown hair and eyes. Rin-Tin-Tin is playing "The Lightning Warrior," Mascot Pictures. Mae Marsh, James Kirkwood, Howard Phillips, Donald Dillaway and Cecelia Parker have the leading rôles in "Over the Hill," Fox Studios.

PEGGY BLUE-EYES—I see you're fond of flowers, but who wouldn't be? Mae Clarke, who appeared in "Nix on Dames," "The Doll Girl," "The Dancers," "Big Time," and "The Front Page," has been signed by Columbia to appear in "The Good Bad Girl." Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on Dec. 28, 1908. He's not married and receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.



ROBERT—Leon Janney was born in Ogden, Utah, on April 1, 1917. He has blonde hair and blue eyes and has appeared in the following productions: "Courage," "The Doorway to Hell," "Old English," "Father's Son," "Their Mad Moment."

S. S. AND H.—So you like Phillips Holmes with his hair all ruffled up! Well, I guess he sees this, don't you? Phillips was born on July 22, 1909, he is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Want until you see Lumsden in "An American Tragedy," Sylvia Sidney plays opposite.

EVERYONE'S ADMIRER — Well, you show no partiality, do you? No, I never get tired answering questions, drop in as often as you like. Rudy Vallee is back at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, N. Y. I would suggest you write him there. Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green will be seen next in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount Studios. Lillian Roth is playing in vaudeville.

RALPH—Louise Brooks played the rôle of the canary in "The Cat and the Canary." Ann Pennington is appearing on the stage at this time. Thomas Holden was Charles Farrell's father in "The Man Who Came Back." Tim McCoy's latest release is "Heroes of the Flames," Universal Studios.



BLANCHE—Paul Rolli played the rôle of *André* in "Show People." Arthur Lake is appearing in "Indiscreet," starring Gloria Swanson. Eddie Nugent was the brother in "Dancing Daughters." He was born in New York City on Feb. 7, 1904, and is not married. Dorothy Mackaill is not married at this writing. Her new production being "The Reckless Hour." Douglas MacLean was the star in "The Carnation Kid."

STANLEY FAVORITE—Stanley Smith did not appear in "The Singing Fool." Nor was he to Joseph Wagstaff who played the part of Joe. The songs that were sung in this picture are "A Night of Happiness" and "Sitting by the Window." Pictures you can secure copies of at your nearest music supply

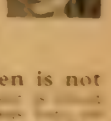
TERRY—That's pretty stationery you have! Must have a weakness for going [illegible] Richard Cromwell hails from Los Angeles, Cal. He is but twenty years of age, five feet ten inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, light brown hair, brown eyes. Was educated at Long Beach High School and Chouinard Art School. Has a distant relative in Howard Chandler Christy and has had a few scenes of his own as a mural painter. Did some work on the Hollywood Pantages Theatre.



R. D.—Your favorite, Adolphe Menjou has come back with a bang. Wasn't he great in "The Front Page"? He was born in Pittsburg, Pa., of French parents and was educated at Culver Military Academy in Indiana and at Cornell University. After attending institutions to be studied to be a mechanical engineer, completed his course, received his degree, and, instead of leaving college, he has never done any work along that line.

K.—Mary Astor is the widow of Kenneth Hawks, who was killed in an [illegible] on Jan. 2 1930. Blanche Mehaffey was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 28, 1907. Received her start in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1924. Later appeared in bathing girl comedies and was a Wampas Star of 1924. She is five feet three inches tall, 119 pounds, has red hair, blue-grey eyes and is married to William Stromberg.

A LILY DAMITA FAN—Miss Damita was born in Paris, France, July 20, 1904. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is five feet three inches tall, weighs about 114 pounds. Her real name is Liliane Carre. Speaks Spanish, French, German, English and Portuguese. Your letter to Dorothy Dix as to Do-Do, the correct spelling of the name. She is appearing in "The Woman Between," Fox Pictures Studios.



FRANKIE—Laura La Plante is appearing in "Meet the Wife." She was born on Nov. 1, 1904, and is married to William A. Seiter. Laura Gardner was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is married to Carlyle Jones. She was born on Oct. 6, 1907, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and is playing in "Daddy Long Legs."

JAMES MAYERS—Mitzi Green is not related to Burns and Allen. Mary Duncan is not sixty-five years old. Eleanor Dunn was born on Dec. 22, 1918. Paul Page was born on May 18, 1909. Ivan Unruh was born on Nov. 3, 1908. Dorothy Jordan was born in 1910. Charles Morton was [illegible] played opposite Anita Page in "Come On Marines."

IMPATIENT BABS—Dorothy Lee's real married name is Mrs. [illegible] Mitzi Green is Mrs. Eugene Durbin. Lester Vail [illegible] in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Mary Carlisle was [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

Lupe Velez, screen star, says:

"Enrich your beauty with *really* * *natural* rouge"



You can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but colors as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself? Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you*, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented. Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

How Color Comes to Life. *Any* harsh, *flat*, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

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Jackie Coogan has a load on his sixteen-year-old shoulders, and that's his loving brother, Bobby. The five-year-old doesn't want to be an actor, even if he was a hit in "Skippy." He wants to be a cameraman. But, luckily, he'll do anything Long Jeans says. And Long Jeans says, "You'll be in 'Sooky' next!"

Ray Jones

Indiscreet

Through one indiscretion – a woman with a future became a woman with a past

A new ***year*** .....A new ***life***....

So Jerry Trent (Gloria Swanson) made her New Year's ***resolution***....Her past was a closed book ....Her ***romance*** with Jim Woodward was forgotten ....On fresh, clean pages she'd write the story of a new and greater ***love***...But the winds of ***fate*** blew... Love demanded a ***sacrifice***...



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SKETCH, *famous London magazine, says:* "This season, a vivid artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony. The first essential is to *choose a lipstick and rouge that blend perfectly with your own natural coloring.*

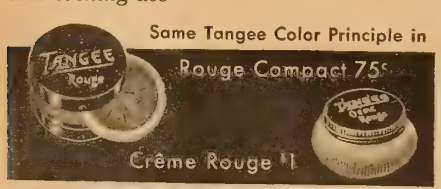
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TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use

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Why Was Valentino Tried for Bigamy?

(Continued from page 35)

at all. Interviewing him, as we naturally had to do, he didn't talk like such a bad guy. Up in a room, where he brought out three fingers in the bottom and siphon-water on top, we knew that he *wasn't* such a bad guy.

We began to have a change of heart. Now, look what the grand and glorious State of California had gone and done—busted up a love-match and dragged a regular into court right out of his honeymoon! Something should be done to restrain these minor officials; why couldn't they leave a guy alone?

It was a bang-up trial, like a gangster's funeral, with armed guards and everything. We supposed the armed guards were to keep the flappers from literally crushing Rudy to death. Femininity, in all shapes and ages, jammed that courtroom like daisies in a field. If any of them had seen a mouse, they would have had to faint standing up.

The streets outside the courthouse were just as bad. They even had to detour the pedestrians.

By this time we had become well acquainted with Rudy, and our acquaintance led to our leaving the Major flat. We folded our journalistic tents and deserted to the other camp. The Major had counted upon our moral support in type, of course—it makes a lot of difference which way the newspapermen "slant"; and the poor old Major got about as much support as an airplane in mid-air. The last thing in the world we wanted now was to see Rudy "stuck."

Throughout the first part of the trial, while the prosecution put on its case, Rudy sat and heard witness after witness describe his wedding fiesta in Mexicali; how he recrossed the border to El Centro, and finally took a cottage at Palm Springs. Hotel registers were produced as evidence and chambermaids testified about the appearance of the rooms. Waiters told how Rudy and Natacha held hands and kissed each other at breakfast, lunch and dinner, and the residents swore to their walking around town in silk pajamas.

Jean Acker related how she had divorced Rudy, and when she had finished, Rudy crossed the courtroom to shake hands with her.

Finally, when the Major rested his case, Rudy himself took the stand. That was the highlight of the trial; the one moment that all the flappers—not to mention the reporters—had been waiting for. Flashlights banged and cameras clicked. Through it all, Rudy smiled. And then, in a soft voice just sufficiently accented, in English just sufficiently broken, he wrapped that courtroom around his little finger.

"Did you and Mrs. Valentino live together as husband and wife after you came back into the United States?"

"No," replied Rudy, "we did not."

It's doubtful if there was a man, woman or child in that whole courtroom who believed him; it seemed fairly obvious that Rudy was testifying like a gentleman, as much to save the woman he loved as himself. But the whole crux of the case rested there, and the Major knew it. As soon as the evidence was all in, both sides began making impassioned arguments and opening stacks of lawbooks—they spouted for ever and ever, amen.

And maybe those arguments and lawbooks had a lot to do with it, after all.

Anyway, the case was rested on a Friday night. There was no court on Saturday, of course. Just the same, it was that Saturday morning when the other reporter and myself went to see the judge who had the case under submission.

"What are you going to do, Judge?" we inquired innocently. "Hold him or turn him loose?"

Now, we didn't go into the judge's chambers that day to influence him. We knew we couldn't—nothing can pull a judge's nose away from a thick, musty-smelling lawbook. But that was a big story, and so far we had only half of it. We wanted the other half.

"Of course," we happened to remark, "Rudy is a popular idol, and love means a lot more to the general public than the law. If you should happen to dismiss the case, Judge, we don't think the world would ever stop applauding you—except, maybe, the Major."

Well, that was Saturday. At ten o'clock sharp on Monday morning, the judge took the bench and formally handed down his decision. But newspapermen had to work fast those days; so we "jumped the gun" in the second edition that day and proclaimed in even bigger bannerlines than ever that Rudy had been freed.

As it happened, the second edition went to press at nine-twenty.

We had a "beat" on that story. But all we got from the Major was a black scowl.

Afterwards, as soon as the decision was made known to him, Rudy did one of the most graceful things that a foreigner resident in another country can do. He didn't have to do it, because he had won—his frank, attractive personality had beaten all those stacks of lawbooks hands down. However, he announced that in deference to the law of the State in which he considered himself a guest, he and Natacha would live apart until the year had elapsed.

It would not be true, perhaps, to say that Valentino was the most colorful, the most picturesque figure I have ever seen in a courtroom. There have been so many colorful, picturesque figures. But it would be quite true to say that, of them all, I don't see why the Major had to go and pick on him.



Anita Page is one actress who has a home life, and this is where she has it. It takes a Junior Laemmle to persuade Anita to step out

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EACH month we give away FREE, an exclusive photograph of the star chosen to those who join the "Star of the Month Club." The stars honored up to this time have been: Marlene Dietrich, Lew Ayres, Nancy Carroll, Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor. In this issue Robert Montgomery, the popular and romantic "feature player" is the Star of the Month.

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BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests ... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner ... and his wife *was* really surprised!

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UNITED HOTELS



Autrey

Those eye, ear and throat specialists—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe—are operating again in "Women of All Nations." Their not unwilling victim is Greta Nissen, returning to the screen

Mary Has A Little Line

(Continued from page 76)

"And that quip, mild as it was, seemed to do more to stop his promiscuous drinking than everything his parents had been saying for the past twenty years. It must have struck a responsive chord in the others, too, because they seemed to laugh quite a lot and think it was pretty good. And instead of breaking off friendship between that boy and me, it seemed to strengthen it. I was a little surprised. But I was more delighted than surprised. Because that quip marked my independence from the bugbear of sweetness. Before then I'd opened my mouth quite a lot, but I'd never really said anything. I've tried to say things ever since."

There was to be more evidence of Mary's wit before that luncheon ended. I told her of attending a preview of "June Moon," with Jack Oakie directly behind me, when the man on my left dropped off to sleep and snored loudly during Jack's most hilarious moments.

New-Style Brianism

"THAT man must have been a Warner Brothers spy, out to wreck Jack's composure," she flipped.

"Maybe," I suggested, "it was Ruth Chatterton, disguised as a man."

"Did he roll his snores like this—snore-*rrrr*?" Mary demonstrated.

"No," I answered.

"Then," chirped Mary, "it wasn't Ruth."

Now I ask you—wasn't that a Grade A niftie? (I only wish I'd thought of it first.)

Mary only dabbled with her lunch and when I asked her what had happened to the appetite, she answered, "My mother's gone to visit her sister and I've been doing the cooking at home. That's the quickest way I know to lose interest in food. I've learned that to make toast requires three separate and distinct operations.

"First, you burn the bread; then you scrape it; and, finally, you give it to the dog and make an enemy for life. I wouldn't have made a very pretty photographic study in the kitchen this morning. Nothing," she concluded, "like those shots you see of 'Miss Mary Brian Snapped in the Act of Preparing Her Favorite Dish—Apple-Snaffle.'"

Again—when our lunch was over and it was time to pay the check, I noticed (and not with much amazement) that I didn't have a cent. I told Mary. She answered: "As you pass the cashier, frown like anything. She'll think you're just another supervisor." (Sounds good but it didn't work.)

Who's Responsible

I HAVE no idea how all this affects you. Perhaps you see nothing new or revolutionary about the Mary of to-day. That's probably because you didn't know the Mary of yesterday—the Mary whose conversation was made up entirely of "Yes, sir—no, sir—yes, ma'am—no, ma'am"; the meek, mouse-like Mary who would have died before trying a fast come-back. The girl who would have given anything to have snapped herself out of it, but didn't know how to start.

Now that she's started (and doing very well, thank you) it's only natural to look around for the one who helped start her. Some say that her association with the crowd of funsters headed by Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin did it. Others point to the batch of young collegians and smart lads about town who have been giving her better than usual attention. Still others hand credit for the New Mary to her sometime boy-friend, Joe Mankiewicz, the clever fellow who wrote that good dialogue for "Fast Company," "The Social Lion" and "Skippy."

Truthfully, though, I think Mary turned the trick herself. Her metamorphosis (I know bigger ones than that) is really no metamorphosis at all. To-day, rather, Mary is simply daring to do and say what she's wanted to do and say all along. Of course, there's nothing new in that. All of us want to be different. What makes Mary's case notable is that she seems to be getting away with it. She's turning into a fairly good wisecracker. But people don't "turn into" wisecrackers. That's why I think (don't you?) that the quips were there (but unspoken) all the time.

Did You Know That - - - Lila Lee is back in Hollywood with her health recovered sufficiently to resume her picture work?



Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

How often have you wished that every smoke would give you the pleasure and satisfaction of your after-dinner smoke. Now it can. Simply chew Beech-Nut between smokes. It stimulates your *taste sense,* just as food does. Try it . . . and discover this new smoking enjoyment. Remember always, there is no gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.

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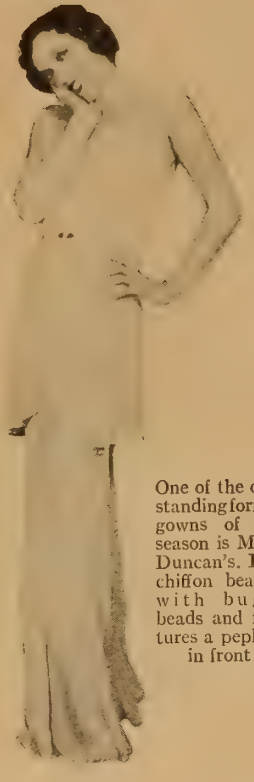
Have You Ever Wished That You Could Afford The Clothes Your Favorite Stars Wear On The Screen?

SALLY DEAN, MOTION PICTURE'S new fashion editor, decided that it ought to be possible for herself or any other girl to have the kind of smart clothes the stars wear—without having a star's income.

She discovered after long searching that she could find dresses, shoes, hats like those worn by the stars at prices which most girls could afford.

And she is going to share her discoveries with the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Watch for Miss Dean's first article in the August issue. She will shop for you and tell you exactly how to buy the clothes you admire on the screen.



One of the outstanding formal gowns of the season is Mary Duncan's. It is chiffon beaded with bugle beads and features a peplum in front



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HOW CHARMING!

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IRRESISTIBLE!

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Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

An Open Letter

(Continued from page 42)

they both rank at the present time 'way up in "G" among the dramatic actresses of the out-louds.

Norma Deserves All She Gets

NORMA seems to get the "gravy" among stories and casts over at your studio, but then she deserves it so richly that I really can't growl about it. Added to her cool poise of a year ago, she has new warmth and sincerity. It does seem to me, though, that Norma's recent stories have been pretty much of a pattern. "The Divorcée," "Let Us Be Gay," and "Strangers May Kiss" were all delightful, but somewhat alike. It might not be a bad idea to explore some new story pastures.

Come to think of it now, practically all of the Metro stars appear in pattern stories. Usually, the disguise is mighty clever, but underneath the fancy frosting is the old recipe. Joan is the poor gal desired by rich young bloods who don't offer marriage—at first. William Haines is the smart aleck who gets subdued by a sweet, young thing. Ramon Novarro is the gay, devil-may-care *Lothario* who is a one-woman man when the right damsel comes along. Garbo is the mysterious woman with a past, always misunderstood, and misunderstood some more.

The old formula is working right smartly with Shearer and Crawford. Garbo doesn't seem to be gaining ground; neither is she losing it. Messrs. Haines and Novarro haven't been doing so well. Those boys need some good stories, and no fooling. Billy Haines is no longer the right age for college freshman rôles, and there is something slightly acrid about a mature man acting kittenish. As Groucho Marx says of nothing in particular, "A big cluck like you trying to be coy." Billy is a grand actor. He proved that as far back as "Brown of Harvard," only he's been doing "Brown of Harvard" ever since. I thought maybe he would get a few dramatic rôles after the good accounting he gave in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Certainly "Remote Control" and "A Tailor-Made Man" weren't anything to have epileptic spasms over.

Ramon Has a Monopoly

RAMON NOVARRO, too, is falling a victim to mediocrity in story material. "Call of the Flesh" and "The Singer of Seville" were just so-so. I'd like to see Ramon in a talking version of "The Student Prince." He has a sly, satirical humor that no other star possesses. He is still popular, and his fans are unwaveringly loyal. He does need a richer diet in plots.

After "Strangers May Kiss" (and that's a nice theory you have there—if it would only work), Robert Montgomery is right on top of the juvenile heap. There's no limit to what the boy can do. But—now don't let him put on the Hollywood high-hat. He's inclined to do it, and ruination lies in that direction. Don't keep him in smarty-smarty dialogue things. Haines has been trying to get out of that ever since U. S. C. first lost to Notre Dame. Don't repeat your mistakes, Mr. McGuM.

Joan Crawford has tremendous possibilities. Only one thing may keep her from reaching the heights she has determined to reach. She places over-emphasis on tricks of technique—eye work particularly. Perhaps not many people know or notice it. She could very well forget those gorgeous optics and depend on her heart and mind. She has the dramatic power—loads of it.

Mr. McGuM, if you live to be as old as Santa Claus, you'll never put over a greater "stunt" on Mr. and Mrs. John Public than the Garbo myth. I mean the carefully sponsored stories about her magnificent aloneness—her desire to keep away from people—her wisdom—the fact that she will not be interviewed.

Now, About Greta and John

GARBO'S aloofness is the secret of her success. The off-screen Garbo is not brilliant or beautiful, or glamourous. The screen Garbo is, but she is not a transcendentally great actress. Just speaking for myself, I thought she was fine in "Anna Christie," which, after all, was right up her street. On the other hand, I thought Doris Keane played circles around her in the stage production of "Romance." That was not entirely Garbo's fault. She was miscast. "Inspiration" merely coasted along on the Garbo vogue. I hope the Mati-Hari story (if she does it, after Dietrich did a somewhat similar yarn in "Dishonored") will be more convincing. Garbo is still Garbo, but she needs a "splurge" film.

Alas for John Gilbert—the great lover of the silent screen. "Way for a Sailor" did not bring him back. And "Gentleman's Fate," while it revealed he had an unsuspected flair for comedy, wasn't his sort of thing. Mr. McGuM, you kept John off the screen too long after his disastrous appearance in "His Glorious Night." I didn't think John's voice was so distressing. But I began to believe it was, after months passed and I didn't see him again, and read, during all of that time, amazing stories about the lover who had a high feminine voice when it should have been basso-profundo. Applesauce. Douglas Fairbanks has a high voice, too. One or two pictures during those months might have re-established Gilbert. It still might be done. A great picture with Garbo might do it. And wouldn't John click in a revival of "The Merry Widow"? That story is romantic and pulse-stirring without being romantic and ridiculous as was "His Glorious Night."

Some of Your Best Bets

I DO hope you can find time to continue the great work for Neil Hamilton. What a performance he gives in "Strangers May Kiss" and how he deserves his chance after being hidden all these years! Don't forget that Adolphe Menjou is on your lot, either. He's a swell actor. (I hope you saw "The Front Page," in which he was something besides a suave man of affairs.) Sometimes I've thought you didn't know he was under contract to you. I've never known, while we're on the subject, why you haven't done something big with Roland Young. There isn't a better light comedian on the screen.

Let's see a lot of Marie Dressler during the year, only don't make her a co-star with Wallace Beery or Polly Moran—that is, after this next picture with Polly. Co-starring usually means the way out for both players. Let's have Marie and Wally and Polly playing around together occasionally, but throw in an adventure into some other backyard once in a while. And why not give Marie more chances at drama? Who can forget that superlative portrayal in "Anna Christie"? And Marjorie Rambeau isn't any slouch as a character actress either.

Buster Keaton, when he doesn't get in those big headlines (and it isn't often he does, at that), is one valuable slapstick comedian. Give him more pantomime and less talking to do, the way you did in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." And speaking of that opus reminds me of Charlotte Greenwood, who can worm a chortle out of me on any blue Monday. I hear you're going to star her. Say it's true, Mr. McGuM. For comedy of a risqué (delightfully risqué, I assure you) nature, give me Marion Davies.

I'm glad to see her back in light comedy, where she's at home.

You have some good comics, too, in your short subjects. I'm getting so that I actually prefer dog comedies, if I have to see any. And Laurel and Hardy can sometimes woozle a grin out of me.

You Put Larry Across

AND you really ought to get a rising vote of thanks for putting over Lawrence Tibbett, the only singer in talkies who can sing and act at one and the same time. He's my idea of an evening well-spent. Johnny Mack Brown has a ducky accent, but he'll never set the Los Angeles River afire with his acting. Charlie Bickford—you certainly tamed *him*, Mr. McGuM—might turn out to be the he-est he-man in town if he had the stories. And he hasn't, you know, since "Anna Christie."

If I had to vote for the three youngsters—Dorothy Jordan, Anita Page and Leila Hyams—I'd vote for them in the order named. Give Dorothy a chance and you'll have a surprise on your hands.

The Warner Boys seem to be copping stars right and left, but they let Leslie Howard get away from them—and after that performance in "Outward Bound," too. But you kept him in Hollywood. And you've made another potentially big capture in Helen Hayes, one of Broadway's brightest lights. And you were the one who finally wooed the king and queen of the American stage—namely, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—to this outpost of the drama. I'm waiting to see what they'll do for you—and what you'll do for them.

This, I know, is nothing short of treason, but I must unload it from my chest or I won't close my eyes for weeks. Somehow, in a diplomatic way, Mr. McGuM, can't you take Cecil de Mille aside and whisper in his ear that the screen has progressed since the era of "Why Change Your Wife"? He's still being 1920 in 1931. "Madame Satan" was just another extravagant De Mille voyage into guff. De Mille hasn't lost his flair for picturesqueness, and he's still capable of doing great things. It isn't enough, any longer, that his name happens to be Cecil B. de Mille.

Be Nice to Renée

PLEASE be kind to Renée Adorée when she comes back from her long struggle against illness in a lonely Arizona sanitarium. Why don't you promise her a place in your pictures when she does return? Give her a little help now when she needs it most. The fans will be glad to see again the little "mamselle" of "The Big Parade." So far as I have heard, you haven't made any promises.

Of the two hundred-odd pictures I saw during the past year, I saw a lot of pretty bad ones. Some of them actually brought an unpleasant odor to my nostrils. I'm that sensitive. But I want to tell you that I didn't see an M-G-M production that was just plain gosh-awful, with the possible exception of "Torch Song." All of your pictures have gorgeous mountings, fine production, and top-notch casting. You can overlook a lot when there is no stinting in the places that show most.

You can sit back, Mr. McGuM, and swell your chest until your vest buttons pop for "Trader Horn" (except for a most maudlin fade-out), "Min and Bill," "The Divorcée," "The Big House," "The Bachelor Father," "Paid," "The Great Meadow," "A Lady's Morals," "The Prodigal" and even "Romance," for it was a beautiful production.

I hope this finds you well and prosperous. Take good care of your children. It looks like a promising brood, and the world may hear great things of them some day.

Yours sincerely,
FRANK LEE DUNNE.



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you need the *purity* of Kotex

Kotex is too closely related to health to risk doubtful substitutes

SANITARY protection is too closely related to your health... your personal ideals of cleanliness . . . to risk methods of whose hygienic safety you are uncertain.

Consider for a moment the infinite care with which Kotex is made. Hospital standards of cleanliness prevail, in every step of manufacture. Modern machinery makes Kotex from start to finish.

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And so Kotex comes to you immaculate, pure, almost surgically clean. Last year, more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone. Kotex fully meets their requirements.

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Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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The new Kotex Belt, 50¢

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

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Lady Buck Skein

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VACATION SPORTS JACKET

The cut of the Lady Buck Skein Sports Jacket brings out lines you never suspected you had ... but wanted so much ...

The pert collar, for instance, if left casually open, fits with a becoming softness ... or buttoned up, it is smartly snug. Buck Skein looks and feels like the softest suede. And yet it wears like leather and never scuffs up. Buck Skein washes beautifully. It is rainproof. The colors are absolutely fast; four enticing colors to choose from: Nile Green, Powder Blue, Eggshell White and Chamois. Lady Buck Skein is carefully tailored down to the last stitch, with a tricky ivory buckle and matched buttons delicately tinted.

And it is so practical ... Take it on your vacation, as it is just grand for all sports ... wear it for golf ... throw it around you after a game of tennis ... or on a cool evening it is cozy when there is a slight chill in the air.

I can't help getting excited about Lady Buck Skein ... but you will be just as intrigued once you see it. Your husbands, brothers, uncles, and gentlemen of bowing acquaintance have been wearing my Buck Skein shirts and jackets for years. And now here's to the ladies. Lady Buck Skein. What a gem!

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if Buck Skein does not give you complete satisfaction. No strings attached.

Order from my coupon below; send no money; your Buck Skein jacket will be sent C.O.D.

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See that I get my Buck Skein Jacket at $5.50, C.O.D.

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The last view of the late lamented Tom Santschi, first famous screen "heavy," who was fifty when he died and didn't look it. He was making "Trapped" with Priscilla Dean, another memorable "old-timer"

Kiss Them - - Don't Kid Them

(*Continued from page 72*)

Any Confessions To Make?

"IS there any particular woman in your life at the present time, Mr. Woods?"

"Well, I seem to recall rumors to the effect that I am about to marry *you*. By the way, dear, I think it would be nice to live at the beach, don't you?"

"Oh, that would be grand—then we could— Say, look here—this is an interview! Were you interested in any other girls before you met me—I mean before you met your present fiancée?"

"Well—there were a couple of cute co-eds when I went to U. S. C. And there was a girl when I was playing in stock in Bridgeport with Sidney Blackmer, Charles Ray, Clara Kimball Young, and James Kirkwood. When I did 'The Last Nite' on the stage in New York last season, there was a little brunette. And when I was playing the juvenile lead in 'June Moon' in Chicago, there was a blonde—"

"Eddie! You never told me about all those girls. I suppose they were pretty, too. Were they?"

"That blonde was a knockout, now that you mention it. She had gorgeous eyes, Follies legs—and what a disposition!"

"I suppose you mean that I lack those things. You said the other day that I was temperamental. Maybe if I had a disposition like that blonde - not to mention eyes and legs—you'd like me better!"

"Why, darling, I couldn't love you any more than I do. The blonde was only an incident—I wish I'd never mentioned her—but you asked me about other girls. I thought you wanted material for your story."

"I do—but it seems funny you've never mentioned any of those girls before."

He Squirms Out

"YOU never asked me before. Besides, they're not important. You know, dear—you're the only girl in the world for me. And incidentally—don't you think an interview between friends should be punctuated by an occasional kiss?"

"Yes—I mean no—Eddie, you go back over there and sit down. Now—what is your conception of the ideal girl?"

"Just take a look in the mirror, dear."

"Flatterer! But seriously—describe the girl you always dreamed of falling in love with."

"Well—let me see—I always pictured her as tall and dark, sort of a Spanish type—"

"Why, Eddie, you know I'm not a bit Spanish—and I'm short—"

"But, darling—I thought we were talking about my dream-girl."

"You mean I'm not your dream-girl?"

"Why no, dear—my ideas have changed since I met you. I only meant that we don't always fall in love with the kind of person we've pictured to ourselves."

"Oh, perhaps you're disappointed in me. I think really down in your heart you wish I were different! Do you?"

"Honey, of course not. I only wish sometimes you wouldn't misconstrue everything I say. But, then, all women do that."

"Oh, they do, do they? I suppose you think woman's intelligence is inferior to man's."

Women Don't Understand

"NO, not inferior—just different."

"In what way, pray?"

"Is this for the interview or for your own personal information?"

"You answer my question!"

"Well, I think women have a tendency to read into simple remarks implications that were never meant. Men don't do that."

"They don't! Why you're always misinterpreting things I say."

"That's because I'm an extraordinarily dumb male."

"Now, Eddie, I can't very well print that. Why can't you be serious—you know I have to write this story for Motion Picture!"

"Baby, I wonder if you'd excuse me for a few minutes. I know where I can get a good machine-gun cheap and I think I'll drop over to the Motion Picture office. There are a couple of things I'd like to say to the editor."

"Why, Eddie—"

"I mean it, unless you'll give me a kiss and promise never to interview me again."

"Eddie—don't—now stop—you - - - - - - - - darling! I promise."

If any of my colleagues are planning to marry actors, I hope they'll take the moral of this little tale to heart. Kiss them—but never interview them!

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 82*)

Svengali—John Barrymore turns in one of the screen's great performances as the sinister hypnotist of Du Maurier's famous novel, "Trilby" (W. B.).

Swanee River—That old story about the fighting hero who saves the old plantation. Grant Withers strives hard (Sono-Art).

Tabu—A simply told and tragic story of a forbidden love in the South Seas. Silent, unusual and unforgettable—the last picture made by the late F. W. Murnau (Par.).

A Tailor-Made Man—William Haines crashes a swell party in a borrowed dress-suit and, by fast thinking, gets away with his bluff. You'll laugh in spite of yourself (M-G-M).

Tarnished Lady—Languid and mysterious Tallulah Bankhead comes to the screen in a high-powered and sophisticated glimpse of a Lost Lady. Don't miss seeing her (Par.).

Three Girls Lost—The interesting, but hardly exciting adventures of three small-town girls (Loretta Young, Joyce Compton and Joan Marsh) in a big city (Fox).

Three Rogues—Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon in a rough comedy about three villainous woman-haters in the gold-mining country (Fox).

Trader Horn—All the animals in Africa, plus a good adventure yarn involving Harry Carey, Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth. A big event in talkie history (M-G-M).

Unfaithful—To get a divorce, Ruth Chatterton sets about earning a scandalous reputation. Strangely disappointing (Par.).

The Virtuous Husband—Elliott Nugent forgets his mother's advice and becomes a he-man husband to Betty Compson. Light and laughable (Univ.)

Woman Hungry—Three tough boys shake dice and fight for Lila Lee. Sidney Blackmer wins and reforms mightily. A sexy Western (F. N.).

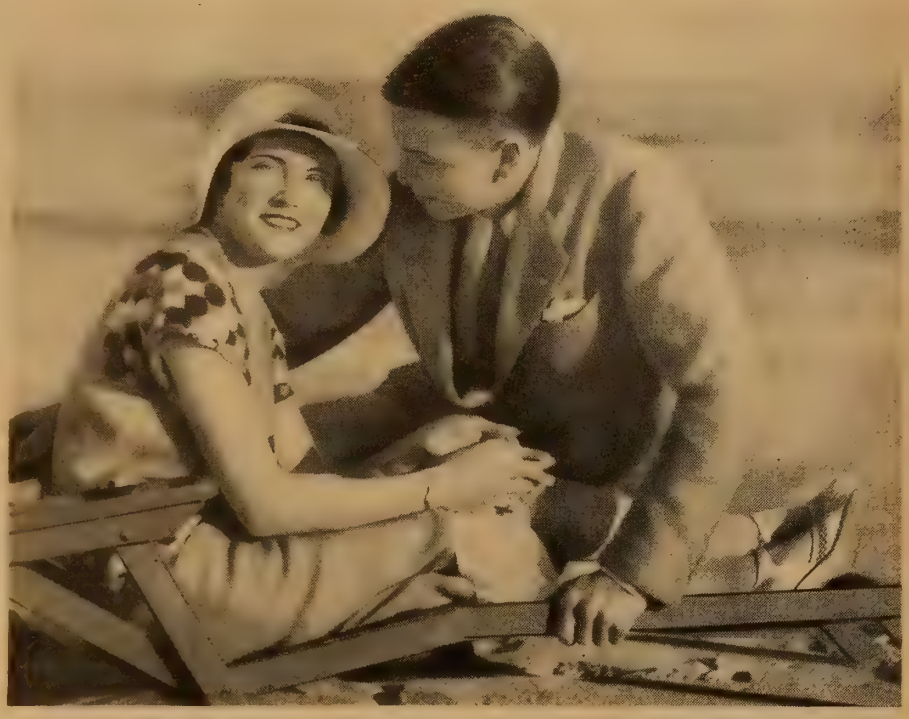
Women of All Nations—The further adventures of those rowdy, but amusing Marines, **Captain** (Victor McLaglen) **Flagg** and **Sergeant** (Edmund Lowe) **Quirt.** Greta Nissen, returning to the screen, is the principal cause for their combats (Fox).

The W-Plan—What an English spy discovers in the German front lines. An unusual idea that somehow fails to pack a punch. English-made (RKO).



This is how Dorothy Janis looked in Borneo, where a cameraman lost his heart to her, so the c. m.'s wife claims. Does, or doesn't it seem possible?

ELINOR GLYN
tells the magic COLOR can achieve for you



"That color makes your eyes blue as the summer sky"

"COLOR is such a warm, living, beautifying force! It can work miracles for us.

"Try this potent beauty recipe:

1. Choose the colors which are right for you

2. Treasure their lovely charm with Lux

"Lux never fades colors, and this is tremendously important for you!

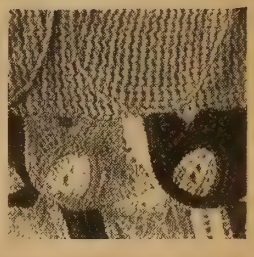
"Your charming new frock or blouse do pretty things to your face *so long as the colors are fresh and alive*. If they fade, they lose this magic power. Often, too, fading changes the color just enough to make it actually wrong for you.

"You've washed a blue dress, perhaps, and had it come out so dull and lifeless that it made *you* seem sallow and old.

"Ordinary 'good' soaps so very often fade colors. But the marvelous thing about Lux is that it's especially made to preserve colors! No matter how delicate, no matter how brilliant, any color safe in plain water is just as safe in Lux.

"*And at home:* Color in your home casts a magic spell. Cherish the beauty of your draperies, your slip covers, sofa pillows, the gay linens on the dinner table; keep them, too, color-fresh with the magical Lux!" Elinor Glyn

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This lovely knitted fabric LUX*ed 4 times is as enchanting as new! No fading, no shrinking!*



Duplicate fabric washed 4 times in ordinary "good" soap is faded and streaked. Color and charm are lost.



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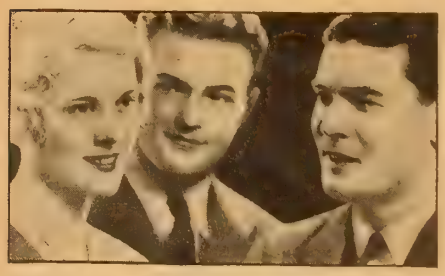
IT CAN'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE

In justice to your eyes—take care of your lashes. Color is more brilliant against black. Just so do eyes assume new brilliance and beauty when your lashes have a touch of darkness. - - But, of course, your lashes must look *natural.* They must stay soft and silky . . .

The new Winx gives you just that: lashes which look long, soft and appealing. Its Double Treatment not only darkens lashes; it also softens them. Coarse and brittle lashes are *impossible* with Winx . . . Try it? Send 10c for Vanity Size (enough for a month's use.)

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I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
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Why eyes linger on her Blonde Hair

SUCH irresistible golden radiance! No wonder men look and *look!* That always happens when girls use Blondex. This special shampoo makes blonde hair sparkle with new beauty, new gleam and lustre! Prevents darkening—safely restores natural golden color to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A Blondex blonde is always in demand. At all drug and department stores.



If Sue Carol's prize bulldog, "0," had been holding down the back seat, he would have contributed some back-seat growling when his fair mistress and her husband, Nick Stuart, parked their car in Chicago's Michigan Avenue recently. While the young couple were busy shopping, thieves jimmied open the locked door of the car and robbed Sue of two grips that contained $32,000 worth of jewels

News And Gossip

(Continued from page 41)

peering wistfully into the sacred precincts and hoping for a glimpse of the woman she regards as "the most wonderful on the screen."

"If I should ever meet her," says Marlene, wide-eyed, "I would not know how to speak to her. I would be afraid. She is so great, and I admire her so."

MARLENE, incidentally, returned April 23, in the Atlantic speed-boat, *Bremen*, after three months' vacation in Europe. She told ship news reporters that Hollywood did not particularly appeal to her. Yet she came back to the Coast to make a picture under her discoverer, Josef von Sternberg's direction.

Her husband, Herr Rudolf Sieber, who was expected with her, stopped off at Paramount's studio at Joinville, France, (just outside Paris) to direct some German versions.

WHEN the prominent society woman invited Polly Moran and Billy Haines to a dinner at her home, they were flattered—until they arrived. She greeted them sweetly with "I'm so glad you could come. My guests always are so much amused when I can get some movie person to meet them."

Polly simply smoldered and bided her time.

After dinner, a wealthy matron, upholstered in a heavily sequined gown, took her place by the piano and rendered, confidently, an aria from "Carmen." As the last shrill note mingled with the applause of her society friends, Polly advanced with a lily, taken from a vase.

"Here," said she, presenting it, "you should have been wearing one of these a long time ago!"

A TRICK clause in Ruth Chatterton's Paramount contract says that if she has begun a picture when the contract expires, she must remain to finish it. Which means that with her contract terminating on October first, Paramount could start a Chatterton feature September thirtieth and Ruth would be obliged to remain to finish it—which would certainly put off her migration to Warners.

The story persists that Ruth will not go, after all. That Warners, appalled by the salary they have agreed to pay her, are trying to sell her contract. That Paramount, scared at the prospect of losing her, are bargaining with Warners, trying to buy her back at her own figure.

BUT movie producers are sometimes good sports. When Ruth arrived in New York after her abdication from the Paramount ranks, she found her hotel room filled with roses and the card of one of the Eastern Paramount executives attached, saying in effect, "Good luck, Ruth. I don't blame you a bit. In your place I would have done the same thing!"

SOMETIMES, though, they aren't such good sports. As John V. A. Weaver, famous "Americanese" poet and scenario writer, found out when he dropped in to see a studio executive about casting his stage-famous wife, Peggy Wood, in a picture. A heated argument ensued.

Finally, the producer's fist hit the desk with a bang. "No! Once and for all, I tell you, she isn't the type! We can't use her!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Weaver rose. "Very well," flashed he, and strode toward the door.

As he reached it, the executive said casually, "Oh, by the way, you're out, too!"

THEY tell this one on Garbo and a certain local dress-designer who caters to the movie trade and who does not have the physique of a truck-driver.

Garbo was having a fitting one afternoon and at the close suggested sweetly that the gentleman-dressmaker might like to come to tea with her. Much flattered, he accepted the invitation, but his heart sank somewhat

(Continued on page 100)

You Feel Sorry For Them

(*Continued from page 45*)

You feel sorry for Virginia Valli Farrell. Because she must feel that she is competing with a ghost—the tiny ghost of Janet Gaynor. *I* wouldn't want Janet's little ghost in my life—would you?

You feel sorry for Constance Bennett because she has, apparently, no aptitude for friendship, no kindly warmth to give her beauty meaning.

You feel sorry for Marie Dressler because, when the Big Thing came to her, she was too old. It was too much for her. At thirty a triumph is a healthy thing. At sixty it is hard to stand.

You feel sorry for Bill Hart, not because he is removed from the movie world, but because the son he thought he would have when he married he has never had.

You feel sorry for Mary Pickford. She worked so hard when she was very young, so *awfully* hard. And now she has become incapable of anything except work. She, who has everything, is wondering what she will do. She is afraid of leisure. When you have fought to become the World's Sweetheart and when the middle years are almost upon you, with their inevitable letdown—what is there for you to do? To be?

You feel sorry for Ann Harding because she is too happy, too comfortable, too supremely contented. How can she continue always to be as happy as she is now? There *is* no such thing. This is only the anteroom to Heaven.

You feel sorry for Joan Crawford and Douglas, Junior, for the same reason. You feel sorry for them because you are *afraid* for them.

You feel sorry for Ina Claire because the gods are so whimsical with her. They give her everything she wants, except the one thing she *really* wants.

You feel sorry for Ivan Lebedeff because he, who has been the comrade of czars and noblemen, who has won medals for conspicuous gallantry, thinks he is going up in the world with the signing of a movie contract. And kisses the hands of ladies who are peasants in expensive disguise.

You *do* feel sorry for them.

You do not envy them. You have the substance. They have the shadow.

And the shadow makes chilly company for the middle years.



R.K.O.'s newest discovery is Ruth Weston, a New York society girl. She was on a trek in Africa when "Trader Horn" was being taken and at one time was only separated from the picture company's camp by a few miles of jungle



"I avoid complexion troubles

by using Kleenex to remove cold cream"

says LAURA LAPLANTE

Screen beauty tells how bad complexions get their start—and how Kleenex helps prevent them.

SIMPLE as it may seem, *cleanliness* is the great underlying principle of beauty stressed by experts.

But wait a moment. That may not be as simple as it seems!

Take the matter of removing cold cream. Towels, harsh cloths, inferior tissues, aren't absorbent. They only scrape off surface cream and dirt. "Cold cream cloths" are unclean—filled with germs.

Kleenex tissues are sanitary in themselves. And, Miss LaPlante says, "Kleenex absorbs dirt and cleansing cream like a sponge absorbs water."

Other tissues can't compare

Miss La Plante, like others informed on beauty methods, insists on Kleenex, in spite of claims made by many imitative tissues. *She knows the facts.* Familiar with all beauty methods, she has found Kleenex safest and most absorbent.

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Virginia Cherrill gives the place of honor in her Hollywood home to the portrait presented to her by Charles Chaplin when she made her début in pictures as his leading lady. Hostess pajamas in two shades of blue silk crepe make a delightful costume for the lovely blonde

News And Gossip

(Continued from page 98)

when Garbo dismissed her car with a wave of her hand.

"We will walk to my house together—not?" she said (so the story goes). "It is a pleasant afternoon, and we will get up an appetite for tea."

Mentally groaning at the prospect of several long blocks' walk in the company of the athletic Garbo, the designer agreed as cheerfully as he could. He did not know that Greta lived in Beverly Hills, six miles away! They arrived at her home two hours later, Garbo refreshed by her little stroll, the hedressmaker in the last stages of collapse and barely able to stagger.

"A little walk is good—not?" Greta said blandly in effect. "You Americans don't take enough exercise." And as he sank with a groan to the sofa, he detected a glint of malicious delight in the famous Garbo eyes.

THE stars are receiving unpleasant surprises these days when the first preview of a new talkie reveals the fact that another member of the cast has quietly stolen the picture. There was Bebe Daniels, who discovered when she saw "The Maltese Falcon" that she was merely Ricardo Cortez' leading lady, and not a very important leading lady, either! They reshot several sequences, designed to put Miss Daniels back into the picture. Too much Jean Hersholt in "Daybreak," it is muttered, didn't please Ramon Novarro. Joan Crawford did not get one close-up in "Complete Surrender," which is almost a record for a woman star. Robert Armstrong walked away with "Iron Man," Lew Ayres's first starring picture.

MRS. HARRY BURNS, mother of Bobby Vernon, having played the Irish-dialect voice of several characters in a monkey comedy, applied at Metro to double for the barkies.

"What has been your experience?" frowned the assistant something-or-other. "Have you had stage and voice training? Have you studied dramatic elocution?"

Mrs. Burns, rather abashed, murmured that she had just finished talking for the monkeys and felt sure she could speak for the dogs.

"Not at all, my dear lady, not by any means," said the assistant. "It is essential to have had stage training and voice cultivation. These dog pictures are very dramatic!"

Only players of the standing of Mrs. Pat Campbell need apply for a job with the barkies.

MILDRED LLOYD is still wondering about it. A half-hour after Harold's recent appendicitis operation, he came out of the ether, regarded her by his bedside soulfully, and said, "My angel, how I adore you!" Which, being a trifle literary for Harold, amazed his wife. But she was still more amazed the next day to be greeted reproachfully by Harold with, "Why didn't you come to see me yesterday, Mid?"

HALE HORTON is quite a friend of Sidney Fox, the new brunette find of Universal. He has written several interviews with the delectable Sidney for various fan magazines, and now Sid has found out why.

"He gets paid for them!" she pouted, pointing to Hale at a recent party at her house. "Imagine! He comes to my house, and I think he's writing me up for love of the work and I find he gets paid for it! He's a—a literary stool-pigeon, that's what he is!"

AT LAST there was a date set for the commencement of Carman Barnes's first Paramount picture. May fourth. The picture has been definitely sold to exhibitors for next year's program. Perhaps this will put an end to the rumors that the studio



Fredric March enjoys a restful evening at home after finishing a successful prosecution in "The Night Angel" affair

regrets a premature starring plan with a girl whom it has found hard to photograph.

FOR twelve years Mae Marsh has lived in retirement, bringing up her children. However, she kept her contacts with her old friends, and recently did a burlesque part as the simple country girl in a melodrama at the Dominoes Club (the Lady Maskers). Louise Dresser took the programme home, and her husband, Jack Gardner, casting director for Fox, glanced through it. When he read the name of "Mae Marsh," he gave a shout: "The very woman I'm looking for!" So Mae is to come back.

THE only connection she has had with the movies in the past dozen years is to explain their captions and later their dialogue to her small daughter, Mary. "I'm naturally shy," confesses Mae, "and when Mary came home from the movies and asked me, 'Mother, what does "seduced" mean?' I struggled through some sort of explanation. But when at the end she nodded and then asked, 'Yes, and now what does "wife in name only" mean, please?' I gave up and went to bed!"

HERE is another tale to add to the Barrymore legend. One day when John was sitting on the set waiting to go before the camera a huge explosion from a powder magazine on the lot rocked the studio. Barrymore did not move. He merely closed his eyes. "Good heavens," those around him heard him murmur, "there goes the profile at last!"

IT WAS the firm conviction of the intimate friends of the Jack Dempseys, who were conversing with each other through the newspapers not so long ago, that neither of them really wanted a divorce.

"Nonsense! It's just bluff," Estelle's mother remarked, when she read of the divorce row in the papers on the way home after visiting her daughter for a month. "They're both very much in love."

On February seventh, the anniversary of their marriage, Jack sent Estelle this telegram: "Dearest Estelle. Congratulations. For seven years you have been world's champion wife, all my love, Jack."

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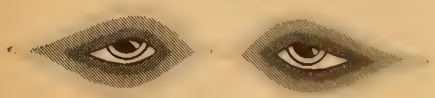
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Greta Nissen is sitting pretty for a moment after her strenuous work in "Women of All Nations." Maybe she won't need the Roman stripes to flag attention in "Transatlantic," her next, which starts production soon

The Hot News Story

(Continued from page 8)

Jack Dempsey, going to Reno "for his health," admitted that he was also there for a divorce. Estelle, in Hollywood, was taken by surprise, but announced that if Jack meant it, she would institute proceedings herself. For Estelle is a fighter, too. She is also a woman. A woman sued for divorce by a man makes ugly reading on the records. Hard to explain away. Estelle doesn't want that sort of thing for herself. *She doesn't want that sort of thing for Jack.* She knows that, bad business as it would be for her, it would be a worse business for Jack. He has a reputation for sportsmanship to maintain.

And if you still don't believe that she's considerate:

There are, in Hollywood, many persons who are mutual friends of Jack and Estelle. Friends who, when the split came, didn't know just where to stand or what attitude to strike. Estelle sensed this. She called them all on the 'phone and advised them not to try to see her or to communicate with her until "this is all over." Then, she felt, they could adjust their points of view, know where they stand and feel free from embarrassment and discomfort. Estelle has a genius for friendship. She never demonstrated it with more delicacy than in this sensitive gesture.

Estelle to Her Boss

ALSO she was about to sign with Sam Goldwyn to play in Ronald Colman's next picture when the break came. She knew that it might mean, very probably would mean publicity of a sensational character. She told Sam Goldwyn so. She said, "Things might come out that would hurt your picture, if I am in it. You might prefer to wait." And Sam Goldwyn, equally gallant, replied, "No. I want you. If there was anything unpleasant to be told about you, Hollywood would know it by this time. I would know it."

I have known her long enough to know that she is frank with me, that she does not talk to me with an eye on the printed page.

Estelle does not harbor any ill feeling against Jack. She wants him to go as a friend would go, saying a kind good-bye.

"You know, it isn't the emotional wrench that hurts so much in a case like this," she told me. "It is the little habits of the years. The sharing of things we will never share again. The little things.

"I have to take a sedative every night to make me sleep. I dare not lie awake and think. For when I do lie awake I think of how Jack will never come into this house again, never walk across this floor, never sit opposite me at the dinner table, never stand about on the grounds, chewing his heavy black cigar. I think of the parties we used to plan together, give together. I can't bear to look at his clothes closets, empty. I can't bear to look at pictures of us taken together. I can't bear, yet, to put them away where I won't see them. I remember all the little, familiar things and forget the things that hurt."

Among Their Souvenirs

THERE are, undoubtedly, many happy memories for Estelle. The days when they were first married and he called her "Honey Dear." The gentle courtesy he exhibited in their home, to their guests. The "honeymoons" they used to take after quarrels.

There are, undoubtedly, many things for Jack to remember, too. Little surprises Estelle planned for him. Clothes she bought because she thought he would like them. Nights she sat at home waiting for him to call. The roadster she gave him last

Christmas. The work she loved—and often neglected—to be with him. Advice she gave him when he needed it, and asked for it.

Jack had his career. Estelle had hers. He knew that when he married her. He knew about her family and her generous loyalty to them. It has been said that there was an agreement between them. The implication has been that Estelle violated that agreement which was that if Jack gave up his career, she would give up hers. But Jack Dempsey did not give up his career. You could hardly say that he voluntarily acquired the "ex" before the "champion." Now he has turned referee and promoter. He's still in the fight game. He recently belittled the fighting ability of Jack Sharkey, and it looked to the Boston battler like an invitation to challenge Dempsey.

Jack wanted a home. Estelle wanted a husband. They both wanted careers.

And Estelle says, "After it is all over I wish I could go to Jack, hold him tight for a minute, tell him to take care of himself, wish him well and say to him that I hope, some day, he will be able to come back to me and be my friend."

Attention!

America Wants Will Rogers For President

You'll Learn Why In Next Month's MOTION PICTURE



Looking like her spritely self again, now that she's recovered from a recent operation, Janet Gaynor has started work on "Daddy Long Legs"

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ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at $1.00.

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times,... take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread *ZIP-SHAVE* over the surface... and shave. The application of *ZIP-SHAVE* not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chap as well. Tube, 50c.

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**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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King Kennedy, young Broadway actor who has made good locally as a Hollywood matinée idol, offers to read the lines for Tom Reed's "Waterloo Bridge," as the author records his script

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

E. S.—My error; I thought you said a biography of Robert Montgomery. Robert Armstrong was born in Saginaw, Mich. He is two feet ten inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is the nephew of Paul Armstrong, the playwright. He studied law at the University of Washington, but deserted college for the stage. Before entering pictures he appeared in musical comedy, vaudeville and dramatic plays. Married to Ethel Kent and his recent picture is "The Whole Town's Talking."

JENNIE—Paul Page played the rôle of *Alan Ward* in "The Naughty Flirt." He was born in Birmingham, Ala., on May 13, 1903, his real name is Hicks and he is married to Ethel Allis.

PEGGY—Jean Hersholt was born in Denmark, July 12, 1886, and came to this country with a Danish theatrical troupe. He was in stock in Denmark, Sweden and Norway for years and has been in pictures about sixteen years. Was awarded a master of arts degree in painting at Copenhagen and has hobbies are drawing, painting and stamp collecting. He is married, resides in Hollywood and is appearing in "Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall," starring Greta Garbo.

JOYCE—Bernice Claire was born in Oakland, Cal., on May 22, 1909. She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, full name is Bernice Claire Jahnigan and she is not married. She and Alexander Gray are appearing in vaudeville at this time.

MARIE—Leslie Howard has played in the following pictures: "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "A Free Soul" and "Five and Ten." You may write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. I would suggest you secure a copy of our June 1931 **Classic** which contains an interview of Kent Douglass.

JOAN—Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., where her father was a teacher of languages in the high school. When she was six years old her parents moved to a small town on the outskirts of the city and for four years she attended a little one-room country school. During the war they moved to Chicago where her father became a teacher in the public schools and her mother taught English and literature in the Kenwood Evening School for Girls. Her real name is Lucile Langhanke and she receives her fan mail at the RKO Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JOHN—Mona Maris played the rôle of *Lolita* in "The Seas Beneath." Her real name is Maria Rosa Anita Capdevielle. She chose the name of Mona Maris as her stage name because as a child being mischievous, she was called Mona, which means little monkey. On going into pictures, she took the name of Maris, which means "sea" because of her fondness for ocean travel and also because the two names were so euphonious.

M. O.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. Was educated in Dublin and London convents and at a finishing school in Paris. Her hobby is riding, golf, tennis, boating and horseback riding. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 126 pounds, has dark brown hair, blue eyes and is appearing in "Sacrilege."

ELEANOR-JEAN—Thank you very much for the chewing gum. I think of you between [illegible]. Eleanor Knapp was born in Kansas City, Mo., on June 17, 1908. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has naturally wavy hair, brown eyes and is single. Her latest picture was "Sporting Blood." Her address is Care Screen Writers Guild, 6404 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You are welcome to write me as often as you like.

COUNT FRA FRAH—The music which you refer to was played on the [illegible] by Don Dickerson's Waikiki Wanderers and the composer was Carl Hoffman. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on Aug. 10, 1898. She is married to King Vidor and was married Sept. 8, 1926. She was divorced from [illegible]. Mary Brian was born in Weimar, Texas, on Oct. [illegible]. Paramount Studios.

L. L.—Anita Louise began her career by posing for James Montgomery Flagg, Harrison Fisher, and other prominent artists. She was born in [illegible], and was [illegible]. Two years ago she went to Europe and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible]

Peeping In On Joan And Doug

(*Continued from page 49*)

ends that. There are so many other things—Europe— and new things for the house—a new book they are reading—a thousand other things to talk about. Home is not a workshop . . . except when they're busy learning lines.

They play Backgammon. *Every night.* With occasional variations of Russian Bank. They seldom go to parties. They seldom give parties. They go to bed early, except on Saturday night. And they look forward to Saturday night with the same zest and with about the same plans as high-school youngsters all over the world. They go to the movies. They drive down to the beach afterwards. They come home and raid the ice-box. They eat left-over dessert and drink milk, standing arm in arm, reading the Sunday morning paper.

Now and then, some of their best friends come in for the evening. They play games and talk. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. The Leslie Howards. Billy Haines. Kay Hammond.

Joan and Doug like the radio. It plays while they play Backgammon. When they can, they tune in on the Rhythm Boys—and, even more often, Bing Crosby. Sometimes, on Saturday nights, they are very festive and go to the Cocoanut Grove to dance and listen to Bing.

They Go Out Together

THERE is no dictatorship in the social life of this family. They consult one another. Their friends are mutual friends. Their invitations are mutual invitations. If Douglas wants to go out and Joan feels tired and doesn't want to, she goes anyhow. She compromises by asking that they come home a bit early.

They have two dogs. A Scottie that accompanies Joan to and from the studio. A Great Dane, owned by Doug. They have recently acquired a Kinkajou. They named it Alowishis until it was discovered to be not that kind of a Kinkajou. Joan has now christened it Elizabeth, which is plain but sensible. Elizabeth boasts of a heritage half-raccoon and half-monkey.

Joan has a new and beautiful set of very old-fashioned china. She admired it in Bill Haines's shop and Douglas bought it for her for her birthday. Bill frightened her by telling her it had been sold. She has lovely white crystal glassware. The new set of china, by the way, boasts *fourteen platters.* Joan tells you this with considerable awe.

Joan does not, after the fashion of some professional sirens who have confided in me, go to bed with her make-up on . . . lest Douglas lite a nite-lite in the nite. She takes a good hot bath and a scrub and retires adorned with freckles, and shining, as God made her.

Douglas hates mascaro. He doesn't object to lip-stick.

Joan believes it is nonsensical to try to maintain a false illusion.

You have peeked through the keyhole at Joan and Doug. You have seen two wholesome, healthy and happy young people. Two young people who love, not as stars, but as human beings with their feet on the ground.

Be Sure To Read
About The Country's
Response To The Will Rogers'
Presidential Boom In
Next Month's Motion Picture

HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS . . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it *intrudes.* There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton,* generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker-and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says the San Francisco Examiner, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And The Scientific American reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, the U. S. Public Health Service says that "*at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to *everyone.*

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in clinics have confirmed these laboratory tests.

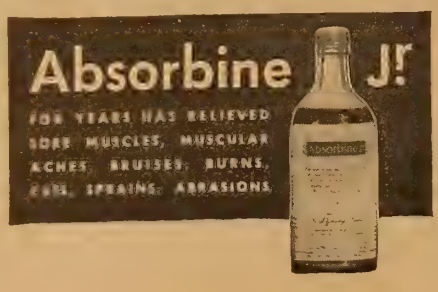
Examine YOUR feet tonight

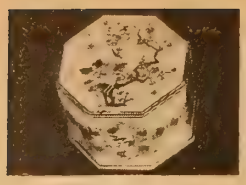
It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.*

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

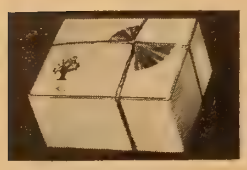
***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

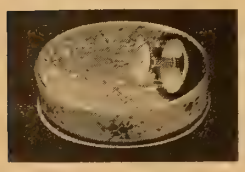




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She Won't *Tell All*

(*Continued from page 84*)

seen in Hollywood (and I live here). Behind the defense she has built up against inquiring reporters, behind her reserve, there lurks a sensitive woman with a mind that works overtime. Perhaps the memory of some past "hurt" brings on this "sensitiveness" and puts her "on guard." Whatever it is, I know she is quick to take offense. However, if she chose to walk out on me when I asked her if she didn't have a cheery message for her public, she did so because she didn't like the question. And when that inner voice tells Genevieve to act, she acts immediately.

How She Got There

IT is this great belief in her own judgment and in herself, as well as her enormous capacity for work, that has carried her up where she is to-day. Said career started back in 1921, when she took the part of *Polly* in "Polly Preferred" and occupied her spare time in heart-shattering work at the Yale Proms. From then on she was starred in various New York plays and musical comedies until the season of 1928–29, during which she played the title-rôle in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" at The Queen's Theater, London. Upon returning to New York, she was cast as *Lulu Carroll* in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" and continued in it for thirty-two weeks. After being in Hollywood barely six months, she has four pictures to her credit.

When Genevieve came to Hollywood, Mrs. Tobin followed along and is always with her daughter, cooking a good share of the meals, watching the apartment, and doing a hundred and one things—including the editing of the fan mail. In this connection, if your letter is decent and its criticism sincere, Mrs. Tobin will pass it on and Genevieve will answer it; otherwise it lands in the waste basket.

I presume Mrs. Tobin is a driver; but only in so far as she feels she is helping her daughter get what she wants—which, at the moment, is financial independence. She knows that Genevieve has what the stage and screen want, but she also knows that if a young woman is to earn big money in these mediums there are certain things she simply must do: she must believe in herself, she must live right, sleep nights, exercise, have a certain amount of fun, and work like Hell. And Mrs. Tobin is just the one to see that she does it. Actually, neither one is the boss. They are hard-working pals, but never show their affection in public.

One evening, Genevieve, her mother and I dropped in at the Roosevelt for dinner. While Genevieve and I were dancing, I glanced over at Mrs. Tobin, sitting at the table so tiny and prim, yet efficient and calm. "Your mother must be a nice sort of mother to have," I remarked. And Genevieve said: "Mother? Yes, she's pretty nice, all right." But her tone meant infinitely more.

Here we have the Genevieve Tobin that Hollywood labels "a haughty dame."

"She's stuck on herself," Hollywood says. "She ought to have a swift kick in the pants. If she thinks she can get away with high-hatting *us*. . ." But Genevieve is only mildly amused when such criticism reaches her ears.

"It's rather silly of them," she comments. "I work so hard that I see my *real* friends only occasionally. I seldom go out. I'm usually in bed by nine o'clock. When I do find a spare week-end, I leave town entirely, which is the only way to have a good rest. And as for high-hatting Hollywood—why, I really haven't given it a thought one way or the other. I think, however, if there's any high-hatting being done, Hollywood's guilty, for I receive very few invitations—which is frightfully fortunate, for I couldn't accept them anyway."

Someday this busy young woman will take time off to be married. "I'm normal. I want a husband and children and a home," she admits. "A country place outside of London, perhaps. Devonshire would be nice—"

No Divorces Wanted

SHE will give up the stage and screen in a minute when she finds the man she wants. This may mean to-morrow or ten years from now. She believes that marriage is a tremendous step; and she intends to be pretty darn sure that she has found the right man before she allows herself to fall in love. In the meantime, she plans to continue with the screen.

And when you consider that acting is only one of Genevieve's talents, you begin to understand Hollywood's attitude toward her. She plays both the harp and piano. She can sing and she can dance. Some of the best touches in her pictures are created by her on the spur of the moment; she improvises dialogue whenever she pleases and the script-writers can seldom kick. She is using her first vacation in six months by writing the adaptation of her new picture.

She plays a good game of golf and tennis, and knows how to get a horse over a fence. Her wardrobe is filled with clothes that she either designed herself or helped design. Her favorite attire is brown sport clothes, her "screen clothes" are never worn off the set. Although she is inclined to be critical, I never have heard her make a cutting or unjust remark about anyone. She takes an occasional cocktail, but no cigarettes. She dislikes cheap wisecracks, pessimists (and women), prunes and bad actors. She is partial to dancing, long drives, the radio, gardenias and twenty-seven inch red roses. She has all the curiosity of a [illegible]

One day I caught her peering through a café window, intently studying the operation of an automatic doughnut machine.

"How does this thing work?" she inquired. I hadn't the foggiest notion, and I told her so. "You should find out about those things," she admonished, leading the way into a broker's office. After watching the board for a few moments, she complained bitterly that all her stocks were off on the average of forty points a share. "I do have the rottenest luck," she said. "I never make a cent."

"Then why in Heaven's name don't you sell out," I suggested, "and forget the market?"

"Sell out?" She was simply aghast. "Why, I wouldn't sell my stock for a thousand dollars a share! I have too much fun speculating. And besides, I make a lot of money this way—"

A few minutes later we were starting across Hollywood Boulevard. One little car came hurtling down the street and Genevieve jumped back to the curb. "Traffic makes me nervous," she apologized. By the time I had commended her caution, the Boulevard was seething with motor-cycles, automobiles and trucks—whereupon she immediately plunged into the midst of it. "Come on," she commanded. "I'm used to crossing Broadway at Forty-Second—this isn't so bad."

"But I thought traffic made you nervous," I gasped, after making a safe landing.

"You must have misunderstood me," she said, and smiled serenely.



After having jungle fever, Edwina Booth couldn't forget Africa. Note the wild animals all about her, on her new sports pajamas—sun-tan, shaded with brown

Footsteps to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 53*)

Rita LaRoy and Mary Nolan both came out of orphanages. Both are beautiful.

Buddy Rogers, the son of an Olathe, Kansas, newspaper publisher, is a star on the same lot with Maurice Chevalier, who was born in the slums of Paris and who learned to speak English in a German prison camp. What have these two in common?

Rudolph Valentino was once a bus-boy in a hotel. Betty Compson was a nurse-girl. Eddie Cantor was a newsboy. Will Rogers was a poor, illiterate cowhand.

Ramon Novarro was a poor youth in Durango, Mexico. Hedda Hopper, on the same lot with him, was born a Quaker, in the Quaker settlement of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. What's more, she has six uncles who are Quaker divines!

Footsteps!

Marian Nixon, whose parents were Finnish immigrants and who was born in a log camp in Wisconsin, came to Hollywood. She is married to Edward Hillman, a multi-millionaire from Chicago.

Joan Crawford worked her way through school in Kansas City as a little slavey, caring for the younger children to earn her room and board. Young Doug, son of a famous father, went to school in Europe.

Edmund Lowe came from a well-to-do San Jose, California, family. His father was a senator. Lilyan Tashman came from one of these poor-and-prolific Brooklyn families whose children must go to work.

Footsteps!

Arthur Edmund Carewe's aristocratic family fled their native Armenia during the massacres. Jamiel Hassim came from Arabia. Adolphe Menjou was born in Pittsburgh. Nancy Carroll came from Tenth Avenue, New York. Jean Hersholt emigrated from Denmark.

What did these people have in common to make them famous in motion pictures? Imagination? The knack of surrounding themselves, somehow, with glamour?

Education won't do it. Intelligence, alone, won't do it. Cultivated charm is not enough. From all over the world, from every walk of life, these footsteps come.



When and how to shampoo . . . *page* 15★

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . *Gives the hair its sheen and gloss* . . . The final rinse water should be . . .



for a clear, fresh skin . . . *page* 12★

The fundamental need of any face is cleanliness. Choose a pure soap. Nothing else will reach down into the pores and cleanse them properly. Go to bed with a face really cleansed and relaxed . . . Keeps your face *young and fresh.* Some skins are . . .



for attractive hands . . . *page* 9★

Both *how* and *how often* you wash your hands are important. Hands must be washed frequently . . . Dry them thoroughly . . . Finish with a quick runaround under the nails with an orange wood stick. If your hands chap easily use . . .

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so soothing to golfers' eyes!

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SHERMAN S. CAMP
246 Fifth Avenue New York



Contrary to all expectations, this is the kind of boudoir that vampish Rita La Roy has. Real homey, as it were

Married The Modern Way

(Continued from page 59)

certainly don't do anything toward improving a woman's appearance. Also," she added quite frankly and woman-to-woman, "I look better with make-up on."

Amen. Don't we all?

"I guess it is a rather tricky problem with all women—but it can be handled and it is well worth the trouble. Perhaps a box of one's favorite powder and rouge in the bathroom, as well as on the dressing table, is the solution. Or the simple little idea of rising a moment or two before your husband!

"Marriage is a never-ending game in which a woman should always look her best, to keep the flame of interest kindled in the eyes of her husband, to keep the commonplaces of life from coming between them as sweethearts.

"I promised myself, when we were married, that nothing should come between the happiness of my husband and myself, as two people at the adventure of being in love. Nothing should nail us down. Nothing should cement us to old ideas—or old surroundings.

"We move from place to place like gypsies. When we were first married, we had no more than arranged our wedding presents in a home we had rented, and become comfortably settled, than Mr. Thalberg suddenly decided he didn't like the place. 'All right,' I said, 'out we go!' And out we went. We've been at that moving game ever since. I believe we have lived in five or six different houses since our marriage. Under those conditions," laughed Norma, "home can't become very monotonous.

No Housekeeper

"So far as the active management of the house goes, I like to feel that there aren't any set rules for either of us. When I engage servants, I always tell them that neither of us is prompt about meals. We may want breakfast at six o'clock—or nine. Dinner at seven or ten. If they can stand up under that, we engage them.

"I do not make a point of planning my menus, either. If I am between pictures and feel like puttering a bit domestically, I may superintend the table for a day or two as the mood strikes me. When it begins to get monotonous, I drop it and leave it in the hands of the servants. Sometimes when I walk into my home after a day at the studio, I feel like a star-boarder. I like it that way. It adds a zest to housekeeping.

"Entertaining? No set rules for that either. I should never be able to entertain two or three times a week as elaborately as does Marion Davies or Mary Pickford. If I have more than six guests at my house at once, I have to take off the entire week to fret and worry about the party. In fact, we entertain very seldom, and usually our dinner parties are very impromptu affairs. If we feel like going out in the evening, we do it on the spur of the moment. Somehow, these impromptu affairs always seem so much more enjoyable than a planned evening. We dress if we are in the mood. We don't if we are too tired.

"A typical evening with us is an informal dinner, perhaps a studio preview afterwards, or a couple of hours of dancing at the Blossom Room or the Coconut Grove. We stay up until all hours, and midnight is just as good a time for us to drop in on our friends as any other time.

Has the Baby Changed Her?

"EVEN the coming of the baby hasn't made much difference in our vagabond existence—except in the added happiness he has brought. We pack him up and move him about with us from place to place. And from the amount of gurgling he does in new surroundings, I think he likes it. He is a true son of his mother and father.

"It is only at the studio, in my work, that I like things to be set, prompt and efficient—and that only because it is the easiest way to work in the long run. A home, on the other hand, should not be run like an office. It loses its charm. Marriage by the clock can become a dull and monotonous affair. It is true that I plan everything about my work. But not my marriage. I let that be an adventure. It's more interesting that way.

"If you still think what you said about my screen wives behaving more like mistresses than good wives, then I am going to have to agree with them that they are the best wives in the game of modern matrimony.

There is one thing that Norma proved to me with her argument and that is that Ex-Wives are not necessarily a part of modern marriage. It can be an interesting romantic and thoroughly gay affair—if you are as smart a wife as Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

Taking Beauty For A Ride

(*Continued from page 47*)

the desires of the world. Garbo is Eve; Dietrich, Lilith. One is spiritual. The other earthly."

"Whose features, whose nose, whose eyes, et cetera, would you select if you were to make a composite screen beauty?"

"She would have the eyes of Garbo, for they are the most wonderful eyes in Hollywood. For the nose, she would have the nose of Lilyan Tashman, which is most perfect of all. Her mouth would be the sweet, well-formed mouth of Norma Shearer. And her facial contour would be the perfect oval of Ina Claire's face."

"If you intend to stay in Hollywood even a few days longer, you may not wish to answer our next question," we ventured. "Who are the six most beautiful women of the screen?"

"The six most beautiful women in Hollywood?" Mr. Beaton took the plunge without the flicker of an amazingly long, curling eyelash. "Certainly.

"Marion Davies is the typical American girl, vivid, alive, sparkling. She would be just as attractive when emerging from a swimming-pool as in evening dress, fresh from the hands of her maid.

"Then Ina Claire, a gorgeous almond blonde, typifying the acme of gaiety, youth and laughter. She has the most perfect facial contour I have ever seen.

"Norma Shearer, too, is lovely; the simple countrywoman whom a degree of sophistication has not spoiled. She has the beauty that makes a career and is also an adornment to the home.

"Lilyan Tashman is a modern Greek goddess. She has one of the world's divine forms.

"One must include Greta Garbo. She is mad, absolutely mad, and is therefore ethereal. Contrary to popular opinion, I do not find her possessed of sexual allure, but she understands Life.

"Michelangelo alone could duplicate Marlene Dietrich. She personifies desire, passion and the mad leap of the pulses. She is *Circe*, she is Cleopatra and so, of course, she is beautiful."

We left Mr. Beaton still in his pajamas, but fumbling in his closet for a garment that bore a decided resemblance to a bullet-proof vest—and why not? Brave men, these Britons!



Dancing with damp eyes? Eleanor Hunt married Rex Lease April 9, and eight days later, newspapers reported them parted

Cheap cigarettes are like quick lunch counters. Fine when you *must* use them!

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What an unmerciful twitting men give women about their bargains! But to hear them at the office is another story. It's "my wife this, and my wife that"—with evident pride.

Vain? There's nothing quite so vain as men who have attractive and accomplished wives. How their wives manage the home—how they plan and buy—is a source of constant wonder and appreciation.

But what is so amazing to men is commonplace to women. Women know that shrewd management and good taste are not matters of chance, but qualities to be cultivated—personal qualities that depend upon a thorough knowledge of style and value.

It is not difficult for them to obtain this knowledge. *They read the advertisements in the magazines—printed statements of style, price and value.* Statements that are sponsored and signed by companies known for business integrity and style authority.

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Even the fairest-skinned woman need no longer dread the sun and winds. Though they cover her face with ugly freckles, she can easily and safely fade out these homely blemishes in the privacy of her home with Othine-double strength.

It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear the skin of the ugly, rusty-brown spots. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will see that even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

Gay Grass Widows Of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 55*)

a star she has managed to get the courts to put Clarke Twelvetrees back in the discard. She blossomed out and became quite a bubbly sort of grass widow until just the other day—when she surprised all the girls by admitting that she had been secretly married for three weeks to Frank Woody, young Hollywood real estate broker.

While she's hardly a regular Hollywoodian yet, Ona Munson is found in the divorcée ranks, having just freed herself from Eddie Buzzell. As they are both employed at the same studio, he and she nod pleasantly as they pass, and Ona giggles at the very idea.

It would be taking a lot for granted to say that Leatrice Joy was relieved when she got rid of John Gilbert, but she isn't exactly mourning. While that's several years ago, and she's not one of the whoopee kind, most of the really nice affairs and opening nights see Leatrice, always very chic and attractive, and enjoying herself.

Speaking of Leatrice reminds me that one of the newest recruits to the ranks is Ina Claire, the joyous lady who dashed into Hollywood on a big starring contract, grabbed John Gilbert as a marriage partner in just six weeks, found herself disillusioned in seven more, moved to a house of her own in another four, and decided to get the courts to shear those bonds apart within the year. Ina is a full-fledged Hollywoodian now, and because she knows how to dress and particularly how to act, the high-hatting Hollywood gave her when she first arrived has turned into open admiration. Ina is one of the gayest of the gay grass widows.

If you should ask Dorothy Mackaill if she has any intention of deserting the divorcée group, she might look horrified!

"Heavens, no!" she'd say. "My personal anthem is 'The Battle Cry of Freedom' and I dislike handcuffs exceedingly."

She's one of the central figures among the gay girls who have shucked their husbands.

And little Colleen Moore, while a member of the grass-widow set, is not so positive, I think, that she's as gay as she'd like to have us believe. John McCormick is engaged to Mae Clarke, and Colleen is rumored engaged—yes, even married—to Al Scott. But her best friends have the idea she still loves John, and that John loves Colleen.

Some of the divorced girls, like Claudia Dell and Virginia Cherrill, pretend they've forgotten all about those marriage ventures of theirs, but they're written down in the lists just the same. Neither of them is the least of the gay and happy beauties of the grass widow gang.

Before this reaches your eye, unless all signs fail, the ranks of the divorcées will have been increased by one, in the person of little Loretta Young, whose runaway match with big Grant Withers seems to have gone on the rocks. At least, they are separated and the rumor is that the lawyers are busy drawing up complaints and counter-charges.

No list would be complete without mention of gay, delightful, joyous Hedda Hopper, whose smart sayings are the life of every function she attends. Hedda's discarded partner is the famous De Wolf Hopper, and while the tie was severed some years ago, I doubt if you could get Hedda into matrimony again for all the glamour and romance in Hollywood. She has too happy a time in her grass widow's weeds, which are regarded as snappy enough to make Gloria and Constance look twice.

I haven't said anything about the husbands who have been tossed away, because no one seems to think them important enough to bother with. The idea is just what is indicated in a brief conversation about the Bebe Daniels—Ben Lyon wedding.

"Bebe was just lovely, and her clothes were simply gorgeous."

"How did Ben look?"

"Ben? Ben Lyon? Oh—he was there."



Ben Lyon, Colonel Bebe Daniels and Lee De Forest have a happy landing beside one of the large government planes

How To Read A Fan Magazine:

1. Look for something new
   On every page.
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   As well as amusement.
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   Looks stale or old.
4. If you find any hokum,
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Connie's boy-friend, Joel McCrea, let the photographer in before he removed the pictures of Gloria Swanson (on the desk) and Dorothy Mackaill (on the wall)

Connie's New Boy-Friend

(*Continued from page 51*)

The Cowboy Type

UP until the time Joel was eighteen years old, he used to ride that horse down what was then the dirt trail along Hollywood Boulevard and hitch it in front of the Hollywood hotel. So, you see, Joel is not only a native son of Hollywood, but a familiar figure as well. There's probably more than one grammar-school and high-school teacher in Hollywood and Pomona who is surprised that little Joel McCrea, who used to have so much trouble with his arithmetic, is finding his way into the romantic and movie columns of our daily papers.

Joel's interests switched from cowboying to dramatics during his senior year at Pomona College. He made the mistake of playing in "plays" and got the actor-bug. Which really isn't so startling when you stop to remember Joel's home-town industry is the movies. He has been brought up on movies ever since he could remember, either attending them at Hollywood's one picture show, "The Iris," or watching them being made in the street. Joel used to hang around outside Graham's Ice Cream Parlor and watch Mae Allison and Harold Lockwood and Thomas Meighan as they lunched there. Graham's was the original *Montmartre* of Hollywood. As Joel cantered about Hollywood on his horse, he came to the conclusion that actors were pretty grand and that next to cowboying he'd rather be an actor than anything.

For a couple of years, Joel lived on his father's ranch and "cowboyed." It was all right for awhile—but it does not take us long to weary of the ambitions of childhood. Tiring of the life of the saddle, he decided to concentrate on his second-best ambition: the movies.

His Mother Didn't Know

"I DON'T know what makes you think you can be an actor," sighed his mother, when Joel put the plan before her. "You certainly don't look like one."

In comparison to Rudy Valentino, the hero of the hour, he certainly didn't! Anything else but. He was as awkward as a young colt in a drawing-room. His skin was sun-parched to the color of maroon

(*Continued on page 113*)



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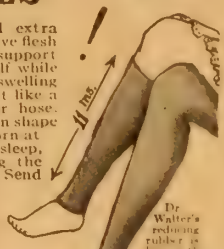
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They're Back In Again

(Continued from page 71)

play, merely for the experience and training to be gained.

Hollywood is inclined to sniff: "Billie Dove is going to make a comeback on a silver platter. It's just being handed to her." Well, that may be true—but you have to give Billie credit for wanting to live up to that comeback and make it worth while.

Dolores Was Despairing

STRICTLY speaking, the return of Dolores Del Rio and Eleanor Boardman to the screen can hardly be classed as "comebacks," for the simple reason that public interest in them has not died out. Several unfortunate developments were responsible for keeping Dolores away from the camera just as her popularity was at its height.

First, her illness, which lasted for many months. So serious was her condition that United Artists, on the verge of producing "The Dove" as a Del Rio starring picture, found it necessary to dismiss the cast and director and shelve the production. Several months later, with Dolores still ill in the hospital, her contract was allowed to lapse.

As the Mexican girl gradually fought her way back to health, anxious to resume her picture career, another hurdle loomed in the path between her and stardom. This time it was a contract between Dolores Del Rio and director Edwin Carewe. United Artists wanted Del Rio back, but they wanted her without the strings that Carewe, who had discovered Dolores and brought her to the screen, held on her contract. While Carewe, his former star and several managers and lawyers battled on this problem, much valuable time was being wasted and many offers went by. She despaired of ever appearing before the camera again. The deal was never settled to the satisfaction of United Artists. In the meantime some sort of agreement was reached whereby Dolores could accept an offer from Paramount for "The Rose of the Rancho" and a subsequent starring contract from RKO.

As in the case of Billie Dove, it is the present plan to change Dolores's screen personality. In other words, she is not coming back as the perennial senorita with a rose behind her ear and a blouse that slips off her shoulder. Her new pictures will be modern, sophisticated, and thoroughly Garbo-ish.

Motherhood Changed Eleanor

ELEANOR BOARDMAN left the screen for motherhood. She says she is coming back for the same reason. "I have never been so ambitious or known such interest in my work, as I have since the birth of my two little girls," Eleanor explains.

There was a time when Mrs. King Vidor was pretty discouraged with the idea of a career. Known as "the hand-me-down" star on the M-G-M lot, she was continually being shoved into rôles that had been considered and discarded by Garbo, Shearer and Crawford. Eleanor's talents as an actress were placed fourth or fifth down the line at a studio that is almost overstocked with feminine dramatic talent. When her contract expired almost simultaneously with the arrival of the stork, Eleanor bade the screen farewell. Or she thought she had.

If she really planned to stay away, it is her own fault that she developed from a rather plainly attractive girl into a real beauty, right under Hollywood's nose. People began to say: "Hasn't Eleanor Boardman improved? She's getting lovelier every day."

In due time even the movie producers began to notice that Mrs. King Vidor was certainly developing into a very beautiful woman and when they started remembering, too, that as Eleanor Boardman she had been a talented actress, the offers began to arrive from Front Offices. First Eleanor made "The Great Meadow" for M-G-M. Then "The Flood" for Columbia. Then "The Squaw Man" on the M-G-M lot. The same company that had allowed her to get away from them once before was the first to offer a new contract. But Eleanor must have remembered that Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford were still very much on hand and she didn't want her revival of interest in her career nipped in the bud again by "hand-me-downs."

Why She Signed Up

"I HADN'T intended to accept a contract at all," she explained. "It was my plan to free-lance, accepting the rôles I really liked. But it just happened that this Paramount offer came at the psychological moment—at least, the right psychological moment for me. In place of being overstocked with feminine players, this company was losing several. They actually needed more women stars."

Tales say that Eleanor will do all the stories that Paramount had purchased for Ruth Chatterton. Her first is "Daddy's Gone A Hunting" and she even talks her to Ruth's leading man, Paul Lukas. It is a domestic story in which Eleanor plays a neglected wife. But if you can believe what you hear around the Paramount lot, Eleanor is certainly not going to be continued to "plain, downtrodden and neglected" rôles. Her second picture will be a sophisticated story with Maurice Chevalier. "No more neglected wife rôles for me," sings Eleanor. "I'm coming back to screen silks and satins."

Dolores Costello—Mrs. John Barrymore—is back, with a deeper voice. Johnny Ralston, who used to be Harold Lloyd's leading lady and now is Mrs. Richard Arlen—is back, and essaying melodrama. Louise Brooks, after a long European sojourn, has returned and is getting some real chances to act. Enid Bennett came back as the mother of Skippy. Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, returns as Mary Astor's sister in "Alexander Hamilton." Greta Nissen, having mastered English, has just made a big hit in her first talkie. Laura La Plante came back with a bang after several months away.

They're back again—but do you think you'll recognize them?

Did you know that--

Clara Bow has a hideaway 100 miles from Hollywood—and won't tell where it is?

Wally Beery is the only screen player of note who allows his name to appear in the Hollywood phone directory?

Edna Purviance is quietly living in Honolulu with a sister?

John Barrymore has been coaching Dolores Costello and that the result will be a deeper voice for Dolores?

Claudette Colbert taught Chevalier most of the American slang he knows?

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Connie's New Boy-Friend

(*Continued from page 111*)

He stood six-feet-three in his sneakers. The popular bean-pole physique of the Gary Coopers had not yet put in an appearance. Joel was a little ahead of his day, but he didn't let that stop him.

In a sort of willy-nilly way he did "extra" work about Hollywood for a couple of years. That is, he worked when he felt like it and there was nothing in particular going on at the beaches. On basketball, volley-ball, or football days Joel just failed to show up for his day's call at the studio. Now and then, when he had nothing else to do, he'd consent to work "extra" at one of the studios. No career was ever started more casually than Joel's.

Winter plays havoc with sports in California, so Joel found a little time on his hands. He asked Cecil de Mille what he could do for him in the line of a small part. De Mille has known Joel's family for years, and he more than once supplied Joel with five cents for an ice cream cone when he was a kid, so, more out of courtesy than respect for the McCrea talents he gave him a small part in "Dynamite." A six months' stock contract with the M-G-M company followed.

M-G-M never used Joel after "Dynamite," but the contract was nice for the simple reason it supplied him with spending money for a new car that could get him to the beach in twenty-five minutes. It had taken him thirty minutes in his old car.

Joel's First Publicity

IT was about this time that Joel and Dorothy Mackaill began to be seen about together. Joel was so little known professionally at the time that the Hollywood gossips merely set him down as "the young fellow Dot's going around with." They attended theaters and first-nights together and Joel was so unimportant that he wasn't even invited to pose with Dorothy by the photographers on hand for those affairs.

It's none of my business, but I think Joel was very much in love with Dorothy in one of those first "crush" love affairs. So much in love, in fact, that I don't think he is very anxious to go through a romantic experience with anyone again very soon. But, as I say, it's really none of my business. Joel and I didn't talk very much about love that day at lunch (we were too busy remembering old school playmates), but in skirting the subject, he did say this: "Being in love is a tremendous responsibility. I've tried to dodge responsibility all my life. I'm too naturally lazy to want to have anything on my mind—or heart."

In the meantime M-G-M had let Joel go, but RKO had taken over his salary responsibility. For one year they did not use him, though Joel continued to draw his checks with untroubled conscience. One day after he had received his check and was on the way to the beach, someone in the Front Office beckoned to him to come in. "I'm in an awful hurry," protested Joel, who did not recognize Mr. Sullivan, the former head of the studio. He'd never seen him before. But the man in the Front Office insisted that Joel come in. It was an awful shock to him when he stepped through a door marked General Manager. When he came out he had been cast for the leading male rôle in "The Silver Horde."

"Discovered" by Connie

IT was his first big chance, but Joel was only medium-fair in the part. Certainly he did not set the reviewers or the public on fire. Following "The Silver Horde" he was "tested" for every big part that came up in the studios. But it seems they always wanted Ben Lyon or Charlie Farrell for the

(*Continued on page 117*)

"Now I can stand the Public Gaze"



Can You?

At a swimming party, you slip your beach-coat from your shoulders—and suddenly your bathing-suit seems all too brief . . . At a dance, you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock, forgetting that your dress is sleeveless. These moments, in fact, any moment in public, need not be embarrassing if your skin is free of disfiguring hair.

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"No Visitors, Please!"

(Continued from page 65)

were locked and "No Visitors" signs hung upon the barred portals.

Universal was one of the last to refuse sightseers admittance. Perhaps this was because Uncle Carl Laemmle had such a large group of relatives about, he welcomed the sight of strange faces. Indications, however, point to the coming of sound as the final deciding factor.

If visitors were a nuisance in silent days, they are an absolute menace on a sound stage. Obviously, talking out of turn, coughing, sneezing—in fact, any noise from the sidelines—means a ruined scene. The public soon grew sound-wise, though, and promised absolute silence in return for the favor of being allowed to see how talking pictures were filmed. The complete ban on all visitors, which in early talkie times included even the press, was lifted momentarily. And quickly clamped on again.

For regardless of how quiet people intend to be, they unconsciously make noises plainly audible on a sound track. Metal bracelets, keys, squeaking shoes, crackling papers—all are menaces to perfect recording. Even so much as the shifting of weight from one foot to another often results in a scuffling noise. Consequently, a wise studio guide stands close enough to his party to be able to touch them if they move. A light pressure on the arm is all that is needed to quiet a restless movement.

Expensive Booers

AMUSING incidents are told of innumerable *faux pas* committed by studio visitors—that is, amusing to us, but not so funny to the studio accountants who figured up the costs. I shall not go into the oft-repeated accounts of how uncontrolled laughter has spoiled scenes. This has been employed too often by press-agents desiring to prove their clients are really funny. Occasionally, however, it actually happens, particularly with such spontaneous clowns as the Four Marx Brothers.

William Haines had a piece of business in "A Tailor-Made Man" with a cigarette lighter that would not light. The scene called for him to spin the flint wheel time and again and finally go for a match. The action was not only in for a gag; it had something to do with the story. An interested sightseer had no knowledge the scene was being shot. All he saw was that Haines couldn't get the lighter to work. So the visitor stepped forward to offer his lighter to Bill.

Upon another occasion, a famous Eastern stage director was visiting the "Chances" set at First National. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had a long and difficult speech to read. On the first "take" he made a slight slip of the tongue and on the second again blew up. They tried it a third time and Doug seemed to have forgotten his lines. At least, he paused a moment. Before he had a chance to continue, the visiting director prompted him.

And, of course, there is the now-classic yarn of Cecil de Mille and the taxi-driver. It happened back in the days when De Mille was shooting "The Ten Commandments." He had been working since early morning on one of the most spectacular scenes in the picture and the sunlight was fading fast. Yet not a single camera had turned that day, so concerned was the director in perfecting every detail of lighting, set-up and mass movement.

De Mille Went Wild

IT was now or never, if De Mille was to film the scene before the sun went down. The thousands of extras, well rehearsed, stood by for the call of "camera." Action was started and well under way when De Mille, whooping like an Indian, jumped into the picture. He tore through the startled mob, headed for a lone figure leaning against a pillar of Pharaoh's Temple and well within camera lines.

A taxi-driver, called by one of the principal players, had talked his way past the studio gateman and, directed to the back lot, found his passenger. Told to wait, the taxi man left his cab and wandered over to watch proceedings. Inadvertently he had strolled into the center of the action. His modern, tailored uniform, contrasting to the Biblical costumes of the extras, stood out like a sore tooth.

Fortunately for the driver, De Mille never caught up with him. Whether or not he knew of the havoc his presence caused is open to conjecture. One look at the enraged De Mille was enough for the fellow. He took his departure over the back fence and next day the taxi company sent for its cab.

Studio visitors, as a general rule, fall into two classifications—those interested in seeing the stars, and the ones who have eyes only for technical details. To the latter, the wonders performed in erecting realistic sets are a constant source of amazement.

An old gentleman in company with his wife and daughter was once shown around Universal City. He was particularly impressed with a permanent garden set and remarked how real the iron fence appeared. His guide assured him it was real and shook the pickets vigorously to prove it.

The old gentleman seemed pleased and in common with most visitors, was anxious to impart his knowledge to his companions. As soon as he could get his wife's attention, he said "You see, Mary, all this movie-making ain't faked. This fence here is real." And he shook it as the guide had done.

Unfortunately, he chose a different section of the fence. It was light wood, painted in imitation of its iron counterpart. The whole section broke away in his hands.

What the Snoopers Saw

A THIRD classification of visitors might be made to include the people who come to Hollywood bent on discovering all the sins they have heard about. These folks snoop around relentlessly and are bitterly disappointed when they are unable to find what they seek.

In one instance, however, two ladies, probably gentle souls from some small prairie town, were fortunate enough to obtain Hollywood data that will give them something to talk about for the rest of their lives. They got the real low-down at Universal.

It was during the making of "The King of Jazz." You may remember the chorus routine staged on a black enamel floor which reflected the figures of the dancing girls. The scene offered difficulties, as footprints readily showed on the black enamel. Cleaning the floor with soap and water failed as lustre. They were compelled to wash it with alcohol.

After rehearsal one morning, the girls were ordered off the stage and a half barrel of alcohol dumped on the floor. It was at this moment that our two gentle old ladies happened by.

Their nostrils were assailed by the odor of "strong drink." They turned to see a crowd of girls in abbreviated costumes, many of them smoking "nasty cigarettes." All they had heard of Hollywood, the den of iniquity, had come true. No one could argue with them about things they had seen with their own eyes and smelled with

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By studying the advertisements . . . by asking for things by the brand name . . . we seldom fail to get our money's worth on any side of the wide world!

their own noses. They *knew* what they knew.

The studios' locked-gate policy has its exceptions, of course. If you know some official who can vouch for you, a pass may be arranged. But you have to know your man mighty well and even then directors and players are none too glad to see you come on their set.

Only Big-Shots Get a Break

NOR are notable guests of Hollywood especially welcomed if the truth be known. But the studios can't say "No Visitors, Please" to an ex-President, Senators, Congressmen, big business executives or foreign potentates. Furthermore, entertainment for them must be staged on an elaborate scale.

Sometimes a notable visitor is allowed to entertain himself. There was the Maharajah of Kapurthala, for example. The Indian prince was the guest of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer about a year ago. A royal fête was planned for His Highness, but the plans were abandoned after the prince visited his first sound set. A backstage musical was being filmed and a large chorus graced the stage. His Highness announced himself perfectly content to spend the day where he was.

Ex-President Coolidge was one individual about whom the studios refused to worry. Here, at last, was a visitor who could be relied upon not to talk.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge journeyed from studio to studio. Finally they arrived at M-G-M, where Cal at last broke his silence. A small bear had escaped from its trainer and Cal intently watched the chase to capture it, a chase that took him to the farthest corner of the big lot. He was smiling—looking happier than he had looked since his arrival in Hollywood.

Coolidge turned to speak to Mrs. Coolidge and everyone within hearing distance paused to listen. An ex-President was about to express an opinion. Possibly he would say what he thought of the motion picture industry. So the industry eavesdropped with bated breath.

"Grace," he said, "that bear looks just like our collie."



When Ann Harding's mountain home was being built, she supervised the placing of every brick. When the job was finished, Ann took to the roof with cheers in her eyes in that her home topped all of Hollywood

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I've helped more than 20,000 other men, youngsters and oldsters, fat and skinny. Some were weak, run-down specimens that looked like scarecrows before I showed them my NO-APPARATUS way to add weight, get smooth, even layers of powerful muscle and the handsome, evenly balanced proportions that you see in my own photo.

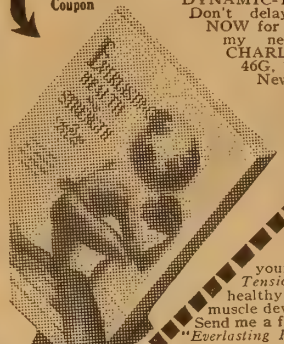
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Now I'll give YOU the PROOF in only 7 DAYS that I can turn you, too, into an "Atlas Champion"—make a NEW MAN of you—give you a handsome, HUSKY BODY, give you big, POWERFUL MUSCLES, put on POUNDS of firm flesh, or if you are fat pare you down to FIGHTING TRIM.

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WOMEN of leisure discovered Boyer's "Flowers of Beauty" Face Powder was not only perfect for the ballroom, but *best for every purpose.* So they quickly adopted this amazing new powder for out-of-door sports. It is surprising how long this powder stays on. It is unaffected by body heat and forms an invisible veil which protects your skin from sun, cold, wind.

Boyer's "Flowers of Beauty" Face Powder *instantly* removes shine, stays on longer, and imparts a youthful, satiny texture so admired and envied. This powder does not cake or chalk. It is pure and cannot harm the most delicate complexion.

Six fascinating shades to improve any complexion . . . and you will love the odor. The handy glass tube for your purse is only 25c and the large box with puff, $1.00. If your druggist cannot supply you, order from 2700 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. Guaranteed to please you.



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209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Hunting For A Hero

(*Continued from page 67*)

ready to flower any moment and work his reformation.

In "The Public Enemy," James Cagney is shown entering a lighted room, filled with armed foes—alone. Courageous as Sergeant York. But not very sensible, it seems to me.

In "The Last Parade," Jack Holt, a gangster, is electrocuted, but his execution takes the form of a noble sacrifice for honor's sake.

It is a little ironic that a young actor like Edward Woods, who, had he entered pictures two years ago, would have been accepted as the typical juvenile type—what with curly hair, dimples, an engaging smile and a nice way with him—must now play nothing but weaklings and always die in the end, usually by electrocution. *The sympathetic rôles are those of criminals, these days.*

Eddie says that we are surrounding the gang leader with so much legend and tradition that fifty years from now, people will look back on this era of gang rule as being as romantic as the day of robber barons.

"They'll never guess how yellow these guys actually were," he remarks. "Newspapers, novels and motion pictures will see to that."

Reel Versus Real

THE men who habitually play these rôles have scant regard for the originals.

Spencer Tracy, who has played almost nothing but gangster-heroes, says, "Hero nothing! A crack on the nose will whip any gangster you ever saw. They never fight in the open. They never fight at all unless they can outnumber their foes by five to one. They shoot in the back. Almost anyone can be brave if he has a machine-gun and a gang of hoodlums to help him."

And Edward G. Robinson, who has played some of our very bravest and most dangerous underworld characters, had the fright of his life when he was approached by a real one with an invitation to come and meet some more real ones.

"The boys are having a little party," the spokesman told him. "And they'd like it if you'd come. We see all your pictures, Mr. Robinson, and we think you're a great guy!"

But Robinson, quaking mightily, declined the invitation.

"I never saw a real gangster in my life before," he said. "And I'd be scared to death to meet any more of them. I'm flattered—and grateful—but, if you don't mind, I think I won't come to your party."

Which shows what Edward G. thinks of the noble gangster!

I hate to view with alarm, or point out a menace or anything depressing like that. But, really, haven't we had nearly enough gang heroes now? Don't we need somebody new to admire and to surround with glamour? Someone besides criminals?

Hollywood needs a new type of hero. Can you suggest one?

HUNTING FOR A PRESIDENT

The Democrats have already met and discussed possible issues in the 1932 campaign.

The Republicans have already started making plans for the Battle of 1932.

Both parties are looking over the lists of candidates.

The movie world is out to put the name of Will Rogers on those lists.

Hollywood nominates Will Rogers for President here and now.

And who seconds the nomination?

We'll begin to tell you in the August MOTION PICTURE!



This exclusive picture shows Wilbur Morse, Jr., driving the "Rogers-for-President" car through Claremore, Oklahoma—and a parade in Will's honor. Mr. Morse reports that there are plenty of places besides Will's home-town that want him for President

Connie's New Boy-Friend

(*Continued from page 113*)

rôle. He was tested by Frank Borzage for "Lilliom"—but he didn't get it. However, on the strength of that test he did go to Fox for a rôle with Will Rogers in "Lightnin.'" Will is Joel's favorite actor. It's a hang-over from his cowboy worship days.

He might have gone on as an adequate, but unimportant Hollywood juvenile, if Constance Bennett, reigning queen of the hour, had not chosen him above all others to support her in "Born to Love" and then, "The Common Law." Two pictures with the most temperamental young woman in Hollywood. Zowie—how Joel's stock went up. "Mr. McCrea is the ideal leading man," said Connie.

People who hadn't even known Joel was on earth began calling up the studio and asking all sorts of questions about him—the most embarrassing being as to whether or not he was cutting out the Marquis de la Falaise with Connie as romantic heart-interest. When Joel and Connie danced a couple of times at the Mayfair, and later, when he escorted her to a party given by Marion Davies for Lady Mountbatten, the gossips could hardly contain themselves. Here was new excitement. Here was something new for luncheon conversations. If Joel advised Connie to get a sunburn, it reached the newspapers with the most romantic insinuations. If he politely placed a chair for her on the set, the whole town was buzzing with the news of "a new romance."

Almost overnight Joel McCrea, who used to go to Hollywood High School, became a Hollywood Heart-breaker.

"Gee," said Joel, shaking his head, "I bet Miss Joy up at Gardner School is surprised."

And so is Joel.

You see how it is?



There's It in the smile, and Itski is the style. Marion Shilling shows a set of pajamas that even a Russian would like



SAFE WAY TO END CORNS

One drop deadens pain, removes corn

HERE is a new and totally different way to remove a corn or a callus. One drop deadens pain. Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance.

The corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. No more dangerous cutting.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter how old or how painful.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Then - - And Now

Will Rogers once made two-reelers, and now Hollywood wants him for President.

Charlie Chaplin once threw custard pies, and now he's the most idolized star of them all.

Greta Garbo once posed for hat ads for a Stockholm department store, and now she sets the styles for all screen sirens.

Clara Bow once got her name in a paper for winning a footrace, and now she's new any time.

Francis X. Bushman and **Beverly Bayne** once were the most romantic couple on the screen, and now no husband and wife insist on making pictures together.

Ricardo Cortez was once Jack Krantz, and now you'd think he was Spanish.

The leading "hick" comic was once **Charles Ray.** Now it's **Jack Oakie.**

Ronald Colman's wife was once more famous than Ron, and now you have to search the files to recollect her name.

Janet Gaynor and **Charles Farrell** once were thought to be in love, and now each is happily married—to someone else.

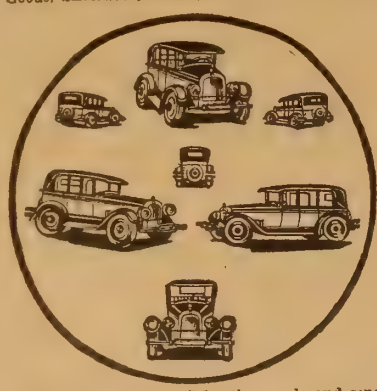
Once there was only one screen magazine, and now—twenty-one years later—the wise ones still know that the only one screen magazine to read is:

MOTION PICTURE

Screen Reporter for the World

Win a Studebaker or $3,000.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Studebaker President Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). In addition to the Studebaker Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Shetland Pony, an Eastman Moving Picture Outfit, Leather Goods, Silverware, Jewelry and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away more than $150,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. A. H. Jones received $3,050.00, John Burroughs $3,795.00, Mrs. M. Iverson $2,320.00, W. R. Eddington $3,050.00, Mrs. Kate L. Needham $3,150.00 and E. J. Cullen $2,220.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.



Draw 3 Straight Lines

There are seven cars in the circle to the left. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each car in a space by itself. See if you can do this. As soon as you are able to put each car in a space by itself by drawing 3 straight lines, tear out the puzzle and send it to me together with your name and address written plainly.

$1,000.00 for Being Prompt

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you $1,000.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of $3,000.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send it to me just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

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Safely!

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Damschinsky's Liquid Hair Dye has been recommended and sold by leading druggists for over 40 years. Unlike other preparations, you apply it only once. Quickly the hair loses faded appearance--becomes alive, lustrous beautiful again!

Guaranteed safe, no harmful ingredients

Test Bottle Only 10c *Use the Coupon. Test bottle for you to try on a lock of hair will be sent promptly with instructions for only 10c to cover postage and packing costs. Plain package used.*

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Enclosed find 10c for trial package.

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Color desired: ☐ Blond ☐ Brown ☐ Black

He Said He'd Never Marry!



THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

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The Answer Man

Motion Picture Publications, Inc.

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If you can take your eyes off those pretty knees, you might look at Lillian Bond's pretty smile. She's the latest cute thing from Broadway

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 104*)

Studios at Culver City, California, is going to make the production, "Flying High," into a talkie. No cast has been selected as yet.

DICK—Ginger Rogers is appearing in a stage production, "Girl Crazy," here in New York at this time. Ginger was born in Independence, Mo., attending school in Fort Worth, Texas. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes and enjoys all kinds of athletics.

JOSEPH CHENELER—Gosh! where have you been hiding all these years? Mitzi Green's first flicker was "Marriage Playground." Marjorie White is four feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs about 103 pounds, has blonde hair, blue eyes, married to Frank Tiernay and her latest release is "Women of All Nations." Let's hear from you again, real soon.

A JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT FAN—Mr. Schildkraut is not appearing in any new screen production at this time. Stanley Lupino is starring in "Too Many Crooks," Radio Pictures Studios. Raymond Hackett in "Seed," Universal Studios. Pat Dargan, Will Rogers and Donald Dillaway in "Young As You Feel," Fox Studios. Lupita Tovar and Lew Cody in "Meet the Wife," Columbia Studios.

JOAN—John Bowers was *Barry* in "Checkie," which was released in May, 1925. John Wayne's real name is Duke Morrison, and he played in the picture "Words and Music" under that name. Kent Douglass was born on Oct. 29, 1907. His real name is Montgomery.

OAKIE FAN—Jack's real name is Of- field. He was born in Sedalia, Mo., on Nov. 14, 1903. Has brown hair, blue eyes, and is still single. He's playing in "Dude Ranch." Richard Bartlelmess, Helen Chandler and Frank Albertson in "Spirit Bullets."

LILYAN—Jack Kaley is the chap you mean who played opposite Zelma O'Neal in "Follow Thru." Neil Hamilton opposite Joan Crawford in "Complete Surrender." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Robert Allen hasn't appeared in pictures up to this time.

JOHN V., JR.—Fire away, I'm always on the job. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, on Jan. 14, 1901. She's 5'4½" feet tall, weighs 125 pounds; natural color of her hair is black but she changed it to blonde for "Reducing for the Movies" and seems to be letting it stay that way. Has been married to Ben Lyon since June 14, 1930, and is appearing in "The Honor of the Family."

IDA CRAIG—Eddie Cantor will be seen next in "Palmy Days." Rogis Toomey was once an ace runner at the University of Pittsburgh. Marlene Dietrich plays a violin and Janet Gaynor plays a mean zither. Buck Jones and Carmelita Geraghty are playing in "The Texas Ranger." Columbia Studios.

(*Continued on page 120*)

Attention!!

MOTION PICTURE
$5,000 Prize
Title Game
Contestants

We are exerting every effort to complete the checking of the thousands of answers we have received. It is our hope that the judges will reach their decision in time to announce the winners in the August issue of Motion Picture Magazine.

The popularity of the contest was far-reaching. Answers were received from all over the world.

Remember that to credit the best possible title for each picture, answers to each individual puzzle have had to be checked and double-checked.

Another month should end the suspense.



This is literally a case of not rubbing the feathers the wrong way. It requires all the tact and ingenuity of the trainers to smooth down the temperamental goose and chicken stars in the Fowl Comedies

Answers To Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. While the Prince and his bride were traveling, they read that their home had been robbed of $12,000 in costly furs and furnishings. They were forced to reveal the secret when they cut short their honeymoon and returned home to survey their loss.

2. Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent and radio ace, will star in a series entitled "Floyd Gibbons' Supreme Thrills."

3. Because no one knew Lillian had found a new love so soon. It was only a few months ago that Lillian was so sad that she wept through her blues song on the stage of the Palace Theater in New York because her sweetheart had died.

4. While Sue Carol and her husband, Nick Stuart, were in Chicago, thieves broke the lock on the door of their car and robbed them of two grips which contained jewelry valued at $32,000.

5. Polly is in the hospital recovering from a fall which resulted in a broken nose. In adjusting it, the doctors will also remove the small hook her nose had. Recently she also got a beautiful set of new teeth to replace her own which were a bit buck, so Polly ought to be a raving beauty when she's through.

6. Helen Twelvetrees was trying to keep her marriage to Frank Woody a secret, but some friend noticed the new wedding ring and Helen had to admit she married him in Reno.

7. The King of Jazz, Paul Whiteman, is credited with making that statement and evidently he thinks well of the institution because he has taken Margaret Livingston, the movie vamp, to be his fourth wife.

8. Esther Ralston is the lady who has gone into the beauty business. She calls it Esther's Beauty Salon.

9. John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore, said he didn't realize he had the best little woman in the world until he lost her and failing to win her back, he is going to Honolulu and doesn't intend to marry anyone else. Right on top of this statement he was reported engaged to marry Dorothy Mackaill. He has also been rumored engaged to Mae Clarke and Colleen is still very much taken up with Al Scott.

10. Mae Marsh, in private life Mrs. Louis Lee Arms and the mother of three children, returns to the screen in the mother rôle in the talkie version of "Over the Hills."

11. After six years, Jack Dempsey, ex-heavyweight champion, and his beautiful wife, Estelle Taylor of the films, often referred to as Hollywood's most devoted couple, have come to the parting of the ways. They hope to settle the divorce without bitterness.

12. Madge Bellamy's home, bought with savings from her picture earnings, before a misunderstanding with a movie company more or less banned her from the screen, has been put up at auction. Madge is going to Paris and devote her time to writing articles on European art for a newspaper.

13. Marie Dressler's health gave way under the strain of too much success. Overwork, premières and the constant partying accorded to and expected of movie stars proved too much for her. After a rest she is now completely recovered.

14. It is Mary Pickford's wish, backed by a clause in her will, that when she dies all her films be destroyed so that her face will never be shown on the screen after she is gone.

15. John Mack Brown's performance in Joan Crawford's picture, "The Torch Song," didn't please Irving Thalberg and other M-G-M executives, therefore, the picture was remade with Clark Gable as the leading man.

16. Dorothy Mackaill can't decide whether she'll marry Walter Byron, Neil Albert Miller or John McCormick. When she sailed for Honolulu, she kissed Byron good-bye and when she reached her destination, she announced, and later denied, she would marry Miller. And with McCormick it's a case of on again and off again.

17. Helen Lee Worthing, recovered from a nervous ailment, has filed suit for divorce from her husband, Dr. Eugene C. Nelson, a Negro physician.

18. Maureen O'Sullivan is being seen on the arm of John Considine. Joan Bennett and Carman Pantages are the two other girls who are rivals where the love of the young movie executive is concerned.

19. Neil Hamilton and his wife, childless though married for more than ten years, have adopted a chubby little girl who is only a few weeks old.



How to go places and see things!

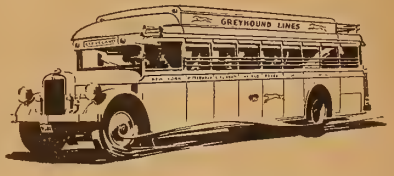
DO YOU ENVY THE FRIEND who can throw a few things in a bag and be gone, to see new places and new faces —most any week-end?

Don't envy—do it yourself! Greyhound buses open the way. They make travel so much more interesting, while they bring the cost down to meet the slenderest purse.

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MP 2

Does Will Rogers Stand A Chance?

What if Hollywood
Does nominate him
For President
In the July
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?

What if Hollywood
Does have a man
Big enough for
America's Biggest Job?

And what if there *is*
One screen magazine
Big enough to say so?

He may be more than thirty-five,
All-American, and a resident
Of the country the past
Fourteen years—

He may be the most popular
American now alive—

BUT—
Could he be elected?

How does the idea of
"Rogers-for-president"
Hit America in general?

That's only one of the things
MOTION PICTURE is going
To tell the world
In its August issue
(Out June 28th).

Get your copy early
And get in on the big fight!

MOTION PICTURE

Screen Reporter for the World

12 Big Issues for $2.00



Cecelia Parker's first picture under her new Fox contract is "Young Sinners." With those come-hither eyes she should reform a few!

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 118*)

LOTAR—Kay Francis did not appear in "The Greene Murder Case." Florence Eldridge is the wife of Fredric March and Jean Arthur and Ricardo Cortez have the leads. Jean for a time did commercial posing.

EDNA—The picture you refer to that Bebe Daniels, Ned Hayes and Lilyan Tashman played in was "Take Me Home," which was released in 1928. George O'Brien and Nancy Drexel in "Masked Emotions" which was released in 1929. Gary Cooper is the only star I know of who was born on May 7.

PHIL—The man who first called stocks and bonds "securities" and a Scot name is James William Balcwell was born in Hollywood, Cal., May 2, 1905. He was educated at the Hollywood Military Academy, Los Angeles High School, Pasadena Junior College and Pomona College. Before he signed a contract with Paramount in June, 1928, he was employed in various positions and was a member of the Pomona College football team. His latest is "The Registered Woman."

LAWRENCE—Charles Farrell receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios. The picture "Seven and Sin" was adapted from the stage play by Samuel Ruskin, by Elliott White Springs and A. P. Younger. Charles Rogers, Eve West, Clive Brook and Tony Arthur have the leading roles in "The Lawful Sinner," Paramount Studios. Richard Cromwell will be seen next in "Hell's Fathoms Deep."

RUTH—Well, I'm coming out to see you some day. Jason Robards was born in Hillsboro, Mississippi, about twenty years ago. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has dark brown hair, brown eyes and is married to Helen Ludlam. You'll see him next to Stanwyck, Fairbanks, Jr., and Wray in "The Gamblers" at the Columbia Studios. Lucien Littlefield's latest productions are "Iron Man," Junior Laemmle's "Complete Surrender" and "Girls Together."

H. C.—Martha Sleeper was the brunette in "Girls Demand Excitement." She was born in Port Huron, Mich., on June 24, 1910, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Lois Moran is Paramount's only Lois. She was born in Tampa, Fla., on July 10, 1914, is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has green eyes and red hair and is married to Edmund Reese.

A. TODD—Jeanette Loff's most recent picture released is "Painting the Town." She was born in Marion, Ind., on June 19, 1907, and made her first appearance on the stage in Sorry I Haven't Your Name at the Princess Theatre, Chicago. Her latest picture is "Sweetie." Clara Bow, Antonio Moreno, David Manners and Jack Oakie played the leading roles in "Dangerous Flirt." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young and Myrna Loy appear in "The Wolf Song" at Paramount Long Island. Lewis Milestone directed "Seas and Sea."

RITA—Clark Gable played the rôle of *Luis* in "Dance, Fools, Dance." He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on Feb. 1, 1901. He is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. Played on stock in Stamford, Conn., and appeared in "New York Nights" and "Aloma of the South Seas." He played Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet" before the Warner Brothers camera. Marjorie Rambeau, Lois Moran, Lilyan Tashman, Lina Basquette and Ralph Graves are in the cast of "Laugh and Get Rich." Lois Moran is in "Lady Professor." Clive Brook has the stage and "The Last Mile."

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

know how to lighten the great demands on their energies. But producers are very guilty. They force a killing pace, a multiple turnout. Only a wise Garbo can dictate her conditions, which are, obviously, a proper seclusion for needed rest, and a direction which will permit her particular capacity to find complete, natural utterance.

I wish public influence could cause producers to ease up on the girls. Inevitably their careers are short and intense. The feverish pace snatches even the veteran stage people. It is cheering to see a few youngsters rebel, and set an exemplary fashion of rationalism. *Ernest Brooks.*

Publicity That Is More Apt To Hurt

DETROIT, MICH.—The recent, much-publicized epidemic of salary boosting in Hollywood makes me doubt more than ever the intelligence of certain press agents.

The picture industry is one of the five largest in America, and therefore has an economic and social responsibility.

The use of this type of publicity during such a drastic period of business depression seems to me unwise and dangerous.

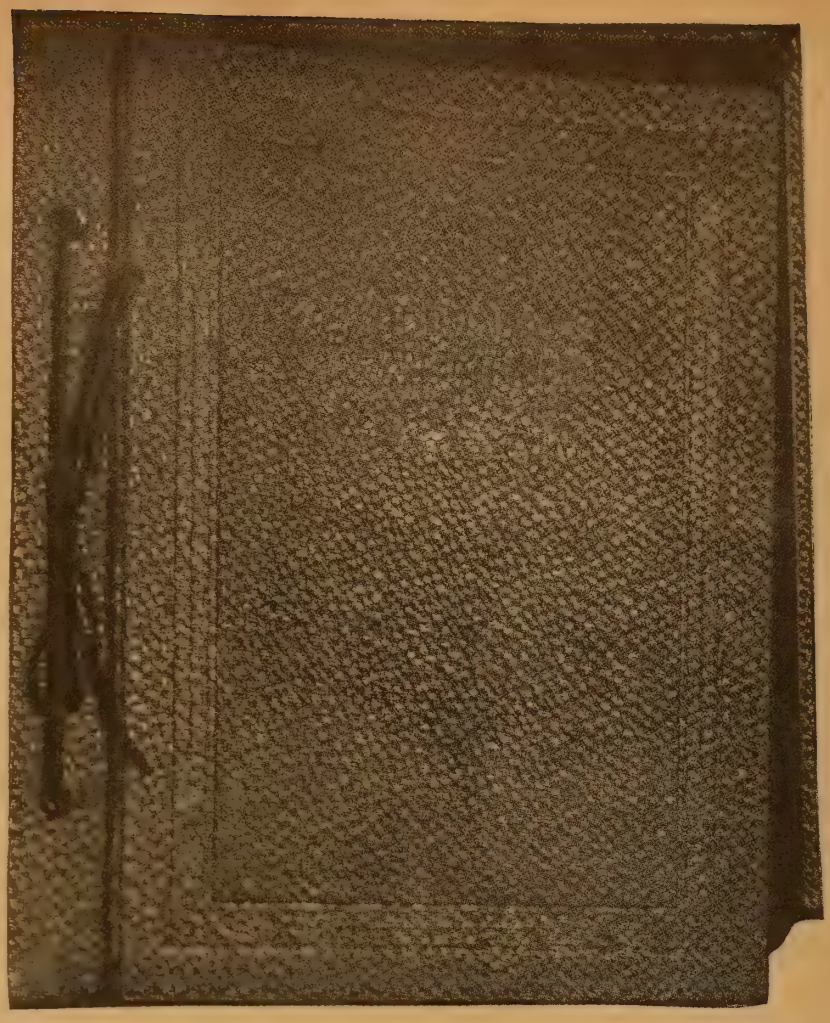
One of the stars who profited by the upheaval is my favorite, and I personally think she merits the raise; but will the people who can't afford a quarter to see this person who is worth almost ten thousand a week to a certain concern, agree with me? Or will they be embittered by the thoughts of the comfort that half of that weekly salary would bring to their families for a year?

It seems to me that the movie industry should be sufficiently matured by now to keep its business methods to itself.

The concern of press agents should be to interest the public in a player's personality (if any), and if there isn't, to create such assets. Their job is not to inflict on an already discouraged public the contrasts of living conditions. *E. C.*



You haven't seen much of Hugh Trevor lately, but the lad's busy. He is'nt giving Betty Compson a chance to think of marrying anybody else



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Doug a Quick-Change Artist



What is Douglas Fairbanks besides being an actor—a magician? I noticed he did some rather quick changing in "Reaching for the Moon"! In his suite, on the boat going to England, when he took a drink of that monkey cocktail and began jumping up the side of the wall and then upon Lord What's-his-name, he had on a pair of sneaks—then shoes, sneaks and shoes. In running position—sneaks, and when he jumped on top of the Lord—shoes! Again when he climbed up the wall of his room—sneaks, and when poised on the sill above the door—shoes. This happening while Douglas was in motion.

Elsie M. Carlson, Deal, N. J.

Just an Old Hollywood Custom

Speaking of inconsistencies and all that sort of thing, have you ever noticed a rainstorm as presented in the movies? The heroine sits at the window, while outside a veritable Niagara seems to be coming down. And out of this perpetual cloudburst, characters enter dry as chips.

And another thing, the notes people write to one another. A character is seen to take a pen and make a few illegible scratches across a sheet of paper, and presto! A full page of beautiful handwriting appears. This is possible only in Hollywood.

Mrs. Emma Dudrews, Livonia, N. Y.

Now Is the Time



Why don't they ever star Zasu Pitts? I have never seen her in a picture where she had much of a part. I suppose she will be too old for anything worth while before the studios make up their minds to take advantage of this excellent comedienne. They should do it now.

Louis F. Wittmann, Los Angeles, Cal

He Drives Miseries Away

I went to a movie last night and met Eddie Quillan in "Night Work," and I must say it is the funniest movie I ever saw on the screen; a situation which hurt my sides—inside and out—for this ingenious youth, Eddie Quillan, with his laughter drives little miseries away as the sun does bats. In fact, I was down on my luck when I went to see Eddie in "Night Work" but I came out smiling.

When Eddie, with his inimitable gestures and winning smile, becomes foster-father to an orphan asylum, and what he does with his "gift" on $21.00 per week, is a scream, packed full of laughs and romance.

Jack L. Baker, Cooper, Tex.

Wife Neglects Duties for Motion Picture



Won't you please put some nails in each issue of MOTION PICTURE? You see, my better (or worse) half is always reading your magazine and has no time to sew on my buttons. Of course, I have more clothes than Adam had in the garden, but they are becoming a big nuisance. They won't stay up.

What's this, hold on a minute, it's "Dodging Divorce," by Dorothy Manners. Guess I'll read it, maybe it will help me out.

Bob White, Drayton Plains, Mich.

More Gilbert and Garbo Pictures

Wouldn't I like to have Raymond Greaves here beside me. I'd sure tell him a mouthful. I hope Greta Garbo will always keep him guessing. Let's have more Garbo and Gilbert pictures. And why all this fuss about Dietrich, she's nothing out of the ordinary and can't come up to our Garbo.

John Allen, London, Eng.

More Pictures with Nancy, Anita and Dorothy



I agree with E. B. R. of Arkadelphia, Ark. We want more Nancy Carroll and Anita Page pictures. Those two are the girls who make you want to go to the movies at least six times a week.

Will someone please tell Betty Compson to swallow a fishhook? She makes me sick.

Why on earth doesn't Dorothy Sebastian make about a dozen more new pictures? I could see a show starring Dot every night of the week.

B. B. Barney, Killdeer, N. D.

Pleading for Them

Hey, you, who guide the planets of our movie heavens, pause and listen to the plea of one who has at heart the welfare of those magic people.

Greta Garbo—Oh, for a picture in which her hero does not have hysterics—a fact, even as the idea—when his beloved comes to him slightly soiled.

John Gilbert—For Jack's sake, let him wear old, with gold braid, story-book heroine, and having love scenes.

Joan Crawford—Please, Mr. Cutter, come down to earth. Joan isn't a great actress and never will be. But we love personalities as well as actresses, and isn't Joan a fascinating one?

Marlene Dietrich—Stop making this lady ape the Garbo. And, Marlene, we'll never get to believe in you until you prove yourself out under another director.

Ruth Chatterton—Don't inflict any more of those queer Dunning-processed dead roles on us.

And back again to the Immortal Garbo. Will Metro-Goldwyn please dare to give this superb actress an unconventional picture, containing a minimum of love interest? A genuinely dramatic part that will set the film world, actor, artist and fan, mad with delight over this magnificent woman's rare genius?

R. J. Passmore, Media, Pa.

Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Don't Allow Buddy to Sing

I hope the producers will never allow Buddy Rogers to sing again. His voice just grates on a person's nerves. Let him play his sax, but don't let him sing.

T. T. & S. R., Bellingham, Wash.



The Age-Old Question

There's one topic that never will have more as much privacy as the glass-house people, and that's a person's age. You know, the most trying thing in the world is attempting to live up to your *Hartian* calm and sophistication, and the attitude toward human life, in the presence of people who have known you ever since you were in short trousers and who know when you are handling the truth recklessly anent your birthday. That's why I'm inclined to pity the screen people. If they choose to broadcast their age okay.

But Oh! Those actors who persist in believing we fans are too gullible. I'm not discussing this particular star's name. She always will be one of my favorites despite the fact that I've read a number of unflattering statements about her. I see that she is now giving her age as twenty-three. I agree that is a "scrub" because she is older than I and I—well never mind my age. Years ago I read her story and those same books in which I read it are in my basement. This is bringing the count. Now, can't it not?

Ray Marshall, Salem, Mass.

Rudy's Got It



Yes, Darnell, I... heard [illegible] chance of [illegible] but I'll wager that if you [illegible] as a whole, [illegible] regular [illegible] and vegetables. Rudy's got it. He gives it to us. We [illegible] Mary strength to him.

Bernice Keller Hunter, La.

Oakie Is Not Okey

Jack Oakie gave me a pain. So there. But while disagreeing [illegible] gave the reason for said pain.

I go to the movies to be entertained, to relax and not [illegible] I have a sense of the comedy and get it. I appreciate the [illegible] makes you forget who he is and [illegible] the character he must assume.

The trouble with Oakie has not been allowed me to forget that he is Jack Oakie. I refer to his [illegible] changing only his costume and surroundings, one remaining Jack Oakie of the grimacing grin and [illegible] mannerisms. Something of the [illegible] ghost [illegible]

Give me artists who at once lose themselves with the character that they are portraying. Let them be [illegible] and remember it was [illegible]

Jack Oakie? Nay, nay, Pauline!

Frank H. [illegible], Lindsborg, Pa.

Joan's Idiotic Poses



I certainly agree with C. C. and Kay when they say Joan Crawford has lots of personality and that she strikes some really brilliant poses. There's no doubt that Joan Crawford can dance but one looks at her [illegible] you want to call it dancing. Instead of being in the movies she should be performing [illegible] girls.

Jack Ford, [illegible]

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from face powder if you use

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the famous almond base makes it different.

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A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained?*

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin.* All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

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